

THE KIRWAN STORY:

FROM BREAKER BOY TO CONGRESS LEADER

**An autobiography of Congressman Michael J. Kirwan of Ohio,
composed and written by Robert G. Nixon on the
basis of extensive personal interviews**

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FOREWORD

As a youngster I was a devoted reader of those inspiring Horatio Alger stories. Alger's tales of the poor American boy rising through adversity to fantastic success remind me of the life of Michael Joseph Kirwan.

In Mike Kirwan's story, the poor boy leaves school at the age of nine to labor in the coal mines. Later he wanders through America working as a cowboy, a farm hand, steel mill laborer, axe man in the timber forests and railroad hand. He rides the rails, journeying from the mines of Pennsylvania to the streets of California. As an itinerant day laborer, he helps clean up the rubble of the great San Francisco earthquake; he works in the oil fields when the great gushers are brought in; he fights for the union movement; goes jobless in the time of the Great Depression. In the end this wandering product of poverty becomes a revered, successful and honored member of the United States Congress.

Could an Horatio Alger hero be more inspirational?

Not for me!

What inspires me most about Mike's life is not so much the great hardships he endured nor the difficulties he overcame. Rather, it is his determination to seize the opportunities that exist in America. That is the great lesson Mike's life teaches.

2 FOREWORD

Mike feels he owes America a great debt for this opportunity. He owes nothing. He has repaid America many times over in his relentless and successful battle for water conservation, for forest preservation, for all the things that protect America's natural resources. No one in the history of the United States House of Representatives has done more to develop and conserve those resources than Mike Kirwan. He is one of the few men who can say that he actually changed the face of his country.

Speaking before the House of Representatives, I once called Mike one of "God's noblemen." I told the House of his wonderful mind, his warm heart and his tolerant and understanding nature. But Mike is no saint, by any means. I'll never understand how those wonderful qualities managed to combine in such a hard-headed, fighting Irishman.

Mike has never pulled any punches. He doesn't in this book. He writes of enemies as well as friends, of his failures as well as his victories, of the criticism he has received as well as the praise. But that is what you would expect from the only politician I know who could tell a President of the United States to go to hell and get away with it.

A fighter Mike is. But above all, he is a man dedicated to public service. Proof of this dedication is spread across the Nation. Dams, harbors, airports, even whole national parks stand as monuments to the conviction and performance of Mike Kirwan.

Mike has served his district in Ohio, its people and its industry so well that he has become a living legend. But even more, he has served the people of America.

The reader will find great inspiration in the story of Mike Kirwan. Mike and I have spent more than 30 years together as friends and colleagues in Congress, and the fabulous story of his life has never paled as an inspiration for me.

JOHN W. McCORMACK
Speaker of the House of Representatives ,
United States Congress

CHAPTER ONE

"MIKE, I NEED YOUR HELP"

One evening not long ago I was dining with friends in Maryland when the phone rang, paused a moment, and then jangled on an insistent, commanding note. My host made his excuses and went into an adjoining room to answer. I was sitting near the open door and, even above the conversation and laughter at the table, could not help overhearing an exclamation of surprise from the other room:

"The White House! Yes . . . **yes,**" then the chatter at the table drowned out the rest.

Moments later the host hurried back into the dining room. His face was flushed. There was an edge of excitement in his voice as he said:

"Mike, the **call** is for you. It's the White **House!**"

At mention of the White House the table talk abruptly silenced. Two or three of the guests looked at me as though I was a curious insect stuck on the end of a pin, As I left the room the chatter at the table began again, this time in a feverish key. I could hear the buzzing in the background as I picked up the phone and said:

"Hello, this is Mike **Kirwan.**"

The White House switchboard operator responded:

"Just a moment, Mr. Chairman." /

There was a pause; Then a voice on the other end said in an unmistakable Texas drawl:

"Hello, Mike. This is Lyndon. **Hi'ya doin'?**"

"I'm fine, Mr. President," I replied, "and how about yourself?"

Some small talk followed about the status of legislation in Congress but I could tell this was not the reason for the 'President's **call**. I am Chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Public Works. The **committee** handles appropriations of over \$4 billion annually. This, together with the Appropriations **Subcommittee** for the Interior Department, of which I was Chairman for many years and am a ranking member, is referred to at times by carping critics as the "Pork Barrel." Factually, it is in these two subcommittees that legislation originates for the giant hydroelectric **dams**, water conservation, irrigation and flood control **projects** that have helped conserve the Nation's resources and build America. But because the money is **spent** in many Congressional districts, provides jobs and helps the economy, and Congressmen have **to** run for reelection every two years, it **is** derided as being a "**Pork Barrel**."

While the President and I swapped conversation I tried to figure out what had come up that **was** urgent enough for him to **yack** me down in **the** middle of the evening. I had driven out into suburban **Maryland** without leaving word where I would be. I assumed the White House reached me by calling my secretary.

Although I had known Lyndon Baines Johnson for thirty years and been associated **with** him in Congress most of that time, this was an unusual call. White House calls normally come to me during the **day** at my office at 2470 **Rayburn** House Office Building on Capitol Will. Usually they come from some member of the President's staff. I knew from experience, **however, that** when President Johnson has something on his mind on which he wants action he picks up the phone and makes his own calls. One of the other key posts I hold in Congress is **Chairman** of the **National Democratic** Congressional Campaign Committee, It is my **job** to see that the Democratic Party remains in majority control of the House of Representatives. This was 1966 and an important mid-term Congressional election was coming up in November. So I thought the call might have to do with campaign politics,

I soon found out. It was neither the approaching election or pending legislation that was on the **President's** mind. Instead, it was Vietnam. The President got around to the point of his call and said:

"Mike, I need your help. Do you remember that statue of the Irish coal miner

I gave you? If you've still got it, **I'd** like to have it back."

The President then told me he had invited a group of Senators to the White House the next day for a briefing on the why of United States policy in the Vietnam conflict. This was the period in which the Administration was under heavy fire by a small but highly vocal in Congress. It was at the height of the televised hearings by Senator J. William **Fulbright** of Arkansas, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations **Committee**. The Arkansas Senator and some of his associates opposed the Johnson policy - a commitment he had inherited from **President's** Eisenhower and Kennedy. They included Senator Wayne **Morse** of Oregon, Senator Frank J. Lausche of Ohio and Senator **Frank** Church of Idaho. These **Democratic** Senators contended the President was escalating the war and going too far to win a victory against the Worth Vietnam **Communist** invaders of South Vietnam, As silly as it sounds, some Republican Senators, on the other hand, were charging that the President was not doing enough to win the war.

"Mike," Lyndon continued, "that statue of the fighting **Irish** coal miner delivers a **powerful** sermon, He has his jaw thrust out to absorb a blow. He is rolling up his sleeve to return the blow. And the words on the base that says '**I'm Democrat**' serves notice he will fight **for** what he believes. **I've** got to do a little preaching at this meeting **and** I want to use the statue of that Irish coal miner to **drive** home what **I'm** going to tell the **Senators.**"

The prospect of the loss of the statue didn't sit well with **me**. But the President had **given** it to me and you don't say "No" to a President.

I was the eldest of ten children of poor **immigrant** parents and was born and grew up in a coal mine **community**. I had to leave school in the third grade to work as a breaker boy in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania to help feed our family and keep a roof over its head. I **worked** twelve hours a day, **six** days a week, stooped over, picking slate out of crushed coal as it tumbled down the breaker chute. **My** pay was thirty-five cents a day. Later, not **yet** twelve, I drove mules in the depth

of the mines, miles from the surface, hauling coal from the tunnels and slopes.

So the statue of the Irish coal miner meant a lot to me. The statue was my good luck piece. It had stood on my desk in Congress for thirty years. Being Irish and superstitious, I told the President:

"I'll bring it down to you at the White House the first thing in the morning. You are welcome to it as long as you need it. But I'll have to have it back. **It's** my luck piece. It has brought me good luck for thirty years. I've kept it on my desk -- come **hell** or high water -- ever since you gave it to me and it has never let me **down.**"

The President chuckled at my earnestness.

"Okay, Mike," he said. "If it means that much to you, I'll just borrow it for a few days. Maybe some **of** your Irish luck will rub off on me."

President Johnson's surprise phone call took me back through thirty years service in the United States Congress to the Seventy-Fifth Congress which began its session on January 3, 1937.

I rode **into** Congress on the New Deal coattails of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the November 1936 election. Perhaps few members ever had less prospects of getting to Capitol Hill. After working most of my boyhood in the coal mines, I drove a laundry truck and ran a street car. I bummed my way all over America for thirteen years looking for work as a day laborer, hopping freight trains. I worked in Western lumber camps and in the California oil fields. I helped clean up the rubble of **earthquake-**wrecked San Francisco. I did stoop labor harvesting crops on the Pacific Coast. I worked as a laborer on dams, power plants and **irrigation** tunnels and canals that were building in the West. I harvested wheat in the Texas panhandle, Oklahoma and Kansas. I slept on the ground with nothing

to my name except a blanket and the work clothes I wore, in labor camps throughout the West, in a Salvation Army flop house in Chicago and on the sand under the boardwalk in Atlantic City. I became a railroad brakeman and nearly lost my life when crushed between two freight cars I was coupling. Then a railroad conductor and finally a yardmaster in the Carnegie-Illinois steel plant in Youngstown, Ohio, my home since I returned from France after the First World War. I was out of work for a year during the depression. But so were millions of other Americans. Jobless, I ran for City Council in Youngstown and was elected. I was paid fifty dollars a month. I served four years as the only Democrat on a solid Republican council.

When I was elected to Congress, word of it reached the coal mine town of Plains, Pennsylvania, where I was born. One of my boyhood companions who worked with me in the coal breakers was named Duffy. Going to work in the mines in the early mornings, Duffy and I and the other boys would steal apples from orchards along the way and stuff them in our shirts to give to the mules that hauled the coal up the mine slopes. When Duffy was told I had been elected to the United States Congress, he exclaimed:

"Mike Kirwan a Congressman! Hell, he ought to be in jail instead of Congress!"

I was elected to Congress from the 19th District of Ohio, a bedrock Republican district that had sent only one Democrat to Congress in a half century, and then for only one term. 1936 was the year of Roosevelt's second term victory. He made history. His election set a record that has never been equalled or approached. He carried forty-six of the forty-eight states. Only Maine and Vermont voted for the Republican candidate, former Governor Alf Landon of Kansas.

A few months after the Seventy-Fifth Congress convened, a special election was held in the Tenth Congressional District of Texas. Lyndon Johnson was one of seven candidates who ran for the seat. Johnson had spent four years earlier in Washington as secretary to Rep. Richard Kleberg, owner of the King ranch. He returned to Texas to become state director of the National Youth Administration, a New Deal Recovery project. His appointment to this job was made possible by House Speaker Sam Rayburn, a longtime friend and political associate of Lyndon's father, Sam Johnson.

Johnson's six opponents for the Congressional vacancy were all anti-New Deal. The cotton farmers in his Texas hill country had been hard hit by the depression. The Texas economy was agricultural and based mainly on cotton. And cotton was bringing less than it cost to grow. With his six opponents all denouncing the New Deal, Johnson, as I had done in my own campaign, went full out in support of the Roosevelt policies of economic revival.

President Roosevelt looked upon his forty-six state landslide not just as a green light but as a mandate from the American people to go full out with the New Deal. But there was a roadblock in his path. The "Nine Old Men" of the United States Supreme Court were reactionary Republican presidential appointees. All were in advanced years. They had outlawed the National Recovery Act and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. These were the two basic recovery programs of the Roosevelt New Deal. Roosevelt wanted to get his own appointees on the high court as a counter-balance. So he proposed that the Supreme Court be enlarged from nine to fifteen members. It was his worst political blunder. He was instantly charged with "court-packing" and roundly denounced by the Nation's press and his political opposition. A bitter controversy followed.

But Lyndon Johnson, plumping for the New Deal in the poverty-stricken Texas hill country, praised **FDR's** proposal to enlarge the Court. His was one of the few voices raised in defense of the President.

At the special election, the 28-year-old Texan swamped his **six** rivals in a sweeping victory. President Roosevelt was so grateful for Johnson's support that he ordered the Navy cruiser on which he was taking a vacation in the Gulf of Mexico to put into **Galveston** the day after the election. He met Johnson there and congratulated him on his victory.

"Look me up when you get to Washington," FDR told him.

In Washington, Johnson received recognition from the Roosevelt Administration that seldom has been given a freshman member. He was put on the powerful House Naval Affairs Committee. This was an almost unheard of appointment for a new Congressman. Usually a freshman winds up on such minor committees as Enrolled Bills and Public Buildings and Grounds, as I **did, and** has to wait for several terms to get enough seniority to get on a ranking committee. Doors were opened to him in the New Deal power structure which usually take years of seniority to attain. Later, when Sam Rayburn was made Speaker of the House, and ruled it with an iron hand, Johnson became his protege.

When Johnson came to Congress in the Spring of 1937 he was assigned an office a couple of doors down the hallway from my office on the backside of the Cannon building. This was the original and by modern standards somewhat gloomy old House office building. Being freshmen, we were given small offices furthest removed from the Capitol. The theory was that new members were better able to sprint the longer distance to the Capitol when the buzzers sounded **for quorum** calls, than their elders.

Being next door neighbors, Lyndon, a friendly, out-giving young man, frequently dropped in my office. We were both learning the ropes. I had been in Congress six months and Lyndon had just arrived. So he sought my advice on how to get started. We became good friends as well as neighbors. He soon learned my early background in the Pennsylvania coal mines and the hardships of my Irish parents.

One day he came to my office with a two-foot high statue under his arm. It was the figure of an impudent, pugnacious Irish coal miner, with carrot red hair and beard, chin outthrust, rolling up his sleeves for a fight. The caricature wore a fire-engine red shirt, blue britches and knee-high black boots. On the base was the legend: "I'm **Dimicrat!**" This was the statue that inspired his late night telephone call to me thirty year's later.

Grinning from ear to ear, Lyndon said to me:

"Mike, I've something for you. You are Irish. You are an ex-coal miner. And you are one of the fightingest Democrats I've ever run into. A good friend gave this to me but I think it rightly belongs to you."

I thanked him and placed it on my desk where it has been my luck piece ever since.

Lyndon said that only five of these statues were cast. One was presented to President Roosevelt and is in the Roosevelt Memorial Library at Hyde Park, New York, with other mementoes of the New Deal era. A third statue was given to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and a fourth to Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes. The fifth was kept by the donor, an ardent Texas Democrat and close friend of Johnson.

I have been re-elected to Congress in sixteen consecutive national elections since I first came to Washington in 1936 and since Lyndon gave me the figure of the Irish coal miner. This is by far the longest period of continuous service from Ohio's 19th District in the state's history.

Is it any wonder that I am superstitious about that Irish leprechaun?'

I have doctorate degrees from ^{seven} / universities but I've had a lot of fun kidding about my third grade schooling. '

I was invited to become a member of the University Club of Washington. A member must be a university graduate but exceptions are made for Congress.

During the ceremonies in which I was installed in the club, the other new members named their alma maters as they were introduced.

"Princeton '14!" one called out. "Harvard '22!" another announced.

Then my turn came. I stood up and shouted:

"Heidelberg -- aught-seven!"

The Club president came around to congratulate me **after** the ceremonies.

"Heidelberg! Well! Well! That's the university in Germany," he said expansively.

"No," I corrected. "That's the coal mine I went to work in when I was ten years old."

At the 1960 Democratic National Convention, where John F. Kennedy was nominated, one day I took Jack to a window of the Biltmore Hotel overlooking Central Park in downtown Los Angeles.

"I want to show you something, Jack," I said.

Pointing to a bench among the palm trees, I told him:

"Do you see that bench over there? I walked over and looked at it this morning. **That's** the same bench I slept on fifty years ago when I was a 'blanket stiff' bumming my way around the country looking for work as a common laborer.'

Four years later, at the Democratic National convention in Atlantic City, where President Johnson was nominated, I took Lyndon to the window of my hotel room on the boardwalk, and pointed to the beach.

"**That's** where I slept in the sand when I was broke, trying to get a job as a railroad brakeman in 1911."

I don't know whether they believed me or not. I had come a long way since those hobo days and my boyhood slaving in the Pennsylvania coal mines.

CHAPTER TWO

EIGHT DOLLARS A MONTH IN A HARD COAL MINE

One day in the year ¹⁸⁶⁵1865, my father, John Kirwan, an Irish miner who immigrated to the United States with high hopes of escaping the grinding poverty of life in the coal pits of Wales and of achieving the American dream of opportunity and good wages, was working up to his chest in a pool of brackish, icy water in a sloping mine tunnel three miles from the surface of the Pocono foothills in Northeastern Pennsylvania, mining anthracite coal.

The inky blackness was relieved only by flickering flames from the wicks of brass coal oil lamps clamped to the front of the caps of the toiling man.

Several miners were slaving away with my father in the blood-chilling water, doing "piece" work, digging and lifting the heavy chunks of hard coal from the water where they had been blasted loose from the vein with black powder charges, and loading them into a mule-drawn mine car to be hauled to the surface.

"Piece" work meant that my father and his companion workers were paid, not by the day, but by weight for the coal they dug from the water-filled trench.

On the upper, dry side of the tunnel, other miners who were friends or relatives of the Welsh mine boss, worked in comparative comfort, dry and warm, drawing good pay because they could get to the coal vein easily, blast the anthracite and quickly load the coal cars.

On this particular day, the mine boss came into the tunnel on one

of his frequent inspection trips to urge the miners to speed up their output. He paused beside the pool in which my father and his shivering companions were toiling, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Kirwan," he said, "speed up your work and get finished there and then I'll put you on the upper side where the going will be good."

Some weeks later, before he could finish the slow, back-breaking work in the flooded levels of the mine, the boss came back and said:

"I'm sorry Kirwan, but the owners were demanding so much coal I couldn't wait for you to finish."

Then father learned the mine boss had sent passage money to a relative in Wales, brought him over and given him the job on the dry side of the mine.

My father was told repeatedly he would be given better employment in the mine. But it never happened.

At the end of the month my father brought home eight dollars. That was his pay for thirty days work, twelve hours a day, six days a week, with pick and shovel and straining muscle in the black recesses of mine slopes laboriously hacked into the Pocono Mountains; in the murky, chilling waters of low mine tunnels the mine operators wouldn't bother to pump out. Eight dollars on which a family of twelve had to exist four weeks longer until the next meager "company store" slip was earned.

It was then that I had to leave grammar school and go to work in the mine breakers to earn a few dollars to help feed our family. I was nine and in the third grade. I was luckier than some. Many of the boys of the miner families had to begin work in the back-breaking agony of the breakers at the age of seven.

This was part of the system of virtual enslavement that was used to keep impoverished miners working in the coal mines all their lives. Other parts of the system were the "company store" and the "company house."

All who worked in the mines were required to buy their food, clothing and all their needs from the company general store. Prices were higher than those charged by independent stores in non-mine communities. But the company-operated store was the only one permitted in the mining town. And if a miner or member of his family was caught buying elsewhere the miner was fired and blacklisted.

The miner had to hire the company doctor when anyone in the family was ill. When a woman was pregnant, she had to be attended by the company doctor.

In the mining towns there was no place to live except in the company-owned houses. For those times exorbitant rents were charged for these crude, flimsy dwellings.

The immigrant Irish and Welsh miners and their families were met by mine representatives when the ships docked at Castle Garden in New York with their loads of steerage passengers. Their transportation was then paid to the mines. Before they began work they were in debt to the mine operators. From then on they were in virtual slavery. Most remained in debt to the mine operators the rest of their lives. Under the system of exploitation, the company store and company house, miners with families were always in debt and could never leave to better their lot elsewhere. Pay in the mines was poor. Many times the mines would shut down and there would be no work. And the debts continued to mount in the company store.

Many, like my father, had to accept work in the wet parts of the mines. If they didn't, they had no work and their families would be evicted from the company house and face starvation.

It was such conditions that brought the Molly Maguires into being. They were a band of Irish miners who formed a secret vigilante organization. When the oppression of the straw bosses became more than the miners could bear, they would go out in the dead of night, disguised in "Molly Maguires," or women's dresses as they were called, waylay the evil doer and beat him. Sometimes the beatings were fatal.

The deplorable working conditions in the mines finally, in 1900, led the anthracite miners to join together and form a union to defend their rights and force reforms. But even then membership in the union had to remain secret. If the mine bosses learned you were a union member you were fired and blacklisted. You never could get a job again. When work was plentiful and I saw a miner without a job, I would ask my mother the reason. She would say:

"He belongs to the union."

Despite this hazard I took out a union card in 1900 and carried it for many years. I was 14 and because I was rangy, strong and fleet of foot I was used as a runner to carry messages back and forth between clandestine union meetings.

In that era the industrial barons bitterly opposed union organizations. They had it all their way and had no intention of paying better wages or reducing the hours of the long work day. These were the years in which the great individual fortunes were made by the Rockefellers,

) the Carnegies, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Morgans, the Fricks and many others, out of the sweat, toil and misery of people who were forced to work for a bare existence.

When workers at the Carnegie and Frick plants in Homestead, Pennsylvania, went on strike in 1892, the steel barons hired an army of Pinkerton agents to break the strike. A pitched battle took place between the strikers and 300 armed Pinkerton men in which the strikers were shot down ruthlessly, with many killed and wounded. This broke the back of the union in the steel industry for nearly a half century. The industry continued unorganized from then on until the Wagner Labor Act during the Roosevelt New Deal made it possible for the CIO to form an effective steel union in 1937.

) The railroad brotherhoods were reduced to impotency in another bloody conflict during the Pullman strike of 1894.

But in 1900 John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, came out of Illinois to **Wilkes-Barre**, Pennsylvania, and organized the anthracite miners. A six-week strike followed without much result. Afterward, both the union and the mine owners got set for the real knock-down-drag-out battle that was certain to come in a short time.

We worked steady the following year. Nearly every miner had a job. And for the first time in a long while were able to make ends meet. But this was just the lull before the storm. The reason work was plentiful **soon became** clear. The mine operators were piling up millions of tons of coal in a tremendous reserve for the big strike when it came along. They processed a ton of anthracite for about a dollar.

Then when the miners struck in 1902, the mine owners cried "scarcity" and sold the coal to consumers at \$15 a ton, fifteen times its production cost and at a price most people could not pay to heat their homes.

We were thrown out of the company houses and lived in the fields in tents for six months. No miner had a job. No one had any money. And the company store was closed to strikers. We lived on corn meal for half a year -- fried corn mush, corn bread, boiled corn meal with a little syrup on it when the syrup could be found; any way in which corn meal could be cooked and made edible. We would have certainly starved if it had not been for the union. A commissary was set up in a barn and every Saturday father and I would go there and get a sack of corn meal to last us through the next week. And that is all anyone had to eat except for dandelion greens and other weeds we could find in the fields and boil until they could be eaten.

More than 149,000 anthracite miners took part in the strike. They were determined to force reforms. The mine owners had such power that the troops were called out the first week of the strike although there had been no disorder.

But by now union leaders had learned lessons from the slaughter of the Homestead and Pullman strikes and the Haymarket riot in Chicago. UMW Chief Mitchell spoke to the miners every day from the balcony of the Hart Hotel in Wilkes-Barre, admonishing them to avoid violence:

"Don't go near the mines. Play baseball. Go fishing. Take walks through the mountains. But stay away from the mines or the first thing you know you will have big trouble with the troops."

Even with their Irish tempers boiling the miners listened. Thus violence was avoided. But the strike went on month after month. The mine operators seemed determined not to give an inch. After all, they were on Easy Street, claiming scarcity of coal because of the strike but garnering huge profits from the millions of tons they had stockpiled the previous year. At the same time they felt secure in the knowledge that major industrial stoppages in past years had been broken by use of police and state troops.

But in this strike, like his predecessor Grover Cleveland, there was a man in the White House who showed concern for the common people and had the courage to stand up against the industrial barons. John Mitchell appealed to President Theodore Roosevelt to intervene and, to end the long strike, agreed to accept the recommendations of an impartial presidential commission for settlement. Teddy Roosevelt appointed a mediation commission and promised that "no one is going to freeze while I am President."

The results of that strike, which lasted from April to November, are an historic landmark in the long struggle between capital and labor. We did away with the evil of the company store and we got an eight-hour day, among the first in the Nation to do so.

But even so the long hours of toil in the frigid waters and dust-laden air of the mines continued to take their toll. My father died young in years from what in those days of unenlightened medicine was called "miner's asthma."

The lives of most of the coal miners were cut short by lung ailments, gas or dust explosions, or other accidents. It was dangerous, hazardous work.

The existence of anthracite coal in Northeastern Pennsylvania was known even in the Colonial period. During recurrent forest fires the "black stones" from outcroppings in the Pocono foothills caught fire, smouldered and continued to burn until they were consumed into ash. Thus, coal deposits were discovered. But it was not until 1814 that mining was begun. Old records show that in that year 42 short tons of anthracite coal were first mined.

The story is told in Wilkes-Barre that the first hard coal used for heat was burned in the old Fell House, a tavern dating back to the early days of the Republic. The Fell House was a wayside hostelry and public house in the Irish tradition where lodgers could stay for the night and obtain food and drink, with stables in the rear for care of their horses. According to the legend, the tavern was run by a relative of the late Adlai Fell Stevenson, twice Democratic nominee for the Presidency and, later, United States Representative to the United Nations in the Administration of President John F. Kennedy. The Fell House remains today a relic of the olden days in Wilkes-Barre and contains an iron grate in which the first anthracite coal mined in the region reputedly was burned.

CHAPTER THREE

EVERY MINER FAMILY PRAYED FOR BOY CHILDREN

For five years, from the age of nine until I was fourteen, I seldom saw the light of day, except on the Sabbath.

Coal miners and breaker boys went to work before dawn. When we emerged from the mines and breakers at the end of a long day, night had fallen again. We worked six days a week.

To help my father make ends meet, I went to work with other little boys, some only seven years old, in a coal breaker outside an anthracite mine known simply as "Number Fourteen."

This was in 1895, in the third year of President Grover **Cleveland's** second administration. "Number Fourteen" and its coal breaker reared their ugly surface structures skyward in the mining town of Plains, in the Wyoming Valley of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

The coal breaker was a huge building constructed of heavy, rough timbers, containing machinery and large metal rollers to crush the coal as it was brought up from the mine and dumped into the top of the breaker.

In these years homes, business offices and buildings, were heated by fireplaces or iron stoves, and coal was the fuel. This was long before the advent of central heating with gas-fired or oil-fired furnaces. Electric heating and today's air conditioning were still a half century away. Coal was king.

Because of the heavy soot content of bituminous coal, almost every city had a local ordinance requiring the use of hard coal. The five counties of Northeastern **Pennsylvania, where** I was born and lived in a

mining town, produced the nation's entire supply of anthracite.

The machinery of the breaker crushed the large chunks of coal as they came from the mine into small nut-like pieces suitable for use in fireplace grates. The task of the breaker boys was to pick the slate from the crushed coal as it spewed down the breaker chutes from the rollers.

The breaker boys sat on rough boards over the chutes just below the rollers. It was cold in the winter, freezing cold. In the summer it was suffocatingly hot. The sun would beat down on the breaker and the interior would become almost an inferno. In the breaker I had to stoop over all day; ~~ten~~ solid hours stooped over picking the slate out of the coal as it tumbled down the steeply inclined trough. Even today when I bend over to wash my face I find it difficult not to fall forward. When the coal came crashing down the chute in a solid avalanche it would nearly knock the boys off their board perches. The nine-year-olds were stationed closest to the rollers. Being larger and stronger they could hold back the coal with their feet, releasing a little at a time to the smaller youngsters further down the chute. The air in the breaker was stifling with coal dust. Ten minutes after the rollers started crushing one boy could not see another. The only way we had to keep the coal dust from going into our lungs and choking us was a wet cloth tied over our faces. And the only water we had to drink was kept in an old oaken keg. The water was seldom changed. I don't believe I ever saw the keg empty. We all drank out of the same metal dipper. Many of the boys, including myself, got typhoid fever. We used the water from this keg to wet our face cloths, so you can imagine what that water was like.

No galley slave chained to an oar suffered a worse ordeal than the little boys in those coal breakers. The breaker boss stood behind us with a mace in one hand and a club in the other. The mace was his badge of authority. The club was a weapon with which to beat us. If you straightened up a moment to stretch your back the breaker boss would club you over the head. If he thought you were not picking enough slate out of the stream of crushed coal he would beat you again. Nearly every night I would go home with my hair matted with blood. To this day I have a three inch scar on my head from being clubbed. Many a night when the day's shift was over, the mothers of the boys were waiting at the entrance to the breaker with iron pokers hidden under their aprons. When the breaker boss emerged they set upon him and beat him unmercifully for having harmed their boys.

At times, too much slate would get by us because it was difficult to see in the dust-laden air. When the loaded freight car was shipped to New York the broker who bought it would fill a box with the coal and inspect it. This would tell him whether the car was clear or there was too much slate in it. If there was more than the allowable amount, the broker condemned the car and it was shipped back to the breaker. No additional cost was involved because, until Teddy Roosevelt broke up the Trusts in 1906, the railroads owned the coal mines.

At the end of the day in the breaker, when a condemned car was brought back to the mine, the breaker boss would herd us with his club to the coal car. An empty car would be brought alongside on a second railroad track and we would be forced to hand pick the slate until all the coal was transferred to the other car. We would work until midnight,

night after night, until all the slate was removed.

There was no pay for this overtime work, no matter how long it took. This was the penalty exacted by the mine operators on these seven, eight and nine-year-old boys for having permitted too much slate to get by them in the breaker. It was the worst kind of slavery a child has ever been forced to endure.

For the twelve hours of back-breaking toil in the suffocating atmosphere of the breaker I was paid thirty-five cents a day. For the six-day week my wage was \$2.10.

As my boyhood went by I worked in virtually every coal breaker and mine in the Plains region. From "Number Fourteen" I went to the coal breaker at a mine known as "The Henry" and then to "The Prospect" mine. Another, at Avoca, was named "Heidelberg Seven." Some breakers and mines were owned by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company which, in turn, was the property of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. There was little difference in any of them: long hours of hard, grueling work picking the slate from the onrushing cascade of crushed coal in the stifling miasma of coal dust; and, ever present behind you, the cruel, sadistic breaker boss with his club and mace. It is a tribute to human spirit and endurance that little boys survived the torture of the coal breaker. Many did not.

Work in the breaker began at seven o'clock in the morning. The mines were several miles from the company house in the mining village where I lived. The only way to get there was to walk on the muddy, unpaved roads. Miners were too poor to own a horse or mule and wagon. There was no public transportation. This, of course, was years before

the first automobile appeared. So I walked. So did the other breaker boys and the miners. I would leave home shortly after five o'clock in the morning and walk as fast as my legs would carry me in order to be on my board seat in the breaker by seven when the rollers began to grind. In winter when snow lay heavy on the ground, my father and other miners would walk ahead of us, breaking a path in the snow drifts, or we would never have made it to the mine.

I was born in a "company house" in the anthracite mining town of Plains, Pennsylvania, on December 2, 1886, the seventh of ten children, three boys and seven girls. Both my father, John Kirwan, and my mother, Mary Duddy, were of Irish descent. My father's father was born in County Galway, Ireland, and crossed the Irish Sea to Wales to work in the coal mines during the potato famine in which 1,000,000 Irish died of starvation. My mother was born in Liverpool, England. Her parents, Michael Duddy and Bridget Carrick, had fled Ballinrobe, County Mayo, also to find food and work in England.

Both families worked several years in Wales and England, scrimping to save enough money for steerage passage to America. Finally, they made their way across the Atlantic to the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. This was prior to the American Civil War. My grandfather served in the Union army and I often heard my mother talk about the soldiers coming back from the Civil War and of the terrible times that followed the assassination of President Lincoln.

Dire poverty was the common lot of all in the coal mining region. I was six years old during the Cleveland financial panic of 1893, and knew nothing about it except that miners were out of work. But I came

home from school one day and found my mother sobbing as if her heart would break. When I asked her why she was crying, she said:

"Because there's no food in the house."

Even at that early age, my mother's heartbreak made a lasting impression on me. Throughout my life I have never forgotten the anxiety and agony of the poor and needy. Later, in the 1902 coal strike, when we existed on little more than corn meal for six months, and I was a strong, hungry boy in my mid-teens, the realization of this deprivation was driven into my very vitals. I often thought of the stories my parents told me of the million Irishmen who were left to starve to death in the potato famine of 1846-47.

Every miner family prayed for boy children. The boys could work in the coal breaker as soon as they were seven and in the mines a couple of years later as door tenders, mule drivers and runners. The boys were paid a dollar a day for driving a mule to haul the coal from the vein, where it was being blasted and dug, to the shaft where it was hoisted to the surface. As door tender, opening and closing the timbered wood barricades in the mine tunnels as the mule cars passed through on a narrow gauge rail track, we got sixty-five cents a day. But the boys working in the coal breaker got only thirty-five cents a day and their lot was the hardest of all.

But the girls were just more mouths that had to be fed on the meager mine wages. There was no work for girls or women in those days. There were no factories in the mining regions to provide jobs. The "sweat shops" that employed women were in New York and other big cities. There were no girl secretaries or stenographers or clerks or sales

ladies. The only place for the girls to work was at home, helping to keep house, and this brought in no money. At home, the girls worked hard, helped in the laundering, scrubbing clothes on a wash board, ironing, sewing, helping with the cooking, carrying water, and doing other house work. Their lot was not a happy one. There was no electricity or gas; no buttons to press to light the house or turn on a washer-dryer or a dishwasher. No hot or cold running water. No inside toilets. No privacy. Their life was harsh and barren. And in the economics of the family life they were just more hungry mouths to be fed. There were seven girls and only three boys in our family. This made the going rough.

The little mining community of Plains was situated in a valley between the Pocono foothills on the beautiful Susquehanna River. The town was harsh and ugly. The miner families lived in rows of company houses. The center of life and hope were the places of worship. Most of the miners being Southern Irish, there was a Catholic church where we went to Mass. For the Welsh families there was a Protestant church. The church was our haven of refuge where we could worship free from the club of the breaker boss and with the faith that there was a Greater Power than the greed and cruelty we faced in life.

The hated company store, where the mine operators exploited and robbed their miner employees with excessive prices and shoddy merchandise, was a dominant structure in the small town. It was avoided, where possible. But because every miner was constantly in debt to the store and was spied upon by the special mine police, it had to be the principal source of purchases.

The roads were unpaved and rambling; dusty ribbons of clay in dry spells and gouts of gluey mud when it rained.

But when you lifted your eyes from the ugliness of the mining community to the surrounding hills and crystal-clear, flowing Susquehanna River, your eyes were filled with rare beauty. The hillsides had not yet been raped by the axes of the marauding timber barons. They were heavily wooded with virgin timber that had taken two hundred years and more to grow. The undergrowth was heavy with wild huckleberries, blackberries and flowering trees, mountain laurel, rhododendren and other shrubs. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote lyrically of the mountain valleys of the Susquehanna. He said they were one of the world's most beautiful scenic wonders.

The company house in which I lived in the mining town was a four-room shanty made of rough, unfinished lumber and without a bathroom or running water for drinking or bathing. Gas, electricity and the telephone were as remote as the stars in the firmament. Our only light at night was from coal oil lamps or candles. We had one lamp to light the room that was used as a combination living room, dining room and kitchen. The house was heated by a single potbellied iron stove in the center of the front room on the ground floor. The upper floor was heated only by the pipe that carried off the fumes and smoke through the roof. Pennsylvania winters are severe. In zero weather my father would build a roaring fire in the stove and then go upstairs and sit up all night watching the redhot chimney pipe to be sure the house didn't burn down with all twelve of us in it.

Our sanitary facility was the usual arrangement of the era in rural America, a small backhouse

in the rear of the lot. We took turns bathing in a large wooden tub in the kitchen.

Although the sole commodity produced by the mining town was endless trainloads of coal, the miners got none of it. To obtain fuel with which to cook and heat the house, the boys and girls would go out to the railroad tracks where the coal was hauled away in open cars and throw rocks at the trainmen. The brakemen would throw back chunks of coal at their tormenters and my mother and the other women would gather the coal in their aprons and carry it back to the company house in which they lived.

Our single source of water for all our needs, drinking, bathing, laundering, came from a lone standpipe that served the entire mining community of several hundred large families. There were no wells or springs, and plumbing or running water were unheard of fantasies. The entire area was so undercut by mining slopes, shafts and tunnels that sinking wells was out of the question. The one community source of water was the open pipe that provided water pumped from Wilkes-Barre, some three miles away. Everyone in the mining town had to trudge a mile or two early each morning for their day's meager supply of water. This task fell mostly to the women and children. Each morning before going to school or work in the mines, the children would go to the standpipe, carrying two heavy water buckets, fill them and carry them the mile or so back to the company house. Usually we had to make two trips. The water buckets were made of wood staves held together by iron hoops. The two buckets were suspended by ropes from a yoke that rested on your shoulders. When the buckets were filled, the mile walk back to the company house was one of the longest of my life. The early morning trips to the standpipe by all the kids in the family had to be made

especially on the day mother did the family wash. With a family of twelve and all the men and boys working in the black grime of the coal breaker or mine, there was a lot of laundering that had to be done.

There was constant rivalry and fist fights between the Welsh and Irish boys. On St. Patrick's Day my mother pinned a bit of green ribbon on my coat lapel. But she always put another piece of ribbon in my pocket. She knew that before the day was over some of the larger Welsh boys would gang up on me and tear the green ribbon off my coat.

At ten, after nearly two years in the breakers, I was old enough to go to work in the mines. Sixty-five cents a day as a door tender was nearly twice the thirty-five cents a day in the breaker and the few cents more were badly needed at home. My first job underground was in the town of Inkerman in a mine called "Number Six." The tunnels and slopes of the mines were compartmented by wood barriers, each with a large door, so the mine could be ventilated and the deadly fumes and coal dust drawn off by ventilating fans. There was always danger of an explosion from the gas and dust. There were a half dozen or more doors in the course of a mile. The door tenders opened the heavy doors to permit the mule-drawn cars to pass through as they carried the newly mined coal to the surface. The doors then had to be closed to keep the mine properly ventilated.

In those years, long before varsity and pro football, motion pictures, television, or any other amusement, baseball was the unchallenged national American sport. Ball players were the heroes of all American boys. One of my happy memories of work in the mines -- and there were not many -- was being door tender with a baseball pitcher who was voted membership

in baseball's Hall of Fame. He was Big Edward Walsh, who pitched for the Chicago Americans from 1903 until 1910. He won forty -baseball games in one season when the batting average of the entire team was only .225. Big Ed worked in the mine when he wasn't playing baseball. Just to have him give me a friendly word set me up for the whole day.

On idle days, when the mines were shut down, we would play baseball, fish in the Susquehanna River or roam through the mountains, picking berries. These were our only amusements but, away from the toil of the mines even for a short time, they were happy childhood days.

Because of the ruthless exploitation of the miners and their families, there was constant conflict between the miners and mine operators. Each miner and each boy worker was searched at the entrance before he went into the mine. The operators required the miners to buy the cotton wicks for their miner lamps from the company store where the price was twenty-five cents for a ball of wick. But in stores away from the mines the same ball of lamp wick could be bought for five cents. This was just one small way in which the owners were exploiting the miners all the time.

But the Irish miners cannily devised their own way of getting around this petty thievery. Every morning in the late summer and fall, when apples were ripening, the boys who worked in the mines would go through an orchard and fill their shirts with apples. Then we would smuggle in a ball of cotton wick among the apples. The boys could get away with it but the adult miners couldn't. When each miner and boy got to the mine entrance in the early morning he was searched. The mine boss,

standing at the entrance, would feel all around each person to see if they had anything in their clothing. Because the boys brought apples to the overseer they were not searched as thoroughly as the men.

After a few months opening and closing the heavy doors as the coal-laden cars were hauled up the mine slopes on the narrow gauge tracks by the mules I became a mule driver and was earning a dollar a day, nearly four times as much as my father was paid for mining the anthracite coal.

The mule I drove had the same name as I -- Mike. The poor mule had been in the mine three years without ever being taken outside into the clean air and sunshine. The mine operators stabled the mules in the mines and took them back to the surface only when there was a long strike or they were killed in an accident or became too old to be of use any longer. The mules were loaded into an elevator cage and lowered to the bottom of the mine shaft and from that time on you might say they were in hell. The hardest job of all was cleaning and grooming the mule at the end of the long day. And the boy mule drivers were not paid for the hour it took every night to curry and brush them down. Mike and the other mules were the kindest creatures I've ever known. They weighed more than a thousand pounds each and with one swing of his huge head Mike could have killed me, a little boy of ten. But when Mike smelled the apples in my shirt he was as gentle as a rabbit nibbling a carrot. In his stall when I started to groom him after the long day's work was done, he would reach back with his head and gently nudge me into a corner. Then he would nuzzle my shirt with his nose, nibbling

) softly for an apple. I would take an apple out of my shirt and give it to him and he would stand perfectly still while I groomed him. If he stepped on my foot it would be without pressure and he would quickly remove it. If he had put his full weight down it would have crushed my foot and crippled me for life. To see the mules racing back and forth and frolicking in the fields when they were once again brought forth from the mines into the light of day during a strike or a mine shutdown, to hear them whinnying with happiness, was one of the finest experiences of my life. The gentle ways and gratefulness of these dumb animals, despite the cruelty and inhumane treatment they received in the mines, has never dimmed in my memory.

) This was life in America at the turn of the century. Thankfully, we have come a long way since that era. Little boys no longer have to work in the coal breakers. The slate is now removed mechanically by a "patent picker." In this mechanism the breaker chutes have a series of holes. The coal being lighter jumps over the holes and the heavier slate drops through. Child labor has been brought under some control though, unhappily, it still exists. Coal mining remains dangerous and hazardous work. But today's mines are electrically lighted, well-ventilated and most of the work is done by mechanical diggers. Power driven cars have replaced the mules. The five-day, forty-hour week, though not , by any means universal, is fairly general. Most people are able to earn good wages. Running hot and cold water, heated homes, electricity, the automobile, television set, refrigerator, freezer, washer-dryer, vacuum cleaner and a host of other electrical household gadgets that operate at the push of a switch, are no longer luxuries.

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When I recall life as it was in the 1890's and 1900's it is no wonder that I occasionally become impatient when segments of the population complain loudly about their good wages, short working hours and easy living.

CHAPTER FOUR

BUMMING MY WAY

The life that lay ahead for a coal miner was bleak and without hope or promise. The prospect at the best was starvation wages, the barest existence for his family and early death from lung disease, brought on by the constant breathing of coal dust, or entombment and suffocation in a mine explosion.

As I slaved in the stifling air of the breakers and the dank blackness of the mines, the thought gradually came to me that I must somehow escape from this unpromising environment and seek a better life. As time went by I developed a fierce determination to break away from the baleful fate in which birth and circumstance had placed me. I wanted out. On Sundays when I walked through the mountain coves and breathed the clear, pine-scented air I came to realize that any work in the sunshine and under blue skies would be a great deal better than to spend my life underground like a blind mole.

The 1902 anthracite strike finally broke my chains. After living for six months in a tent in the open fields when we were cast out of our company house, existing on a diet of corn meal and dandelion greens, I went to Wilkes-Barre and got a job in the Wilkes-Barre Lace Mill threading bobbins. As far as pay went this was no better than driving a mule in the mines. For every 2,000 bobbins I threaded I was paid fifty cents. There were two shifts in the mill of twelve hours each. At the end of the day or-night shift, when I had worked at top speed threading bobbins, I made a dollar for the day's work. But this was better than working

three miles underground in a mine slope. And I was able to contribute as much to my family's support as I had working in the mines. Then, for a while, I ran a trolley car carrying the Irish and Welsh immigrant families from **Wilkes-Barre** to their new homes in the company houses of the mining towns. They were cheerful and filled with hope for their future in the promised land of America. My heart went out to them but I could never bring myself to tell them what lay ahead. Then I got a better job driving a laundry wagon.

In 1907 when I was 20 I left home and went across the state to Duquesne, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. Steel-making was the booming new industry. I was five feet nine inches tall and weighed 190 pounds, all bone and muscle. I was strong as an ox and felt I could do anything. I went to work in the United States Steel plant as a day laborer. The entire countryside was laid waste by the fumes from the steel mills. It looked like a desert, desolate and depressing. It was so bad that a tree would have grown faster in Brooklyn than there. I had just come from the Pocono Mountains where, though life in the mines was stark, there were beautiful trees and a beautiful river to see when you were out of the mines. The grimness of Duquesne was too much for me. I worked in the steel plant for a week and then was off on the Fourth of July because common laborers didn't work that day. So, without collecting my pay, I walked twenty miles to a railroad yard at **McKees** Rocks, where the New York Central Railroad ran through, and hopped a freight going to Youngstown, Ohio. There wasn't even a box car to get into for protection from the cinders and rain. I stood in the shelter of a hopper car loaded with coal all the way to Youngstown. I swung off the

train in a drenching downpour at a slowdown point outside the town because I knew the railroad detectives would be searching the freight for free riders when it reached the yards. The next day I got a job in the Carnegie-Illinois Steel plant, working as a common laborer, the hardest of jobs, at a dollar and a half for a twelve-hour day.

Years later as the chairman of a sub-committee of the House Appropriations Committee in the United States Congress, I poked fun at the executive officers of the United States Steel Corporation, threatening to put their concern into bankruptcy by going back to Duquesne to collect the money they still owe me, with accumulated interest.

In Youngstown, I began work as a railroader, which was to stand me in good stead for years until I entered politics. From day laborer repairing the tracks I became a brakeman in the rail yards of the Carnegie Steel Company which owned its railroad equipment. In the Horatio Alger tradition I was going "Onward and Upward." As a brakeman I made \$2.52 for twelve hours work. This was considerably better than a dollar a day in the coal mines. And the dollar went a lot further in those days.

I worked there until 1909 when I decided it was time to see America. The West was still a pioneer country but beginning to grow. Word was coming back of big wages being paid in the lumber camps and oil fields. I was single, without obligation to anyone and free to go where I pleased.

For the next three years I worked as an itinerant laborer in lumber camps, oil fields, on construction of dams, tunnels, irrigation projects and aqueducts, on railroads and in wheat fields, bumming my way all over the Western States. In those days you couldn't rhumb a ride on the road.

There were few automobiles and no paved highways. America was still in the mud. If you couldn't afford to buy a railroad ticket the only way to cross the country was to walk or hop a ride on the railroad, riding the rods or in an empty freight car. It was the only way to travel Third Class. I was young, hard as nails, adventurous and wanted to see the country. I was a railroader, knew the language of railroad men, had a common sympathy with them and could get rides on freight trains with little difficulty. To me, this was high adventure. And this was a cheap way to travel. I went wherever there was work at better wages than I could earn in the East. And Oh, how I worked! Every kind of back-breaking toil, from sunup to sundown. When I say I "bummed" my way all over America I was not a hobo in the dictionary definition of the term. Webster's International Dictionary defines a hobo as "a professional tramp; one who spends his life traveling from place to place, esp. by stealing rides on trains and begging for a living." I got the free rides on the trains. This was the only means of getting to where there was work, "on the cuff." Otherwise I always paid my way. I never asked anyone for a handout.

San Francisco was just beginning to recover from the devastation of the 1906 earthquake and fire which destroyed most of the city. Day laborers were being recruited all over the country to clear away the wreckage and debris so the city could be rebuilt. A friend, James Burke, and I took an excursion train West and wound up in San Francisco. What was left of the city on the Golden Gate looked like it had been hit by an atomic bomb. Skeletons of fire-gutted buildings jutted into the sky. Vast areas of the city were gaunt heaps of rubble.

The earthquake of April 18, 1906, and the uncontrolled fires that raged for three days afterward caused damage estimated at a half billion dollars. Burke and I got jobs as day laborers with a contractor demolishing what was left of the buildings and removing the rubble. It was the hardest kind of work. Everything had to be done by hand. There were no steam shovels or other earth-moving equipment. This was long before bulldozers were known. We did the work of clearing up the debris with sledge hammers, picks and shovels, baskets and wagons.

The laborers were brutally exploited. The only way to get work was through an employment agent. There could be a thousand men idle on the street corners but a contractor would not hire them. He would go to the employment agency where he would get a kickback. Half the fee the worker paid to get a job was given to the contractor who hired the laborer. This was common practice throughout California. You paid for any job you got. If you didn't, you had no work. You were paid only once a month. If you quit your job before the end of the month, all you got was a slip of paper showing you had so much coming in wages. But you couldn't collect when you left the job. You had to come back the next pay day. This way the employers got a rake-off. When a worker quit his job he usually moved on to another job and never came back to collect what was due him. This was the system of peonage whether you worked as a common laborer, did stoop labor in the fields, picking cotton, strawberries, beans or tomatoes, or harvested fruit. The itinerant workers were called "blanket stiffs." We traveled from one job to another. All we owned was a blanket, tied up in a bundle, and the

clothes we wore. We slept out on the ground, at night with our shoes under our head for a pillow. If you didn't hold on to your shoes all night, they were gone in the morning. Somebody had stolen them. This was the America I knew in my early years. It was not much better than the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

Burke and I were working at a job demolishing what was left of a burnt out building in San Francisco when a fellow came along and began buttonholing the workmen.

"Do you belong to the union?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, and showed him the United Mine Workers pin I had on my shirt.

"That's no good," he said contemptuously. "Be down tonight and join the housewrecker's union or you don't work tomorrow."

So I joined, paid my fee and dues, and then I had two union pins on my shirt.

Then, when we got the building torn down and began digging the rubble out of the basement, another fellow came along and asked:

"Do you belong to the union?"

This time I showed him two union pins. And he said:

"They're no good. Come down tonight and join the excavator's union or you don't work tomorrow."

So with three union pins on my shirt it didn't take me long to say to myself:

"This is a hell of a situation. To work I've got to pay a fee to an employment agency even before I'm paid. He gives a kickback to the

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contractor and then/pay fees and dues to three unions. I work twelve hours a day as a day laborer. What's left in it for me to live on?"

So I said to Burke:

"Let's get the hell out of here."

We hit the road and went to Los Angeles, then a sleepy little desert town of a few thousands, where there were no unions at all. But people were living on other people's toil there, too. Many were tubercular and had come to Southern California from the humid and severe temperatures of the Midwest and East in the hope of prolonging their lives a few years longer. The Los Angeles climate was dry, warm and equable. This was more than a half century before the word "smog" was ever heard of. The air was crystal-clear, the sky blue and sunny the year round and there were no automobiles or industries to pollute the air. But, dying as they were, the people who had come there to eke out a few more years of life were paid hardly anything for their work.

Burke and I went wherever there was work to be had. Southern California Edison began building a new power plant at Redlands, in the mountains about 80 miles east of Los Angeles, not far from Lake Arrowhead. We went there and got jobs mixing concrete, pushing wheelbarrows filled with sand and stone. Not long ago five of the officials of Southern California Edison were in my office in the Rayburn House Office building urging me to support legislation in which they were interested. They were telling me about their plants in California when I interrupted and asked:

"Do you know where Redlands is?"

They replied:

"Oh, yes, that's where our Number Two plant is located."

I said:

"Well, you're looking at a man who worked as a common laborer on your Number Two plant when it was being built."

I told them how I had worked twelve hours a day in the broiling sun shoving that wheelbarrow and slept on the ground at night wrapped in a blanket because the contractor did not provide sleeping quarters.

The officials, sitting snug and comfortable in my air-conditioned Congressional suite, were incredulous.

I was working as a brakeman on the Southern Pacific railroad when the largest oil gusher in history was brought in at Maricopa, California, near Bakersfield. It spewed 35,000 barrels of petroleum 200 feet into the air for three weeks until it was finally brought under control. The frantic oil well owners, watching their newly found wealth going to waste, were paying two dollars an hour to common labor to load sacks with sand to build a dam and catch basin to hold the oil until the runaway well could be capped. They would let you work as long as you could stand. If you worked fifteen hours a day you had earned \$30. In a seven-day week you could make over \$200! This was untold wealth in a day when common labor was paid a dollar a day. It was more than I made working on the railroad for months. I quit my job as brakeman and began filling sandbags from sunup to nightfall. When the oil workers would get a crown on the gusher, it would cave in again from the enormous underground pressure and we would be pushed to keep the

sandbags coming. When tanks were erected to replace the lake of crude oil and the gusher was finally capped, my pockets were filled with money and I felt I was rich. Burke and I went down to Los Angeles and lived high as long as the money lasted.

I went to Reno, Nevada, the latter part of June, 1910, to see the Fourth of July world heavyweight boxing championship bout between James J. Jeffries, the former champion, and Jack Johnson. There was plenty of work to be had. A ring and stands had to be erected and laborers were needed in this sparsely-populated frontier town. The ranch hands disdained such work. Besides there was an opportunity to witness a championship fight of unusual notoriety.

After Jeffries retired undefeated, Johnson became the first American Negro to hold the title by defeating Tommy Burns at Sydney, Australia, December 26, 1908, in the fourteenth round. A great public outcry resulted. The nation was rocked with dissension at the idea of a Negro being the world boxing champion. Today's racial conflict is tame compared to the discord that ensued. Jeffries was persuaded to come out of retirement in the hope of returning the heavyweight championship to the white race. The fight was scheduled to be held in California. But Governor Gillette banned it because Johnson was a Negro. He did not want to risk a race riot in the event Johnson won. So the bout was moved to Reno.

The so-called "smart" money was being bet on Jeffries at long odds. Every sports writer in the East said he was a cinch to win. Mike Murphy, the father of George Murphy, the movie star who became United States

Senator from California, was then coaching at the University of Pennsylvania. He was sent out to appraise the prospects. He said the sports writers were wrong. He took a look at both training camps, then went back East and announced that Jeffries would be a toy in Johnson's hands. The Eastern newspapers were outraged and said Murphy was out of his mind.

But Jeffries had been out of the ring for five years. He was thirty-five years old and had been running a saloon after his retirement. He put on a show at his training camp but really didn't train a single day.

The reason for all the false confidence and long odds began to come out. The gamblers were in control. It was a rigged fight. Word got around that Johnson had signed an agreement six months earlier in Newark, N. J., that he would lay down to Jeffries for \$75,000. But one week before the fight Johnson told Jeffries:

"You'd better train, Mr. Jeffries. I'm not gonna lay down."

On the day of the fight I sat next to a tall, young Texan named Bascom N. Timmons who was bumming around the country as I was. Even though he was from the South, he bet \$100 against \$200 that Johnson would win. Years later we met again in Washington. Timmons became Washington Correspondent for a string of newspapers in the South and Midwest, including the Youngstown Vindicator in my home town.

After a Gridiron dinner in Washington, Timmons and I were joined by Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. We began reminiscing about our early adventures in the West. The talk turned to the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Stevenson wouldn't let us stop. He kept us sitting there until two o'clock in the morning swapping yarns about the championship battle and life in the West when it was still young and unspoiled.

The fight itself was a real fizzle. ,Johnson was a kind fellow. He was in superb condition but Jeffries, after the first round or two, was wheezing like a horse with the colic. I don't recall that Johnson belted Jeffries even once. He didn't want to hurt him. He just tied Jeffries up in knots and let him wear himself out. Jeffries sat down in the fifteenth round and never got up from his corner. The fight was so bad and Jeffries in such poor condition that afterward the sports writers who had confidently predicted he would win in a walk began speculating that Jeffries had been doped. The legend persisted for years. But to anyone who saw the fight and knew what was going on, it was obvious that Jeffries had been out of training for five years, had lost his wind, legs and timing and counted on Johnson throwing the fight.

A few months later, in 1911, Burke and I and three other fellows started back East. We got on the roof of the Sunset Limited out of Los Angeles at a place called Colton Junction, where the train stopped to take on water. If you've never ridden the top of a passenger train, you will never know what you've missed. When the train goes through a tunnel you get blinded by cinders. If you forget to duck, you get knocked off and killed. During the day it gets so hot you can fry an egg on the roof. At night, you take off your belt and strap yourself to one of the water pipes or small ventilators so you can sleep without falling off. But during the day you have a grandstand seat to view the scenery. And, all the while, the click of the wheels going over the rail connections sings you a sweet lullaby:

"Clickety-click, ala-gazam. Clickety-click, ala-gazam."

The engineer of the Sunset Limited turned out to be one of the kindest men I've ever met. At dawn, on the first morning out, the five of us were sitting up there taking in the scenery and imagining we were in the observation car below. The engineer waved for us to come up to the locomotive. We crawled up there slowly because the train was doing 70 miles an hour.

He told us:

"I want to warn you fellows. When we get to Yuma, the next stop, the station is right on the banks of the Colorado River. A railroad detective will be at each end of the train to arrest you. If they catch you, you will get six months working on the roads in the broiling sun, busting rocks with a ten-pound maul. Now, when I whistle for Yuma, I'll slow the train down and you can jump off without getting hurt."

He was true to his promise. We swung off the train as it slowed and walked through the yards to the station. We were stopped by railroad detectives in the yards and searched for weapons, which none of us had, and then let go.

Yuma is one of the hottest spots in America. The train stopped there a while and it was about 120 degrees in the shade. People came down to the train to buy water. It was sold from tank cars at a nickel a glass. The trainmen sold it to the thirsty people by the gallon.

We hopped another train out of there that night. Early the next morning we saw the lights of Deming, New Mexico, thirty to forty miles away in the desert. With the warning the kind engineer of the Sunset Limited had given us, we decided we had better climb from the roof and jump off before we reached the station. We made too much noise and the mail clerk came out of the mail car with two drawn revolvers and ordered

us into the mail car. We pleaded with him. If we had gone into that car, he could have charged us with trying to hold it up. It would have meant a promotion for him -- and six years in the penitentiary for us. He refused to listen. That's when I bid Burke goodbye and dropped off the speeding train into the desert, rolling over and over, and lacerating my face painfully. Burke and the others jumped, too, but I lost them in the darkness.

When daylight came I was still walking toward the lights of Deming, 25 miles away. I stayed on the railroad tracks for fear of getting lost in the desert. After a long while, with a blistering sun pouring down on the desert sand, a track walker came along in a hand car, checking the tracks. I was never gladder to see another human being in my life. He was kind enough to give me a lift, helping him pump the car until we got to Deming.

I waited in Deming until Burke and the others joined up. After two close calls, we were through with passenger trains. We caught a freight train for El Paso, Texas, and this time worked our way. It was a local with many stops and much freight to unload. We did all the unloading while the brakeman took it easy for letting us ride.

In El Paso we hopped a Rock Island freight train bound for Chicago. Here again, a trainman turned out to be a kind and understanding man. The brakeman knew we were in a boxcar. He came to us and said:

"There has been a holdup a few miles back. Somebody saw you get on this train and has informed the sheriff. A posse will stop us at the next little town and search the train from locomotive to caboose. If you will trust me I'll put a government seal on this car and they

can't break it. But you will have to trust me. If you don't, and you are picked up, you may get six years."

The freight train ground to a halt at the next town, the couplers bumping and clattering and the brakes squealing. The train was thoroughly searched. We could hear the sheriff's men clumping up and down, poking into the cars and shouting to each other. But our sealed car was unmolested. After we left the town the brakeman took the seal off. Through all the years, I have remembered this as one of the kind acts by one human for another.

At Dalhart, in the extreme northwestern part of the Texas Panhandle, I thought my luck had finally run out. We got off the freight train there and waited for another to show up on which we could hitch a ride. There were ten or twelve of us in the yards, all hoboing.

A big man, wearing a broad-brimmed Texas hat, six-gun and cowboy boots spotted us and came striding over with what looked like unfriendly determination. In those days everybody wore a ten-gallon hat, high-heeled boots and an ugly Colt revolver strapped to his hip -- just like in today's TV Westerns. The unpracticed eye couldn't tell a rancher from a sheriff.

"Oh, oh," I thought. "What now?"

Why he picked me, I'll never know. But he confronted me without blinking an eye. After a long pause, he said:

"Buddy, do you men want work?"

With vast relief, I asked:

"What kind of work?"

It turned out that instead of being a deputy he was a rancher and

had come to the railroad yards to hire anyone bumming their way on the freight trains to work in the wheat fields. So Burke and I hired out for \$3 a day and board. We soon wished we hadn't. It was the hardest work I had ever done. We were up with the sun, cleaning and harnessing the horses that pulled the crude equipment that harvested the wheat. We ate five meals a day. We breakfasted at 5 a.m., ate again at nine, and so on through the day, with the last meal at ten o'clock that night. The wheat was not cut and threshed with a combine as it is today. Instead, twelve horses pushed a header. This device cut the heads off the wheat stalks and dumped them into a carrier wagon that moved alongside. Three of us ran around in the carrier all day long tramping down the wheat as the header and carrier circled a 160-acre field. Frequently prairie rattlesnakes were picked up by the header and dumped in the carrier with us. We would have to pick them up with a pitchfork and fling them back into the field. It is a wonder all of us weren't killed. This was dry, desolate country. It would grow buffalo grass or wheat but nothing else. There was not a house to be seen for 150 miles, from Dalhart, Texas, to Gray, Oklahoma. The wheat ranchers lived in crude, one-room dugout's that had been dug in the ground and roofed over with poles and sod; And the wind, filled with dust and grit, blew at gale force all the time. Burke and I and all the harvest workers slept in the hayracks with the horses. This seemed to me one of the most desolate and isolated sections of the nation. I told my good friend, the late Senator Bob Kerr of Oklahoma, and a delegation from his state, when they appeared before my Appropriations sub-committee for a water project:

"If you can tell me where Gray, Oklahoma, is, I'll give you the project without further discussion."

Neither Bob Kerr or any member of the Oklahoma delegation could tell me the location of Gray. It was such a small, isolated prairie crossroads when I was last there that I had to go to an atlas to find out whether it still existed. Sure enough, it was still there, tucked away in a corner of the Oklahoma Panhandle -- population nine persons.

I cut wheat from Dalhart across the Panhandle to Gray and then followed the wheat drive into Kansas.

After the harvest, I had \$300 in my pocket. Burke and I hopped a freight and headed for Chicago but we got separated on the way. We were riding a cattle train. It was watered on the fly. While the train was moving the cattle were watered and washed down in a deluge of water from overhead tanks. We didn't want to get drowned or washed overboard, so we got off. After we got past the water station I crawled in on the rods while the train was moving slowly but Burke missed it. He got on another freight train and when he woke up the next morning he was in New Buffalo, Michigan. He went back to Chicago and got a job on the Chicago River, lodging with an elderly Irishman. The only clothes Burke had were the ones he was wearing. The night before he was to get his first pay he washed and ironed them. When he got up the next morning his trousers were missing.

"Where are my trousers?" he asked his Irish landlord. "If you don't return them to me I won't pay you for my lodging."

The old Irishman laughed and said:

"When I saw you washing and ironing your clothes I knew you were

going to leave without paying me, anyway. So I took a payment on account."

Burke had to go to the place he worked to collect his pay with a gunny sack wrapped around his midriff before he could buy another pair of trousers.

In Chicago, I put up at a Salvation Army barracks in Skid Row, not far from Hinky Dinks place, while I looked for work. It wasn't the Ritz-Carlton. The sleeping accommodations were double wood bunks, the upstairs-downstairs variety, with each compartment separated from the other by chicken wire, stretched floor to ceiling. There was no mattress or bedding. It was the California "blanket stiff" routine all over again. When you settled down for the night you took off your coat, wrapped your shoes inside and used this for a pillow. If you didn't, you had no shoes when you awakened the next morning. I went out on the street early the morning after my first night there and spotted a wino selling one lodger's shoes for fifteen cents to get a drink of rotgut whiskey. I puzzled for days trying to figure out how he had stolen those shoes through the chicken wire enclosure. I never learned the answer. But each morning the alcoholic had found a way to buy another drink.

In the Spring of 1911 I went to Atlantic City, figuring there ought to be plenty of work in a summer resort. I joined the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in the hope of getting a job on the railroad only to find out they didn't hire any outsiders. If a father had sons he gave the available jobs to them or to relatives. However, I got a lucky break. When the clerk taking down my job application asked my birthplace I told him:

"Plains, Pennsylvania."

When I got back to the hotel I received a telephone call from the yardmaster of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"This is Red Eaton," he said. "Come over and see me. I'd like to talk to you."

I went to his office and he asked:

"You're sure you were born in Plains?"

"Yes," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I must have rocked you in your cradle when you were a baby," Eaton told me. "I'm from Plains and the Kirwans lived next door to us."

He gave me a job on the railroad, running between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. It was fine during the summer when the town was overflowing with vacationers. But there was not much work during the winters. Atlantic City was then strictly a summer resort. The extra trains were taken off at the end of the season and business was virtually at a standstill during the winter months. These were tranquil, pleasant years. I remained there until 1916, long enough to vote for a second term for President Woodrow Wilson, then returned to Youngstown and went back to work as yardmaster in the Carnegie-Illinois Steel plant.

CHAPTER FIVE

HOW TO GET TO CONGRESS ON \$100

Events over which we have no control at times shape our lives in strange and unpredictable ways. What appears to be a tragic misfortune can turn out to be the stroke of luck that brings greater opportunity and new meaning to life.

Such was the eventual outcome of an event that occurred in 1919. Seemingly a chance happening at the time, it changed the course of my life, leading me into politics and to the United States Congress. Had it not taken place I probably would have spent the rest of my days working on the railroad.

I returned to Youngstown from the Army of Occupation in Germany in the Spring of 1919, was mustered out and went back to my job as yardmaster in the United States Steel corporation's Ohio plant.

Shortly thereafter, a wildcat strike took place in the plant. It was fomented by a Communist named William Foster. I knew nothing about Foster or that he was a Communist. But my sympathy was with the men as it has always been for the poorly paid and exploited worker. I was young and single and I had just spent a year and a half in France fighting for what Woodrow Wilson said was "to keep the world safe for Democracy." So I went out on strike with the workers. I shouldn't have done this because, as a yardmaster, I was a company official and this was an outlaw strike not approved by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

As the result, I lost my job. When the strike was over the steel company took everybody back except me and the man in charge of the

locomotives. William "Big Bill" Lee, head of the railway union, told the company to take our jobs because we were officials and had gone on strike without authority of the Brotherhood.

I had done what I thought was right so I wasn't too upset. In 1922 the company came to me and asked if I would take my job back. The man who had been made yardmaster simply couldn't do the work. So I returned to the steel plant as yardmaster, remaining in that job until 1930.

Having had to leave school in the third grade to work in the coal mines, I was determined to educate myself. I combed the public library for books on every conceivable subject. And all during the Twenties I read a new book every night.

Then my participation in the 1919 strike came home to roost. In November, 1930, in the depth of the depression that was triggered by the 1929 stock market collapse, I was peremptorily fired. Steel production was at a low ebb. Business everywhere was almost at a standstill. All over the country industries were cutting their staffs to the bone. But I knew the steel plant could not operate without a yardmaster to direct the movement and control of the trains. So I was certain there was more to my being fired than just a staff reduction.

I went to I. Lamont Hughes in Pittsburgh. We had been friends for years. It was Hughes who gave me back my job as yardmaster in 1922. Later he was made head of the Carnegie Steel Company Pittsburgh plant, which was owned by the United States Steel Corporation. I said to him:

"Don't you think you owe me a square deal after years of loyal service?"

He shook his head.

"You weren't there when we needed you."

"Well, why did you take me back?" I asked. "I thought the thing was squared when you came to me and asked me to come back as your yardmaster."

He just shook his head -- and that was that.

I later learned that it was the general superintendent of the plant, Lew McDonald, who had held a grudge against me all those years for having taken part in the 1919 strike and had recommended that I be let go. When Hughes was made president of the Carnegie plant in Pittsburgh he recommended that McDonald replace him at the Youngstown plant. Hughes felt that unless he backed up McDonald it would appear he did not have very good judgment of the caliber of the man he had chosen to succeed him, so I was sacrificed.

I went home, sat down on the back porch and for the first time since I was a little boy picking slate in the coal mine breaker, gave way to my Irish emotions and wept. I was forty-five years old, married, with a wife and three children to provide for and living in a mortgaged home which I had bought from the company that fired me. It is difficult to get a new job at forty-five, even in prosperous times such as we have today. In the depression it was impossible. And this was its low point, with millions jobless and hungry. I wondered if I had come to the end of the line.

I figured I had been given a dirty deal. The more I thought about it the more my despair gave way to anger and a determination that I would somehow turn the bad stroke of luck to good advantage. That is how I got into politics.

I walked the streets of Youngstown a year without getting a job. Fortunately I had saved some money. I had worked steady and made a good salary as yardmaster. So my wife and I had a nestegg to tide us over this rough period. But as month succeeded month, the nation's economy continued to toboggan and the number of unemployed grew larger and larger.

Then in 1931 a friend named Ed Peters, who was the boss of a blast furnace at the plant where I had worked, came to my home one evening with a suggestion. He asked:

"Why don't you run for City Council?"

"Hell, I know nothing about City Council," I replied.

"Mike, you run and you'll be elected."

Peters explained that, with times as tough as they were, the steel workers and the other working people of Youngstown wanted one of their own on the city's governing board to see that they got a proper shake. A seat on the City Council would be vacant because the incumbent, William Buchanan, was going to run for Mayor.

"You have been yardmaster in the steel mill, a railroader for years and a coal miner," Peters argued. "And you are a good union man. The men at the blast furnace want you on City Council."

Members of City Council were paid only \$50 a month, a sort of gratuity. But this looked like the break I was waiting for. I ran and was elected, polling more votes than three others who were seeking the seat, thanks to the support I received from the steel mill and railroad workers.

I was the only Democrat on the City Council. The six other

Republican members were so jealous of one another they made me chairman of both the finance and legislative committees. This meant that I controlled the purse strings and the law-making functions of the city government. This gave me so much power that a newspaper complained:

"If the other members of City Council want a free glass of water they have to ask Mike Kirwan's permission."

It was, in fact, so much control over the city government that when I left the Council to run for Congress I had an ordinance passed making it unlawful in the future for one Council member to hold the chairmanship of both committees.

Because I had no other employment I devoted full time to my job on the Council. I spent more time at City Hall than any other member, attending every meeting without fail. When other members were absent, I sat as a Council of one to meet the public and listen to their needs.

A new member was supposed to roll over and play dead for his first year on City Council, saying nothing and listening to the wise utterances of his elders.

I shocked the Council into speechlessness by refusing to play dead. The times were desperate when I first took my seat. The Hoover depression was at its worst. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had not yet been nominated or elected President. Thousands of workers in Youngstown, like myself, had lost their jobs and were without work or income. Steel furnaces were cold. Hundreds of empty freight cars were gathering rust on sidings. Thirty thousand of a normal 70,000 gainfully employed were looking for work, any kind of work. There was muttering in the streets

of bread riots. Men were at the breaking point, seeing their wives and children going hungry. Their desperation was that of Jean Valjean, of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, when he stole the loaf of bread. Brave speeches were being made in City Council but no one was doing anything about the situation.

I decided I would. I met with the leaders of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths and we came up with a plan. I proposed to City Council a system of two-week work slips. Each slip entitled a man to two weeks work on the city payroll, at fifty cents an hour pay. In turn, each man agreed to turn the pay check over to his church.

Arrangements were made for the churches to use the money to buy food at cost and to distribute it to jobless families throughout the city.

The City Council, relieved that someone had come up with a workable plan, quickly adopted it. Men were given work on the city streets and in the parks. The hungry were fed.

The men working in the streets were themselves gaunt from hunger, too weak to do a day's work. They were giving their food to their families and going hungry.

We borrowed field kitchens from the National Guard and rolled them through the streets to where the men were working, and fed them. The first meal served was hot dogs and sauerkraut. I shall never forget it. I was there representing the City Council and got in the line with the men with a mess kit. It reminded me of the army chow line in France. But these men were pale from hunger and our well-fed doughboys were seldom hungry. Some of the men ate, but many others wrapped their

hot dogs in bits of paper.

I asked the reason. One workman replied:

"I'm taking it home to my children."

We borrowed more field kitchens from the National Guard and took food to the homes of the men and fed their families. What a shameful era in the history of our country -- people starving in a land of plenty! This was months before the Roosevelt Administration came into power in Washington and took revolutionary steps to meet the nation's desperate needs. I am confident that the action we took in City Council in those dark days came just in time to avoid food riots and the sacking of stores. I like to think that, in an humble way, our step to feed the hungry of our city was a worthy predecessor of the WPA and unemployment relief that followed. To illustrate how terrible were conditions in 1932, two years later when President Roosevelt had instituted broad measures of aid there were still 13,359 jobless on federal relief and another 16,306 persons on local relief in Youngstown. In looking back over thirty-five years in politics I am proudest of the part I had in keeping these people from starving.

To provide jobs I figured that one way to do it was to create work. And if industry wouldn't do it, the city could by making the city more livable, cleaner and more beautiful. The city badly needed paved streets and a better sewer system. It needed recreation facilities for the young people, including swimming pools. Anything that was done in this way made Youngstown a better city to live in. But, more importantly, it meant work for the unemployed. This was my own pioneer version of

the billion dollar Public Works Administration that was to come into being under the New Deal. It was pump priming for the local economy when it was badly needed.

We repaved the streets, constructed new sewers and built a fine public swimming pool. Everything we did provided jobs and improved the city.

I guess I was pretty persistent with my "little PWA," because one day I overheard City Engineer Grant Cook mildly complaining:

"That guy Kirwan is in my office more than I am. I've paved or repaved almost every street in the Fourth Ward and those I haven't paved I've oiled."

In 1936, after four years in City Council, I decided to run for Congress. On the surface, almost everything was against me. Youngstown was in the 19th Ohio District, a bedrock Republican stronghold. The region was the home of Civil War Senator Ben Wade, one of the founders of the Republican Party, and the bailiwick of Mark Hanna, the wealthy Cleveland industrialist who nominated William McKinley for the presidency on the Republican ticket in 1896, and as chairman of the Republican National Committee conducted his successful campaign. John Cooper, the GOP incumbent, had been in Congress for 22 years. The only Democrat who had represented the district since the Civil War had served one two-year term when Woodrow Wilson was elected President in 1912. Comprising the counties of Mahoning, Trumbull and Ashtabula, the 19th District was one of the largest in Ohio, with a population of nearly 600,000. The GOP hold on the district had survived even the Roosevelt sweeps of 1932

and 1934. I had no money for newspaper or radio ads, billboards or other costly media that today can run the average cost of a Congressional campaign in a big city district to between \$25,000 and \$50,000.

I had exactly \$700, a windfall from my World War I bonus, just enough to buy gasoline to take me around the district making speeches and to keep my family going during the campaign when I had no income. I expected I would get some few contributions because people are always looking for favors if you make the grade. But apparently I was considered a very poor risk. I got one contribution. It was \$100.

I never knew who it came from until a year ago when a lady spoke to me at a reception in Youngstown and asked if I could get her a job

"Do you remember having lunch in a little short order beanery in 1936 and being given an envelope containing \$100?" she asked.

"I am one of the five who were sitting at a table in that restaurant and made up the kitty.

"We felt sorry for you, Mike. At least we were working and we knew you were jobless and broke. You were sitting at the counter. Someone at our table said:

"Look at that poor devil sitting there. He hasn't a chance to get to Congress. He hasn't got a dime. I'll put up twenty dollars if the rest of you will match it and we will give it to him as a campaign contribution."

As they left the beanery, one of them handed me the envelope. I had no idea what was in it. I thought it probably was a note giving me free advice on how to run my campaign. So I didn't look at it until later. When I opened the envelope I was astonished to find it contained five \$20 bills."

That was my solitary campaign contribution. I got the lady a job.

There was another handicap that bothered me. I had never made speeches to public gatherings. An education, cut short in the third grade, shies one away from that sort of thing. These were the years when politicians made especially flowery and long-winded speeches. In City Council I never orated. I kept my own counsel, listened to the six other members speak at length, and then said in the fewest possible words how things were going to be.

But I had learned a lot about politics during my four years in City Council. Dealing with the problems of the Depression, devising ways of feeding the hungry and creating work for the jobless, the mood of the people was communicated to me in unforgettable fashion. I was convinced that men who had lost their jobs and mothers who had heard their children cry from hunger, and then had seen Franklin Roosevelt respond positively and decisively to the nation's desperate needs, were not going to vote for candidates of the Republican party, which, rightly or wrongly, was blamed for bringing on the nation's economic collapse. A tag of opprobrium was pinned on the Republicans with devastating political effect. The depression was almost universally called the "Hoover Depression."

It took no great political acumen to know that President Roosevelt was going to be elected to a second term by a far greater plurality than the record vote he received in 1932. And I was certain that virtually every Democratic candidate for Congress would be swept into office with him, even from long-time solid Republican strongholds such as Ohio. As far as I was concerned my problem was to win the Democratic primary in the 19th district. If I could get over that obstacle I felt I would be a shoo in at the November election.

I decided that my one chance to win the primary election was to leave off the flowers, talk straight and to the point and to tell the truth about issues as I saw them.

The big thing I had in my favor, of course, was the same thing that put me in City Council after Ed Peters came to me and asked me to run. This was the support of the workers in the steel mills and the support of other working people like myself, with or without jobs. They wanted a working man, who knew first hand the problems and needs of working people, to represent them in Congress just as they had wanted the same kind of representation in City Council. Because I had lived and worked with them for more than a decade I felt I could count on their votes.

My campaigning was mostly done among small groups of working people where I could talk to them straight-from-the-shoulder and in the same idiom they used. That is the way they spoke. That was my means of communication. Instead of addressing large groups in public auditoriums, I talked before small neighborhood gatherings in their homes. Many of the homes were without electric lights because the residents were too poor to have electricity or, if they had electric lights, didn't have enough money to pay their electric bills. But after I visited with them they went out and campaigned for me, just by passing the word to everyone they knew.,

I'll never forget the first talk I made. It was to a group of about a dozen Negroes in a shanty home lighted only by a kerosene lamp. Even though I was talking their language, and my words were the words they used and understood, my legs trembled so I could hardly

stand up. Two of my supporters felt my legs while I was talking just to see how nervous I was. All I could say to them was what I felt in my heart about the trouble we were all in, what I had tried to do in City Council to help the jobless and needy and what I hoped to do in the same way in Congress, if I got there. When I finished my modest little talk there was no applause. They just gathered around me, shook my hand and quietly said they would help send me to Washington.

In later appearances my legs shook less. And after a while I gained enough confidence to make talks before larger audiences in lighted halls. This was the way I campaigned. I just got up and spoke what was in my heart. I never read a speech that someone else had written out for me and I've never been one to make a speech from a written text, I didn't prepare set speeches before hand. I talked about problems I knew and what could or should be done about them. That is the course I have tried to follow through thirty-one years in Congress.

I was opposed in the Democratic primary by eight candidates. Seven were college graduates and five of them lawyers. It seemed like everybody wanted to go to Washington. Each had support from some sector of the press but not a single newspaper in the three counties in my district endorsed me. Not one of the Democratic county chairmen in the three counties was on my side. The only times the newspapers mentioned my name was to denounce me. This made the going rough. My opponents all had money and support from campaign contributors. They were going around the district making speeches about the

(Insert on page 61, after second ppg ending x x x thirty-one years in Congress. x x x the following sixteen paragraphs)

4 I was helped greatly in my campaign for Congress by a Negro named Boyd Nabors. Boyd was a giant of a man, nearly seven feet tall and weighing nearly 300 pounds, and a power among the Negroes of Youngstown.

I first met Boyd in 1931 when I was running for City Council. He had drifted to Youngstown from West Virginia where he had been used by the unions in heaping organize the state. West Virginia was one of the worst states the unions ever fought in. The union leaders in Pittsburgh, to get money to the local leaders to hold meetings and organize, sewed money into Nabor's clothes and sent him into West Virginia. He made so many trips into the state that the State Troopers finally spotted him So, with his usefulness ended, he drifted to Youngstown.

I ran into him one day in a campaign headquarters when I was running for Council. He was in charge of the headquarters and I asked him to let me put my campaign cards on display.

"Naw, sir," he said. "Only cards here say Mark Moore for Mayor."

I said:

"Let me tell you something. Mark Moore's going to be elected and so am I. I am the only man running for Council who has come out for Mark Moore for mayor. But after he is elected mayor you'll never be able to see him because whoever he selects for his clerk, his biggest job will be to keep people away from the mayor in the midst of this depression."

I told Moore about the incident and he said:

"Hell, give your cards to me and I'll put them up."

"I don't want them in now," I said. "Let it go the way it is."

We were both elected and what I had told Boyd Nabors of course is the way it happened. He couldn't see Moore so he came to see me and I helped him.

"Mr. Kirwan, I shoul'da listened to you," he said. "This has taught me a lesson I won't forget. I'm your man from now on."

He was very faithful to me the four years I was in City Council, and a great help to me among the Negroes.

When I ran for Congress in 1936 I gave Nabors half the \$700 from my World War One bonus to work for the Negro vote. I had so little money to conduct a campaign that I wanted to be sure it went as far as possible. One day I stopped at his house. Anxious about the election outcome, I asked him:

"How do you know they're working, Boyd?"

"Know they're working?" he said. "When they get done every day and come into my house for their pay I tell them to take off their shoes and rest their feet, they've been working all day, and to smoke a cigarette.

"Boss, anybody who can put his feet back in his shoes after they have had them off ten minutes I don't pay him. I know he hasn't been working."

(Pickup at third paragraph, page 61, beginning x x x I was opposed in the Democratic primary, etc.)

universities they graduated from, hitting their fists and declaiming that they wanted to go to Washington "to help the greatest humanitarian who ever lived -- Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

I just kept on talking to the working people how to get more work, to the jobless how to create jobs so they could get work again, to the hungry how to get food.

On Friday night before the Tuesday primary election, all nine candidates made a final joint campaign appearance before a gathering of 2,400 that jammed an auditorium in Youngstown. The moderator was a former mayor of Youngstown and a friend of long standing. Before the meeting I got in touch with him and said:

"Let every other candidate talk and then put me on as the last speaker."

He said: "Okay, Mike, I'll do it the way you say."

I felt that, if nothing else, the people jammed into that hall would be likely to remember what the last speaker said, especially if I was brief and to the point. What I wanted them to do was to remember my name out of the nine candidates when they marked their ballot the following Tuesday.

One by one the other candidates made windy and lengthy talks about wanting to go to Congress to help President Roosevelt.

True to his promise, the former mayor with whom I had worked as a member of City Council, introduced me last.

When my turn came, I stepped up to the podium and said:

"It's been very embarrassing for me during the past six weeks going over this district of 580,000 people that reaches a hundred miles

in every direction listening to these distinguished university graduates and lawyers, aspiring to go to Congress as I am, telling you of their fine schooling and how they want to go to Congress 'to help the greatest humanitarian who ever lived -- Franklin Delano Roosevelt!"

"And here I am, a poor boy who had to quit school in the third grade and go to work in a coal mine to help his parents keep food in the house."

"Take a look at the nine of us," I continued. "Do you think there is any one of the nine of us who is any God-damned use to Franklin Delano Roosevelt?"

At this, the rustling, scuffling, coughing and small talk in the background that is always a part of public meetings stopped and a stillness came over the packed hall.

I thought, as I paused:

"Well, Mike, you've done it now."

Then I said:

"I want to tell you the truth. President Roosevelt doesn't need me to help him. He doesn't need any of the other eight candidates to help him. I want to go to Washington as your Congressman, first, to help Mike Kirwan and, second, to help you!"

For a moment or two the stillness continued. Then my candor brought down the house. Up in the gallery someone applauded. And a split-second later I wondered how the building remained in one piece. The audience roared its approval. The entire hall exploded with sound and tumult as the crowd clapped hands, shouted, whistled and pounded the floor .

For the moment at least, I stopped worrying about the outcome of the Tuesday primary election. But I began worrying again the next morning when I read the newspapers. I got the most attention from the press of the entire campaign. But I wasn't sure it was the right kind of publicity. The newspapers denounced me in withering terms. I was spread all over the front pages. They printed my remarks verbatim, spelling out in full the expression I had used for dramatic effect on my listeners, without the accustomed dashes. Then they attacked me in front page editorials. One newspaper ranted:

"As we have been telling you for six weeks, this man is not fit to go to Congress. This is the kind of third grade language he uses --!" And then they proceeded to spell it out.

But as I scanned the papers, one by one, I realized that my decision to shock my audience had worked. I had captured the front page of every newspaper in the Congressional district immediately before the primary election. I had smothered my eight opponents who hardly got mentioned in the fury the newspapers heaped upon me. And I knew that most of the voters in my district were steel workers whose ears were attuned to language considerably rougher than the polite conversation of the drawing room.

On Tuesday I learned that I was a better judge of voter sentiment than my caustic critics. When the ballots were counted I polled more votes than the votes for all other eight candidates put together. The deciding factor in my victory, I am certain, was that I told the people the truth in language they understood.

I was over the big hurdle. I was now the Democratic candidate

) for Congress from the Nineteenth District of Ohio. From then on through the November national election I had no doubt about the outcome. In the November 3 Roosevelt landslide that followed, I won all three counties of the Congressional district by substantial majorities, polling 85,920 votes to 60,033 for the Republican incumbent. In one county I received more votes than President Roosevelt.

I told the people of Youngstown and the Congressional district:

"I'm going to Washington to represent this district to the best of my ability. Tell me your needs. You can count on me to work for the betterment of Youngstown and the 19th District. You'll never be sorry you have sent me to Washington. Watch me like a hawk. If you ever find me not taking care of your interests, you're damn fools if you don't vote me out of office!"

This has been my creed through thirty-one years in Congress.

The man I defeated in the 1936 election, John Cooper, had been in Congress twenty-two years. In our campaign, he never said an unkind word about me and I never said an unkind word about him. My victory was dampened in my own mind by the realization that a good and kind man had been unseated. Cooper was the dean of the members of Congress from Ohio. He was a conscientious and hard-working representative of the 19th District. When a man has spent a third of his lifetime in Congress and is unseated it is difficult to establish a new way of life. I was conscious of his dilemma. One of the first things I did when I arrived in Washington was to go to Cooper and ask him if there was anything I could do to help him. He said:

"Yes, Mike. It seems that I need a job."

I was able to get him a position on a Congressional staff, which made it possible for him to establish his pension when he retired. As long as he lived I did everything possible to help him. I believe this was the right thing to do.

Ohio, along with a half dozen other states, provides the strength that decides the outcome of every presidential election. Its twenty-five electoral votes are exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania, California and Illinois and are a much sought after prize by both parties in every national election.

Ohio voted for Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932, and in 1936 a determined effort was made to keep it in the Democratic column.

At my suggestion, Postmaster-General James A. Farley, FDR's shrewd political adviser, who was Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asked Senator Joe Robinson, of Arkansas, to come to Youngstown and make a key speech in the 1936 campaign. Robinson was Majority Leader of the Senate, the same post President Lyndon Johnson held years later until he campaigned for the Vice-Presidency. He had been the running mate of Al Smith when the New York governor ran unsuccessfully for the White House against Herbert Hoover in 1928, and was Senate Minority Leader all during the Republican administrations of the Twenties.

So I was delighted, indeed, to have this eminent Democratic leader come out to Youngstown and back up my candidacy for Congress from a long-time Republican district.

The meeting was a great success. The Senate Majority Leader

brought a personal message from President Roosevelt to the people of Youngstown, hard hit by the depression, and made an inspiring speech. Afterward, I drove him to the railroad station and saw him off on his return to Washington.

Driving back, I stopped at a traffic light in the heart of downtown Youngstown just opposite the sheriff's office in the Courthouse. In the brief moment before the light flashed green again, two men stepped off the curb and pulled open both front doors. The man on the right held the biggest pistol I've ever seen in his hand and thrust it into my face. I quickly saw that the man on the driver's side did not have a gun so I forced my way out of the open door where the unarmed man stood. The street was jammed with traffic at the downtown intersection so I suppose this was the reason the man with the pistol decided not to shoot me. The traffic light changed, other drivers began honking their horns, the unarmed man leaped into the driver's seat and, to my relief, quickly drove off. My car was found the next day, abandoned and out of gas, but undamaged. When I reported the armed hold up to the police I was asked if I thought I could identify the men from police "mug shots."

"I can identify the unarmed man -- I got a good look at his face -- but I can't identify the other man because all I was looking at was that big pistol in his hand," I said.

"That's right," the police chief said. "When someone has a gun on you all you can see is the gun, not the person holding it."

I learned that the two men had abducted a prison doctor at pistol point, slugged him and escaped in his car from the Indiana State Penitentiary. I identified the unarmed man from prison photographs without difficulty and shortly afterward both were captured and returned to the penitentiary with thirty-three years added to their terms.

I figured I was pretty lucky. One squeeze on that trigger and I probably never would have got to Congress. I have always been happy that I had dropped Senator Robinson off at the railroad station before the two thugs forced their way into my car. He was a valuable man to the Congress and nation and the outcome might have been tragic.

When I came home from Congress for Easter recess after the November, 1936, election, one of my staunchest supporters invited me to his home.

"I want you to meet some of the oil people who helped you win," he told me.

"Oil people?" I was baffled. "No oil people helped me that I know of. What are you talking about?"

"Mike," said my friend, "they didn't know they were helping you and neither did you. But do you remember those 'Vote for Mike Kirwan for Congress' signs on the roads during the campaign?"

Then it came to me. About all I had on my side during the campaign was a host of good friends. As I rode in buses and hitched rides from my more fortunate friends who had a fliwer and were still able to buy a tank of gasoline, I saw many circular metal signs stuck on iron poles, with the bottom weighted so the sign would stay erect even in a high wind, along the roadside, bearing the message 'Vote for Mike Kirwan for Congress.'

I had no idea where they came from and 'was too green at the game of politics to ask. I was just grateful that they were there.

In those days there were signs along the roadsides mounted on metal pipes and swaying in the breeze, announcing 'Gas Station Ahead,' a half mile or a quarter mile further along the road.

Unknown to me, my backers drove trucks out on the roads, pulled up the signs, took them into Youngstown, painted 'Vote for Mike Kirwan for congress' on them and planted them back along the roadsides of the 19th District. Some of the signs came from as far away as West Virginia.

My friend had invited me out to meet some of the over-enthusiastic working people whose friendship and support of me had led them down this dubious path.

I went to the 75th Congress without any debts to vested interests. Nobody, as the saying goes, had me in their hip pocket. I had gotten to Congress on a shoestring and the support of a multitude of poor but hard-working friends. The only obligation I owed was to the working people of the 19th District who had supported me and voted for me. I felt that I had achieved in a true sense the intent of our Constitution, that the members of the House of Representatives should represent the people who sent them there.

I had another feeling of satisfaction which I have found is rare in politics. After I won, the Chairman of the Democratic Committee in my district asked me to come and see him.

When the going was rough during the campaign he was rarely around. Now that I was in Congress he greeted me like a long lost friend. Thrusting a box of Havana cigars at me with a flourish, he said:

"Have a cigar, Mike."

Then he reared back in his swivel chair and told me with jovial good humor:

"Mike, you ran a good campaign. It must have cost a lot of money. I want to help you. Let me know what your expenses amounted to and I'll see you get the money back."

I am not a smoker. But this is one time I lit up, savoring the situation. I leaned back, puffing on the cigar and told him:

"No. Thanks, anyway, but you are a little late. I could have used your help in October but I don't need it now. I don't owe you or anybody else in politics a thing. I'm in Congress and I got there free of all obligation except to the people who voted for me. I like it that way and I'm going to keep it that way."

CHAPTER SIX

"SIR, ONE DOESN'T PICK GENERAL FARLEY'S POCKET!"

My first days in Congress were exciting and exhilarating, as I am sure they must be to everyone who comes to this great legislative body. Even now, every day I walk into the United States Capitol at 7 o'clock in the morning, I feel the lilt of an Irish air in my heart, a spring in my step, and a wonderment that this could possibly happen to me -- me, a poor Irish boy from the coal mines of Pennsylvania who, to escape his seemingly inescapable fate, bummed all over the United States for years, working as a common laborer wherever I went, in the hope of finding a way up the ladder.

And here, finally, was I among the Nation's great, a member of the United States Congress, able in some small way to do something to help build the Nation and repair the injustices that creep into our national life.

I was assigned offices in the old Cannon House Office Building formerly occupied by Congressman Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, now a Senator. On my desk when I went into my new office I found vases of flowers that had been sent me by the Mahoning County Democratic Women's Club, the Knights of Columbus and a few personal friends. The first person I met was an old schoolmaster from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Congressman John McGroarty of California, who had gone to school with my mother in the Pennsylvania coal mine region where I was born.

The 75th Congress convened on January 3, 1937, and my first official act was to vote for Congressman William Bankhead of Alabama, father of Tallulah Bankhead, the actress, to be Speaker of the House.

Then President Roosevelt came up to Congress to deliver his State

of the Union message to a joint session of the Senate and House in the chamber of the House of Representatives. I went into the House chamber and sat down beside a man with a clerical collar whose face seemed familiar. I introduced myself and who was I sitting beside but Archbishop, later Cardinal, Edward Mooney! Being Irish Catholic, I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The Archbishop's talents for leadership and administration were recognized by the entire Catholic hierarchy in the United States by his election in 1935 as chairman of the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He was famed as a champion of justice in labor relations, a defender of the rights of nations despoiled by the Nazi sweep over Europe and an advocate for persecuted racial minorities everywhere. He had an amiable disposition and the range of his conversation was a delight.

At high noon, President Roosevelt came into the packed House chamber.

Members of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, heads of agencies and the entire membership of the Senate and House were waiting. The galleries were jammed with members of the Diplomatic Corps, families of top members of the government, the press, and the public. This was an extraordinary occasion. Franklin Roosevelt had swept the Nation in his second term election a few weeks earlier. And now he was before the Congress to outline his proposals for the second chapter of the New Deal.

The doors of the chamber swung open and the Keeper of the Door, William M. "Fishbait" Miller of Mississippi, announced in a loud voice:

"The President of the United States!"

This was my first close-up look at Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the

Chief Executive who had already become a legend in our distraught land.

The hundreds in the crowded House chamber, Republicans and Democrats alike, stood and applauded wildly as the President, clad in formal day clothes, walked slowly down the center aisle on the arm of his military aide, Col. Edwin M. "Pa" Watson, to the Speaker's rostrum against the far wall of the historic House chamber. He was smiling the famous Roosevelt smile. His confidence and radiant personality pervaded the chamber and crept through the pores into ones very inner being. Such was the electric quality of this amazing man in the prime of his life.

I do not know what Franklin Delano Roosevelt said that day. I just know it was a great State of the Union message. I did not hear the words. I was looking at a great man performing at the peak of his career and listening to the sound of his almost hypnotic voice.

The other bright spot of that memorable day was my sitting beside Archbishop Mooney. We whispered together throughout FDR's speech. I believe the Archbishop was as excited as I.

My first concern in Congress was to do something to relieve the plight of the people who had sent me to Washington. I set about bringing into being a program of Federal pump-priming for the 19th District of Ohio. Unlike my young friend from Texas, Congressman Lyndon Johnson, I had no doors opened for me by the White House. I had to do it on my own.

The first need was to get Federal funds channeled into construction projects that would create jobs in the stricken steel-producing region.

With this in mind; I applied for membership on the Rivers and Harbors

Appropriation Committee and the Labor Committee. But two Congressmen-at-large from Ohio edged me out. Congressmen Harold G. Mosier of Cleveland and John McSweeney of Wooster got the vacancies on the Rivers and Harbors Committee. The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, who acted as the Committee on Committees for the Majority, decided that because the whole State of Ohio was vitally interested in rivers and harbors, the way to solve the Ohio representation would be to assign the two **members-**at-large. A freshman member, I wound up on two minor committees, the Committees on Enrolled Bills and Public Buildings and Grounds.

So I began wearing out shoe leather going around Washington to the federal agencies in charge of projects that would help my Congressional district. From the head of each department I got their views of what they would be able to do for the Youngstown area. I didn't care how small was the project. I was glad to get a commitment on anything that would provide a few more jobs. The head of the Public Works Administration assured me PWA would approve federal aid for construction of football stadiums for the Boardman and Chaney high schools in Youngstown. I went to Postmaster-General James A. Farley and found out what new postoffice buildings could be built. We were soon on a "Mike" and "Jim" first person basis. Farley promised construction of several new postoffices.

Then I constituted myself a Committee of One and began appearing as a witness before the House committees that could authorize and appropriate funds for public works projects.

One by one, I was able to obtain a \$528,000 harbor for Ashtabula, a \$610,000 waterway improvement for Conneaut, \$350,000 for Youngstown

schools, \$1,892,000 for Mahoning County highways and several hundred thousand dollars for roads in Trumbull County.

This was only the beginning. Before I came to Congress only a few hundred thousands in federal funds had been appropriated for the 19th District. By the end of my first term, I obtained more than \$30,000,000 in appropriations for the Youngstown area. This included a federal housing project, a new \$2,800,000 airport for Youngstown, \$7,546,000 for Mahoning County, \$4,000,000 for Trumbull County and \$1,500,000 for Ashtabula. The Mahoning Valley grows fine apples and to help the farmers of the area I even got the federal government to buy large quantities of Mahoning apples as a relief measure.

This may sound like small potatoes in these years of spending in the billions of dollars. But in the depression Thirties these few millions were like manna from Heaven and brought new life into a blighted region.

One of the new postoffices I was able to get for my district, thanks to the friendship and help of Postmaster-General Farley, was built in Struthers, Ohio, a suburb of Youngstown. When it was completed I was asked to preside over its dedication. I invited Jim Farley to be the principal speaker and he accepted.

This was front page news in Ohio. Farley was almost as well known and renowned as President Roosevelt. He had mapped the strategy that won FDR's 1936 landslide and had accurately predicted the outcome.

During the campaign, the New Deal President became worried over the outcome of the election because of the incessant attacks by the greater

part of the American press which opposed his re-election. Shortly before the November election he confided his doubts to Farley.

"Boss," Jim told him. "Stop worrying about the newspaper criticism. You are going to be re-elected by a big majority.

"I'll make a little bet with you. You write down on a piece of paper your guess on the election outcome. I'll write down my guess and we will seal them in separate envelopes and open them after the election."

President Roosevelt, who enjoyed games of chance and frequently relaxed with his intimates around a poker table at the White House, was delighted at the suggestion.

"After the election," Jim told me later, "the President called me to his office and made a ceremony of opening the envelopes.

"The President's guess was that he would win by only thirty states. My prediction was that he would win every state but two -- Maine and Vermont.

"As it turned out, I had hit the nail square on the head. But, of course, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee I was in charge of the campaign and my staff had made an accurate reading of voter sentiment in all 48 states."

When word got out that Jim Farley was coming to Struthers to make an address at the postoffice dedication it soon became evident that thousands of persons would attend the ceremonies. Great preparations were made for the event.

A few days before the big day a circus folded its tents in Meadville, Pa., about forty miles from Struthers. The circus had been harassed

by a union organizer trying to recruit the canvas men. There were labor disputes in every town in which the circus stopped after leaving Madison Square Garden in New York City. Finally, in Meadville the circus owners gave up, closed the show, and went back to winter quarters in the South.

Not only were the circus workers stranded but 400 professional pick-pockets who followed the circus around the country found themselves without a means of livelihood. Looking around for a new source of easy funds, the nimble-fingered gentry read the newspaper stories of preparations for the big event in Struthers. On the morning of the great day they descended enmasse on the town. Thousands of Ohioans flocked into Struthers from all over the state, attracted by the almost mythical figure of Jim Farley. They jammed the square in front of the new postoffice and the surrounding streets.

I asked an elderly descendant of the town's founder, James Struthers Stewart, to make the address of welcome. On the speaker's platform with Farley and Stewart were Mayor Al Craver of Youngstown, the Mayor and Postmaster of Struthers, the Chief of Police, myself, and a number of other dignitaries.

The elderly toastmaster began his remarks by recalling the early days of the Indians and pioneers when Struthers was known as Yellow Springs, a watering place on the trail West.

"Everyone face the East and raise your arms in the Indian peace sign," he exhorted. "Imagine you see the Indians coming over the hills to the springs. Imagine you are the pioneer settlers going West. Raise

your hands to the sun and sky ---"

As the thousands raised their arms and eyes the grateful pickpockets went to work. They lifted thousands of wallets from their unsuspecting victims.

They pilfered the Mayor's pocketbook. They robbed the Postmaster. They even lifted the purse of the Chief of Police after helping him up to the top of an automobile so he could take photos of the speaker's stand. They even held his legs so he wouldn't fall while they rifled his pockets.

But the disciples of Fagan showed that there is honor among thieves. They didn't lift Jim Farley's wallet because his fame attracted the huge throng for their rich harvest. They didn't take my pocketbook because I invited Farley to be the principal speaker. And they left James Struthers Stewart untouched because his oratory inspired the arm-raising gesture which made their foray so profitable.

Perhaps this part of the story is apocryphal but I have it on good authority that afterward the chief of the pickpockets was asked why Postmaster-General Farley had escaped their attention.

"Why didn't you take his poke?" he was asked.

The leader of the tribe whose motto is that "the hand is quicker than the eye" drew himself up to every inch of his five foot four height and replied with indignation in his voice:

"Sir, one doesn't pick General Farley's pocket!"

Not all of my post-election experiences were as amusing. One of the eight candidates who ran against me in the 1936 Democratic primary was

named Locke Miller, a brilliant but eccentric poet and graduate of Harvard. Miller was a perennial candidate for Congress. He ran for the Republican primary before he ran against me. When he didn't win the Republican primary he switched in the next election to the Democratic ticket. He ran in two Democratic primaries against me and when he didn't make it he switched back to the Republican party and ran on that ticket in the next primary. But he never made the grade with either party.

As I say, he was an eccentric. He took a graduate course at Harvard and when the university billed him for his tuition at the completion of his term he refused to pay it and threatened to file suit against Harvard for **usurping his** valuable time. He claimed that in six months he had learned nothing at the university! The nonplused Harvard authorities decided not to pursue the matter further.

After I licked him and the seven others in the Democratic primary he brought suit against me, charging me with 2,200 violations of the Corrupt Practices Act.

Years later I asked the Attorney-General of the United States:

"What do you know about the Corrupt Practices Act?"

He told me:

"No one was ever convicted in the United States for violation of this Act."

But I didn't know it at the time.

This vindictive fellow, who thought he should be in Congress instead of me, dragged me through every court in Ohio and even to the United States Supreme Court with his unfounded accusations.

I've always wondered who was behind him and where his money came from to hire the lawyers. I've always thought him a dupe of Big Business. They were trying to break me. I was an anathema in their eyes. I was the first Democrat to represent this Ohio district since 1912. It was an insult to them to realize that someone who got only to the third grade in school, and a Democrat at that, was their representative in Congress. They hated Franklin Delano Roosevelt and they could not stomach any Democrat.

To illustrate this bitterness; during World War Two, when the revived steel industry and the response of the Roosevelt administration to my efforts had put Youngstown back in business, Raymond Clapper, the highly respected columnist who gave his life later in a military air crash in the Pacific, came to Youngstown and wrote in his column:

"Before the steel boom put Youngstown -- which is the country's No. 3 steel town -- back in the money, the Federal Government was carrying a good share of the load. It was putting millions of dollars in Youngstown to support thousands of persons that private industry had been compelled to throw back on the community.

"But to hear the business men of the town talk about President Roosevelt and the Administration, you would never suspect that Washington had been keeping the town afloat during the storm. Instead of gratitude or at least of tolerant appreciation of what has been done, bitterness and contempt are the spirit of downtown. To maintain such a state of high-pressure indignation against Mr. Roosevelt as long as this, for nearly eight years, is indeed an achievement.

"To see how well off Youngstown is, it must be remembered that few

communities were in more desperate condition than Youngstown during the depth of the depression.'

I was hailed into three magistrate courts, the Common Pleas court, the Ohio Superior Court and the Federal District court in Cleveland, During the campaign, when I would make a speech in a town in a Republican area, the sheriff would be waiting to serve a summons. When I appeared in court the next day, there would be no one to appear against me and the case would be dismissed. But the newspapers would carry a front page story: "Mike Kirwan Again Hailed Into Court." When no one turned up to prosecute me and the case was dismissed, the newspapers carried a paragraph in the rear of the paper, buried among the truss ads.

Every time I came back to Youngstown from Washington, I had to appear in another court. Bonds and lawyer fees cost me \$7,000, leaving me only \$3,000 of my Congressional salary to live on in Washington.

The time, expense and embarrassment involved in Miller's suits finally began to wear me down. After appearing for a second time before a grand jury in Cleveland, I began to wonder if it was worth while to keep on fighting. I was so discouraged I thought of resigning from Congress. I went to a hotel for dinner. Sitting at the table, thinking about my problem and scarcely touching my food, I must have looked pretty dejected.

The Negro waiter kept looking at me as he served dinner and fussed over the table. Finally, he blurted:

"Boss, don't be so downcast. I don't know whether you are guilty or not but this grand jury is not going to indict you."

"What makes you so sure," I asked.

"Don't you worry. I know what I'm talking about. I'm on the jury!"

There was an aftermath to this incident that caused me some embarrassment. A couple of years later, Senator Mike Mansfield and Oscar Chapman, later Secretary of the Interior, and their wives were dining with me in the Ohio hotel. The same waiter came over to the table and asked with a pleased smile:

"Boss, do you remember the time you and I hung up that grand jury?"

Mansfield and Chapman didn't bat an eye but I was acutely embarrassed. Of course I had nothing to do with the grand jury and as far as I ever have known, neither did the waiter. But I felt I should straighten out his unwitting remarks in a hurry. I told them the story and they had a hearty laugh over my discomfiture and embarrassment.

When the suit got to the Ohio Supreme Court it was heard by a panel of three judges. The court dismissed it.

Chief Justice **Mathias** told me:

"On a strict interpretation of this law you would be guilty on two counts. But the court forgives you on both counts.

"You made promises in your campaign speeches. But so did President Roosevelt. He told the people of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, that if they voted for him he would build dams that would prevent recurrence of another Johnstown flood. That was a campaign promise and it was a violation of the Corrupt Practices Act. You made promises but so did the President. If the President can make campaign promises, the court excuses you for having done the same thing.

'On the second count, you failed to state on your campaign cards who paid for the printing. The law states you must do this. But one sf

) my colleagues on the bench is running for re-election to the State Supreme Court. He has also neglected to state on his advertisements who paid for them. If you didn't know this was a violation of the Corrupt Practices Act, apparently neither did the Justice. So you are excused.'

Miller carried the case to the United States Supreme Court where it was tossed out. But even the Supreme Court decision did not stop his relentless pursuit. He appealed to Congress to have me unseated. Speaker of the House John McCormack, who was then House Whip, introduced a resolution denying Miller the right to petition Congress. This was done only once before in our history, a case involving a North Carolinian following the Civil War.

) The resolution was approved and that took care of Mr. Miller from then on. Instead of harming me, his shenanigans may have helped. At the next election I was returned to Congress with a larger majority than before. And it has been that way ever since.

After I won the Democratic nomination to Congress in the Spring primary and before the election campaign began in earnest on Labor Day, I went to the Democratic National Convention, which was held that year in Philadelphia.

While there, I met ~~John~~ O'Connor, of New York, who was the Acting Majority Leader of the House of Representatives.

He told me:

"I am now Acting House Leader and I won't have any opposition when Congress meets next January. If you are elected and come to Washington I hope you'll give me your vote."

I told him I would.

It was a foolish statement for me to make. I wasn't in Congress yet and I shouldn't have made a definite commitment but I was new at the business of Washington politics and full of beans and I gave him my promise.

When I got to Washington after the November election I learned that Vice President Jack Garner of Texas was deeply interested in getting another Texan, Congressman Sam Rayburn, of Bonham, Texas, made House Majority Leader. He had put Rayburn's name in in opposition to O'Connor's election as leader.

So I immediately found myself under heavy pressure to vote for Rayburn. Every effort was made to get my vote. Charlie West, who was from my state and was President Roosevelt's liaison man with Congress, was one of many who came to me. He promised:

"We'll put you on the Appropriations Committee your first year if you will vote for Rayburn."

I told him, as I told everyone who came to me:

"I can't do it. I told O'Connor in Philadelphia that I would vote for him. It was a foolish promise for me to make but I made it and a promise is a promise."

All kinds of pressure was brought to bear to make me change my mind but I went through with it and voted for O'Connor even though I knew he was going to lose.

I knew because I asked the Night Editor of the Washington Post, Lowell Leake, afterward Editor of PM in New York, who was going to win. I had known Leake in Youngstown where he was Editor of the Scripps-Howard paper there until it was bought out by the Vindicator. I asked him:

"Who is going to be the new House Leader?"

"It will be Rayburn by 50 votes," he said.

To show you how accurate he was, it was Rayburn by 55 votes when the House voted. I had that information and yet I voted for O'Connor because I had given him my pledge.

Later, I was sitting in the House cloakroom one day alone and Sam Rayburn came in. There ^{were} just the two of us there.

He introduced himself and said:

"I'm the new Leader-If you ever are in trouble or you want something, ask me."

I said to Rayburn:

"Now, Mr. Leader, you don't know how I voted. But I told you and I told everybody that was sent to me that I was going to vote for O'Connor, that I had made a promise to him. If you ever do anything for me do it out of the goodness of your heart, knowing that I didn't vote for you. I voted for O'Connor."

From that time on there wasn't a thing that Sam Rayburn wouldn't do for me. He thought I, a new Congressman, was going to say:

"Well, I told you and told the President and told them all that I was going to vote for O'Connor, but I changed my mind and voted for you."

But I told him the truth.

Sometime later, Rayburn told me:

"I was feeling you out, Mike, putting you to the acid test. If you ever need a friend, come and see me."

CHAPTER SEVEN

I PERSUADE FDR TO SAVE OHIO'S WARTIME STEEL INDUSTRY

Few people outside the industry know that steel is made from water!

There are many other basic ingredients. But without water there could be no steel. And it takes a lot of water to make just one ton of steel.

The **Mahoning** Valley of Ohio, which I represent in **Congress**, is the **Nation's** third largest steel producing area. It turns out 11,000,000 tons annually, a great deal of it being highly finished steel for special use. This is eleven per cent of all steel produced in the United States. It is two-thirds the annual output of Great Britan and exceeds the production of Japan by 3,000,000 tons a year, or 40 per cent.

Sixty steel plants and fifteen mills depend upon the flow of a small river, the **Mahoning**, for their very existence,

When I came to Congress the valley **was** running out of water. Single-handedly, I took on a fight to obtain Federal help to solve the water crisis. The jobs of 75,000 who work in the steel plants and the economy of the entire valley was at stake. It took a six-year struggle to win.

Statistics can make exciting or dull reading, depending upon the point of view. But a few are needed here to give a clear picture of the water crisis in my steel district, as it existed before I was able to bring about a solution.

Twenty-eight tons of water are required to produce a ton of pig iron, 75 tons of water to make a ton of finished steel and 270 tons of water to make a ton of highly finished steel.

In one year, the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company pumped 54,000 gallons of water out of the Mahoning for every ton of ingot steel it produced. This is higher than the average but much of the water coming out of the river was raw sewage. The 170,000 citizens of Youngstown gasped for breath from the stench of this nauseous mixture going over the hot rollers in the mills.

In peak production, 1,002,000 000 gallons of water are used by the steel plants, mills and utilities daily on one 25-mile stretch of the river. In average production, the Youngstown steel plants require 800,000,000 gallons of water a day.

In the winter, there was too much water from floods that plagued the Ohio River Valley and its tributaries, of which the Mahoning is one, and the plants had to shut down. In the summers, there was too little water. The Mahoning became a trifling stream, viscid, thick with a coffee-brown muck, a malodorous mixture of untreated raw sewage, waste pickle scale and industrial pollution. At normal river levels there were 40,000,000 gallons of sewage dumped into the river by a half dozen cities daily. From a flow of 80,000,000 gallons a day, the river dropped to 50,000,000 gallons and in the July-August drouths as low as 20,000,000 a day. The steel mills built low dams to capture and divert every gallon of water that came down the valley watershed. The water was used 16 to 20 times in the first mill before being discharged into the river bed again, to be picked up and used over and over by successive plants along the 25-mile stretch. This constant reuse caused the water to lose its effectiveness for cooling purposes. Temperature readings in the Campbell pool of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company reached 126 degrees Farenheit.

The river water got so hot that engineers of the United States Geological Survey, recording the temperature and flow of river water, had

to line their rubber boots with heavy insulating material to withstand the heat when they waded into the stream during the summer months. The Geological Survey reported that a flow of 70,000,000 gallons of water a day was required to prevent complete failure of the cooling systems in the steel mills and utilities.

I told the House flood control committee:

"In the Fall of the year when ducks are flying South from Canada, it is not an unusual thing to see them rest upon that little stream. But in the Spring, when they are on their way back North and stop in their migration, just as soon as they dip their feet into the waters of that river they try to get out as fast as they can so they will not be cooked to death.

"Engineers of the health departments of six states met in Harrisburg for a study of river pollution and described the Mahoning as being 'an open sewer.' They said the pollution was the worst of any river in the six states. for years

"Yet the children and entire population of Warren, Ohio, drank that water. That is why we are called 'the wonder people of America.' We can drink that sewer water and it doesn't kill us.

"Warren has a water-treatment plant. They take the water from the Mahoning and try to purify it with chemicals. In summertime the chemicals are so strong that when you drink it, it seems like drinking straight chlorine.

"If we had a little more water it would help take the taste of the chemicals out of the water. It would be like making a highball. If you put whiskey in a glass and then fill the glass with water you have a better drink. If we had more water in the Mahoning, provided by reserve

storage in reservoirs, we could dilute the sewage-charged river water and make the city supply at Warren a healthier and more palatable drink."

What was needed to keep the steel industry and the valley alive was a series of reservoirs in the watershed to trap the available water supply and perform two vital functions.

The first was to control the winter and spring floods, entrapping the water for future use, and preventing heavy flood damage in the cities and steel mills. The second was to regulate ~~the~~water flow in dry summer months so, by discharging the water impounded on the upper reaches of the stream, the river level could be kept sufficiently high to provide adequate water for the cities and industries along the river.

One reservoir, the Milton, had been built on the headwaters of the Mahoning in 1916, paid for by the City of Youngstown. Its capacity is 10 billion gallons. But by the mid-Thirties steel production in the valley had doubled, with consequent enormous increase in water use. The Milton Reservoir became completely inadequate either for flood control or water needs of the area. Year after year, for over twenty years, the municipal authorities and industrial leaders treked to Washington and appeared before committees appealing for Federal help in the construction of additional reservoirs to halt the ravages of annual floods and conserve ~~the~~ watershed runoff for use in the dry months. But to no avail. The lobby of the Pittsburgh steel industry, a rival of Youngstown, and the rail-
road lobby fought these efforts to a standstill.

These were the elements of the problem with which I was confronted in deciding to take on the fight to save the steel region that had sent

me to Congress, from disaster.

A -freshman member of Congress, I must have been daft to take on these powerful lobbies. But I did. I had fought all my life against greed and self-interest and for what I thought was right. So I took them on. I was determined to get the reservoirs built with Federal help and I knew I had to do it on my own because at that time I was not a member of any of the House committees dealing with public works or flood control.

In my first term in Congress, just a few weeks after I arrived in Washington, I appeared before the House flood control committee in support of legislation to authorize construction of three reservoirs in the Mahoning Valley. One was the Berlin Reservoir to impound 27,000,000,000 gallons of water. A second was a reservoir on Mosquito Creek, with a capacity of 36,000,000,000 gallons. A third proposed reservoir was on Eagle Creek. They were designed to give effective flood control of the Mahoning and Beaver Rivers, tributaries flowing into the Ohio, and to provide the critically-needed increased even flow of water supplying the steel mills and other industries and the communities in which they are located.

Disastrous floods swept the Ohio River watershed in 1936 and again in 1937, causing hundreds of millions of dollars damage. The result was passage by Congress of the comprehensive Flood Control Act of 1937, which authorized construction of dozens of reservoirs along tributaries of the Ohio. This gave me the opportunity I had been looking for. I have never been one to speak from lengthy prepared papers so I wrote a few notes on a memorandum pad to use as guide points for my verbal testimony when I appeared before the House Flood Control Committee.

But when I started to testify, Will Whittington, a crotchety little

former banker from Mississippi, who was chairman of the committee, barked at me with some asperity:

"Do you have that down on paper?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"All right, put it in the record. Next witness!"

Whittington brushed me off completely.

That night I pondered what to do. Whittington was chairman of the committee and a chairman of any Congressional committee has tremendous power. But he wasn't going to get away with what he had done if I could help it. I had my Ohio District to serve. Water was its life blood and this small town Mississippi banker, unwittingly or not, was trying to cut the jugular vein of one of the nation's vital industrial areas upon which 600,000 persons depended for their very existence. Both the Berlin and Mosquito reservoirs required appropriation of only \$11,000,000 to solve the entire problem of the **Mahoning** Valley and at the same time provide wild life refuges and huge lakes for **fishing,water** sports and other recreation. Flood control in the **Mahoning** Valley watershed was also an important part of flood control in the entire **Ohio** River watershed.

There was another member of Congress who had come to Washington with me on the Roosevelt second term tide. He had been a boxer and was a big, muscular fellow. He was a member of the Flood Control committee and we were good friends. We both lived in the same small hotel near the Capitol. We often dined together and sat around afterward having coffee and talking. He stayed in Congress only three terms.

He told me:

"Being in Congress is no: way to make money."

This was when a member of Congress got only \$10,000 a year, which I thought was pretty good money in the depression. But he didn't figure it that way. Now he owns a huge ranch in the West and has made millions.

After I got the brushoff from Whittington, I went to him and said:

"When you mark up this bill, I hope you will see that these three reservoirs go in."

Later, he told me:

"Don't worry, Mike. They are going in."

When the committee, marking up the bill, got down to the needs of the Youngstown area, Whittington piped:

"We're tired of hearing Youngstown, Ohio, hollering about water and they're no't going in. Next project."

My friend, a giant of a fellow, stood up and thundered:

"They're going in or somebody's going out of the window!"

Whittington, a little bitty fellow, looked up at the giant ex-boxer, who was poised on the balls of his feet and beginning to flex his muscles, and decided it was the better part of valor to be discreet and put the reservoirs in the bill.

"All right," Whittington said in a subdued voice, "put them in."

Then recovering a little of his normal testiness he daringly snapped:

"Put them in but they'll never get the money."

So the three projects were approved on an authorization basis. This is only the first step toward bringing a project into being. After a project is authorized, funds must be provided by the Appropriations.

Committee. And many authorized projects have been delayed for years or fallen completely by the wayside because the Appropriations Committee decided in its own wisdom not to provide the funds that would make them possible.

Up to the outbreak of the Second World War I did everything possible to get the dams and reservoirs built. But the Pittsburgh steel interests and the railroads were fighting me all the way. They were afraid the reservoirs would become a step in building a much-needed canal linking Lake Erie and the Ohio River, thus providing a means of lowering the preferential freight rates on shipment of coal, limestone, coke and all the ingredients that go into the making of steel as well as the finished steel itself. Because Pittsburgh has barge shipment of these materials along the Ohio River, and Youngstown has none, it has long held an advantage. Without competition, the railroads have charged the Youngstown steel makers literally all the freight would bear. At Pittsburgh their freight charges have been forced to meet the competition of much cheaper rates of movement by waterway.

When the House-approved measure got to the Senate, Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, representing the Pittsburgh steel interests' favorable position, took quick steps to block it. He tacked on an amendment which effectively killed the House recommendation.

The House Flood Control Committee recommended that the Berlin and Mosquito reservoirs be constructed at a cost of \$6,000,000. Senator Guffey's amendment increased the cost to \$207,000,000, extending the project to Lake Erie at a point near Cleveland, which was not at all

the purpose or need for the Berlin and Mosquito dams.

At a later hearing before the House Rivers and Harbors Committee, Congressman Angell asked the Committee Chairman about the Guffey amendment:

"How much additional cost would that be?"

The Chairman:

"It was \$207,000,000. There was a conflict between the Pittsburgh interests and the Youngstown interests."

Congressman Pittenger:

"In other words, the effect of the (Guffey) amendment was to do nothing?"

The Chairman:

"That was the effect of it."

But I kept trying and the Army Corps of Engineers had recommended their construction. The projects were authorized. All they needed now was an appropriation of money.

Again I ran into what seemed to be a stunning and irrevocable set back. The night of the Japanese bombing attack on Pearl Harbor President Roosevelt nearly dashed my hopes when he said in a radio broadcast to the nation that there would not be another dam or reservoir built during the war, that all the nation's efforts, materials and strength must go into prosecution of the war.

A short time after the Pearl Harbor attack, the Saturday Evening Post published an article glowing with praise of Jesse Jones, a financial genius and miracle maker. Jones, a big man with a shock of white hair, was chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and head of thirty-three federal agencies having to do with the war effort.

When I read the article, I said to myself:

"Now I am going to get those dams built."

I phoned Jones and told him I would like to have a talk with him. He was very nice and said to come on down to his office.

When I saw him, I gestured with the magazine and asked:

"Is what they say about you in this article true?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"They say you are a great man and have more influence than any any other man in the government," I continued. "Is that true?"

"Well --," he demurred, beginning to flush.

"If these things are true I am here to give you a chance to prove it," I persisted.

I was being rough on the RFC Chairman deliberately. I wanted to burn the point I was going to make into his mind. The stakes were high and I needed action. And Jones was getting hot under the collar.

"Are you trying to insult me?" he demanded.

"No, Mr. Jones," I replied. "I'm trying to keep you from looking bad."

Jones bristled.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

Then I told him:

"We ran out of water in the Mahoning Valley in 1939 with the steel mills going only sixty per cent of capacity. Then you came along with the RFC money and built more coke ovens for the steel plants and two of the largest blast furnaces in the country. Those ovens and blast furnaces require more water than any other process in steel production. If we ran out of water in 1939 running at only sixty per cent of capacity,

without those new ovens and furnaces, how are we ever going to reach full production for the war?"

"Have you told anybody else about this?" Jones asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm trying to protect you."

"You will hear from me before the night is out," he promised.

After the business of Congress was over that day, I didn't budge from my hotel.

True to his promise, Jones phoned me about mid-evening and said:

"Mike, you are going to get your dams. I have seen President Roosevelt and explained to him the water shortage in your steel area and what is urgently required to remedy it. The President is sending a supplementary appropriation request to the Congress tomorrow morning asking for \$4,000,000 to begin work on those dams immediately!"

) When war came there was an immediate scarcity of steel. Ships, tanks, guns, trucks, personnel carriers, half-tracks, shell casings -- every weapon and means of transport to arm and move a force of 15,000,000 to combat areas around the whole world -- required the immediate and utmost production of every pound of steel our industry could turn out. Dams likewise require enormous quantities of steel for reinforcing the concrete. This, of course, was the reason President Roosevelt called a halt to all such construction for the duration of the war. But when it was brought to his attention that unless the Berlin and Mosquito reservoirs were built to provide a steady flow of water to the mills in the Youngstown area steel production would be drastically cut, he ordered the dams built at top speed.

Without peak steel output from my Congressional District the war

could have been prolonged many months longer with greatly increased loss of American lives. Possibly the war could have been lost because the time element in providing weapons and munitions to Soviet Russia to halt the German onslaught, and to Britain, as well as to our own beleaguered forces in the Pacific, was of a highly critical, touch-and-go nature.

The dams for the Berlin and Mosquito reservoirs were the only ones built during World War Two. They impound water in two enormous lakes in Mahoning, Trumbull, Portage and Stark Counties. The Berlin reservoir was built in 1942 and Mosquito reservoir the following year. Mosquito was constructed on a round-the-clock basis, with three eight-hour shifts working without letup to rush it to completion in order to provide sufficient water to keep the steel furnaces running at full capacity to produce the steel to win the war.

When the dam was about half finished another flood swept the valley. The swollen river rose to within three inches of inundating the fourteen open hearth furnaces of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube plants. If the water had risen a few inches higher and surged into the molten metal of those furnaces it would have blown the whole place sky high. The only thing that prevented this disaster was the ability of the half-completed reservoir to impound part of the flood waters.

When the river reached its peak and slowly began to subside, the president of the steel corporation said prayerfully:

"Thank God for the building of Berlin dam. **It is a miracle. It** has saved the valley."

The following winter another flood swept the entire Mississippi

Valley from Ohio to Oklahoma. Our valley was no longer in danger.

The Youngstown Vindicator made this editorial comment on June 10, 1943:

"Frequently while the floods were in progress, residents of the Mahoning Valley asked why the lowlands along the river had not suffered from high water as they had nearly every year in the past. They had only to be reminded that this valley now has a protection it never had before. Construction of the Berlin Reservoir was hastened in 1942 so that local war industries would never again have to suspend operations for lack of water, as they did last summer and from time immemorial. Before the dam was completed it served the entirely unforeseen purpose of holding back the flood waters of the Mahoning last December and saving the valley from inundation.

"For this the residents of the Mahoning Valley have to thank their representative in Congress, Michael J. Kirwan. Mr. Kirwan presented the valley's case so effectively before federal authorities in Washington that he obtained approval of these two dams (Berlin and Mosquito Creek), the only local-purpose dams to be authorized in the United States since Pearl Harbor . . .

"Mr. Kirwan did not obtain these dams for the asking, but only by proving that they were necessary for the war effort and following through until funds were appropriated.

"His constituents have to thank him for two great public works which will not only save the valley from floods, but by so doing will protect property values, stabilize employment, and greatly enhance the desirability of the Mahoning Valley as a site for industry. The importance

of this service cannot be overestimated."

At the ground-breaking ceremony for the Mosquito dam and reservoir, I thrust a spade into the ground and was about to lift out the first shovel of earth when I overheard one of the men in the crowd behind me remark: "That damned fool thinks he's going to make a lake out of that miserable little **creek.**"

His skepticism was the kind of wrong-headed thinking about water conservation that you find all over the country.

The Berlin reservoir and dam cost only \$7,310,000. It has saved flood damage estimated by the Army Corps of Engineers at \$76,500,000. Mosquito Creek cost \$4,040,000. The project has prevented flood damage estimated at \$13,000,000.

This is true of all the other dams and reservoirs that have been built in the nation for flood control, electric power generation and irrigation. The same benefits will accrue to the nation from hundreds of other water conservation projects that are needed throughout our country.

I have challenged members of Congress to name even one project that has not paid for itself ten times over and yet they are fought at every turn of the road. The private utility and railroads fight these projects that one day may well prove to be the salvation of America, with two of the most powerful and heavily financed lobbies in Congress.

When the Mosquito Reservoir was proposed, a railroad circulated a petition, carrying it to every person who lived in the area that would be covered by the lake water. Its representatives cried and pleaded for signatures opposing construction of the reservoir, arguing:

"Think of your loved ones in Cortland, Ohio -- your sons, daughters and mothers and fathers buried in the cemetery. How can you sleep when there will be fifteen feet of water over their graves?" And of course unknowing people signed the petitions.

But this was the sheerest nonsense and chicanery. They preyed with false statements on the people's emotions and ignorance. The government doesn't do such a thing. If a cemetery is in a land area to be covered by a reservoir it is carefully removed to a new location not to be covered by water. The wishes of the families of those buried in the cemetery are carefully sought and removal to a new site is carried out with utmost care and consideration and at great expense to the government.

But the petition circulators did not tell them this. They conveyed the impression that, if built, the waters of the reservoir would cover the cemetery.

The railroads fought the reservoir because they feared it would reduce their exceptionally high freight rates. They viewed it as a step in later construction of a Lake Erie-Ohio River canal, a great project first proposed by President George Washington, that would link the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Seaway with the Gulf of Mexico through the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the great economic benefit of the Nation.

CHAPTER EIGHT

MY RIDE THE PADDY WAGON

When I came to Congress I struck up a conversation with Congressman Al Carter, a Republican from California, a well known lawyer, former football player, and a member of the House Appropriations Committee. We became close friends. He was a great poker player. I was ten years his junior but he got me to join the Army and Navy Club to play in a poker game with other members of Congress every Thursday evening that had been going on for a half century. In the next few years I learned a lot about poker from Al. It was to pay off in an unexpected way on a trip I made to Alaska when the 49th state was still a territory under control of the Interior Department. I was chairman of the Appropriations Subcommittee having to do with Interior Department funds and their use. Members of the committee and I made an extensive tour of Alaska late one summer after Congress adjourned. The red carpet was rolled out wherever we went, not that I had anything to do with it but this is simply the way the system works. At every stop we were greeted by the high brass of the government. Such is the power of the Congress.

We stopped at Anchorage one day on the tour of this still unspoiled and largely undeveloped frontier state that is twice the size of Texas. That evening we sat around talking -- officers of the army, railroad officials, members of the city government and of the Alaskan territory. We talked and talked about the needs for developing this magnificent last frontier of the United States. That over, and we all being men, someone suggested:

"Well, all the problems have been covered. Why don't we relax, have a drink and play a little poker?"

An Army Colonel, a railroad official and several of the Congressmen sat down at the table for a friendly game. It was five card stud, and on the first card turned the high card holder opened with a \$25 bet.

Somewhat taken aback, I asked:

"What is this?"

I was told it was table stakes. This means you can bet whatever money is in front of you on the table. I had good cards and saw the bet. So did several others around the table. The game went on through the evening. When it ended I had been lucky and wound up, to my great surprise, something more than \$1,000 to the good.

The next day we continued the tour of our last frontier. When we returned to Anchorage I found that I had become famous. The story of my winnings had spread all over the town. The story had grown as it traveled from person to person, and from tavern to tavern. When we left Alaska to return to Washington, the story was being told that I had cleaned up \$15,000 in the one night card game!

I suppose the crazy things that happen to a Congressman happen to everyone else, too. But sometimes I wonder.

In Seattle, Washington, on the inspection trip to Alaska, we were met at the airport by two FBI men who had been instructed by J. Edgar Hoover to take care of us and show us around the area.

We drove to Mount Ranier National Park, to many of the defense projects in the area, and to the plant of an aircraft company that was building the Nation's long range bombers for the Strategic Air Force, our front line defense in the Cold War before Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles were developed.

Near the aircraft plant we stopped and went into a tavern to refresh ourselves. The weather was warm and all of us -- the five Congressmen in the party and the FBI men, were tired and thirsty.

The tavern was jammed with slacks-clad women aircraft workers. We sat at a table for a while, slaking our thirst, talking and relaxing.

When we left the tavern and were getting into our automobiles we were confronted by a large, buxom woman who turned out to be the proprietor of the tavern. In florid, loud and profane language she demanded that we return the mugs in which the cold drinks had been served while we were in her establishment.

We, of course, did not have her mugs and we told her so. After berating us soundly, she finally told us:

"All right, go ahead and take my mugs with you!"

The only thing we could figure was that when we left the table some of the slack-clad works at a nearby table -- because all the simplest things one takes for granted in normal times were scarce and unobtainable then -- had reached over, picked up the mugs and put them in their large, over-the-shoulder purses.

We never learned whether the distraught proprietor would have changed her mind about our guilt had we identified ourselves as she took us apart with language I hadn't heard since I traveled up and down the Pacific Coast as an itinerant worker many years earlier.

After Al Carter got defeated for reelection an illness hit him. He was paralyzed from the hips down, like Franklin Delano Roosevelt. When he became ill and was taken to Doctor's Hospital in downtown Washington I went to see him nearly every evening after the day's session in Congress was over with. I was rooming then at the old Carroll Arms hotel on Capitol Hill. It was Springtime, one of those rare Spring days in Washington before the onset of oppressive summer heat, when the weather was sparkling cool.

So I decided to walk the mile or two to Capitol Hill.

I was wearing a new dark blue suit, new hat and two-toned sports shoes and, what with the bracing Spring weather, was in high spirits. I walked down Eye Street from Doctor's Hospital on the way up to the Capitol and soon found myself in the neighborhood of the Annapolis Hotel. This was a favorite hangout for sailors on leave during the war years and there was a throng of them out front.

At the corner I decided to cross the street and walk down to Pennsylvania Avenue and then on up to Capitol Hill. The traffic light was against me but no traffic was moving so I stepped off the curb and walked out to the street car safety island in the middle of the street to wait for the light to turn green before going on across. On the opposite corner I saw a policeman having a terrific argument with a young woman. When the light changed, the policeman stepped off the curb and I stepped off the safety island, and we met in the center of the street. He stopped me, put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"I'm sick of your kind."

This got my Irish up and I retorted:

"So what?"

"Oh," he said, "a smart guy."

By that time he had moved me back to the side of the street had started from,

"Where's your draft card?" he demanded.

I was a veteran of the First World War, in my fifties, and hardly of draft age. And I was getting madder and madder.

"I thought I had you pegged right, cussing out that young woman," I said. "If I have done anything wrong, never mind the draft card. Take me to the police station and we'll take care of things there."

By this time, a crowd of sailors had gathered and were enjoying the situation immensely. When we got to the police call box

a throng of about 500 was shouting catcalls at the policeman, who was beginning to have second thoughts. Before making a call to the precinct station, he said:

"I'm going to give you another chance."

"If I've broken any law do your duty as you see it," I replied stiffly.

So in a few minutes the paddy wagon drove up and I was tossed in unceremoniously. The policeman told the driver:

Drive down this street on the way to the station."

"I can't -- it's a one-way street," the driver remonstrated.

"To hell with it," the policeman countermanded. "There are a couple of Negro boys down there who have information on a liquor store robbery. Do as I tell you."

Breaking the law themselves, the police drove the wrong way down the one-way street and picked up the two young colored boys. They began crying and pleading with the policemen so I told them to quiet down or the police would rough them up.

At the precinct station, the two boys were booked, searched, their belts taken away, and put into a cell.

Then the Desk Sergeant growled:

"Next!"

I walked up to the desk.

"And who are you?" he demanded brusquely. /

"Congressman Michael J. Kirwan of Ohio," I replied, thrusting my Congressional identification card at him.

The Sergeant's chin sagged and he said:

"Oh, Christ, a mistake has been made."

I said:

"Well, I thought so, but this, Goddamned fool insisted on bringing me here."

The Sergeant glared at the policeman who had brought us in and barked:

"You stupid Shamus, arresting a member of Congress for jaywalking. Don't you know you can't arrest a Congressman? Where do you think your salary comes from?"

I said:

"Well, now that I am here, what are you going to do?"

The Desk Sergeant said apologetically:

"We are going to drive you home."

"No you aren't. I was out taking an evening ^{walk} / and I'm going to finish it, if I get out of here."

"The precinct Captain is going to be very upset about this mistake. Are you sure we can't drive you to your hotel?"

The next morning the Captain and Sergeant were waiting in my office when I got there at 8 o'clock and apologized profusely.

"Do you know why you were arrested?" the Captain asked.

I said no.

"He had two prostitutes out hustling for him. They were supposed to report every hour, One of them didn't come back and report to him. That's what he was arguing about with the other one. He was angry and took his spite out on you."

Where did you get your information?" I asked.

The Captain said the policeman had told a fellow officer:

"I arrested a Congressman tonight and I know I'm going to be pulled on the carpet about it."

That's what the policeman who arrested me did. I was still fuming when I got back to my hotel that night and the first thing I did was phone Bascom Timmons, whose newspaper syndicate served the *Youngstown Vindicator* in my home town. I told him what had happened.

"I want you to put a story on the front page that Michael Kirwan was arrested last night for jaywalking and taken to the police station in the paddy wagon."

I knew that if I didn't, that, come the next election, some opponent would embroider the story, build it up out of all proportions to what had happened, and try to use it against me.

Then I phoned Fletcher Knebel, who was then a reporter for the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* and later wrote the best-seller, "*Seven Days in May*," and told him the same thing. Knebel came to Washington the same year I did and the *Plain-Dealer's* circulation covers my district almost as thoroughly as the local paper.

Sometime later there was a laughable aftermath to this story.

I persuaded Mayor Frank J. Lausche of Cleveland, now Senator, to run for Governor of Ohio in order to get a Democrat in the Statehouse instead of a Republican. He had not yet announced he would run, so I invited correspondents covering the six big newspapers in Ohio to dinner one evening to tell them about Lausche's prospects and get his name on the front pages in political stories, and in political columns, written on their own without attribution as to source.

In Washington we call these sessions "backgrounders." The correspondents must have reliable sources for their stories but it is not always expedient for the source to be identified.

We had a pleasant evening during which I reminisced about many of my experiences as a Congressman. One of the stories I told the reporters was about my ride in the paddy wagon for jay walking.

The next day in the Congressional Press gallery several of the news men were sitting talking among themselves about the stories I related the previous evening. One of them retold the story about my experience with the local gendarmes.

Many columnists in Washington hire other reporters to gather stories for them. Otherwise they would never be able to obtain sufficient material for a daily column. They just couldn't make it on their own.

That morning, Columnist George Dixon's "leg girl" in the House gallery overheard portions of the warmed over story. She rushed to a phone, called Dixon, and said:

"I've got the best scoop in town. They are pulling every string to get Mike Kirwan. Last night he was arrested and rode in the patrol wagon to the police station and now every effort is being made to keep the story out of the newspapers."

Dixon took it from there. He wrote an account in his column from partial details and put lace on it. Then he had a cartoonist draw a picture of me pleading with the judge and saying: "Your Honor, will you please let me go. I'll never do it again."

When the column appeared in newspapers all over the country, the six reporters who had been at the dinner razed Dixon unmercifully.

"For Pete's sake," they ribbed him, "don't you ever check your stories? This happened six years ago and was widely printed at the time. Mike Kirwan told every reporter he could buttonhole about it so it wouldn't backfire on him at election time."

Somewhat chagrined , George phoned me and we had a good laugh about his mistake. Dixon said that even if it had happened six years earlier it was such an amusing story that it improved with the re-telling. We laughed heartily about the whole episode but, although I had nothing to do with his error, I don't think George ever forgave me. After that, every time he saw me he would wave his arms and disappear in the other direction.

CHAPTER NINE

"OKAY, MR. PRESIDENT, YOU CAN GO TO HELL!"

In the Spring of 1948 I received a call from Gael Sullivan, Executive Director of the Democratic National Committee.

"Have you seen the news ticker?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I've been in a committee meeting. What has happened?"

"The President has nominated a new member of the cabinet," Gael said. "This comes as a complete surprise to us here at the National Committee. We were not consulted about the appointment nor notified it was coming."

Then he added:

"You know how important it is for us to carry that / state in the November election. I'm afraid this appointment won't increase our chances. I thought the President might have asked your advice. If so, you might be able to tell me something about it that I don't know."

I was flabbergasted. I hadn't been consulted. And I did not believe it was a good nomination. If the President had not acted impulsively and on his own, somebody in his inner circle had given him bad advice. The nominee had a controversial political background involving an earlier home state. division in the Democratic Party in his/ And 1948 was a year in which the Party needed all the solidity that could be achieved.

"No," I told Sullivan, somewhat taken aback. "It's news to me. This is the first I've heard of it."

"Well," said Sullivan, "if the President is making such appointments without asking the opinion of his political advisers in an election year, and not even letting us know his decision in advance of the White House announcement, I guess it is about ..."

time for me to resign and get out of the way."

"Keep your shirt on, Gael," I advised. "I'll go down to the White House and talk with the President and see if anything can be done."

But a few weeks later Sullivan did resign from the National Committee to become Executive Director of a motion picture association. How much effect the Cabinet appointment had on Gael's resignation from the No. 2 post on the Democratic National Committee, I never knew, but I assumed there were also other factors involved in his decision.

At all events, I was perturbed about the President's nomination without consulting those charged with formulating and running the campaign for the Democratic Party in a crucial presidential election year. In the first place I had become Chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Campaign Committee in January, elected by acclamation, and charged with the responsibility of mounting a campaign that would return Democrats to control of the Congress in November. The state from which the new cabinet appointee came was one of the half dozen key states I was convinced would decide the Presidential election outcome. As it turned out a few months later, it was the decisive state that decided the election result. In the second place, the President's nomination involved someone from a state in which I had considerable practical political experience, and the White House had not bothered to seek my opinion on the wisdom of the selection.

I called Matt Connelly, the President's appointment secretary, and told him I wanted to see Truman on an urgent matter. Then I charged down to the White House, spouting brimstone and sulphur. My Irish temperament was really throwing off sparks.

As usual, President Truman greeted me with friendly cordiality. Then the expression on my face communicated my mood to him and he asked what was on my mind.

I said I was upset about his nomination and then told him why in short, ten-word sentences. I said he had made a mistake and the error would not help his chances in November. I added that I could have told him the same if he had consulted me before making his announcement. I concluded with an emphatic prediction he would find out in good time that his appointee was not a Truman supporter.

The President heard me out and then said:

"Mike, you and I have been close friends for many years but I want you to get one thing straight right now. The President of the United States doesn't have to consult with anyone when he makes an appointment."

My Irish was really up now. As I left the Oval Room in the West Wing of the White House, which is the President's office, I paused at the door and fired back:

"Okay, Mr. President, if that's the way you feel about it you can go to hell!"

I had gone to the White House to offer some knowledgeable and helpful advice. After all, I felt I was a fairly competent authority on Democratic Party politics. But the President, who was also a man of few words, had missed the point and thought I was challenging his authority.

I was still fuming when I got back to my office in the House Office Building. There I was told that Speaker of the House Rayburn wanted to see me right away. When I went over to the Speaker's office in the Capitol, Rayburn told me:

"You made a bad mistake, Mike. You can't talk like that to the President. I insist that you apologize."

"Listen here," I replied, "I vote for what the President wants and what you want a hundred times in each session of Congress. Neither of you guys can vote for me even once. Mr. Speaker, I don't intend apologizing for someone else's mistake."

The only time I recall President Truman ever made a reference to the incident was some years later when he told ~~the~~ story on himself. At a breakfast meeting of some three score leaders of the Democratic Party at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington in 1957, the former President called off the names of each of those who helped him win his 1948 victory. When he got to me, he told the gathering:

"Mike Kirwan is the only man I ever knew of who went to the White House and told a President of the United States to his face to go to hell."

~~Then~~ he added with a smile:

"You know, it took me six years to find out he was right."

I will not go into the details of why I was right but I was gratified to hear Truman say so.

This was not an auspicious beginning for a campaign to reelect a President or to recapture control of a Congress which two years earlier, both in the Senate and House, had become Republican for the first time since 1930. However, neither Truman or Rayburn or I held a grudge and my visit to the White House had the effect of clearing the air. Thereafter there was better coordination by the White House on actions having direct political impact.

On January 15, 1948, I took over the reins of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee which directs the national campaign to elect a Democratic Congress. My election to this post marked the first time it has ever been held by a Northern Democrat. By some unwritten rule the chairmanship had always been held by Southerners. I succeeded Congressman Patrick H. Drewry of Virginia, who held the job twelve years, succeeding Speaker of the House Joseph W. Byrnes of Tennessee, who served for four elections. Before Byrnes there were Congressman William Oldfield of Arkansas and Congressman Hal Flood of Virginia. My twenty-year tenure has been longer than that of any other man in history.

I had complete support of the Southern Democrats in my election following the death in December of Chairman Drewry, which surprised many in a year in which four of the Southern States were to splinter off into the Dixiecrat movement, headed by Governor Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, on the **civil rights issue**. In fact, Congressman Eugene Cox of Georgia seconded my nomination. This was doubly pleasing to me because I hoped to heal the Southern breach in the Party.

I also had the support of the Western delegations, of labor and of the minorities.

Congressman Henry M. Jackson of Washington told the Committee that "Western Democrats enthusiastically support the choice of Kirwan because he has proved himself to be a champion of Western reclamation and development."

Congressman William L. Dawson of Illinois, only Negro member of the Committee, said:

"Kirwan has always been a friend of my people. He has been one of

the staunchest supporters of Fair Employment legislation and every other cause in which the Negro people are interested."

Commenting in the Washington Post, Political Reporter Robert C. Albright wrote:

"The most surprising thing about Kirwan's election-year choice by a split party is this: He's a 99.4 per cent Roosevelt Democrat, of the vanishing New Deal variety. How he gets along with Southern Democrats is his own secret, but it has something to do with that Irish brogue.

"House Democrats went North this time for a very practical reason. Southern seats are sure. Outside the Deep South, Democrats must pick up at least thirty-one seats in order to control the next House.

"Kirwan thinks he knows how to do it. In twelve years he has transformed his own traditional Republican district into undisputed Democratic territory. Two Republican Presidents -- Garfield and McKinley -- once represented his district in Congress.

"Another explanation: Henry Wallace will enter third-party candidates in many a Northern congressional district. Kirwan can appeal to the liberals, has a Roosevelt record that even Wallace can't challenge."

Columnist Bascom N. Timmons wrote in Jesse H. Jones' Houston (Texas) Chronicle and Herald:

"Ohio elected twenty-two Democrats to Congress in the Roosevelt landslide of 1936. Today only two remain in office. Kirwan is one of them and his majorities have been increasing, not decreasing in the ensuing years.

"Thus, the Democrats have picked a man who knows how to win his own

district consistently to teach them how to win other Republican districts which they need if they are going to regain control of the House in November.

"Kirwan holds a unique place in the heart of laboring groups. He is one of the few members in Congress who himself has been a **common** worker out on strike. He participated in five major strikes in his life, as he has often told his colleagues in the House, and knows the problems of labor relations from the workers' side.

"He has won re-election to Congress five times since 1936 and is known as a practical politician. No hint of corruption or '**machine**' politics has ever touched him."

Correspondent Glen D. Everett reported in the Youngstown Vindicator:

"The fact that Kirwan was selected in defiance of this (Southern) tradition is a tribute to his political sagacity and the belief of Northern **Democrats that the Party needs at its command a man who knows how to win** elections in contested areas."

In the ten national elections since 1948, the Democratic Party has lost control of Congress only once, and this for a two-year period in the Eisenhower year of 1952, and then only by six seats. The Democrats organized and controlled Congress again in 1954, in the Eisenhower landslide of 1956, in 1958, in the Kennedy election of 1960, in 1962, in the Johnson election of 1964, and again in 1966.

The Republicans have controlled Congress in only one other instance in the thirty-six years since 1930. This was the 80th Congress in 1947-48 whose record provided the Democrats with the **ammunition** for their 1948 victory.

The Congressional Campaign Committee had its origin more than a century ago, back in 1840. In that year Democratic members of the House and Senate joined in a "declaration of principles" in the administration of William Henry Harrison. The committee of the two houses continued to work together informally until 1866. Then a permanent organization was formed to help President Andrew Johnson fight impeachment by his own party. In the 1882 campaign, the Senate split off and formed a separate committee.

The present Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee is composed of one member of Congress from each state which has Democratic representation in the House. Members are selected by the state delegations at the opening of each Congress. The Committee then meets and elects officers. It maintains an office in the House Office Building with a small staff. Its function is to aid in the re-election of Democratic incumbents in Congress and to elect candidates who oppose Republican incumbents.

I was fortunate in having a very able assistant on the Committee in Victor Hunt Harding, known as "Cap" to every member of Congress and their staffs and to every Democratic leader in the country. "Cap" was famous for his photographic memory of every detail of the 435 congressional districts in the nation. He was a profound student of national politics and a former professor of political science at the University of California, Los Angeles and Leland Stanford University.

"Cap" was also "Keeper of the Mace" in the House of Representatives and as such was regarded by one and all as one of the greatest to hold this post in all the history of Congress. The mace, of course, is the symbol of authority in the House and features the Roman fasces. "Cap" became famous as Keeper of the Mace because he was always present when Congressmen stopped calling each other "the able and distinguished gentleman from . . ." and began using those short and ugly words which make **men** fighting

mad. "Cap" would run'up whenever two Congressmen started shaking their fists at each other, thrust the mace in their faces, and a national crisis would be averted.

"Cap" was later succeeded as Assistant to the Chairman by his son, Kenneth Harding, when he passed away. His loss was a blow to the Democratic Party but his son, Ken, has ably filled his place. Kenneth Harding is assisted on the Committee by Ted Hinshaw.

In the Senate a similar Campaign Committee has the same objectives. Both committees work closely with the Democratic National Committee in the national elections. The Republicans in Congress, both in the House and Senate, have corollary party organizations.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee prepares campaign material for use by Congressional candidates over the Nation and raises funds to support the cost of individual Congressional campaigns in key districts.

Speaker John W. McCormack, House Majority Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma and I sit as a committee in allocating available funds to Democratic candidates for Congress. Our cardinal rule has been to assist incumbent Democrats who are in trouble, first. Whatever remains is then distributed in districts according to their importance to the Democratic representation in Congress. Aid to keep a Democratic incumbent in Congress takes precedence over an attempt to defeat a Republican incumbent, except in unusual cases.

CHAPTER TEN

HOW TO WIN A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

The Democrats have usually run poor and scared. In the 1948 campaign, the Congressional Campaign Committee was almost penniless. The Democratic National Committee was so lacking in funds, despite the ~~her~~ Herculean efforts of National Treasurer Louis Johnson, afterward Truman's Secretary of Defense, that little help was expectable from that direction. We were so poverty stricken that in Texas, on one of President Truman's two nation-wide "whistle stop" swings, the campaign train was stalled with no money to finish the tour and bring the train back to Washington. For a few tense hours it looked like President Truman, his staff, the newspaper reporters, who pay their own fares and traveling expenses anyway, and everyone aboard the campaign train were going to have to hitch hike back to Washington.

This humiliation of the President and the adverse effect it would surely have had on the Democratic campaign was avoided only by the heroic efforts of Perle Mesta, a wealthy admirer of Truman and famous Washington hostess, later his Minister to Luxembourg, and Governor Roy Turner of Oklahoma. During the stop at Bonham, Texas, House Speaker Sam Rayburn's home town, a group of Oklahoma oil and cattle millionaires were herded onto the train to make the ride into Oklahoma City as the guests of the President. They were ensconced in a private club car attached to the President's own "Ferdinand Magellan," the heavily armored, bullet-proof private car the Association of American Railroads built for President Franklin Roosevelt and provided for presidential travels for a token payment of \$1.

After President Truman visited with his guests and a fair amount of his favorite sour mash bourbon had been passed around, Governor Turner explained the predicament to the assembled "Millionaire's Club."

Perle Mesta whipped out a check book with a flourish and wrote a check for \$5,000. She waved it in the air.

"Who'll match my contribution?" she gayly shouted.

In this way the campaign trip was snatched from disaster. Sufficient funds were raised to complete the back-platform speaking tour and help finance a second whistle-stop swing.

But the near-disaster was averted only in what the old Western dime novels called the "nick of time." The Presidential special raced to Oklahoma City at top speed. A nation-wide radio broadcast of the President's speech was scheduled at 1 p.m. The Presidential special arrived in the Oklahoma City station with brakes screeching. An 80-mile-an-hour automobile sprint through the downtown streets, red lights notwithstanding, with sirens screaming from the motorcycle police escort, followed. The car in which the President was riding pulled into the grounds of the Oklahoma Fair in a cloud of dust, with only one minute to spare before air time. The President ran from his car to the microphone stand. Breathless, he made it just in time to hear the announcer intone:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States!"

Money problems have plagued us almost constantly. In 1952, my congressional campaign committee had a total of \$17,000 to support elections in 125 key districts. This was not even postage money.

Compare this trifling sum to the amount the California Registrar of Voters said was spent to win the Republican nomination for governor for Actor Ronald Reagan in 1966. Registrar Ben Hite said the Reagan forces reported an expenditure of \$544,199.66 in the primary alone!

We have fortunately done better at other times. In 1956 my committee spent \$188,000, up to that time the largest amount ever spent by the Democratic Congressional Committee in a Presidential election year. But this was picayune compared to the availability of funds to the Republicans. In the first three months of 1956, the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee reported contributions of \$1,250,000. For the same quarter the Democrats received \$30,000. We did better in the 1962 mid-term election, distributing some \$250,000.

As demonstrated by the Oklahoma City near-debacle, we were almost penniless throughout 1948. And the Congressional Campaign Committee was the poor relation of an indigent national committee. Probably no Presidential campaign has ever operated on such a thin pocketbook.

However, few of us became discouraged. We had the will to win, which is better than half the fight.

When anyone got downhearted I told about my campaigning for Congress in 1936 on a single contribution of \$100. The reaction was almost without exception the same. They were aghast and disbelieving until I told them how I had rung doorbells and hitched rides with my friends fortunate enough to own a Model-T. to get around the congressional district and talk to small groups. This cheered them up and made them forget troubles which were largely imaginary, anyway. More importantly, it made them get out and work.

When newspaper reporters poked at me about our lack of funds in contrast to the money that was pouring into the Republican committee, I told them:

"We have something better than money. We have the issues. We have the record of the 80th Congress -- the first Republican Congress in nearly twenty years -- which everyone who is literate and can read knows and understands. High prices and the Republican record on housing and labor legislation will do more talking than any amount of money we could spend."

When I took over the Congressional Campaign Committee I found that for a considerable period it had had its teeth pulled. It had become a relatively inactive committee whose principal function was to distribute whatever funds were available in election years but had little direction or command in mounting organized campaigns to re-elect Democratic incumbents in Congress. **This was not due to the small but able committee** staff. They were without authority to act without direction from above. It was due to lack of planning and carry-through from those in authority.

I was determined to change all this. As far as I was concerned the duty and function of the congressional campaign committee was actively to go out and elect Democratic Congresses, regardless of the availability or lack of funds. I have been described as "an old-fashioned, practical politician." My practical experience is that elections are not bought. If they could be, the Republicans, whose campaign funds are almost always virtually unlimited, should have been continuously in power in the Federal government throughout this century. My experience over thirty years has been that you go out and work with your constituents, know them by their

first names and know their problems. Then you see to it that their problems are given consideration by Congress.

I try to know every voter on a first-name basis. And in the large 19th District of Ohio this is a tall order. I spend as many weekends as my duties in Congress permits, visiting with them and discussing their problems. I want them to know me as "Mike." I like to be known to my Ohio friends in the way a constituent described me. I was out with Clingan Jackson, political editor of the Youngstown Vindicator, taking a look at the Mosquito Creek Reservoir. We stopped in a village and talked with an acquaintance of Jackson named John Geddes. When we started to leave, Geddes blurted:

"I expected to see you in a stove-pipe hat, wing collar, and swallow-tail coat -- but, gosh, you're just an ordinary guy!"

I prefer to talk with individuals rather than making formal speeches to large audiences. I invited Oscar Chapman, when he was Secretary of the Interior, to Youngstown and we spent a day visiting around the Congressional district. Later he related his experience to a Washington gathering:

"I had a very interesting demonstration of what Mike **Kirwan** means to his constituents when he invited me to speak before a Young Democrats dinner in Niles, Ohio," Chapman said. "The meeting was held on Saturday night so we had a day to visit around the district.

"Early on Saturday morning we started out to look over some of the towns and visit all the business places on the main street in one mill town. The first place we entered was a cigar store. There were about

■ twenty men standing around talking. They were farmers, mill workers and other working men. Every single man in the place stepped forward to shake Mike's hand and call him by his first name. A quick introduction of me and then down the street to another store where the same thing occurred. Each man had a few words to say to Mike and he knew most of them by their first names. After five or six such visits I began to wonder how he was able to remember names and faces, and to this day I envy him this faculty.

"After about twenty visits and several sidewalk conferences with men and women, we started back to Youngstown around noon. Mike told me on the way in that the meeting was with a group of businessmen in the city's best club. When we got into the club, there were about fifty to ~~seventy-~~ five businessmen waiting for us. Here again Mike repeated his routine of the morning. A friendly handshake, a first name greeting, a few words of personal talk, just like the morning tour. In other words, he is the Congressman of all the people, and they know it.

) "It was then I realized why the people of the Nineteenth District re-elect Congressman Kirwan every two years. They know he is their Congressman, he knows their problems and is down here working for them all the time. And the record shows he has accomplished great things for them."

"Cap" Harding had been running the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee virtually single-handedly and was delighted at my plan to enlarge the committee functions into a virile campaign force in behalf of Democratic candidates for Congress throughout the nation. He had been fretting under earlier limitations placed on the operations of the ~~committ~~ ee. His political acumen and experience were invaluable to the congressional committee and to the Democratic party.

Two of the problems we faced were that the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee does not begin to function in the congressional districts until after the primary elections are out of the way. The Committee cannot enter primary fights. Another was that, after the primaries, the Committee has to be careful to avoid the impression of trying to thrust the local candidate down the throats of the voters. To do so, more often than not, is certain not to get the candidate elected. The cry of "carpetbagger" is usually raised by the opposition, and they go on from there with telling results.

This interim before the late Spring primaries, however, gave us in the Congressional Campaign Committee a breathing spell in which to get our ducks in a row and plan the campaign that began with fever heat on Labor Day.

My approach to the problem of re-electing President Truman was a simple one, simpler perhaps than the problem itself: elect a Democratic Congress. My rule of thumb is that the more Democratic votes obtained for candidates for Congress, the more votes a Democratic presidential nominee is likely to receive.

My political philosophy is wrapped up in a bit of doggerel I once heard:

I'm a Democrat born

And a Democrat bred

And when I die,

I'll be a Democrat, dead.

The difficulties the Democratic Party faced in 1948 appeared to many to be insurmountable. The Republicans had won the Congress in the 1946

mid-term election. The Truman Administration was under fire by the Republicans, oddly enough, for the incredibly courageous Greek-Turkish Aid Doctrine to save the Mediterranean Sea from domination by Communist Russia and the \$17 billion Marshall Plan to protect Western Europe from Soviet domination. When President Truman spelled out the proposal to Congress at a joint session, Edward T. Folliard, the Washington Post's most eminent reporter, said to me:

"This is so daring a venture, it has my hair standing on end."

I had concluded it was the only thing we could do to preserve our American civilization, regardless of the consequences. I was convinced we should face up to any or all resultant Soviet reactions.

It was under these circumstances that I concluded the Democrats, led by Harry Truman, could not lose the 1948 Presidential election. I was counting on my reading of the mood of America.

In the House we had lost 52 seats to the Republicans in the first post-war mid-term election of 1946. We needed thirty-one Democratic seats to regain control of the House. There was much less of a problem in the Senate. We needed only four seats to take Democratic control. Seats of eighteen Republican Senators were to go on the block in the November election. Only four Democratic Senators, outside the Deep South, were to stand for re-election and three of these were considered "safe bets."

In formulating campaign strategy, I decided I would go into every state north of the Mason-Dixon line, from Massachusetts west, as soon as Democratic nominees were chosen in the late Spring primaries.

The dismal record of the Republican-controlled 80th Congress was

our campaign issue. At strategy meetings with President Truman, Democratic National Chairman J. Howard McGrath, Executive Director Gael Sullivan, Clark Clifford and others, I repeatedly said:

"Our candidates have got to hit two simple themes. The first is that the Republicans gave us high prices by refusing to extend OPA in workable form, by doing nothing about prices since and by opposing inflation controls.

"The second is that Republicans were largely responsible for dismantling our army and navy in record time with hysterical cries of 'bring the boys back home,' which scuttled the peace, If the isolationists hadn't demanded the return of our boys so quickly, wrecking the greatest Army, Navy and Air Force the world has ever known, we could have sent Communist Russia back within her borders or else knocked her ears off.

"Inflation is driving prices out of the average man's reach, cutting into his savings and making him take in his belt. When you hit a man in the pocketbook, you have made an enemy.

"This year is just the reverse of 1946. People don't blame the President any more. They blame the Republican Congress. We are going to elect a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President. The people are sore. The Republicans have hit them in the pocketbook."

"Our victory formula is:

"First, get every prospective Democrat and independent registered.

"Second, carry our message to the people at the grass roots, and

"Third, get out the vote on November 2."

In March I began to take groups of Democratic Congressmen to the White House, a dozen at a time, for meetings with President Truman. One

of the objectives was to improve the rapport between Congress and the President. Another purpose was to provide an exchange of ideas and to break down the cellular isolation that can exist between Capitol Hill and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The aim I was chiefly seeking was to provide a means for Democratic Congressmen to communicate to the President what they were hearing from their own districts about major national problems, in other words the local citizen point of view from every part of the nation, and for the President to explain his handling of major national problems from the standpoint of the "Summit" level.

This would enable the President to obtain an inside point of view on grass roots thinking. New York Congressmen, for instance, could tell him the reaction of Jewish voters to the Palestine issue, which was red hot in 1948; mid-westerners could inform him on farm area sentiment; the Western Congressmen on irrigation, land reclamation and hydroelectric power needs in the West; Southerners on the civil rights issue. Members of Congress could give the President some straight advice on their problems. Conversely, the President would have a chance to tell members of Congress the factors on the top level involved in his own decisions.

Improvement of relations between the President and Congress was sorely needed. Truman returned from a Caribbean cruise and suddenly decided to address Congress, urging renewal of the draft. The message to a joint session was scheduled for 12:30 P.M. on a Wednesday. On Tuesday evening, the President apparently realized he had failed to take Congressional leaders into his confidence to inform them in advance of the contents of the message.

Truman belatedly invited Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Senator Alben Barkley, House Speaker Joseph Martin and House Minority Leader Rayburn to a White House conference at 11 A.M. the following morning, only an hour and a half before he was to address Congress.

Angered at this slight, Vandenberg consulted Barkley and then both went across the Capitol to the House side and talked with Martin and Rayburn. A few minutes later a message was sent the White House saying they were too busy with the hearings already scheduled for that morning to accept the invitation. The rebuke was unmistakable and Barkley and Rayburn, the Democratic leaders, concurred in delivering it. As a result, there were no advance preparations for Truman's message.

This was not the first time the President had acted without consulting the Congressional leaders he needed to back up his recommendations for legislation. His civil rights message hit them with the suddenness of a bolt from the blue, as had many of his nominations, including the shelving of popular New Dealers such as Federal Reserve Board Chairman Marriner Eccles and Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman James M. Landis.

It was under these circumstances that I conceived the idea of taking groups of Congressmen to the White House to meet with Truman.

In the first group were Congressmen Michael Feighan of Ohio, John Fogarty of Rhode Island, William Dawson and Tom O'Brien of Illinois, Frank Havenner of California, Ray Madden of Indiana, Alfred Bulwinkle of North Carolina, Mike Mansfield of Montana, Herman Eberharter of Pennsylvania, Thomas Lane of Massachusetts and John Carroll of Colorado.

In another group were Congressmen Walter B. Huber of Ohio, William T. Byrne of New York, Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, John Lesinski of

Michigan, John Kee of West Virginia, Harold D. Donahue of Massachusetts, George P. Miller of California, Antonio M. Fernandez of New Mexico, Cecil R. King of California, Aime Forand of Rhode Island, and John H. Murdock of Arizona.

And so it went down the Democratic membership list in weekly meetings. President Truman got a sense of Democratic support in Congress and the Congressmen got a feeling of the problems the President faced in dealing with the top echelon of world and national problems. It was a worthwhile endeavor in both areas and I am convinced made an important contribution to the November Democratic victory.

As a result of this political foray of mine, Walter S. Buel and Fletcher Knebel, who wrote a combined by-line column for their Ohio newspaper, dubbed me "the little shepherd of kingdom come."

"Each week," they wrote, "he shepherds a dozen loyal Democratic Congressmen to the White House to pledge renewed faith and fealty to President Harry Truman.

"The idea is to show the country that it ain't true what they say about Harry -- that he does have some political friends and followers left.

"Kirwan, as the first Yankee chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, dreamed up the idea as an antidote to the Southern revolt, Palestine uproar and Wallace defection.

"The first trip ran into a little difficulty. Kirwan included Representative Alfred L. Bulwinkle of North Carolina, apparently in the hope at least one Southerner would say something nice about the President

as he left the White House foyer.

"Instead, **Bulwinkle** issued a statement reaffirming his stand with the revolting South against Truman over the civil rights issue.

"The little shepherd of kingdom come took ten congressmen -- all Northern Democrats -- before the Presidential presence.

"After a bit of light and heavy politics, Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania stepped forward and pinned a campaign button on the President.

"President Truman eyed it over his glasses, then burst into laughter. The button said: **"Work With Wallace."**

"It seems that Congressman Walters picked up the button a few nights earlier at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The businessmen wore the buttons as a gag.

"President Truman loved it. Later in the day he pinned the Wallace slogan on another Congressional caller.

"Little shepherd Mike is happy -- temporarily."

This was a once-over lightly treatment compared to that we got from most of the nation's newspapers throughout the campaign year. Although I will say that most of the Ohio news correspondents in Washington were fair and objective.

But to illustrate what the Democratic Party and Harry Truman were up against in 1948 in the media of public information, Editor & Publisher, the magazine of the journalism profession, conducted a survey of 770 newspapers in the United States. The survey reported that 65 per cent of the newspapers, with 78.5 per cent of total circulation, supported the candidacy of Thomas E. Dewey for President. Truman was supported

by a slim 15 per cent of the newspaper total, representing 10 per cent of the national circulation. The balance was split between Strom Thurmond and Henry Wallace, the splinter candidates, with a handful uncommitted. Even the New York Times, which professes to be independent and usually non-committed, went for Dewey, explaining the decision in a four-column editorial statement.

President Truman had a field day with one of the most prejudiced Republican journals, Bertie McCormick's Chicago Tribune. On his way back to Washington from Kansas City the morning after the election, the presidential special stopped in St. Louis. Copies of the Chicago Tribune election edition were put aboard the train. On the rear platform, President Truman, the victor, held up a copy of the Tribune to the station crowd. A screaming black eight-column headline read:

"DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN."

The crowd shouted its derision and glee.

"You know," President Truman trumpeted, "I'm going to have a lot of fun with this."

All the way back to Washington, at every stop, he showed the banner headlines to the crowds that gathered at the station platforms.

The Democratic National Convention was held in Philadelphia in steamy, sweltering mid-July weather. One of the many sidelights of the convention was a rivalry among the florists of the City of Brotherly Love. One group, supporting the Republicans, had made an American flag from 4,000 carnations and roses for the Republican convention. Intent on outdoing the G.O.P. flower men, a Democratic florist suggested construction of a huge replica of the Liberty Bell of red, white and blue flowers

would be released with a trap door from which 48 white doves, one for each state, /as the floral piece de resistance for the Democratic convention. When I heard of this, I gave it my full support. Democratic Chairman **McGrath** demurred but I won him over with the argument that the doves would dramatize the Democratic Administration's struggle to maintain peace in the face of Communist **Russia's** expansionist aims in Western Europe.

I arranged with Mrs. **Emma** Guffy Miller, Pennsylvania's Democratic Women's leader, to release the doves at the psychological moment when President Truman made his appearance before the convention to accept the nomination and summon the Republican 80th Congress back into special session, to give them, as he declared, another chance to enact legislation to preserve the peace and curb inflation.

When the doves were released as Truman appeared on the platform and fluttered around the huge convention hall, the delegates went wild with applause.

But one of my campaign co-workers was not enthused.

"What damn fool arranged this?" Jack **Redding**, publicity director of the national committee, demanded worriedly. "We've got the Zionists, the Dixiecrats, the Wallaceites and the Republicans on our backs. All we need now is for one of those pigeons to get hurt and for the columnists to write that there was a dead pigeon on the Democratic convention platform. Pigeons!"

I blinked but did not think the timing was propitious for me to say anything.

In any event, the release of the 48 doves from the floral Liberty Bell was a convention sensation and there were no ill results.

Truman was delighted. He said later:

"One of the pigeons fluttered down and perched on Sam Rayburn's bald head. It was one of the funniest things I saw during the whole campaign."

During the campaign, the Congressional Campaign Committee and the Democratic National Committee conducted its own G-2 intelligence operation. Our method was to go to the source of information, the grass roots. What were the people thinking? What were they saying? And, thus, how would they vote? We worked this out on a basis of city dwellers, the poor, the rich, the middle class; Eastern urban dwellers; Southerners; the great farm areas of the Middle West and Plains States; the water-starved West: a complex process, but better than any mechanical brain that has ever been invented. It gave us the facts, first hand and direct, and not based upon electronic predictions from a few samplings.

In the summer of 1948, Les Biffle, Minority Secretary of the Senate, a close friend and supporter of Harry Truman, donned a pair of well-worn patched and frequently-laundered overalls and a farmer's broad-brim straw hat, quietly left Washington in a battered jalopy loaded with chicken crates, and headed West. He drove up and down the states of the Midwest and Plains, from Texas to the Canadian border, where the nation's wheat and corn are grown, talking with farmers, store keepers, farm equipment suppliers and ordinary citizens of the region. When he returned to Washington he made this report: Truman would carry the farm belt.

If Les' reading of voter sentiment was accurate, we were in!

This was but one of the many indicators we received throughout the campaign that the newspapers and professional pollsters were dead wrong.

This was the year of the polls. And they all fell on their face! Every one predicted a Truman defeat and a Dewey landslide. One, the Elmo Roper poll, even stopped taking samplings of public opinion in September, stating that the results of later polls would simply be to confirm what had already been reported: a Truman defeat.

Many, I believed were phony. Some, I believed were deliberately rigged. The November election result proved them all to be wrong. If they were objective and reliable, why hadn't even one come up with a forecast of the actual outcome of the election?

In 1936, the Republicans had a poll that told them Roosevelt would lose the election. The result, of course, was the greatest Democratic landslide in our national history. His Republican opponent got the vote of only two states!

In 1940, the Republicans had another poll that told them Wendell Wilkie, the Republican nominee, would win. Roosevelt won by 449 electoral votes to Wilkie's 82. In 1944, the Republicans had another poll that said the Republican nominee Thomas E. Dewey would win. Roosevelt won the election by 432 electoral votes to Dewey's 99.

So why, I reasoned, would the polls be more accurate in 1948 than their long record of inaccuracy and undependability? The preponderance of information coming directly into the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee from every Congressional district consistently told us the professional polls were wrong.

I will say that, at least, the so-called samplers of public opinion were consistent. In releasing their final figures, the Gallup poll said

Dewey would get 46 per cent of the popular vote and Truman 40 per cent. The remainder, the poll said, would go to Wallace and Thurmond. The Crossley poll really went overboard. It gave Dewey 49.9 per cent of the popular vote and Truman 44.8 per cent.

The only two polls that came up with anything approaching an accurate count were conducted by the New York Times and the U. S. News. Late in the campaign they finally admitted the Democrats had a good chance of winning control of Congress.

On the basis of our own readings of the voter mood of the nation, I said on September 27 that Truman would win the election and that the Democrats would regain control of Congress.

"The only poll that really counts is the one you go to on election day." I said. "Those guys who are predicting a grand slam for the Republicans in November are going to be hanged by their own statistics. We are going to knock the political dopesters for a loop. Truman will win and the Democrats will organize the next Congress."

I said that we would pick up from five to eight seats in my home state of Ohio and would win up to forty-five seats in Congress.

Our opposition accused me of whistling past a graveyard. They were to learn differently when the votes were in. We won eight Democratic seats in Ohio and a grand total of seventy-six in the House of Representatives.

On the subject of polls, I have always liked what President Truman said about them.

"We all know," he said in Cleveland, "that for 12 years the Republicans have been poll-happy. In 1936 the Republicans had a poll that told

them they had a sure thing. And they did. They had a sure defeat coming to them.

"In 1940 the Republicans had a poll that told them they had an edge. Well, it was a mighty sharp edge. They got cut to pieces on election day.

"In 1944 the Republicans had a poll that told them things were pretty close. It looked mighty promising for the Republican candidate. The 'promise was all he ever got. In fact, he (Dewey) has been full of promises ever since.

"This year the Republicans have some polls right down the same old line.

"These polls are like sleeping pills designed to lull the voters into sleeping on election day. You might call them sleeping polls.

"The doctor -- the Republican candidate -- keeps handing out these sleeping pills, and some people have been taking them. This doctor keeps telling the people: 'Don't worry. Take a poll and go to sleep.'

"But most of the people are not being fooled. They know that sleeping pills are bad for the system. They affect the mind. An overdose could be fatal."

In the campaign to win back Democratic control of Congress, I concentrated our efforts in 80 congressional districts where the decisive margin in the 1946 election had been a matter of between 3,000 and 5,000 votes. I traveled over 10,000 miles to Congressional districts to counsel and help Democratic candidates in their campaigns. I advised Democratic candidates to hammer away at the issues of inflation and peace. I told them the GOP record on price and rent controls and the Republican isolationist record would help elect them. I admonished them to forget about

the predictions of the polls, that they were wrong. When they were discouraged I told them about my own shoestring campaign in 1936 when I had holes in my shoes and no money. It had its effect.

Despite the polls and the unanimous predictions of the political prognosticators and pundits, the Republican candidate didn't even come close. Truman won by 303 to 189 electoral votes. His popular vote was 24,105,812 to Dewey's 21,970,065.

But the vote for Democratic members of Congress was even more dazzling. In the House we went into the election trailing the Republicans by thirty seats. After the election, we controlled the House by forty-five votes in excess of the 218 required for a majority. We had won 262 seats to the Republicans' 172. The American Labor Party won a single seat. We controlled the Senate 54 to 42.

Analysis of the election results brought out some interesting facts which demonstrated how important the Congressional races were to the presidential victory.

Thirty-five of the new Democratic House seats were won in states which President Truman failed to carry. Eight more were won in my home state of Ohio, which Truman carried by only 7,000 votes. The total of seats won in states which Dewey carried were: New York 9, Pennsylvania 11, New Jersey 3, Indiana 6, Connecticut 3, Michigan 2, and Nebraska 1. More than two-thirds of the successful candidates for House and Senate won with larger majorities than President Truman compiled. In Iowa, Senator-elect Guy Gillette ran well ahead of Truman; Senator-elect Hubert Humphrey ran nearly 100,000 votes ahead in Minnesota; Governor-elect Adlai Stevenson was 400,000 ahead of Truman in Illinois and Senator-elect Paul Douglas was 250,000 ahead. Governor-elect Frank Lausche ran 200,000 ahead of the President in Ohio.

There were exceptions, of course. In Utah and Washington, President Truman ran ahead of state tickets which were defeated. He ran well ahead of the ticket in Wisconsin.

In his column, "In Washington," Bascom Timmons made this comment:

"The difference from Roosevelt days is noteworthy, and the significance will not be lost on political observers. It means that this year's Democratic victory ran deeper than the presidential race. In fact, it means that President Truman owes his election in large part to the efforts of the men below him in the various states who worked so hard for victory. It was not just a one-man victory. Truman did his own spade work but the boost that put him across in close states came from the men who were with him on the ticket.

"The man who is receiving congratulations for this unusual record is Rep. Michael J. Kirwan, Democrat of Ohio, who headed the congressional campaign committee. Kirwan did not have any money and he had relatively little help from party headquarters.

Kirwan made a point (during the campaign) that a congressional candidate could and should run on his own merits. He sees new proof now for this theory not only in the Democratic successes in Republican areas, but in his own district as well, where he ran up a majority of 72,000 in this election over his Republican opponent."

After the election, the Ohio newspaper correspondents, in Washington came to my office and announced:

"Mike, we are ready to eat crow."

Instead of crow, which didn't sound very appetizing or palatable

to me, I invited them and Walter Munro, labor adviser to President Truman during the campaign, to a steak dinner at the Army-Navy Club.

The newsmen ate the steak with relish and also ate a little crow, verbally.

"You ought to take over Dr. Gallup's job," said Douglas Smith of the Scripps-Howard papers. "Your predictions were a lot more accurate."

"We thought all those predictions you made were a lot of campaign oratory," admitted Fred Zusy, the AP's Ohio regional reporter.

"We're never again going to doubt a word you tell us, Mike," earnestly declared Charles Egger, correspondent of the Columbus Citizen.

"Now, boys," I told them, "it was just John Citizen speaking. He knew the record of the 80th Congress had sold the American people down the river and he voted on that basis."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"IT TAKES GUTS TO BE A GOOD CONGRESSMAN"

The United States Congress has been called the Forum of Great Compromise.

It is an arena of compromise between the Congress and the White House. It is a court of compromise between the House, which originates most legislation, and the Senate. Virtually every legislative bill, when it is finally accepted by both branches of the Congress, is the product of compromise. A Conference Committee of the House and Senate debates almost every item of major legislation to iron out the differences between the two branches before the measure is finally adopted. Of legislation, it has been said that "the President proposes and the Congress disposes." Virtually the only exception to this rule of compromise was the **"One Hundred Days" honeymoon when Franklin Delano** Roosevelt first came to office in 1933 and the Congress gave him a blank check in those days of desperation to lift the nation out of the economic shambles of the Hoover depression.

At the 1948 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia the most controversial issue before the convention was the civil rights plank. I was a member of the committee that wrote the party platform on which President Truman ran and won. The platform committee argued for three days over the civil rights plank, with Senator Clyde R. Hoey of North Carolina leading the Southern fight against it. Finally we accepted a plank that President Roosevelt had put in the platform four times. It was acceptable to Harry Truman and Senator Hoey gave in and accepted it also. We thought the problem was solved. But then a fight developed on

the convention floor. Ultra liberals, representing the Americans for Democratic Action and organized labor, argued the civil rights plank was not liberal enough and set the convention aflame with speeches, demanding far greater concessions than the Southerners could swallow.

This is how the Dixiecrat movement was formed. The Southerners walked out of the convention. Congressman William M. Colmer of Mississippi led them out in protest over the demands of the ultra liberals, and, I felt, rightly so. This was when they ran Strom Thurmond of South Carolina for the Presidency as the nominee of the States Right splinter party against Harry Truman. The situation was already bad enough without this development. Henry Wallace was also running as the nominee of the so-called Progressive Party which, in reality, was a front of the Communist Party in the United States, its actions being dictated by Moscow. So, as the result of the civil rights battle on the floor of the Democratic Convention, President Truman, the Democratic nominee, had not only to run against the Republican nominee, Thomas E. Dewey, but against a normally Democratic Southern splinter group as well as against the Communist crackpot faction led by Wallace. As we know, Truman swept the nation after almost everyone had conceded that Dewey was the certain victor.

The bitterness born of the 1948 convention fight over civil rights dogged Truman throughout the four years of his second term. Almost every proposal he made to the Congress met stiff opposition from the Southerners, even including his prosecution of the war against the Communist invasion of Korea.

At times it required extraordinary action behind the scenes in Congress to provide the billions of dollars needed to supply American

troops on the Asiatic peninsula.

In one of these critically important behind-the-scenes strategems, I was able to play a key role.

When the North Korean Communist Army, trained and equipped by Soviet Russia with the latest armor and artillery, invaded South Korea on June 24, 1950, overrunning American forces that had been stationed there since the Japanese surrender President Truman was hard pressed to obtain the wherewithal to prosecute the war successfully. In the first place, it was a little understood and unpopular war, a war removed halfway around the world from the United States in a small Asiatic country, so remote its name was scarcely known to most Americans. It was difficult to bring home to Americans that this was the first step in an aggressive expansionist move by Soviet Russian Premier Josef Stalin to conquer Japan and, with Red China, the entire Far East, posing a direct threat to the security of the United States -- a move leading almost inevitably to a Third World War unless it was halted and contained. By its very nature the Korean war became an overriding issue in American politics, an issue which many Republicans regarded as a means of opening the door to discredit the Truman Administration and to return the Republican Party to power in the 1952 Presidential election.

Our defense forces had been reduced to a low level, both in size and readiness. There were two reasons for this. One was that, for several years until Soviet Russia exploded its first atomic device in September, 1949, the United States held a monopoly of this awesome weapon and of the means of its delivery by the longrange Strategic Air Force. For years the major portion of our national budget had gone for defense. And so,

with the sense of security engendered by America's monopoly of atomic weaponry, our armed forces were reduced in an attempt to cut federal expenditures and bring the national budget into balance. With this objective in mind, President Truman in January 1950 presented Congress with the smallest military budget since the end of the Second World War. In it, defense recommendations were slashed to approximately \$13.5 billion, a bare maintenance minimum.

With the Communist attack on American forces in Korea, all these fine hopes went out the window. But the President found himself opposed in almost every move he made to cope with a desperate situation. He was opposed by the Republican minority in the Congress. He was opposed by conservative Democrats from the Southern States, many of whom held posts of great influence because of their seniority. And he was bitterly opposed by the hardcore Dixiecrats who still held rancor in their hearts at the civil rights pressures brought by ultra liberal Northern Democrats, notably those who had disrupted the 1948 Democratic Convention with demands the Southerners considered intemperate, unworkable and discriminatory against the South. When the Southern Dixiecrats voted with the Republican minority they wielded great power on legislation on the floor of the House and Senate as well as in the committees. The combination became known as the "Southern Coalition."

Against this background, a vacancy occurred in the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. This Committee does what its name implies. Its function is to find "ways" and the "means" through taxation of obtaining the billions of dollars required annually to run the federal government and all the nation's responsibilities undertaken by the Executive and

Legislative branches of government.

To finance the new and astronomical requirements of the Korean war, President Truman asked Congress to impose excise taxes to raise some \$5,000,000,000. The taxes were to be imposed on what were called "luxury" items -- jewelry, luggage, cosmetics, telegrams, long distance telephone calls, motion picture tickets and other amusements, and a great number of items Americans buy every day. The proposal brought an immediate outcry from the business community. No one likes more taxes. It brought opposition from the Dixiecrats, and for the Republicans here was another controversial political issue.

There were already seven Southerners out of fifteen Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee -- and ten Republicans. There were seven candidates for the vacancy and the Southerners threw their support behind a Dixiecrat who later became Governor of Virginia after he left Congress. If the Dixiecrat get the vacancy the Ways and Means Committee could be stalemated and President Truman would not get the \$8,000,000,000 additional taxes needed to underwrite the war in Korea.

President Truman was acutely aware of his predicament. He invited me to the White House and asked:

"Mike, is there anything you can do to get me out of this fix?"

"Mr. President," I promised, "I'll do everything I can."

A caucus was to be held to name the new member of the Ways and Means Committee and new members of other important committees. I told Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and House Majority Leader John McCormack:

"We have got to have a man on the Ways and Means Committee from Ohio."

I gave them the name of my choice but they would not accept him. Instead, they put up their own candidate. The caucus was to be held the next day and I felt pretty downcast and despondent.

Then, when I was having lunch, Rayburn came over to my table and said:

"My candidate won't run for the Ways and Means post."

"Yes," I replied, "I tried to tell you that. You didn't have his commitment. But you wouldn't listen."

"Never mind the lecture," the Speaker retorted. "If you want somebody from Ohio on the Committee, go and get somebody."

So I got up from the table, leaving my luncheon half finished, and went out into the corridor, wondering whom I could find from Ohio who would be acceptable not only to me but to the Speaker and Majority Leader.

At the elevator I ran into Stephen Young, now a Senator from Ohio, who was a new member of the House.

"Would you like to go on the Ways and Means Committee?" I asked.

"Yes," Young replied, "I would give an arm for that post."

"Well," I said, "go on up to the caucus. It meets at 2 o'clock. I'll see you there."

When I got back to the luncheon table it suddenly dawned on me that I had sent out letters the night before to every Democratic member of the House asking them to support my candidate who had been rejected by the Speaker and Majority Leader. And now I had to introduce a new man to the caucus as my candidate.

So I sent Mike Mansfield, then a member of the House, to Congressman Francis E. "Tad" Walter of Pennsylvania, who was caucus chairman, with a message asking that he recognize me as the third speaker. There were to be only four speakers to introduce the seven candidates running for the seat on the Ways and Means Committee. He looked in my direction and nodded, so I knew he understood my message.

When I was recognized by the chair, I introduced Stephen Young with what I hoped was a glowing description of his qualifications and with a reminder he had been a member of Congress earlier and had now been returned by the Ohio electorate.

When the ballots were passed, I watched John Rankin of Mississippi, a Dixiecrat and one of the strongest in Congress. From the speed with which he marked his ballot I could tell he was voting for a candidate previously agreed upon, and that the choice was a Dixiecrat. The other Southerners **were following Rankin's lead and doing the same.**

Seeing what was going on, I asked Mike Mansfield to take another message quickly to the caucus chairman asking: "Let me help count the ballots."

I must have had all the brass of a Chinese monkey. Here I was sponsoring a candidate and at the same time asking to count the ballots. This was almost unthinkable but it was the only thing I could now do if we were going to save the day for Harry Truman and our boys who were fighting and dying over in Korea.

I held my breath as I waited for Mansfield to hand him the message and read it. The chairman glanced at the message, looked at it again.

For a moment there was a puzzled look on his face. Then he smiled, looked again in my direction, and nodded. I heaved a sigh of relief.

Walter was one of the brightest and smartest members who ever came to the Congress. He had his own bank in Pennsylvania and was general counsel for a big trust company in Philadelphia. When he was going to Lehigh University he was a star football player, although only pint size. And later he played professional football on Sundays. He was able and courageous not only on the football field but in Congress and the business world.

After he got my second message, he announced:

"I appoint Mike Kirwan a teller."

Then he named Congressman Eddie Hebert of Louisiana to be the second teller for counting the ballots.

The job of the tellers is to count the ballots. One teller picks up each ballot, reads off the vote and then passes it on to the second teller for verification. Two clerks tally the votes as they are read off.

When Hebert and I went over to the ballot box after all votes were in, he said to me:

"Mike, I won't be much help to you."

He had both eyes bandaged and I had to lead him over to the box.

"Why, Eddie?" I asked.

He then told me:

"I've had an operation for cataracts and cannot yet see very well."

"Eddie," I said, "just do your best. You'll never know how much help you are going to be."

So Hebert lifted the corner of his bandage and read off the first

ballot. We continued but it was a slow and tedious process. Before long he had to give up reading and just passed the other ballots on to me, one by one.

"I can't see very well, Mike," Hebert protested. "You'll have to do the rest the best way you can without me."

We finally finished the count. When all the ballots were read, and then tallied by the clerks, it turned out that, despite the Dixiecrat vote, their candidate had lost. So had the other five candidates. Stephen Young, the freshman Congressman from Ohio, had been named to the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, an almost unheard of selection of a freshman member to one of the most important committees of the Congress.

That is how I was able to help Harry Truman obtain the vital funds needed to defend the free world against Communism in Korea.

At times it is necessary to teach a recalcitrant Congressman a little humility.

Nebraska ~~was~~ the only one hundred per cent public power state in the Nation. Yet, over the years, Nebraska's Congressmen consistently had voted against Federal public power projects for every other state while eagerly seeking Federal funds for public works in Nebraska.

During the Republican 82nd Congress, Congressman Arthur L. Miller of Nebraska, a Republican who was chairman of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, which authorizes reclamation projects but does not have authority to appropriate funds, led a fight against Federal water conservation and hydroelectric projects all over the country. When Interior Department appropriations were being debated for the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Southwest Power Administration and Missouri River,

Bonneville, and the Southeast Power Administration, they were subjected to seven roll calls in a single day. On those roll calls, the Nebraska members voted solidly against Federal public power in the Northwest. They voted against Federal power in the Southwest. They voted against it in the Southeast and they voted against it in the Missouri Basin.

Several years later, Congressman Miller requested a \$5.5 million appropriation to begin construction of a \$9 million Federal transmission line to carry power from Fort Randall Dam on the Missouri River in South Dakota to Grand Island, Nebraska.

I promptly killed the fund request in my Interior Appropriations subcommittee. When the public works bill came to the House floor, Miller wanted to know what had happened to his Nebraska project.

"It was thrown out on my motion," I responded.

Miller angrily demanded to know the reason.

"The reason," I replied, "is that five years ago every Nebraska Congressman voted against seven public power projects for other states in a single day."

"When I came to this earth many years ago," I told Miller, "my parents taught me to have a little reciprocity in me, to treat my neighbors kindly.

"I do not know of any state that would do what Nebraska has done, vote as a unit, right to a man, to cut public power out of every other state that had it -- yet Nebraska has public power 100 per cent. Do you call that fair?"

Miller made a long speech in reply. He said my action was "purely

political." He explained that the votes against the seven public power projects in other states had been for reasons of "economy." Then, with considerably more frankness, he added that he hadn't liked the particular legislation, anyway.

Warming up to his theme, Miller said he wanted to convey "a word of caution" to the other members of Congress:

"Your record had better be spotless. It had better be unblemished -- and by that I mean it had better be right down the line with Mr. Kirwan or he is going to kick you in the teeth."

"The gentleman from Nebraska would even vote against the second coming of Christ unless John the Baptist assured him he would appear only in Nebraska," I retorted.

Then I told the House:

"I do not believe Nebraska should get a Federal appropriation for this transmission line when it has been in opposition to appropriations for public power in all its sister states."

Miller said he would try to get the funds in another appropriation bill.

"You'll get it only over my dead body," I promised.

In March 1957 the Nebraska legislature passed a resolution demanding that the Federal government refrain from enacting any more grants-in-aid programs to the states. The legislature said, in effect, that Nebraska wanted no more Federal funds.

This pious Republican move reminded me of a similar one at the same time in Indiana. Republican Governor Harold W. Handley said Indiana wanted no more Federal aid. So did the State Legislature. So I said,

okay, no more Federal public works aid to Indiana. Both the Nebraska and Indiana actions were pure politics. The 1958 election was just a few months away.

Then I got a letter from Andrew Jacobs, Jr., of Indianapolis, Indiana: He wrote:

"Dear Congressman:

"I hope you will not carry out your intentions to deprive Indiana of Federal aid as reported by the enclosed newspaper clipping. It is true our Governor has condemned Federal aid, and so has our General Assembly.

"However, I think you, as a good Irishman, should appreciate any glimmer of GOP humor.

"Almost in the same breath, Governor Handley demanded Federal relief of Hoosier flood victims.

"The enclosed facsimile pages from the official Acts of our General Assembly proves it was merely having its little joke. Note that chapter 377 condemning Federal aid is followed by chapter 378 demanding it, and this all occurred after chapter 178 had made full provision to grasp every Federal dollar within reach, . . .

"Even if our GOP officials were not trying to be funny, let's be charitable. The dollar sign confuses them and their inconsistency, if not excusable, is at least understandable to men of good will, which we Democrats claim to be.

"Governor Handley has a brilliant plan for stopping excessive Federal taxation; that is, to grab our money before Uncle Sam can get it. He has made some progress."

In Congress, Rep. Miller was right back at the public trough seeking more millions of Federal appropriations for his state. This time he requested funds to start a \$21.5 million irrigation works known as the Ainsworth Project. It involved construction of a dam and a 55-mile canal across unproductive sand hills to deliver irrigation water to fertile lands in North Central Nebraska. Construction of the project was personally important to Miller as it involved his Congressional district and he needed it to help get reelected.

But Miller had not changed his ways. He was still voting against water conservation projects in other sections of the country and, for that matter, voting against all liberal legislation. Under the circumstances I had no intention of appropriating Federal funds for Nebraska projects so I again blocked the request in the Appropriations Committee.

"Miller votes against everything but his own pet projects in Nebraska," I told the committee. "So we are going to have to educate him a little bit."

In supporting his irrigation project, Miller contended that the anti-Federal resolution passed by his legislature had nothing to do with reclamation or power projects. But I disagreed.

"I'd be the last one to corrupt Nebraskans by forcing them to accept Federal money," I said in concluding the argument.

Much of the time in Congress, as in life, you get by giving.

Such was the case of "The Forty-one Billion Dollar Roadway and the Billion Dollar Arkansas Canal."

In 1957 the nation was sinking into another depression. To pretty it up, the Republican administration referred to it as a "recession."

But, call it what you will, the country was in a slump and was continuing to go down hill. Business was in the dumps and getting worse. The most telling economic barometer of all -- steel -- was at a low ebb. Steel production was down to thirty-eight per cent of capacity.

In an attempt to pull the country up by its bootstraps, the House approved legislation to construct a 41,000-mile nation-wide network of super highways at a cost of \$41 billion. It was the largest authorization of its kind ever passed. The initial measure was for \$38 billion. Then \$3 billion additional was tacked on. It is now building and is scheduled to be completed in 1972.

After approval by the House it went to the Senate and lodged in the Senate Sub-committee on Public Works, of which the late Senator Bob Kerr of Oklahoma was chairman. Kerr blocked it, and for good reason.

The Arkansas River rises in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, meanders through Kansas and Oklahoma, crosses the breadth of Arkansas and has its confluence with the Mississippi River a few miles above Greenville, Mississippi. For centuries it has been an unruly, turbulent stream, contributing like the other mighty tributaries of the "Father of the Waters" to the annual late winter flooding of the Mississippi basin. In the winter and Spring its rampaging waters have flooded the countryside, sweeping away the topsoil and silting the channels. In the summers, it has been a trickling, almost dry river bed. In thirty years the river overflowed its banks and devastated the countryside and farm lands seventy times. In summers, the farms were stricken with droughts twice each growing season.

Because there was no competing river traffic, the railroad freight rates were higher than rival areas. The coal mine region around Fort

Smith, Arkansas, on the border with Oklahoma, lost its Mississippi market when the Ohio River, with federal help, was opened up to barge traffic. In eighteen years, Oklahoma lost fifty per cent of its oil refining capacity. It could not compete against other areas that had lower freight rates.

Bob Kerr came to the Senate in 1949. He had been Governor of Oklahoma and with Governor Ben Laney of Arkansas, and others, had fought for years for control of the Arkansas River -- reservoirs for flood control and hydro-electric power, water for irrigation impounded in dammed up lakes along the river's course, and controlled canals to provide waterway barge movement from the Mississippi River across the state of Arkansas and well into Oklahoma.

When he got to the United States Congress he began fighting for federal aid to bring the benefits to the Arkansas River that have been brought to the Ohio and Missouri Rivers and other tributaries of the mighty Mississippi.

In 1946, Congress authorized a nine-foot navigation channel up the Arkansas to Catoosa, Oklahoma, fifteen miles east of Tulsa. The multi-purpose plan, with thirty dams, provided flood control, a vast new source of hydro-electric power, five lakes for recreation, water supply for communities and industry. But there it stood. It was authorized but there were no funds appropriated.

"When I entered the Senate in 1949, one of my goals was to get the Federal government committed by appropriations for the key navigation projects," Kerr said later.

One of the first roadblocks he ran into almost immediately was the

outbreak of the Korean War. Like World War II a decade earlier, a freeze was instantly placed on public works at home.

Then, in 1953, the Eisenhower Administration came into power and began clamping down on Federal expenditures. The Republican Administration held the majority in the House only two years. Then in 1954 the Democratic Party returned to control of both branches of Congress. But the White House freeze on expenditures continued. In 1956, despite the second Eisenhower landslide, control of Congress remained in the hands of the Democratic Party.

The Democratic-controlled Congress voted funds for improvement of the Arkansas River but the Executive freeze continued. The White House would not release the funds.

When the House-approved \$41,000,000,000 highway bill got to the Senate, Bob Kerr's sub-committee on Public Works held exhaustive hearings. Then the bill just sat there and spun around on dead center.

A shrewd man who had made millions in the oil business in Oklahoma, Kerr now felt he had the lever he had been looking for. The Congress wanted the highway relief measure. And so did the Eisenhower Administration that had been holding up public works expenditures that would benefit the nation. The trucking industry, which needed the new superhighways like no one else, besieged him. Neil Currie, who was an official of the American trucking industry, implored him to release the bill. Delegations from over the nation testified before Kerr's sub-committee and pleaded with him privately. Kerr was in control, aware of it, and just sat back and waited.

He let everybody sweat. Finally, he said:

"It will never come out of my committee."

Then he let those urging him sweat some more.

"My God, Bawb," they were finally pleading, "what do you want?"

Then Kerr told those imploring him for approval of the highway bill:

"It will never come out of my committee until I get action to canalize the Arkansas River so we can have barge traffic from the Mississippi River across Arkansas and into Oklahoma -- all the way into Oklahoma!"

This threw the ball right back to me. In the House I was in control of the bill sent to the Senate containing the super-highway bill. Kerr demanded a provision for the canalization of the Arkansas or else the highway bill would remain stuck in his sub-committee. So I put it in the bill. We had to take action to pull the country out of the 1957-58 "recession."

That is how the project to canalize the Arkansas and the land-locked states of Oklahoma and Arkansas came into being. It is no five and ten cent project. The canalization of the river will cost over a billion dollars. But it will bring untold benefits to the region in flood control, hydro-electric power sources, river navigation, farming, irrigation and river channel control that have never before existed in our history.

These are the things for which I have fought throughout my years in Congress.

Bob Kerr and I, of course, worked together closely in Congress. In the Senate, he held committee posts that paralleled mine in the House. And we held similar views on conservation, reclamation, irrigation, flood control and hydro-electric power development of the nation's water resources.

I held Bob Kerr in great esteem. He was one of our ablest Senators, a staunch and influential Democratic leader and a tireless fighter in the development of the Nation for the benefit of its people.

Apparently he returned my affection, for this is what he said in his book, Land, Wood and Water:

"Without his shrewd bargaining skill, his timeless patience, his stubborn will and immense dedication to conservation, many dreams would have been broken in the complex wilderness of Congressional appropriations. When the chips are down and the committee doors closed, it is this sentimental Irishman, hard-headed scrapper and dreamer, who has come through with the money.

"Day after day in his small committee room deep in the bowels of the Capitol, Mike Kirwan pores over papers and questions witnesses with the enthusiasm of a young priest winning his first convert. Then he packs his bag and goes out to look over the lay of the land. . .

"When he sees a river running swiftly down its narrow course, he envisions the huge gleaming dam and the power converted into low-cost electricity, lighting homes far across the lonely land. This has placed him in the front line of an angry, ceaseless battle fought in the corridors, the cloakrooms, and on the floor of Congress.

"His is the spirit that moves mountains and wins minds."

Bob Kerr was a generous man and I can only hope that I deserve in some measure these words from a great Senator and colleague with whom I worked for a dozen years in Congress with the objective of conserving our remaining resources for the benefit of all Americans, not just a privileged few.

The power of a senior member of Congress who presides over a key committee as chairman is known to every member of the House and Senate, to the White House and to the head of every department and agency of the Federal government, but not always to the public.

It is illustrated in a small way by an amusing incident that involved Congressman James Roosevelt of California, eldest son of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

One day my Democratic colleagues in Congress gave a breakfast for me in, San Francisco as Chairman of the Democratic National Campaign Congressional Campaign Committee.

The day before the breakfast I ran into Jimmy Roosevelt Hopkins. alighting from a taxi in front of the Mark Hotel. Jimmy represents the Los Angeles district. This is a key region in any California election, And because California is now our largest populated state it is of major importance in every national election. Because the breakfast gathering concerned Democratic party politics I assumed Jimmy would attend.

"You're coming to the breakfast tomorrow morning, aren't you, Jimmy?" I asked.

Roosevelt shook his head.

"Mike," he said, "I would love to come, but I made a prior engagement for tomorrow morning, so I won't be able to make it."

I was disappointed and I wanted him at the breakfast. So I decided it was time to swing a little weight,

"You are testifying before my committee next week on the water project for your district, isn't that right?" I asked.

"Yes," Jimmy replied.

"By the way, where are you going tomorrow morning?"

I continued.

Jimmy smiled and said:

"Come to think of it, Mike, that other engagement isn't so important. I can postpone it. I'll be at your breakfast tomorrow morning."

I was asked by a news reporter one time what makes some members of Congress better than others.

I gave him my opinion:

"Well, you figure that most of them have a minimum of brains that are needed. But they know their districts and they work pretty hard. So it adds up to one thing, guts. It makes the difference. You have to be able to take it and dish it out.

"I've seen men come in here on an important vote and get so worked up they were shaking. They weren't sure they would vote the way they really felt. So, just as their names were called, they'd vote just the opposite. They didn't have the courage to vote the way they felt in their heart and in their mind.

"Funny thing -- or is it? Those fellows always got defeated at the next election, and they wondered why.

"And this shows up in other ways, too. They haven't the courage to stand up to issues in a campaign. They get so annoyed at little things, like an editorial against them, that they lose sight of the big issues, the real issues, the things they were sent here to work on and to vote on.

"D'ya see the point I mean? It takes guts to be a good Congressman."

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE LAUSCHE STORY

The Democratic Party was in deep trouble in Ohio. The year was 1944. The Allied victory in Europe was still a year in the future. Franklin D. Roosevelt was running for a fourth term in the White House.

It being an election year, I spent as many weekends at home in Ohio as my duties in Congress would permit. The more I listened to my constituents, the more convinced I became that Roosevelt would lose Ohio in November unless some drastic step was taken to repair party damage. In Washington, both the White House and Democratic National Committee seemed unaware of their predicament, taking it for granted that Roosevelt would carry Ohio again as he had done in three previous elections.

But my concern mounted as the weeks and months went by. Ohio's importance in a presidential election rests primarily with its Parge number of electoral votes. With 26 electoral votes, it is one of the top half dozen key states in the national elections. But its importance goes much further because it elects twenty-four members of the House of Representatives as well as two Senators, a Governor and the usual other state officers.

The trouble in the Democratic Party in Ohio dated back to the 1938 election. Prior to that in the Roosevelt New Deal the Democratic Party was riding high in Ohio. Two years earlier I, an unknown in national politics, had been elected to Congress from a bedrock Republican district, replacing a Republican who had been in Congress twenty-two years. Twenty-two of the twenty-four Ohio Congressmen were Democrats. Both Senators were Democrats. Governor Martin L. Davey was a Democrat. Thus, all the patronage jobs, Federal, state, county and city -- some 350,000 of them -- were controlled by Democrats.

But FDR, for whatever his reasons, had been feuding with Governor Davey. This was at the time following his 1936 forty-six state landslide

when he was out to get rid of everybody who opposed him. He tried to "pack" the Supreme Court with Justices favorable to the New Deal. He sought unsuccessfully to "purge" conservative Southerners in Congress. Davey was popular with the Ohio electorate and a vote-getter but did not agree with some of the Roosevelt policies. So HR went after him, too.

In the 1938 mid-term election, he backed Charles Sawyer, Cincinnati lawyer, in the Democratic primary against Davey. Sawyer was a former Lieut.-Governor and a member of the Democratic National Committee. Because of his membership on the National Committee he had influence with the Administration in Washington but this popularity did not extend to the voters in Ohio.

The result was a wide-open split in the Democratic Party in Ohio, John W. Bricker, the Republican candidate for governor, sat back and watched the Ohio Democrats tear themselves apart. With Roosevelt backing, Sawyer won the Democratic primary but lost to Bricker in the November general election. At the same time, with the Democratic Party split, the Republicans gained eleven Congressional seats and a United States Senator as well as the governorship. With the damage done, Bricker was elected to three terms as governor and then went on to the United States Senate.

With Roosevelt's prospects in Ohio so dim, I figured the way to help him carry the state and to help elect Democrats to Congress was to try and reunite the disorganized party behind a popular Democrat in the state who had a good chance to return the governorship to the Democratic party.

Looking over the Democrats I thought could win, my mind came to dwell on Frank W. Lausche, who was then mayor of Cleveland and a top rate vote-getter. He was well known and popular over the state, had an outstanding record as mayor of Ohio's largest city and when elected mayor had run up a record plurality.

I returned to Washington after a weekend at home in Youngstown and went to see Congressman Pat Drewry, of Virginia, who had the job I have now, Chairman of the House Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. We had

breakfast together every morning in the House restaurant in the Capitol. I was living in the old Carroll Arms and he was living downtown in the Raleigh Hotel, since torn down, but we met every morning in the House restaurant for breakfast. I was vice-chairman of the campaign committee and was elected chairman by the House Democratic membership after his death late in 1947.

I told Pat about the poor outlook for the Democrats in the November election and what I thought ought to be done about it,

"Roosevelt is going to lose Ohio and we are going to have a tough time carrying it for Congress," I said.

I then related in detail the deterioration of the Democratic party in Ohio since Roosevelt insisted on backing the wrong horse in 1938. I then told him my opinion of Lausche as a candidate for governor,

"What we need is a vote-getter," I said, "and Lausche fills that bill. He did a good job in running his city -- so good that the taxpayers and voters re-elected him by the biggest majority ever given a mayor."

"Will he run for governor?" Pat asked.

My reply shook Pat,

"I don't know," I said, "I haven't spoken to him about it. I think the President may have to invite him to the White House and persuade him to run."

"I want you to tell this story to Sam Rayburn and John McCormack, just as you have told it to me," Pat said.

I went to see Speaker Rayburn and Majority Leader McCormack.

"Roosevelt is going to lose Ohio this November," I began. After outlining the Ohio political situation, suggested:

"Mr. Speaker, I hope you will tell the President the fix he is in."

"I'll do it," Rayburn said, "and I think you ought to go down to the White House and tell the President your story first hand."

Pat Drewry talked with Rayburn and told him:

"When you go down to say a word to the President ask him, when he sees Kirwan, not to cut him off by waving his long cigarette holder in the air and telling how he and Al Smith used to run the State of New York, but to let him tell his story like he told it to me."

When I got down to see the President, I told him bluntly:

"You are going to lose Ohio."

The President's face flushed. He said:

"You're wrong. The outgoing Democratic National Chairman, Frank Walker, and the incoming chairman, Robert Hannegan, have told me I'm going to carry Ohio,"

I said:

"Mr. President, they ride through Ohio in a Pullman car, I live there, You're done."

The President retorted sarcastically:

"All right, Smart Guy, tell me how I lost Ohio and how I can carry it."

I told him:

"You and Davey were feuding with one another and you put Charlie Sawyer in there to run against him in the primary. Anybody could have licked Davey in the primary but in the general election he would have carried the state. But you put Sawyer in there and backed him with the White House blessings. It split the Democratic party in Ohio wide open and so Bricker, the Republican candidate, won." /

"In those days, under Davey, we had pretty near everything in Ohio. The governor, two Senators, all but two of the Congressmen were Democrats. Pretty near every county engineer with the power to hire was a Democrat. All the state employees and those working on the county and city payrolls -- around 350,000 people -- voted the Democratic ticket but you put Sawyer in there and defeated Davey, and the men were done out of their jobs and the

support of their families, and they turned on you. And the men's wives and children who were of voting age, they turned on you. Then when you named Sawyer as Ambassador to Belgium, that was the final blow, and the effects of all this you are getting now and will get in the November election.

"That's why I am down here today, to tell you to get the Mayor of Cleveland in. He is a vote-getter and everybody seems to be in his corner. He may run strong enough to carry you in on his back like you carried Democrats into Congress down through the years."

That was on a Friday. After I told the President the Ohio political facts of life, he said:

"I'll have him in here on Monday."

Lausche never knew I went to the President. At least I never told him. Monday night another Congressman, Anthony Flieger, and I went down to Union Station. Lausche was going to get a train to return to Cleveland. He came in with a reporter for the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, Ralph Kelly. When he saw me, Lausche's face lit up and he said:

"In ten days I'm going to announce that I'm running for governor. The President has had me at the White House all afternoon."

He announced his candidacy as promised and carried the state in November with 148,000 votes, almost carrying Roosevelt with him. FDR lost Ohio like I told him he would but he lost by a scant 11,530 votes.

Lausche was governor two or three months when I began getting a lot of complaints from people in my district about his methods. Every time somebody tried to get a state job Lausche went to the bankers and asked about the character of the man. Now people who are looking for jobs don't usually have any dealings or standing with bankers. They are too broke for that. If they have good bank accounts, and the bankers know them, they usually don't need a job. I remember a man coming to my house in Youngstown.

He was sheriff, for four terms. Then he retired. But a lot of people wanted him to look **after** the Eastern part of Ohio as an enforcement agent to see that the law was carried out. Prohibition was out but the illicit liquor business was going on as strong as ever. And a lot of money was being passed around for protection as usual.

I made a crack about Lausche going to the bankers for references on every appointment.

Jim McGrannery, who later became Attorney-General in Washington, picked the remark up and told it with flourishes at a dinner gathering in Cleveland.

Lausche took this as an affront on his administration of the governorship and stopped speaking to me. He went so far as to make **remarks** to the press that we had stopped speaking to each other,

After that I never bothered with Lausche until 1947. After one term, he was defeated in 1946 when, for the first time since Roosevelt's election in 1932, the Republicans won Congress for a single session.

In that year, Lausche came into my office. Tears were **flowing** from his eyes, and I mean tears, he was an easy fellow to cry. and he asked me if I would be in his corner again.

I told him this here:

"There's not one thing about you that I like but I like you better than the guy who is running against you. I couldn't be for anyone else but you -- there's only two of you running."

Lausche was opposed by Ray T. Miller, also a former mayor of Cleveland. Charlie Sawyer, who now had become Secretary of Commerce through appointment by President Truman who, in an election year, had not consulted either the Democratic National Committee or the Chairman of the House Congressional Campaign Committee, who was from Ohio, before making his decision, was listed as honorary chairman of Miller's-for-Governor Committee.

March 15, 1968

Congressman **Kirwan** requests **that** the following correction be **made** **in** his manuscript:

On Page 167, top **of** page, delete paragraph which reads x x x
In other **words, here** was the **same** fellow who had Led the **Democratic** party to destruction in 1938 now actively supporting a **candidate** for governor in **Ohio** in a **crucial Democratic** election year when President **Truman** , the **candidate** for reelection, was beset **on** all sides. **x x x**

Also delete the second sentence in the **following paragraph** which **reads:** x x x And the Secretary of Treasury under the **Truman** Administration at **that** time, also **from Ohio**, was supporting **Lausche's** opponent. **x x x**

On Page 263, last paragraph, **make** it read x x x Because of my efforts in behalf **of** the Central Valley project, Earl Warren, when Governor of California, had this **to say:** **x x x**

For his **own** reasons, these are **sensitive** areas and the corrections should be **made** to avoid **embarrassment** to **Congressman Kirwan.**

Bob Nixon

In other words, here was the same fellow who had led the Democratic party to destruction in 1938 now actively supporting a candidate for governor in Ohio in a crucial Democratic election year when President Truman, the candidate for reelection, was beset on all sides.

On top of all these troubles, organized labor in Ohio was supporting Miller against Lausche. And the ~~Secretary~~ of Treasury under the Truman Administration at that time, also from Ohio, was supporting Lausche's opponent.

After I agreed to support him, Lausche, three days before the filing time had still not filed his notification of candidacy. This was an indication he was not going to run for governor.

I called the owner of the Press in ^{Youngstown} and told him:

"You are a very good friend of Lausche. Will you call him and ask if he is going to run? Please let me know what he says."

He called Lausche and then called me back the same day and said:

"He positively will not run for governor.!"

Truman was in trouble. Few said he could win. I was the newly elected Chairman of the House Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. It was my duty to get him elected and to get a Democratic Congress elected. Truman needed every state he could get. Ohio was a key state and he needed Ohio badly to win the election. The Democrats needed a Democrat who could win the governorship and help carry the state for Truman and a Democratic Congress.

I was convinced that Lausche, again, despite our personal differences, was the man.

So after I got the call from the owner of the Press saying that Lausche would not be a candidate I asked a half dozen correspondents of Ohio newspapers to have dinner with me that night at the Army and Navy Club in Washington.

"What's the occasion?" I was asked.

"I want to talk about Lausche," I replied.

They said:

"To hell with him, he doesn't mean anything, he's not going to run for governor,"

I said:

"Will you have dinner with me anyway?"

They agreed.

That night I praised Lausche to the skies, his earlier record as Mayor of Cleveland, as governor, as a vote-getter, and said:

"He's the man to win in 1948."

"What's it all add up to?" the correspondents asked, "He's not going to run."

"Don't think he won't," I told them, "When he reads in your papers tomorrow morning what has been said about him tonight he will think it is true and throw his hat in the ring."

That is what happened. Lausche read the Ohio newspaper accounts the next day. He threw aside his reluctance and promptly announced for governor. And that's how he came to be governor of Ohio for the second time in 1948. Truman won Ohio by a margin of a few thousand votes to cinch his election at a crucial moment and Lausche went back to the State House in Columbus. In the Democratic primary, Lausche carried every one of Ohio's 88 counties against Miller. Lausche credited me with being the only Democratic leader in the state who had supported him. All the others supported Miller,

"The soundest advice I got during the campaign and virtually the only support I received from the Ohio Democratic leadership came from Mike Kirwan," Lausche commented after his primary victory.

Lausche's problem from the outset was to win the Democratic primary against the organization-backed Miller. After that he won in a walk-away in the general election against the incumbent Republican governor, Thomas J. Herbert.

When Lausche came to me and asked my help I went to Gael Sullivan, who was Acting Democratic National Chairman, and asked:

"Are you retired or are you on leave from the job of Assistant **Postmaster-General**?"

"**Gael** told me he could still return to the job if he left the National Committee. I said:

"I wish you would retire and give the opening to Ohio. The present Democratic National Committeeman from Ohio runs a printing press and makes a lot of money at it. **He** also gets \$25,000 a year as head of the Catholic Foresters. **He's** got too much business on his mind to bother with **who's** going to be assistant at the postoffice. **He'll** turn it over to Miller and let him decide. Miller **has** a man in his law office he would like to get named to a Federal job. But **he's** from Kansas, not Ohio. **That's** the fellow he would **give** the job to."

"**So Gael** resigned from the postoffice job and prevailed upon Bob Hannegan to give the patronage job to Ohio. Naturally it fell into the hands of the National **Committeeman** to **recommend**. He gave it to **Miller** to dig up a man for the job. Just like I had prophesied. Miller **wrote me:**

Cleveland and

"After **combing/the** State of Ohio I have been unable to find a man qualified for the job."

He then recommended the man in his office from Kansas, **for** , . . . who was his law partner, and asked that I support his appointment. I refused as did other **Ohio** Congressman.

I then made a statement that was the end of Miller in the Democratic primary. I said:

"There were 700,000 Ohioans who carried a gun in the first and second world wars. Some of them flew fifty missions over the hump in the **Himalayas** and over the battlefields of Europe. Some of them won the Congressional Medal of Honor. And out of the 700,000 of them Miller can't find one that he considers qualified for a postoffice job. The second assistant postmaster-general does nothing but sign the reports that the others turn into him and then makes a report to the Postmaster-General. Surely one of the 700,000 who fought for our country could do that!"

When this appeared in the newspapers Miller's chances in the primary against Lausche went out of the window.

But before this, when Lausche felt he was in real trouble with all the regular organization Democratic leaders supporting Miller, I was asked if I would go to the two top Democratic leaders-in Pennsylvania and Indiana and use my influence to get them to issue public statements supporting **Lausche's** candidacy and saying he would make a better governor than Miller.

I went to Dave Lawrence, Mayor of Pittsburgh, a power in the Democratic party and **afterward** governor of Pennsylvania, and then to Frank **McCabe**, Democratic National Committeeman from Indiana, and asked them to make statements supporting Lausche, **which** they did at my request.

Lawrence, who was also Democratic National Committeeman, went to Gael Sullivan in Washington and told him:

"**Lausche** is the candidate who can best help the national ticket in Ohio."

Now for me as Chairman of the House Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee to go to two National Committeemen and ask them to support the candidacy of someone running for governor in another state, was quite a favor. And for the National Committeemen of the two states on each side of **Ohio** to come out in support of a candidate who had opposition in the Democratic primary was almost unheard of. But they did and it gave **Lausche's** campaign a big boost.

After the election, Vice President Alben Barkley and I were asked to speak at the annual convention of 1,300 small town editors at French Lick, Indiana. On the way there I stopped off in Columbus and ran into Mrs. Lausche in the hotel lobby.

"Hello," she said, "will you go up and say 'hello' to Frank?"

"I don't care for your husband, Mrs. Lausche," I said, "but if it means anything to you I'll see him."

There were a group of people in his suite celebrating the victory in high spirits, singing and hollering about Lausche's success.

I rapped on his bedroom door. When Lausche opened the door he had one shoe on and one shoe off, the other shoe in his hand. He said:

"Mike, this is the second time you've done this for me and I'll never forget it."

"Lausche, I know you," I replied. Your wife asked me to come up and say 'hello'. That's why I am here. Like I told you the first time, 'be a good governor'. I'm not here to ask for any favors and don't expect to."

But after the legislature approved construction of the Ohio Turnpike, linking it with the Pennsylvania Turnpike at Youngstown, Dave Lawrence came to me and said:

"I've done a lot of good for Eausche and I'm going to ask a favor of you. for the benefit of the State of Pennsylvania and of Ohio. Will you ask the governor to appoint a man on the Turnpike Commission from Ysungstown? That's where the two turnpikes will hookup. If he puts a man on from there -- we've got a man on it from Pittsburgh, they can both meet without going to Columbus or Harrisburg. And they can back each other up on planning."

I said:

"I told Eausche I'd never ask him for anything but you did him a favor and he owes you a favor in return. Surely there's gotta be somebody on the commission from Youngstown."

So I went to Lausche. I told him:

"Here I am asking you to do something for a friend. Dave Lawrence did more for you than you can ever do for him."

When I told him the story, he asked:

"Is that all Dave Lawrence wants?"

I said:

"Yes, that's all and I am sorry I had to come to you."

"Tell Dave I'll put whoever he wants on the commission," Lausche promised.

Lawrence called me after he had presented the name of the largest contractor in Youngstown to Lausche with the recommendation that he be placed on the Turnpike Commission. This man was an expert in highway construction, knew everything connected with it, and was of high repute.

The man Lawrence recommended sent for me and said:

"**Now**, Mike, I've retired from politics but it **would** be a great honor for me to get this post. If I thought I could get it I would be very happy **for** Dave to back me but I don't want it done and then have the governor turn me **down**."

"Well," I said, "the governor asked me if that was **all** Lawrence wanted and I told him 'yes' and I told Dave what Lausche promised."

But about two weeks before the man was scheduled to be named to the commission, **Lausche** reneged on his promise. He wrote me saying that "**due** to geographical circumstances I can't put a man on from **Youngstown**."

Now if the man I had a hand in getting **recommended** was from Kokoms, Indiana, or from **Paducah**, Kentucky, I'd say he was right. But being from **Youngstown**, and tying right in with **the** Pennsylvania Turnpike, I'd say both Dave Lawrence and I, who had gone overboard to help get Lausche elected, and the wan **Lawrence** recommended) were getting kicked in the teeth.

I've never spoken to Lausche since.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE KING AND HIS CIGAR

During my first term in Congress there was a young fellow with a friendly personality who operated an elevator in the House office building. His name was Jack Peurifoy. Every morning he greeted me with a smile and a cheerful: "Good morning, Mr. Congressman." I'd been called "Mike" all my life by everyone who knew me. And I'd never cottoned up to that "Mr. Congressman" stuff. So one morning I told him:

"Just call me Mike, boy."

He came right back at me:

"No sir, you are a member of the United States Congress and I run an elevator."

"Yes, and I used to run a mule in a coal mine," I said.

I liked this young fellow and we struck up a friendship that lasted for many years. We soon got on a "Mike" and "Jack" footing. He told me he was running an elevator to pay his way through the Foreign Service school. Later, he became one of our smartest young diplomats and was made United States Ambassador to Greece.

After Congress got its business done in 1951 I flew to Europe with other members of the House Appropriations Committee. This committee has been pouring out billions of dollars in foreign aid for years at the request of the White House. It started off with the Marshall Plan to save Europe from a Communist takeover. Since then it has spread pretty well around the world. We are asked to take such trips when Congress is not in session to make sure these funds are properly spent. They are paid for by what is known as "counter-part" funds. These are currencies put up

by foreign governments in repayment for some of the dollars we have given them. Because a few members of Congress have abused these privileges the cynical in Washington call them "junkets" but I have never figured it that way.

The trip was arranged by the State Department with the help of the Air Force. The officer in charge of the plane was **Col.** Luke Quinn, who took care of Air Force business with Congress. We went to Prance, England, Ireland, Spain, Italy and Greece. In the party with me were Congressman John Rooney of New York, Dan Flood of Pennsylvania, **John Fogarty** of Rhode Island, Foster Furcolo of Massachusetts, E.H. "**Doc**" Hedrick of West Virginia, Lowell Stockman of Oregon and several others.

Jack Peurifoy had asked me several times to visit Greece. I had never been able to make it. Now that we were on our way I looked **forward** to this part of the trip with a lot of interest. When we arrived in Athens Jack took me aside and told me King Paul and Queen Frederica had invited us to the Royal Palace during our stay for a Thanksgiving Day dinner.

This was a nice thing for them to do. We were far from Rome and the American Thanksgiving holiday is not observed in Greece, or anywhere else for that matter.

The dinner was held at the Royal Palace in a room about the size of Madison Square Garden, paneled and decorated with **priceless** marble statues from ancient Greece. I had always wondered what kind of food a king and queen ate. I read somewhere that the old Greek gods dined on ambrosia, whatever that was. So I didn't know what to expect, **It** turned out to be the kind of Thanksgiving Day dinner you get back home when you **have** saved up enough money for a special day. How they put together a dinner of roast turkey, oyster stuffing, cranberry sauce, giblet gravy, and all the **trimmings**, including hot mincemeat pie, **I'll** never know.

But they did. I've always suspected that Jack Peurifoy had a lot to do with it and that some of the American food like cranberry sauce and mincemeat came from the embassy commissary. I told the King:

"I think you've hired an American cook." He just smiled as if I had paid him a nice compliment. The King and Queen made the dinner as homey as if it had been laid out in an American home. It was set up on a long table at one end of the room. It was served cafeteria style. Everybody, including the King and Queen, lined up and helped themselves. Then we all sat down at a long table in the middle of the room. The King sat **in** the center of the table and the Queen sat opposite him. The Congressmen, Jack Peurifoy and his embassy people, and the American State Department and military who were with us sat here and there around the table. I found myself sitting next to the Queen.

There was a lot of talk about world problems including the military situation in Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean. Peace was still shaky. Greece had not long put down the Communist invasion by Russian-controlled armies from Bulgaria that had brought about President Truman's Greek-Turkey Aid Doctrine. This, among other matters, was discussed.

A lot of this talk was over my head. With so many military and diplomatic people there I kept quiet and listened. I **felt** I could not contribute much to problems the experts were covering.

But I did tell the Queen about my twenty grandchildren and she told me about her infant daughter.

"Would you like to see my baby?" the Queen asked, and before I could reply dashed out of the room and up the marble staircase to the nursery.

She was back in a few moments with the Princess, a **tiny little** thing, all bundled up in pink wool and satin.

Toward the end of the evening, along about two in the morning, the Queen turned to me and said:

"Congressman, you've been very quiet. You've hardly said a word."

I acknowledged that I had not said much. I said I felt that when international problems, rather than domestic, were being discussed I could learn by listening.

"Won't you say something now?" the Queen urged. "You are Irish and the Irish have always been story tellers. Surely you have one to tell us."

"I'm glad you thought of that because it is exactly what I would like to do," I said. Then I told this story to the King and Queen and their guests:

"Our being here tonight reminds me of a friend of mine in Youngstown, Ohio. He is an Irish ditch digger.

"He read in the newspaper one night that a dog show was going to be held in the town. He had a little flea-bitten dog for a pet. It was a mongrel, but as full of love and affection for the ditch digger as the finest pedigreed animal.

"The next morning the Irishman gave his 'little dog a bath, combed out his tangled coat, rubbed it with brilliantine until it glistened, tied ribbons around its throat and tail, and set out for the dog show.

"On the way; an acquaintance stopped him. and asked:

"Where are you going with that mutt?"

"We're going to the dog show," the ditch digger replied.

His acquaintance roared with laughter and exclaimed:

"Hell, that mongrel pup will never win a prize!"

"No," said the Irishman, "I don't expect him to win any blue ribbons, but think of the company he will be in for the next few days."

"I only got through the third grade in school, but look at the company I am in now. That is the way I feel in being here and I am sure that's the way my companions **feel**. It's the company **we** are in that makes us feel so good."

It was then that the Queen raced up the palace stairway and came back down with the bundled-up little Princess in her arms to show to her guests.

The next day Jack Peurifoy told me:

"Mike, you did as much last night to cement relations between Greece and the United States as the Truman **Doctrine**."

Of course I knew this was a kindness on the part of a good friend but it made me feel that I had made a small contribution to an unusual evening in the lives of all of us..

When the cigars were passed with the coffee at the end of the dinner, I did not take one. King Paul saw **this and** came over to me.

"Congressman, these are exceptional cigars. Please have one."

I said:

"**Thanks**, King, but I do not smoke."

"**Well**," he said, "please take one **as a** souvenir. You might **like** to give it to a good Greek friend when you return to **America**. **Tell** him it is a gift from the King."

It was a nice, long Havana in a glass **case**, the kind of cigar that Prime Minister Winston Churchill clutched and waved at the crowds with his V-for-Victory sign. I said:

"Thank you, King, I will do **that**."

I tucked it into my coat pocket and forgot about **it**.

When I got back home I found the King's cigar in my luggage. I then remembered what the King had told me.

I went to Esther Hamilton, who writes a **column** for the Youngstown Vindicator and is one of the most widely read local newspaper columnists in Ohio, and told her the story about the King and his cigar. I would present it to a **leader** of the Greek **community** in Youngstown with the compliments of King Paul of Greece and his Queen.

So I said to Esther:

"When the King gave me this cigar he said 'give it to Pete Betchunis with my compliments.' "

Pete is a popular Greek-American in Youngstown **who** runs a little restaurant and coffee shop. I have dropped in there for years when in Youngstown.

When the story appeared in her column all the Greeks in the city gave Pete a testimonial dinner. At the dinner the **local** newspaper took a picture of the **King's** cigar and made a present of it to Pete. He kept it and the cigar in his 'showcase at the coffee shop and showed it to all his friends who dropped by.

Later on, many began asking:

"Pete, what have you heard from the King **lately?**"

So I thought:

"I've got to do something else for Pete."

I often got invitations, engraved **with the Royal Greek** coat of arms, from the Greek ambassador to attend a **reception** or dinner at the embassy in Washington.

So I told the Ambassador the story about Pete and King Paul's cigar.

Afterward whenever I received an invitation, an invitation arrived in Pete Betchunis' mail, inviting him and his wife to a diplomatic function in Washington. This gave Pete something to point to when his friends began asking about what was his latest word from the King.

At the next election I got the biggest Greek vote in the history of the 19th District of Ohio.

On the trip to Greece and the Middle East we stopped off in Rome and were invited to the Vatican for an audience with Pope Pius the Twelfth. For one of Catholic faith this is an event of a lifetime. His Holiness was most gracious. As Cardinal Pacelli, he visited the United States in 1936, the first future pontiff to do so. He asked us many questions about the United States and appeared to have a great knowledge of our country. At the end of the private audience, the Pope pointed to two baskets on either corner of his desk. One contained medallions bearing the likeness of the Pope. The other held rosary beads. His Holiness said to us: "If you wish, won't you take a medallion or beads as a memento of your visit to the Vatican?"

The group in the Papal chamber was larger than just the Congressmen on the trip. It also included personnel from the State Department and Embassy. So the two small baskets were quickly emptied. His Holiness noticed this and sent for more. Two full baskets were brought in as we talked with the Pope and one of the members of the party said to him:

"Your Holiness, I have quite a few Catholics in my district that I would like to remember you to. Do you mind if I take more than one?"

"No, that is quite all right," the Pope replied.

Most of the Congressmen were of Irish extraction, with names such as Rooney, Fogarty, Flood and **Kirwan** and all had many Catholic voters in their Congressional districts. So when His Holiness turned around the baskets were again empty.

Sometime later one of the ablest Congressmen who ever came to the House of Representatives, Dan Flood of Pennsylvania, asked me to be guest speaker at a Democratic Party fund-raising dinner in **Wilkes-Barre**. Dan was so kind to me that in making his introductory remarks he took up nearly a half hour telling his listeners about my early life working in the coal mine pits of nearby Plains and of the things I had done in Congress. Many of those filling the large hall were of Irish extraction and of the Catholic faith, like Dan and I. So when it came time for me to talk I decided to tell them the story of our audience with Pope Pius but to put a little Pace on it for dramatic effect.

When Dan finished his introduction, I said:

"I'm going to tell you something about Dan, and about me, your guest speaker. **There's** more larceny in the two of us than any man or woman in this building!"

You could have heard a pin drop in the large hall. Dan is a very popular Congressman in his **district**. I **waited** a few moments to let my remark sink in, and then continued:

"**Now** that I have seen the startled expressions on your faces, I am going to tell you a story about **the two** of us."

I then told them the incident about the rosary beads and medallions. I wound up the story by saying:

"So you see we went to see the Pope to get his blessing and instead we robbed him!"

My Catholic audience knew it was being spoofed and the story brought down the house.

After I returned from Europe friends held a celebration they called "**Kirwan Day.**" It was their way of thanking me for the things I had fought for in Congress to help the **Mahoning** Valley steel mills and industries and to keep everyone employed at good wages. The entire countryside turned out -- farmers, **workers** from the steel mills and cities, business men, even leaders of the Republican Party. Harold **Yost**, of the Republican county committee, and Jiggs Jacob, Republican city councilman, were among the Republicans there.,

For me, it was a great day. All day long, people came up to shake hands and say: "Everybody knows Mike **Kirwan.**"

At the speaking, I was presented a shiny new automobile, painted emerald green for my Irish origin, something I could not **afford** on my Congressman's salary.

The next morning I left my home to go downtown to pick up the new automobile from the agency where it was being serviced, but I missed the bus.

"I won't have to wait here long," I consoled **myself**.
"After what happened yesterday, I'll soon be recognized by some motorist and offered a ride into town."

Then I waited and waited. Several hundred cars whizzed by without giving me the slightest recognition. Finally, when I was about to give up and go back to the house, a truck stopped and the driver yelled:

"Give you a lift downtown, Mike?"

I accepted gratefully, although I had difficulty making

myself heard above the noise that came from the rear of the panel truck.

"Hope those dogs don't bother you, Mike," said the driver, Red McGarraghty, Youngstown's dog-catcher. "I'm on my way to the pound."

When I got back to Washington I told the story of how fleeing is fame to President Harry Truman.

Mr. Truman laughed heartily and said: .

"Don't let it bother you, Mike, they've tried to throw me to the dogs, too."

I had only three hundred miles on my new emerald green automobile when I left Washington a few days later to drive to Wilkes-Barre to attend a political rally as Chairman of the House Congressional Campaign Committee. It was in early winter and the days were beginning to shorten. I left Washington in the late afternoon and night soon fell. In Pennsylvania I was hitting seventy-five, enjoying the powerful surge of the new engine, and in the darkness failed to see detour signs ahead in the road. Suddenly, I came out of a dip in the highway and a barricade was right ahead of me, stretched across the road.

I stepped on the brakes so hard the car lifted off the road, jumped a four-foot ditch and slammed into a tree. The engine came right back in my lap and I was knocked unconscious.

When I began to regain my senses I saw a man trying to open the door of the car to get to me but the door was jammed. On the road in the moonlight was a hearse with a big sign that read: "H. Donnelly and Sons, Morticians, West Pittston, Pa."

Still dazed, I thought I was dead and the undertaker had come to take my body away.

I said to myself:

"Mike, you may have run off the road and killed yourself but you are not going to let that undertaker pick you up and carve up your body."

Meanwhile, the man outside the car was trying his best to open the door and making motions at me. I was hanging on for dear life to the inside door handle to keep him from opening it.

Finally, my head cleared. I realized I was still alive and the man was trying to help me, so we opened the door together and he dragged me out.

I was cut, bruised and bleeding but no bones were broken. When the man realized I was not seriously hurt he took another look at my demolished automobile. He shook his head in disbelief and said:

"You are a lucky sonofabitch."

He was on his way to Washington to pick up a casket but he turned around and took me to a hospital in Harrisburg where I was patched up, none the worse for wear except for the total loss of the new car. Bandaged, but in one piece, I went on to the political meeting.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE POKER GAME THAT LAUNCHED MISSION 66

In the **summer** of 1955 I made a 5,000-mile automobile trip to find out what was happening to our national parks. Reports had come to me that the parks were coming apart **at the** seams. So I set out for Yellowstone Park in Wyoming, From there I went to Glacier Park in Montana. Then to Mount Ranier in Washington and Yosemite in California. Back across the country I inspected the national parks in the Smoky Mountains and the **Florida** Everglades. If this **sounds** like a nice vacation, it was. Our national parks preserve in their unspoiled state the most beautiful scenic wonders of America. **A** visit to any one of the parks fills the inner spirit with inspiration and awe. However, this was primarily a working trip but the vacation **part** of it was a welcome bonus after a strenuous session of Congress. As Chairman of the Subcommittee on Appropriations for the Interior Department, the need for and amount of funds to operate the National Park Service originated in my committee. I have never been a **swivel-**chair Congressman. When Congress adjourns I go out into the field and see for myself what our country needs and whether the money appropriated by Congress is being spent wisely. These trips have **taken me all** over America, to Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa and the **Trust Territories** in the South Pacific, and to Europe and the Middle East, and to the Virgin Islands,

This particular trip was an eye-opener. The national parks had become the orphan child of government economy. During the Second World War and Korean Conflict appropriations understandably had to be slashed to a bare minimum. In the war years the budgets were **cut** to \$5 million. This was all the Park Service had to run national parks **all** over the

Nation. Of course this couldn't be **done**. ~~They~~ suffered and began to fall apart. And for ten years after the war, appropriations averaged about \$25 million a year. This was a slum-level existence. Superintendent Edmund B. Rogers of Yellowstone Park told me that \$35 million a year alone was needed to run and maintain this one park properly

I found conditions in the parks a lot worse than I had thought possible. Everywhere I went there were dilapidated and outmoded facilities. Roads built for stagecoach travel were unable to handle the postwar stream of automobiles. Pavements were **chuckholed** and crumbling. **Trails** were washed out. In earlier years visitors to the parks reached them by train. Lodges were built at the entrances to take care of the comparatively small numbers brought there in groups by rail. The swarms of **automobiles** that began to glut our highways in the postwar years made these sparse accommodations inadequate and obsolete. Large camping areas that were now needed for station wagon and trailer travelers just **weren't** there. Visitors in automobiles, usually families with children, had to sleep in their cars. Long lines formed at outdoor toilets. Park staffs, living in tumbledown shacks or tents, were **undermanned**. At Yellowstone, the staff in 1954 had seventeen fewer workers than in **1937** when less than fifteen million visited the parks. At Glacier Park the only place the rangers and their families had to bathe was an outdoor shower built like a box. They had to hand pump the water up to the container above the shower head each time they took a bath. There was no place to put their clothing. So the men, women and children had to go to this contraption, take off their clothes, bathe, then dress and go back to where they lived. Everywhere I saw neglect and patches **on** patches. A park system set up to handle 21 million visitors a year was swamped

by more than 55 million. And each year the numbers were increasing. By 1965, 121 million trooped through the parks in a single **summer** season.

At Yellowstone, which was set aside by the Federal government in 1872 as the world's first national park, I found the staff so shorthanded **it** could not protect the **swarms** of visitors to this 2,213,207 acre wonderland.

Seven persons drowned in Yellowstone Lake during six days I was there. The mountain lake lies at an altitude of 7,731 feet. It has a 100-mile shoreline and **depths** up to 300 feet. Sudden storms and high winds whip up twelve to fourteen foot waves. It is treacherous and dangerous for boating. A park rule now forbids boats less than 20 feet in length going out over a quarter **mile** from shore.

When the seventh person drowned, I went to Chief Ranger Otto Brown and demanded:

"**Why** 'don't you help these people who are **drowning?**"

The answer the Chief Ranger gave me struck me dumb.

"Congressman, we don't have a rowboat, Let alone a motorboat in the whole of Yellowstone **Park,**" he told me.

I talked with Brown and Superintendent Rogers about other troubles at the park. They told me the Budget Bureau request for funds was cut so deeply the previous year that they didn't have enough men to collect the \$3 entrance fee from the visitors. The few rangers who collected the fee at the park entrances could work only one trick a day. So when visitors found out the ranger was working the first trick many waited and went into the park **free** after he knocked off for the day. When they learned he was working the **second** **trick** , they went into the park on the first trick.

"We lost \$47,000 in fees last year because we didn't have the men to collect them," Rogers said. "If we had had \$10,000 more to hire the men we could have prevented this loss."

I thought to myself:

"What kind of economy is this? We lose \$47,000 because we won't spend \$10,000 to save it."

Yellowstone covers a mountain area the size of Rhode Island and Delaware. For this big park, superintendent Rogers had a staff of 80 rangers and 38 naturalists. Despite this, \$901,410 in fees were collected the previous year. This came close to matching the \$1,232,410 the White House budgeted to operate and maintain the park in 1955. But the fees all go into the Treasury's general fund and cannot be touched by the park.

I listened to complaints from many visitors. They all said about the same thing:

"I have driven with my children four or five hundred miles today and there is no place to spend the night."

The lodges at the entrances were run by concessionaires. They charged \$7, \$8 and \$9 a night for a room. But visitors with large families could not afford this. Besides, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon everything was filled up. If you didn't arrive in time to get a place, even if you could afford it, there was nothing left to do but sleep in the automobile.

The lodgings at Yellowstone, as poor as they were, were like the Ritz compared to those across the country in the Great Smokies. I could find only two campsites in Great Smoky National Park. And that was that. There was no other place to go. And this park covers an area of more than a half million acres in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee.

I went to a summer theater performance there. It was a good play with a talented cast in a fine open air amphitheater.

The next morning, driving with the park supervisor, I saw men, women and children coming out of the brush. I asked:

"Are they thinking about getting up a new play or something to impersonate **Braddock** trying to take Fort Pitt?"

"No, Congressman," he told me. "**These** people had to camp out overnight. There was no other place for them to go. We have no sanitary arrangements for them to use-so they had to go into the **woods.**"

At the campsites it was a close race between human beings and the bears as to who had the rights. From what I saw the bears appeared to have first choice. A funny thing I saw at one campsite was the way the bears knocked over the garbage cans. They pulled off the covers and ransacked them spilling the garbage all over the place while children were playing a few feet away. I counted thirteen bears at the camp. They were going into the garbage cans and the children were going about their play. Neither the bears or the children were paying any attention to each other.

I returned to Washington convinced that something had to be done to pull the national parks out of the fix into which they had been sunk by years of a starvation diet. When Congress established the National Park Service on August 25, 1916, it stated ~~the~~ national parks should be preserved "in such manner and by such means as **will** leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future **generations.**" To the extent I could, I was going to see that this was done.

But a Republican Administration was in the White House. There wasn't much I could do until Congress reconvened in January, the annual budget sent to Capitol Hill, and hearings began before my Appropriations Subcommittee.

Then I learned I was not the only one who had become concerned about the condition of the national parks. A few months earlier Conrad L. Wirth, Director of the National Park Service in the Interior Department, had begun quietly to put together a long-range program to put the parks in shape so they could meet the needs of the increasing number of millions of Americans visiting them each year.

Wirth's approach to the problem was a practical one. He reasoned that the piecemeal, patchwork of unrelated small year-to-year appropriations that had been in effect, if continued, instead of helping the neglected parklands would shove them further down hill. Instead, he put together a ten-year comprehensive approach that in a decade could bring the parks up to the level the American people had a right to expect. His idea was a package plan which he could present Congress and say:

"This is how the parks ought to be, this' is what it will cost to put them there, this is how long it will take, and this is what you'll get for your money."

For nearly a year, Wirth and his staff worked to produce a model park system. The plan was keyed to 1966. This was the 50th anniversary of creation of the National Park Service by Congress. For this reason the program became known as Mission 66. Outwork ideas of park management were thrown out the window. New goals were

set for park improvements, for increased staff; for new operating and training, for additional park lands and for visitor protection. Most important of all, plans were made for adequate accommodations for park visitors including trailer parks and campsites with water and sanitary facilities and modern motels. The plan was based on an estimate that 80 million persons would visit the parks in 1966. Rebuilding the park facilities, building new accommodations, trailer parks and campsites and selecting new areas to complete the park system came to a total cost of \$786,500,000. For an agency that had been getting along on \$25 million annually this was a tall order. But, as it turned out, both estimates were too small.

Instead of 80 million, 121 million visited the parks in 1965. Instead of \$786,500,000, the cost reached nearly \$1 billion. The added cost was due to increased outlays for material and labor and for lands that added 50 new areas to the park system.

The Mission 66 planning was carried out at the Interior Department under a cloak of secrecy. Director Wirth's planners were sequestered from other employees and worked virtually behind locked doors. Each day Wirth conferred with his planning staff for an hour or two. **Where** they worked was dubbed "The War Room." Nobody seemed to know what was going on except that it was something BIG and TOP SECRET. The plan was not to be made public until presented to President **Eisenhower** at a Cabinet meeting in the White House and approved by the President. Then it was to be sent to the Budget Bureau for inclusion in the annual Budget Message or in a special message. But there are few secrets in Washington to those with proper sources of **information**. My trip to the national parks, and the conditions I found there, had convinced me that something dramatic

had to be done for the parks. I was going to do it in Congress if nobody else did. After my return to Washington I began making discreet inquiries. Word of the general outline of the Mission 66 plan soon reached me, and it was what I was looking for. It made sense. From what I heard I decided it was what was needed to take care of the deplorable conditions in the parks and I looked forward to its presentation to Congress in January when appropriations hearings began before my Subcommittee.

But before this could be done', President Eisenhower suffered a heart attack at Denver in the late summer which laid him up for six months. This prevented presentation of the Mission 66 plan to the President and Cabinet as had been planned. Despite this, the Interior Department included \$12 million in its budget recommendation to make a start on Mission 66. But the Budget Bureau wiped out the request because it had not been approved by the White House. All that was included was a \$4.4 million item for minimum normal construction work in the parks. This meant that no funds to start rebuilding the park system would be requested for at least another year. And because the fiscal year begins on July 1, this meant a delay of at least another year and a half.

When the Budget came to Congress from ~~the~~ White House in January, I looked carefully for a request for the Park Service for funds for Mission 66. There was none.

Connie Wirth appeared before my Subcommittee to testify on appropriation needs for the Park Service. I said to him:

"I've been looking through your budget and I've been hearing a lot about this Mission 66 program, and I like it, but I don't find anything in it for this new program. Why?"

Connie was cagey. He had to be because he could not talk

about a program that had not been approved by the President.

He said:

"Well, Congressman Kirwan, I don't know what you've heard."

I said:

"I drove 5,000 miles last year after Congress adjourned.

I went to visit many, many parks. There was one complaint I found in all of them. I believe your figure was that there were 50 million people who entered the parks last year. The one complaint I heard was that there were no accommodations for these people."

"We have made no effort to keep abreast of the millions of people who have been put on the 40-hour week. Some day they were going to get enough money and a car and a three-weeks vacation, and they were going to visit the parks. But we have never made the proper provision for adequate housing and campsites. I found very few parks with proper campsites or housing.

"I see that your appropriation for 1956 was \$4,650,000 for construction. What is the construction amount you have asked for this year?"

"It is \$4.4 million," Wirth replied.

"In other words, you have more money this year than you have asked for construction next year?" I asked.

"Yes, we have \$250,000 more."

"From what I have seen in the last year with my own eyes -- not what I have heard from somebody else -- I am going to make every effort to double your request for construction this year," I told Wirth and the Subcommittee.

"You can put this down as Mission 57. It is going to start this year, not next year. I have visited the parks and I know that they need additional facilities now. If ever; anybody needed shelter and needed a place to go it is our people after driving all day in an automobile filled with children.

"I know you are here to protect the **President's** program. But I know Mission 66 is going to be a good program. I just want to ask you one question. If I give you \$5 million more can you spend it and spend it right? Can you start a program to make it possible for people to see these parks, for children to use them, for their mothers and fathers to use them? All you have to answer is 'yes' or 'no'."

Connie Wirth was on a spot.. Because Mission 66 had not been cleared by the White House he could not admit publicly there was such a plan. On top of this his boss, Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay, was present. At the same time, he didn't want another year to go by without any funds to start Mission 66, or to risk losing it in the cries for domestic economy if the Cold War hotted up,

He finally solved the problem by replying:

"Yes."

The Budget Bureau always has someone listening in on these appropriation hearings. I learned later that no sooner had the Director of the Park Service got back to his office that afternoon from the hearing than he received a call from the Budget Bureau. He was told they had heard about my promise to double the park construction fund and they wanted him to send over immediately an estimate for \$10 million for Mission 66. They wanted to beat me to the punch on Mission 66, now that I had brought it out into the open, by sending a \$10 million supplementary budget

request to Congress.

Connie Wirth now had the Budget Bureau, which had cut him off without a cent to start his park program, in a corner. He told them:

"Why ask me for a new program for \$10 million? **You've** got one sitting over there for \$12 million which you turned down. If \$10 million is all you want, take out any \$2 million you wish, and **we'll** be glad to get along with whatever you leave us."

A few days later a supplemental request for \$12 million came up to the House from the Budget Bureau.

This came as a complete surprise to me. I had stepped into the breach and offered to save the Mission 66 program in a closed-door hearing by my Subcommittee when the Eisenhower Administration had failed to do anything about it and now the Budget Bureau was trying to top me and take credit.

I called Connie Wirth on the phone and demanded:

"Connie.-, what are you trying to do to **me**? I give you \$5 million and now, what do you do, you send up for \$12 million."

Then I learned what the Budget Bureau was up to.

2 Connie protested:

"Mike, I didn't do it. I had a \$12 million program before the Budget Bureau and they cut it to pieces and then took it out. When they heard you gave me \$5 million more than I had asked **they called** me up and directed me to submit a \$10 million program. I refused to do it. I told them they already had a \$12 million request which they had turned down, and why didn't they work on it a while? I had no idea they **had** sent it up to Congress until I got your call."

I told Connie:

"Well, they have sent up a \$12 million supplemental."

Wirth again insisted:

"I didn't mess you up, Mike. I just **went ahead** and took care of my business **they** way I should, and in my considered judgment I think you would done the same."

"Okay, **Connie**," I said. "But I want to tell you something. If they want to play poker with me, I'll play poker with them. I opened the pot with \$5 million and now they've raised me five. I'm going to see their raise and raise them back \$5 million more like I told you I would and I ddn^st want you to say a word about this to anyone."

I could almost see Connie over the telephone grinning from ear to ear. From a beginning without a cent to star Mission 66, he was now up to \$15 million to get the park improvement program off to a flying start.

"All right, Mike," Connie replied.

When the \$12 million supplemental request came before my Subcommittee, we ignored it and put in our own appropriation of \$15 million to launch Mission 66.

I told the House on February 21, 1965, when the Interior Department Appropriations bills for fiscal 1957 was being considered:

"I have heard a good deal about Mission 66. That is a beautiful title -- Mission 66. But money is needed for the parks **this** year, not three years from now; Money is needed for the parks in 1956 to repair the damage that has been done to the parks through the years.

'When the Director of the Park Service appeared before me I asked him: 'Can you use \$10 million for construction in the parks?' He did not want to answer because his superior was present. But he finally admitted that he could. **When** I said, 'I'll double what the Budget

approves,' somebody called the White House. They had a special meeting of the Cabinet. The Director of the agency appeared before the Cabinet and they sent up a supplemental estimate. The committee, in its wisdom, never recognized that supplemental estimate. They had a job to do to help put these parks in proper condition. Every member of the committee agreed to make the total \$15 million for construction in the parks for the benefit of the people who visit the parks."

That is how Mission 66 got its start. From then on I saw to it that Wirth got the funds he needed each year for the 10-year program to rebuild the national park system. From the small \$15 million beginning the appropriations got larger each year. The following year when Wirth appeared before my Subcommittee, I said to him:

"I don't care what the budget says, are these appropriations in accordance with what you need for Mission 66?"

"Yes, sir," Wirth replied.

"You sure you don't need more?" I asked.

"No," Wirth said. "What we are trying to do is to bring our parks up gradually. We can't do something in all of them at once. Our organization isn't big enough for it, I'd rather go ahead with a gradual buildup, go into one area, finish it up, and then move on to another area."

In the next ten years our national parks were literally made over. New roads were built and the older roads improved for modern automobile travel -- 4,337 miles of them. The 469-mile scenic Blue Ridge Parkway, linking the Great Smoky Mountains and Shenandoah National Parks, was completed, all but six miles around Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina where there was a right-of-way difficulty. The Stevens Canyon road in Mount Ranier Park, which had been building since 1931, was completed. Nearly a thousand miles

of new trails were built. A total of \$30,700,000 was poured into the building of new campgrounds and trailer parks to take care of this most pressing need. They are equipped with facilities for parking cars and trailers, pitching tents, taking showers and washing clothes. In the summer of 1965, Grant Village, one of the new campgrounds in Yellowstone took care of 140,000 campers. Nearby Fishing Bridge, a trailer court with 365 parking spaces, is one of the world's largest. A new type of "tent-cabin" made of logs with canvas roof over a pipe frame, with concrete slab floor, was devised for visitors to Grand Teton Park and is now being built in other parks. Visitors without camping equipment can rent whatever they need , from sleeping bags, sheets and cooking utensils to food packages, which they can buy. The new Canyon Village in Yellowstone, built at a cost of \$8 million, mostly with private capital, contains a modern 493-unit motel with **cafeteria, lounge,** dining room, campgrounds, service station and visitor center. An entirely new national park was created out of 44,000 acres of wild seashore, beach and **sanddunes** on Cape Cod. The Virgin Islands National Park at **Caneel Bay** Plantation on St. John Island has become a snorkeler's paradise. At Dinosaur National Park on the Utah-Colorado border, one wall of the large glass-enclosed visitor center is the face of a prehistoric cliff in which lie embedded the bones of monster reptiles of the dinosaur age. Visitors can watch archeologists carefully uncovering the fossils **from** the rock face. ,

These are just a few samples of what has been accomplished by Mission 66. In the future more and more Americans will visit the national parks. In the ten years from 1955 to 1965 the number jumped from 50 **million** to 121 million. By the year 2000 the U.S. population is expected to

reach 330 million and visitors to our national parks will go up accordingly. But now they will find camping and living accommodations to meet their needs.

In 1959 Connie Wirth held a meeting of park superintendents in Yellowstone Park. He invited the late Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia and I to speak to the gathering, When he introduced me, Connie related how I had provided the funds to start the program a year ahead of the White House request, and then said:

"And here now is Mike Kirwan, the Father of Mission 66."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON A \$9 BILLION GIVEAWAY

In a remote and mountainous region of Southwest Montana, alongside an abandoned mine shaft, a mountain of low grade chromite ore lies eroding in the desert winds and winter snows. An occasional coyote scampers over its slopes and vultures wheel in the sky overhead. Few, if any, humans pass this way.

This mountain of ore, all but forgotten and far removed from any mode of transportation, belongs to the United States Government. Its 900,000 tons cost the American taxpayers over \$30 million. This pile of rubble was sold to the Government by the American Chrome Co., an organization that was set up for the sole purpose of obtaining a lucrative contract from the Federal government. The company was paid \$34.67 a short ton for the low grade ore at a time when the market price of high grade chromite was only \$27 a ton. There is no refinery at the mine site to upgrade the ore to usable form. The mountain of ore lies 45 miles from the nearest railroad and the cost of moving it to a refinery would be so prohibitive as to make the ore useless. After piling up the mountain of ore at the mine, which cost the Government \$3 million to make operable, the fly-by-night company promptly closed the mine down. Then, to get back on the gravy train, the company offered to refine the ore to commercial specifications. But they wanted \$65 million to do the job. By this time the Government had wised up and said "No thanks." The mountain of useless ore lies there today, a monument to a \$32,700,000 throwaway.

These down-the-drain millions are peanuts compared to other losses in the rawest raid on the Federal Treasury of the century, carried off under the guise of national defense and made possible over a period of years by an all-concealing cloak of military secrecy that persisted long after the need for security ceased to exist.

At the outbreak of the Korean conflict a critical shortage of certain strategic minerals developed. Among these were tungsten, nickel, copper, chrome and manganese. But soon the Government was buying and stockpiling enormous quantities of almost every material in the book except steel and coal. A Congressional investigation, ordered ten years later by President Kennedy, found that some contractors "enjoyed excessive and unconscionable profits from their sale of such commodities to the Government . . . The contractors negotiated on a 'take it or leave it' basis. As a result of this the Government was forced to pay premium prices above the market. The contractors reaped profits that were much higher than could be normally expected."

One of these, the Congressional committee charged, was the M.A. Hanna Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, of which George M. Humphrey was chairman of the board. This was a wealthy holding company, founded nearly a century earlier by Mark Hanna, Ohio industrialist and politician, who backed William McKinley for President in 1896, got him nominated and, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, elected by a large plurality. The Hanna Company, under George Humphrey, had many concerns under its wing including Hanna Mining and Hanna Smelting. In November 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower, just elected President, announced he had selected Humphrey to be his Secretary of Treasury. On January 16, 1953, four days before he was sworn in, the Hanna company signed contracts with the Government to supply nickel from an undeveloped ore deposit it had leased at Riddle, Oregon. The Hanna concern had not previously been in the nickel mining or smelting business. The Government put up \$22,223,000 to build a smelter to refine the ore plus an advance of \$2.8 million to Hanna as working capital. One stipulation of the contract was that Hanna could buy the smelter at 7 1/2 per cent of its cost to the Government. Later, it did so for a payment of \$1,722,000, a windfall of around \$20 million to the Hanna company and a loss of this sum to the Government. The contract called for the Government to buy all Hanna nickel production up to 125 million pounds of nickel at a premium price of \$6 a ton for the ore, exacted against Government protests by the 'take it or leave it' attitude of the Hanna negotiators. As of December 31, 1962, the Government had paid \$99,758,000

to the Hanna company for 108,696,000 pounds of ferronickel.

Walter Henson, auditor of the Government's General Accounting Office, who examined the tax records of the Hanna companies, testified that Hanna Mining, which sold the nickel ore to the Government, earned \$15,096,446 before taxes; and that this represented a 57.4 per cent profit on sales, 135 per cent profit on costs, and 457 per cent profit on capital investment. For 1958, Hanna nickel had 49 per cent profits on sales, compared to 10.5 per cent for the mining industry generally; in 1959, 47 per cent profit compared to the mining industry average of 9.7 per cent; in 1960, 42 per cent profit against the mining average of 10.8 per cent, and in 1961, 45 per cent profit compared to 10.9 per cent profit for the mining industry. During these years, all other industries, such as food, petroleum and manufacturing, averaged between 5 and 6 per cent profit on sales.

During the Congressional investigation, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, a member of the committee, asked Humphrey if he felt, when a company deals with the Government during a war, the company should consider that the men fighting were offering their lives; therefore shouldn't the people back home cooperate by avoiding pushing for terms in a contract which gave such tremendous profits.

"Well, now, Senator, I think you are confused in this situation," Humphrey responded.

And any windfall profit on the smelter, he said, was "just baloney." He dismissed the nickel contracts, involving expenditure of over \$100 million of Federal money, as being relatively insignificant to the Hanna concern.

After leaving the Treasury post in 1957, Humphrey returned to M.A. Hanna as honorary board chairman and director. In the interim while Humphrey was a powerful member of the Eisenhower cabinet, frequently entertaining the President at his 60,000-acre plantation near Thomasville, Ga., his son, Gilbert W. Humphrey, was running the company as chairman of the board. The Congressional committee brought out that other members of the Humphrey family also were large stockholders in the Hanna enterprises.

In a second enormous nickel purchase, the Government provided such profits to a Canadian mining firm that it changed it from a relatively small producer to the world's second largest nickel mining company.

After preliminary talks between Jess Larson, Administrator of the Defense Materials Procurement Agency, and Thayer Lindsley, president of Falconbridge Nickel Mines Ltd., John Ford, the director of contract negotiations, was instructed by Howard I. Young, Larson's deputy administrator, to enter into a contract with "all possible" expedition, paying Falconbridge around \$1 a pound for nickel to be produced at a new Canadian deposit. Falconbridge demanded to be paid 41 cents a pound above the market price regardless of fluctuations in the world price. At one point Falconbridge was being paid \$1.20 a pound for its nickel. Falconbridge based its premium price demand on the contention that it would cost \$49 million to open the new deposit although they had mines producing nickel elsewhere. A contract was signed on March 27, 1953, for Falconbridge to provide 100 million pounds of nickel plus an optional 50 million pounds, all at 41 cents a pound above the market price, whether it went up or down. The contract did not require Falconbridge to pay one cent for expansion of their mining facilities. It was all on Uncle Sam. There was no provision for price renegotiation, a normal and automatic part of most government contracts, nor any provision permitting the Government to examine the company records.

From 1953 to 1961, the Government purchased a total of 106.1 million pounds of nickel from Falconbridge, eventually buying out of the commitment for the remaining 43.9 million pounds. The total cost was \$138.4 million. At a market price of 79 cents a pound, this was a loss of \$53.7 million to the Government.

With the United States Government paying the freight all the way, Falconbridge increased its production capacity from 28,300,000 pounds a year in 1953 to 65,300,000 pounds in 1961, making it the second largest producer of nickel in the world with annual production capacity of almost 67 million pounds.

The Congressional investigators wryly observed:

"For this impressive rise in its position Falconbridge can thank the American taxpayer for the premium price paid for the nickel."

Raymond A Beaudet, a supervisory auditor of GSA, testified under oath that for the period of the contract, 1953-61, he estimated that net earnings after taxes by Falconbridge on this one contract were \$87,225,000. This represented a profit of 58 cents a pound for the 150 million pounds of nickel sold to the U.S. Government. The company's pre-contract earnings for 1952 from all sources were \$2.5 million. Its net worth increased from \$21.8 million in 1952 to \$68.3 million in 1961.

Government officials responsible for making the contract said it was done because at that time the United States was fighting in Korea and nickel was urgently needed for war purposes. Fighting ended in Korea in the summer of 1953. The purchase of nickel from Falconbridge had hardly begun. The contract continued for nearly ten years. Nothing was done by the Administration to stop it.

One of the smelliest of the stockpiling buying program purchases involved tungsten, a metal having very high heat resistance and used principally as an alloy of steel to produce a hard, high heat resisting steel. Every time more appropriations for purchase of tungsten was debated in Congress, Senator George W. "Molly" Malone, whose state of Nevada had tungsten mines, would get up on the Senate floor and say that tungsten was vitally needed for jet aircraft engines. Actually only 20 pounds of the metal is used in a modern jet aircraft. The clerk of my House committee on Appropriations, Gene Wilhelm, figured out that the amount of tungsten on hand, surplus to the strategic stockpile requirement, as far back as 1956 would have built about 6,000,000 jet engines. We were/building only 12,000 jet engines a year.

The maximum defense stockpile objective was set at 50 million pounds but the purchasing program continued until Government inventories piled up to 161,464,000 pounds of specification tungsten. Added to this was 43,475,000 pounds of below specification tungsten, for a total stockpile of 204,939,000 pounds, and a surplus of 154,939,000 pounds.

The cost of the high grade tungsten to the Government was \$550,900,000. Its market value in 1962 was only \$236 million, or nearly half the acquisition cost. The stockpile of low grade tungsten cost an additional \$160,369,000, for a total tungsten expenditure of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars.

The annual U.S. consumption of tungsten since World War Two ranged from a low of 5 million pounds in 1949 to 11,600,000 pounds in 1960. The surplus of high grade tungsten was sufficient to provide the total U.S. consumption for at least 10 years at the highest rate of consumption since World War Two.

During the whole of the purchase program, extending over a period of years, the Government paid from two to three times the world market price to tungsten producing companies. The 10 largest producers sold the Government about 85 per cent of the total. These included Union Carbide Corp., Wah Chang Corp., Tungsten Mining Corp., Getchell Mines, Inc., Massachusetts Co., Minerals Engineering Co., Nev., Nevada-Sheelite Corp., Bradley Mining Co., Surcease Mining Co. and Climax Molybdenum Co.

What went on in the tungsten purchase program was nothing to make Americans feel proud of those who got in on the bargain-basement grabbag. And many were leading industrialists of firms in the top bracket. The stockpiling program/began to obtain a critically-needed strategic mineral to prosecute ^{the} conflict in Korea in which the stakes in America's survival were enormous. As far as the U.S. Government was concerned, many of the tungsten producers treated it as a prime sucker. The Government bought domestic tungsten at premium prices, which constituted a subsidy for the industry, of from \$55 to \$63 a unit. This was when tungsten could be bought on the world market for as low as \$23 a unit. So what happened? The tungsten producers sold all the metal they could mine domestically to the Government at the top premium price and then brought in tungsten/for their own industrial use at the bottom market price.

During the Congressional hearings, Senator Henry Dworshak of Idaho questioned the head of the Tungsten Institute who was also head of a North Carolina tungsten mining company of which General Electric owned a third interest. General Electric uses tungsten in the manufacture of electric light bulbs.

Senator Dworshak said:

"I was amazed to learn that not a single pound of our domestic production of tungsten is used by industry. Do you think that is correct?"

Answer: Not a single pound.

Senator Dworshak: I also understand that some of our biggest processors, General Electric, Union Carbide, Sylvania, are interested in the production of tungsten, the mines where their total output is sold to the Government, although these same companies purchase the tungsten they use in their own operating facilities from abroad. Is that correct?

The head of the Tungsten institute replied:

"Yes."

being asked to continue

Senator Dworshak: This means that we are/buying from domestic mines of some of these corporations at \$55 a unit, while they continue to purchase foreign tungsten for use in their own industry at a U.S. market price of \$26.

In other words, the tungsten producers were working both sides of the street. Simple arithmetic spells the spread in enormous profits from Uncle

Sam with little, if any, effort or investment. About all you had to do to get on this gravy train was to be in, or to get in, the tungsten mining business.

The Wah Chang Corp. even outstripped most of the tungsten producers. This concern located a tungsten mining property in Brazil named Inhandjara. The ore was there but the mine had to be built and opened.

In the great need of the Korean conflict the Government entered into a contract with the concern on June 22, 1951, to take no less than 393,000 short ton units of tungsten and as much as 787,000 short ton units. This price was the average published market price at the time of delivery, plus \$4 per short ton to reduce the ore at the Wah Chang plant in New York State. But the contract provided that ~~in~~ under no circumstance would the price fall below \$55 a short ton unit. The contract extended for seven years.

Delivery began the latter part of 1952, continuing until the latter part of 1959. A few months after deliveries began the world market price fell below the price of \$55 a short ton unit, and thereafter purchases were made at not less

• \$55 a short ton unit

Now this concern was really on the gravy train. The contract cost the Government \$35,138,419 for 636,189 short ton units. It paid at least \$22 million more than the world market price at the time of delivery.

The Congressional investigators commented:

"This Wah Chang contract contributed substantially to our present surplus of tungsten."

But this was small potatoes compared with the reality of what Wah Chang was doing. Almost everything they touched was pure gold.

The Congressional investigating committee reported:

"Although the contractor was to bring into operation a new mine (Inhandjara) only 15 per cent of production delivered to the Government actually came from that property.

"The evidence showed that the contractor had purchased tungsten in Brazil during most of the contract at \$17 a short ton unit and then delivered it to the Government at \$55 a short ton unit."

The \$38 difference was sheer gravy, offered up on a spoon! Poor Uncle Sam and his good intentions!

But if you think you have heard all the sad story of millions and billions thrown away, don't give up. There is more, and more, and more.

Take another metal, manganese. It is another alloy of steel. There are no high grade deposits in the United States. It comes from such countries as Brazil, Mexico, India, the Union of South Africa, Congo and Ghana. However, there are some small deposits of low-grade ore in the United States. In July, 1951, a domestic program for stockpiling manganese was established. The average price paid by the Government to obtain 18 million long tons was \$32.80 a long ton unit. Market value of the unit was \$4.50 a ton. The cost of the buying program to the American taxpayer was \$34,480,000 for material worth \$4,730,000, a loss to the Government of \$29,750,000. But this isn't all the sad story. Further purchases were made under a carlot program. The total cost to the Government wound up at \$106,345,000, with a market value of \$23,715,000, and a loss of \$82,630,000.

The Government was taken to the cleaners even in the purchase of mica, one of the smaller stockpile items. In proportion to the amount expended, the loss was one of the heaviest. The Government paid an average of \$14.97 a pound, four to five times the world market price. In 1962, the average market price was a meager \$2.25 a pound. The cost to the Government for this purchasing program was \$35,381,000. The Government lost \$29,766,000 on the deal!

The lead and zinc purchase program, which was initiated and vigorously pushed by a special Cabinet Committee of the Eisenhower Administration, was one of the most questionable of the multi-billion dollar stockpiling.

The special committee members were Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay, Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization Arthur Flemming, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Assistant Secretary of Interior for Minerals Resources Felix E. Wormser. Secretary of Treasury George Humphrey was an adviser to the committee.

Wormser, who guided the lead-zinc program, had an interesting background. He came to the Interior Department from a vice-presidency of the St. Joseph Lead Co., the Nation's largest lead producer. When he quit Government service he went back to his lead company job.

"Although the strategic and critical stockpile objectives had been met for lead and zinc at this time (when the Eisenhower Administration took office), Secretary Wormser recommended that the objectives be raised to assist the lead and zinc industry and to permit the purchase of more of these commodities for the stockpile," the Congressional investigating committee stated in its report.

What had started out as national defense stockpiling turned quickly into a bald program of price support and subsidy for the lead and zinc industry.

"This," the investigating committee stated, "was not within the purposes of the Stock Piling Act. . . ."

"It seems clear that Assistant Secretary of Interior Wormser used all his influence with Government officials to assist the industry with which he was identified before and after his Government service. It also appears that Dr.

Flemming, while Director of ODM, was determined to continue purchasing of these metals whether needed or not for strategic purposes. To that end, Dr. Fleming and Secretary Wormser directed employes in the ODM to find ways and means for continuing purchases of lead and zinc. Documents and testimony confirm that objectives were manipulated, and that large unauthorized purchases were made above objectives. . .

"The specific techniques of the price support program were buried deep in files stamped 'secret.' The secrecy barred the true facts; but these files show that the primary purpose of the program was an attempt to accommodate the economic needs of the lead and zinc industry to the standards of a statute based on the national security.

"The particular techniques referred to are: Large initial purchases substantially beyond existing objectives; the establishment of a special standard used only to set lead and zinc objectives -- that is, a normal 1-year U.S. use (this was a device to permit the Government to purchase large and unneeded quantities of lead and zinc from a handful of large domestic producers at a time when lead and zinc had been purchased beyond stockpile objectives); the manipulation of the long-term objectives to increase purchases regardless of national security needs; and the purchasing of a very substantial part of the total domestic mine production in each year, at market price, according to a system by which purchases were allocated among the large domestic producers on the basis of their respective 1952 domestic production."

St. Joseph Lead, the company Wormser had been connected with, was one of the two largest beneficiaries of the Government purchasing program. It was one of the four largest beneficiaries of the zinc subsidy purchases.

When the lead and zinc subsidy ended, the Government had spent over \$800,000,000 stockpiling these two minerals, alone. Domestic producers received over \$380 million. Uncle Sam was left holding the bag with a surplus, unneeded stockpile that had cost \$670 million.

The Congressional investigating committee commented:

"The evil of the price support program was that it loaded the stockpile with great quantities of unneeded materials at a time when the Defense Department was seeking funds for more urgent defense needs. In addition, the manipulation of the free market system resulted in a dramatic price rise which forced the consuming public to pay higher prices to subsidize a particular industry. This was done without public knowledge under a cloak of secrecy imposed because of the demands of national security. Perhaps the primary lesson to be learned from this unfortunate stockpiling episode is that stockpile operations should be conducted with the full knowledge of the American taxpayer."

When I exposed the spending debauch in Congress, and stopped it cold despite enormous pressures, the Government had stockpiled materials costing \$8,909,917,935 of which nearly half was surplus to the maximum possible national defense needs. Further, it had cost \$360,753,300 to store the mineral ores and \$292,680,000 yearly in interest. Stockpile surpluses cost around \$4 billion and loss on the purchases, under the most favorable estimates, was put at \$1,186,683,235.

How could and how did these things happen? The big reason why it took years to call the turn on this spending spree was the military secrecy that blanketed the entire operation. The stockpiling began under the urgency of the Korean conflict as a two-year, \$2 billion program. But long after this necessity ceased, when the buying had turned into a raw subsidy, the "Top Secret" veil continued to cloak the purchases. In fact, it was not until March 1962 when President Kennedy called for a Congressional investigation, sometime after I had called attention to the subsidy, surplus and non-defense nature of these continuing billion-dollar purchases, that the stockpile information was declassified. Urgent stockpile objectives were attained in a reasonably short time and then the buying turned into a colossal throwaway to subsidize the Nation's mineral industry. When President Eisenhower took office in 1953, the mineral industry said to his Republican Administration, in effect:

"Roosevelt and Truman have been subsidizing 'the farmers for twenty years. Now what are you going to do for us?"

The Republican Administration's response was to commit itself to a vigorous mineral subsidy program under the guise of national defense stockpiling.

There was no one in Congress /until they finally inadvertently tipped their hand because the budget requests for the huge sums came up to Capitol Hill piecemeal and as secret national defense requirements under the Defense Production Act and the Strategic and Critical Materials Stock Piling Act which replaced the earlier National Stock Piling Act.

But the military secrecy cloak was just a hollow laugh. It served only to keep members of Congress and the American taxpayers from knowing what was going on. The mineral producers and military intelligence/branches of America's potential enemies knew all about it. They simply put two and two together and came up with an educated four. When the stockpile was being investigated, and before its secrecy was declassified by Presidential action, several of the largest producers of an important mineral in the stockpile were asked to estimate the amount of the material in Government inventories. All knew precisely how much the Government had on hand. Did they have any cloak and dagger informers? Not on your life. They explained that they simply watched published figures of domestic production and consumption and shipments and exports of the material, and from these figures were able to make an informed estimate of how much was in the Government stockpile at any time.

The mineral purchases also were supported by every Western Senator and Congressman. The saying in the West is that "almost everybody has a mineral in their backyard." If you live there and want to stay in Congress you have to be for minerals! womanhood and free beer.

President Lyndon Johnson, then Majority Leader of the Senate; President Kennedy, then a Senator from Massachusetts, and House Speaker Sam Rayburn all supported and voted for these mineral bills. Like everybody else in Congress, they were assured it was vital to the Nation's defense.

As the legislative avenues to more and more stock pile buying began to run dry after \$6 billion had been spent, the mineral interests, their lobbyists and supporters began to worry that the gravy train would stop. Congress was persuaded to pass legislation authorizing extension of the minerals purchase program but President Eisenhower vetoed it, stating that a longrange plan, then under study, was needed to keep the mineral industry economically healthy.

The mineral lobby came right back at the next session with another multi-million nibble and the House passed, under suspension of rules and without debate, a measure that became Public Law 733. This was the authorization route, making possible a 2 1/2 year program for \$91 million to buy more tungsten, asbestos, fluorspar and columbium-tantalum. But purchase of tungsten was the big target.

This is where the mineral subsidizers made their big mistake. They abandoned the national defense and stockpile route and tried to move into the stream of regular Interior Department legislation, although they backed into it through authorization.

This move had been made as devious as possible. The new grab was to be funded under an new office in the Department of the Interior called "Acquisition of Domestic Materials." The gimmick first showed up in the second supplemental bill for fiscal 1957. Budget included a request for \$91,670,000. The regular House appropriations measure had already been passed and gone to the Senate. This was in the closing days of Congress. The Senate promptly put in a \$35 million item to start the appropriation process.

This is when the multi-billion dollar subsidy first began to come to my attention. It now involved Interior Department appropriations, which was my bailiwick because I was chairman of the Appropriations sub-committee for Interior. This made me the controlling House member of the Senate-House conference on the bill.

The \$35 million item caught my sub-committee cold. Because the Senate had put it in we knew nothing about it and had no chance to investigate. We had no background on it or why it was in the bill. And the explanation of the Senate conferees was mighty fuzzy. After a lot of discussion I finally agreed on \$21 million but with the understanding that the House would have a chance to look into it. But the Senate then later insisted this was a commitment, that the \$21 million got the mines going, and they must have the entire \$91 million asked by Budget.

Then the Urgent Deficiency bill came up and included a \$30 million budget request to continue mineral purchasing under Public Law 733. I had begun to smell a rat after the surprise inclusion of the \$35 million item in the supplemental bill. I have a smart committee clerk who was earlier budget officer of the Central Intelligence Agency, and he knew how to get at things. I asked ^{Gene Wilhelm} / to make an investigation of the \$30 million item as well as the \$35 million. He came up with some astonishing information. Remember all this multi-billion dollar buying had been going on for years without anybody really knowing anything about it because of the secrecy that surrounded it. The result was as surprising as the giant genii that came out of the bottle the little boy found on the beach and uncorked in the tale of the Arabian Nights. The more Wilhelm looked into the matter, the bigger the genii got. He learned that, contrary to claims, the mineral purchasing had no national defense justification or need and that the defense stockpiling that began in the Korean conflict had long since turned into a mammoth subsidy. A total of \$2.1 billion had been spent for only five of 101 materials in the stockpile, Of this \$2.1 billion expenditure alone, at least \$1.2 billion was for materials entirely surplus even to the maximum defense requirements. There was enough tungsten on hand to fill normal annual needs for 26 years. There was more than four times the maximum requirement of tungsten and lead in supply, more than 8 1/2 times the zinc maximum objective, three times the maximum requirement of fluospar and one and a half times the basic defense requirement of copper,

My House sub-committee struck out the \$30 million in February 1957.' The Senate restored it. Then the bill came to conference. I said I wouldn't go for the \$30 million to buy minerals that were not needed for defense and were only a subsidy and throwaway of the taxpayer's money. I stood my ground and the deficiency bill, containing a lot of other items also, died in conference. This had seldom ever happened in Congressional history. But I knew the subsidy throwaway was wrong and I was determined to stop it.

Twenty days later, the regular Interior appropriations bill came up in the House. Budget had now included a \$40 million item to continue the mineral boondoggle. My sub-committee turned this down also. Then the third supplemental appropriations bill came back to the House and the Senate had again slipped in the \$30 million item. In conference with the Senate conferees, I said "No soap." So it was brought back into the House for a vote on disagreement. Engle then introduced an amendment to reduce the amount to \$10 million. His aim was to keep the subsidy going and to get a favorable vote by reducing the amount of the appropriation.

In the lengthy debate that followed, I told an astonished House some of the facts that had been uncovered about the so-called national defense stock pile buying that I have previously related in this chapter.

"Are you for buying more tungsten when the President says in his Budget Message that 'We have \$260 million worth of tungsten that we cannot put in the stockpile'? Are you for buying more tungsten when one producer, General Electric, which owns 30 per cent of a North Carolina tungsten mine, will not buy one pound of their own tungsten? But they tell you that 40 per cent of the tungsten they sold the Government is of nonstockpile grade. Are you for buying more tungsten when ODM Director Flemming told Congress 'I again tell you that no additional tungsten purchases are necessary for defense purposes'?"

"The campaign that has been put on by the proponents of this subsidy reminds me of the old days when fictitious names, taken from telephone books, were used to flood Congress with telegrams. I have noticed with interest that

identical editorials have been showing up in smalltown newspapers from Ohio to New England stating the same generalities in favor of the tungsten subsidy. I have not received one letter from a small tungsten producer requesting this appropriation."

Rep. Edward P. Boland of Massachusetts, asked:

"Is it not a fact if General Electric and Union Carbide and these other companies that are buying tungsten which is produced in foreign countries and yet are producing tungsten in the mines here, if they really were interested in a longrange tungsten program, they would be using the tungsten that is produced in our domestic mines by our own industry?"

I replied:

"That is correct. How do we know that they are not taking the tungsten that is produced over there in the foreign mines and selling it to the Government here?"

Rep. John Taber of New York then asked:

"I understand that before the committee of the other body (the Senate) the question was asked of the president of the Tungsten Institute as to whether or not the domestic production was used by industry and he said, 'Not a single pound.'"

I replied:

"That is correct. He said that not a single pound was used."

Rep. Taber: "So they do not use what they produce?"

"No, they do not use what they produce," I said. "They can buy it for \$26 and sell it to us for \$55. Suppose we went home and some fellow came up on television and said, 'Look at what John McGook, your Congressman, is doing?' ~~Where would we be? Why, they would have us in the ash can --~~ this, the great deliberative body that styles itself the greatest deliberative body on earth. I am only telling you facts."

On June 18, 1957, defeated the Engle amendment by a vote of 156 to 47, knocking out the \$10 million sought to keep the tungsten subsidy going.

In conference with the Senate, we finally agreed on appropriation of \$9,140,000 for asbestos, columbium-tantalum and fluorspar. The mining of these minerals was primarily on Indian reservation and it was their livelihood. In the regular Interior appropriations bill we allowed \$6,700,000 more but the measure stipulated that there was to be no more purchases of tungsten without satisfactory proof of an essential defense requirement for it. This killed the tungsten subsidy and put a damper on the entire mineral subsidy throwaway.

But we weren't out of the woods entirely. The following year the Eisenhower Administration showed up with an admittedly out-and-out mineral subsidy, the so-called Seaton Plan. The Administration bill, S.4036, was titled "Mineral Subsidy."

It trooped through the Senate with the Western mineral Senators supporting it full out. And this is where an end run was made to get around my opposition to the mineral subsidy on the House Appropriations Committee. They put in the "back-door" financing provision to take it away from Congressional appropriations. This provided the avenue of borrowing that said the Secretary of Interior could go to the Treasury and borrow as much money as he needed to run the subsidy program and then come to Congress with an I.O.U. that would have to be funded because the money had already been spent.

The end run continued in the House. But outwardly the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, which was the authorizing body, appeared to support my position, knowing they would be doing it the hard way if they also went for the borrowing technique. Mind you, this committee was entirely controlled by Western state congressmen. But they came forward and said, 'No, we are authorizing direct appropriations, we are not going to bypass the House Appropriations Committee. When we authorize this it will have to be funded through the Appropriations

Committee.

This was a good try. But it was obvious to me that once they went to conference with the Senate on the bill the House authorization committee would be in a position of selling me down the river. They could go with the Senate version of the "back-door" borrowing authority ^I and/would never see it again.

I was not a member of the authorizing committee and would not be in on the Senate-House conference and could do nothing about the final decision. So, if this end run strategy was to be stopped, it was time for me to move in. I realized that if this multi-billion subsidy was going to be stopped I would have to go out and fight the authorization bill on the House floor just as one member of the House, which, I might add, has 435 members. For a member of the Appropriations Committee, not involved in the authorization, to go out on the House floor and fight an authorization bill had never been done before. So I went out on the floor just as any member of Congress. I had no stature with the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. I had no business out there as Chairman of the Interior Appropriations Sub-Committee. I was just out there as a member of Congress to fight an authorization because it was wrong.

Three days of debate in the House followed. And this was out of the ordinary by a lot. It has been seldom that there has been that much debate on a bill in the House of Representatives. On the first day I was behind the eight ball. The House voted ^{198 to 165} to adopt the rule to take up the bill. This probably sounds like gobble-de-gook to anyone unfamiliar with parliamentary procedures on Capitol Hill. What this meant in simple terms was that debate on the proposed legislation could begin. And this was a favorable vote for the subsidy proposal. Incidentally, the bill was for \$650 million more just to start this new mineral subsidy off. And we were now \$8 or \$9 billion down the drain.

One of the chief things that concerned me about this stockpile of many billions of dollars of ore and unprocessed materials that would have to be refined and made usable in event of need, was the nature of a nuclear war. After all, our outlook was not that of World War Two or the later Korean conflict. It was a war of nuclear exchange in which the best prospect was an almost instantaneous incineration of our entire industrial fabric, all our cities, and a third of our population, at the best. In such an event, the raw materials in this gigantic stockpile would be of no use either for purposes of immediate survival or rehabilitation because of the time lag between refinement of these raw ores into metal and the manufacture of usable consumer goods from the metal. There were two other overwhelming factors that made this \$9 billion accumulation of whatnot silly in the extreme. Most of our facilities for refining the mountains of ore and the manufacturing of needed items would be destroyed in a matter of second, minutes or hours in a nuclear exchange. The final factor that floored me was when I learned that no products in the national stockpile or its related inventories -- in other words, nothing that had been bought in the decade of spending \$9 billion -- could be used to aid survival or rehabilitation of the Nation and its citizens in the event of a nuclear exchange.

Every General and Admiral from the Pentagon that had been coming over to Capitol Hill for a considerable time had been saying that the outcome of a nuclear war between the major powers would be decided in a matter of a few hours, or at the most a few days. Who hit first would probably be the victor but that what happened to the victor in the dying moments of the exchange probably would leave no victor or survivor at all. So why a five year stockpile of raw, unusable ores?

So I told the House in the debate over this Eisenhower Administration mineral subsidy proposal:

"If the next war comes, they say it will start at sunset and it will be finished by daybreak. Who, if anyone, gets and uses the stockpile -- insects?"

After three days of debate in which I got little but brickbats in my direction, the mineral subsidy proposal was defeated by the House 182 to 159. That was the final death blow to further escalation of the multi-billion dollar giveaway. But, despite this, the Government continued pouring out hundreds of millions of dollars for useless and unneeded mineral ores on contracts that lasted as long as ten years, entered into by the Eisenhower Administration under the hands of ODM Director Arthur Flemming and Assistant Secretary of Interior Felix Wormser with the guidance of Secretary of Treasury George Humphrey. Some of the contracts were still having to be paid off as late as 1962.

When I thought the battle was finally all over, there was one last dying gasp. This all happened in the last two or three days before Congress recessed. Everybody was wanting to get home and timing was part of the game. committee who was 'chairman of the Senate Interior Appropriations/ Jim Murray, the son of Senator James E. Murray of Montana, circulated a petition to produce a new bill and send it back to the House. When they asked Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, the dean of the Senate who was chairman of the full Appropriations Committee, to sign the petition, he said:

"I'll sign no petition. Mike Kirwan gave us a hell of a licking on a roll call vote. And there will be no petition signed by me."

And that was the end of it. But this shows how desperate they were and how far they would go to hold the Senate in session a few more days and put another spending bill before Congress.

House Speaker Sam Rayburn came to me afterward, shook hands with me, and said:

"I've been in Congress forty-four years and I've never seen this happen before. The leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, was for it, and I was for it, and nearly every member on both sides of the aisle in the Senate and House were for it, but you, Mike, Single-handed, pulled it down. I've never seen this happen before."

I said:

"Well, Sam, maybe in your 44 years this is the first time anybody ever told them the truth. It was easy to lick them."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I LOCK UP THE KEY 1960 VOTE FOR JACK KENNEDY

Jack Kennedy's victory in 1960 was the narrowest popular vote squeak in a national election since Benjamin Harrison wrested the White House from Grover Cleveland in 1888, despite the fact that a majority of Americans voted for Cleveland to be President.

Cleveland received 5,540,050 votes to Harrison's 5,444,337, a plurality of 95,713. But Harrison slept in Abraham Lincoln's bed at the White House the next four years because, under the electoral college system, the more populous states have the larger number of electoral votes, and Harrison captured those states. His electoral vote was 233 to Cleveland's 168.

In his slim popular vote edge over Richard M. Nixon, Kennedy won by only 118,550 votes.

As Chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Campaign Committee guiding the election of Democratic candidates to Congress every two years, I often get a greater plurality in a single Congressional district than Kennedy's margin.

By comparison, in 1960 the entire country was voting in a national presidential election. A total of 68,335,642 voters went to the polls. Kennedy received 34,227,096 votes; Nixon 34,108,546.

In proportion to the number of Americans who went to the ballot box this was the narrowest popular vote outcome in our political history.

The result was so close that Nixon won twenty-six of the fifty states, Kennedy twenty-four. The difference of a handful of votes in a

few states could have cost him the election. So thin was the edge in some states such as Illinois, with 27 electoral votes, and Missouri, with 13, that a switch of 5,000 votes into the Republican column would have lost these states for Kennedy.

Of course this didn't happen. Kennedy, by capturing such key states as New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan and Texas, although losing California, Ohio and Indiana, topped Nixon in the electoral college count by 303 votes to 219.

I have cited the razor edge thinness of the popular vote margin in the 1960 presidential election, not to detract in any manner from the glory and decisiveness of young Jack Kennedy's victory but to illustrate the problem which confronted both Kennedy and Democratic party leaders in planning the victory strategy many months before the nation went to the polls in November, 1960.

The White House is the greatest prize in the great American game of politics. And a presidential win, however narrow the margin may be, is all decisive. Candidates in two other earlier American elections learned this the hard way.

In 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, a Democrat, like Grover Cleveland twelve years later, topped Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate, by 250,807 votes. Tilden received 4,284,757 votes and Hayes 4,033,950. But in the electoral college Tilden lost by a single vote, 184 to 185, and Hayes went to the White House.

In our own time there was another dramatic last-minute reversal of presidential destiny.

were transmitted across the nation by the rudimentary brass-key electric telegraph that had improved little since its invention by Samuel Morse.

As the world turns eastward toward the sun, the election results come in first in the Eastern states after the polls close at 7 p.m., later in the Midwest, still later in the Plains and Rocky Mountain states, and last of all from the Pacific Coast states.

In the tense 1916 election Hughes led in the East and Middle West throughout the evening, with Wilson a close and hard-pressing second. Finally, late in the night, Hughes was ahead with only California and the other Pacific Coast states to be heard from. The count was close but it appeared Hughes was the victor. Late in the evening he went to bed, secure in the belief that he was President of the United States.

Finally, after midnight, the California results clickety-clacked across the nation on the wires of Morse's electro-magnetic telegraph.

Newspaper reporters, bleary-eyed and dog-tired but still waiting for the final result, jumped into T-model flivvers and raced over the Belgian block pavements to the residence of Charles Evans Hughes. They pounded on the door, demanding admittance.

A liveried butler finally opened the door.

"The President has retired for the night," he told the clamoring reporters haughtily.

"We must see him," the reporters insisted.

"The President cannot be disturbed!" the factotum icily declared.

"Well," a reporter shouted, "when you wake up 'the President' in the morning, tell him the results are in from California and President Wilson has been reelected to another four years in the White House!"

The final count had given Wilson a popular vote of 9,129,606 with 277 electoral votes against Hughes' 8,538,221 and 254 electoral votes.

In the Kennedy election, as in all elections for that matter, hindsight is more accurate than foresight. But it took no uncanny perception for Democratic party planners to know in the months leading up to 1960 that the presidential election of that year was not going to be an easy Democratic walkaway.

Politicians may argue about the accomplishments of the Eisenhower eight years. Many contend that it was a stand-still administration. But there is no question that Eisenhower was a popular President. His prestige as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Europe in the Second World War and later as Army Chief of Staff was unassailable. We knew that his popularity in the White House was bound to have a carry over quality for Vice President Richard Nixon who had been carefully groomed to be his successor.

I, and other Democratic strategists in party councils, were aware of our problems as we discussed them as early as 1959. We were encouraged by the fact that from 1954, through the 1956 presidential election, and on through the 1958 Congressional election, we, the Democrats, had won decisive control, and thus organized, the Congress. Senator Kennedy, as he prepared to go all-out for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960, was aware of these factors. He was also aware that, as a devout Catholic in a predominantly Protestant nation, his religion might rule against him, both in winning the nomination, and, if he were a victor there, in the presidential election. Only thirty-two years earlier, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, the Democratic presidential nominee, a Catholic, had been broken on the wheel of religion, the Democratic "Solid South" splintering for the first time since the Civil War and voting for a Republican, Herbert Hoover.

My basic approach to the 1960 election was, first, to maintain strong Democratic control of Congress. We had retained decisive control for ten of the twelve years since I became Chairman of the National Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Who would be the Democratic party choice at the 1960 National Convention in Los Angeles was by no means certain in 1959. There were several outstanding candidates being mentioned. Among these were John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Stewart Symington of Missouri and Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, who had lost to Eisenhower both in 1952 and in 1956. In some national elections, members of Congress have ridden into office on the coattails of a strong and popular President. Certainly this was true in the Roosevelt years. But the converse can be true. Unless there is widespread ticket-splitting, a vote for a Democratic Congressman can be a vote for a Democratic President. In 1959 no one knew how strong a candidate would be put into the presidential race at the 1960 Democratic convention. My belief was, and remains so, that the more Democrats elected to Congress, the more votes there are for the Democratic presidential candidate. This turned out to be true in Jack Kennedy's narrow popular vote plurality and helped save the day. The total vote for House Democrats in 1960 was over 500,000 more than the votes for Republican candidates. And Kennedy's plurality was ^{a scant} 118,550. With this in mind, I placed great emphasis on the Congressional races.

In the months preceding the 1960 Democratic National Convention, determining in advance who the party nominee would be was not a simple matter of pre-determination. A number of hopefuls were standing under the tree, hoping the apple would fall on their head. There were only two men who stepped out and fought for the nomination in the primaries.

But I was right. Kennedy won the nomination on the first ballot because he had gone out into the boondocks and fought for it.

Kennedy's fight in the West Virginia primary was the determining point in his capturing the nomination. This was a Bible Belt region of Protestants and he was running for the nomination as a devout Catholic. And an Eastern water-edge Massachusetts aristocrat with a Harvard accent, at that. Few men have gone up against such a handicap in modern politics.

The outcome was so critical that Kennedy said at one point:

"If I lose West Virginia I will withdraw from the presidential race. I will know that my religion is against me."

I decided I would throw my full support behind Kennedy. He was a fighter, immensely likable and my kind of guy.

One day when the going was rough, columnist Tris Coffin stopped in Kennedy's Senate office and asked Pierre Salinger:

"How's your campaign doing?"

"Fine," Salinger replied, "but the only ones we can't get along with are the Irish."

Coffin prompted:

"Did you ever suggest to the Senator that he take a walk across the Capitol campus and talk about such problems with Mike Kirwan?"

Salinger said he hadn't.

Coffin continued:

"Well, if you haven't and an Irishman named Kennedy needs political advice, he'd better get it from an Irishman named Kirwan who knows what he is talking about."

Jack came over and visited with me and told me his troubles, especially his worries about the West Virginia vote.

I told him:

"Don't worry about the Irish and don't worry about West Virginia. Your trouble with the Irish is the same that every Irishman has with the Irish.

"Go after the rest of the vote.

"The only people who don't vote for me in the 19th District of Ohio are the Irish, and I am of Irish descent. That's the way the Irish are. They are jealous of one another. "Up in St. Edward's Parish in Youngstown is where the Irish hierarchy is located. I can tell before an election how many votes I will get in that precinct. It's the only precinct in which I lose. Where the Irish are I never get to first base."

Shortly after that I held my annual St. Patrick's Day dinner at the National Press Club and I invited Jack Kennedy and introduced him to the 600 guests as "a man who has the type of courage the country is looking for." Kennedy had made a strong showing in the New Hampshire primary and received a tumultuous ovation at the dinner. A wonderful photograph was made of Jack donning a Kelly green Irish hat which I immediately dubbed: "The Look of the Irish," which, of course, was a play on the phrase, "The Luck of the Irish."

I have been holding this St. Patrick's Day party for a good many years with the aid of Col. Luke Quinn, who helps me with the arrangements. It, of course, has a strong Irish flavor, being in honor of Ireland's patron saint. We give out green Irish hats and green carnations to each guest and the evening is spent singing sentimental Irish songs, of which

"Danny Boy" was Jack Kennedy's favorite. The dinner assembles all of the leaders of Congress, many of whom are of Irish descent, leaders of the Federal government and many leaders from all over the nation.

This particular evening I also invited another Kennedy to the dinner, a Kennedy named Tom, no relation to Jack. Thomas Kennedy, a Big Man in the labor unions and a **smart** politician, **took over command sf** the United Mine Workers of America from John L. Lewis when Lewis retired. Before that he was Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania. He and I are from the same county in Pennsylvania and I have known him since boyhood. Both of us worked in the anthracite mines as boys. West Virginia is a coal mining state and Tom Kennedy's mine workers are a potent political force there.

I brought the two Kennedys together to ease Jack's worries about the West Virginia primary.

I put Jack and Tom together at a table and would not let anyone else sit at the table, so they would have privacy to talk without interruption. I assigned a policeman to see that no one else sat with them, making the polite excuse that the other seats were reserved.

The president of the United Mine Workers of America told Jack Kennedy:

"Go home tonight and go to bed and get a good rest. Stop lying awake worrying about the outcome in West Virginia. As far as West Virginia is concerned, I'll tell the seven district leaders of the UMW in West Virginia, where most of the voters are coal miners, that John F. Kennedy is the man to vote for."

When he left the dinner, Jack went home and phoned his father, Joseph Kennedy, former U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain and a power in the

Democratic party in the Roosevelt New Deal years, at his winter home in Palm Beach, Florida, and told him:

"Mike Kirwan gave me a tremendous introduction to 600 key leaders tonight at the St. Patrick's Day dinner and sat me next to a powerful labor leader who has promised to help deliver the West Virginia vote."

As soon as Jack hung up the phone, Joseph Kennedy telephoned Congressman Eugene J. Keogh of New York, who had been at the dinner, reaching him at his apartment in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington.

The elder Kennedy asked:

"What did Mike Kirwan say and what did he do for my son tonight?"

Keogh gave him a long and detailed account of the happenings at the dinner and the elder Kennedy has never forgotten it.

A few weeks later, Jack Kennedy swept the West Virginia primary and was over the major hurdle to getting the nomination at the Democratic national convention.

Later, still working hard to sew up the nomination, Kennedy came to me and asked if I would take him to Youngstown.

I told Jack:

"I will not only take you there but they are giving me a testimonial dinner and I'll put your portrait on the front cover of the dinner booklet and have you make the principal speech."

There were over 2,000 guests at the dinner and Postmaster-General Larry O'Brien, then a Kennedy aide, told me afterward it was the biggest affair Kennedy attended during his pre-convention campaign.

When the presidential campaign opened on Labor Day, after Kennedy was nominated at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, I made campaign trips with him, all over the nation.

Kennedy had a wonderful sense of humor. On one of the trips, Jack made me the butt of one of his little jokes.

The crew of Kennedy's special plane did not make a check of the passengers as they left the plane at each stop. Each person was told the number of the automobile in which he was to ride in the procession and that was all. But a careful check is made of each person boarding the plane for the next leg of the journey. This is to make certain that no one is left behind as much as it is to make certain, for security reasons, that no unauthorized person slips aboard the plane.

Campaign trips are strenuous affairs. You are on the go sixteen to eighteen hours a day and a lot of sleep is lost. The candidate makes a major speech to a huge political gathering, then there is a torchlight parade that lasts far into the night. This goes on day after day without letup. And during each day there are many speeches at other stops.

Kennedy's plane landed one day during the 1960 campaign when he was running a tight race against Richard M. Nixon. We had been on the go for days and nights and I was completely fagged out. So I decided there was one parade and one speech I was going to pass up. Everybody else got off the plane but I stayed behind. There was a door open to one of the rooms on the plane -- it turned out to be Kennedy's bedroom -- so I went in, closed the door, lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

When Jack Kennedy and everyone else returned to the plane and got aboard after the speeches and ceremonies, I was missing. One of the aides reported to Kennedy that I couldn't be found.

"Well, we won't take off until we find him," Jack said.

Loudspeakers squawked my name all over the airport. Runners were

sent to the terminal, the hangars, and all over the place. There was much excitement but, of course, I was no where to be found.

Then they turned the plane upside down, from the control cabin in the nose to the tail. Nobody had thought to look in Kennedy's own bedroom. Finally one of the plane crew opened the door to the bedroom and found me fast asleep on his bed.

He reported immediately to Kennedy that I was aboard the plane all the time and was asleep in his bedroom.

Jack let out a whoop and announced

"We won't leave here until we pay the same respect to him as they did in the New Testament where rejoicing took place when the shepherd found the lost sheep."

Then, starting with the pilot, Kennedy had every person on the plane, other crew members, stewardesses, campaign aides, Senators, Congressmen, and I don't know who all else, pass by in a line in and out of the bedroom to take a look at me, still fast asleep.

"We won't take off until we rejoice at finding the lost sheep," Jack told everyone.

I awakened, everyone rejoiced, and we were soon on our way again.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"MIKE, THIS MADE VICTORY POSSIBLE"

Politics is the science and art of government. But, unlike chemistry, it is far from being an exact science. You can't put two candidates in a test tube and get the same reaction every time. Electing a President and sending him to the White House, more often than not, is a chancy game indeed.

Many times in our presidential contests, to one who practises the art of politics in his everyday life, year after year, there is little, if any, doubt many months before an election of its outcome. I have related how the astute James A. Farley made a bet with Franklin Delano Roosevelt that he would capture forty-six of the forty-eight states in the 1936 election, and zeroed in precisely on the bulls-eye. When I was running for Congress that year I was a rank amateur in politics but I, too, never had a moments doubt about the outcome because I lived with and suffered with the jobless people of a steel mill town during the depression and knew their mood and how they would vote. In the same way I never had a doubt about Roosevelt running for and winning a third term. And even before he stood for a third term I was urging him to run for a fourth term which, of course, he did and won. A combination of instinct and experience usually provides the advance answer of what will happen in an election.

At times the political pendulum swings all the way over to the other side. This can happen when a political party has been in power too long. Roosevelt and Truman together were in the White House twenty years. An administration sometimes wears out its welcome, either of its own doing or because it is caught up in events over which it has little control but which prove to be monumentally unpopular, such as the Korean conflict. This happened in 1952 when the Republican party persuaded General Eisenhower to be its candidate. In this instance, not only did the party out of power have a situation where the party in power had worn out its welcome but they had a candidate of great prestige,

personality and popularity. Harry Truman could have run for a second elective term that year had he wished. But he was a shrewd and experienced politician and decided his nearly eight years in office was enough. Eisenhower's prestige was so great that some Democrats, high in party councils, sought to persuade him to run as the Democratic presidential candidate. These Democrats, as well as the Republican party leaders, were convinced that, as had happened earlier with Roosevelt, Eisenhower was unbeatable.

A story went around Washington at the time, possibly apocryphal, that under the circumstances of being sought by both parties as their candidate, Eisenhower asked:

"Why can't I be elected by acclamation of both parties?"

At all events, like the Roosevelt years, there was never a doubt in my mind that Eisenhower would be elected in 1952 and again in 1956, his health permitting him to run for a second term.

Oddly enough Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate in both years, never realized what he was up against. He told me in 1956:

"I thought I was doing very well. I had huge crowds. I thought: my speeches went over well. It never occurred to me that I was not winning."

Likewise, when Lyndon Johnson ran against Senator Barry Goldwater in 1964, the outcome was obvious to me from the moment Goldwater captured the nomination at San Francisco. I made one error! I conceded Goldwater only five states. He eked out seven because of the Southern civil rights revolt.

The Kennedy-Nixon battle royal was another matter. All my instinct and experience told me it was going to be a close race.

Under the circumstance of a tight election, you look for and hope for the opposition party to make a blunder that can be exploited to the limit in favor of your party and your nominee.

The break came a few months before the 1960 election campaign began. The Eisenhower Administration, which had shown scant enthusiasm for public power, land reclamation, irrigation, water conservation, flood control, or any public works from the very outset, declared in the annual Budget message to Congress that, thereafter, "no new starts" would be permitted in public works.

What this meant was that the Republican administration was slamming the door shut on all future efforts to conserve and improve the Nation's land and water resources.

The enormity of such a policy was brought out in House debate. It was part of the same policy under which; earlier, an attempt was made to turn over the Tennessee Valley Authority to private power interests.

Congressman Ben F. Jensen of Iowa, Republican minority leader on the Appropriations subcommittee, told the House:

"This public works bill covers all the irrigation, reclamation, hydroelectric power, transmission lines, and the deepening of the harbors on the seacoast as well as the deepening and broadening of channels in the interior streams of our Nation, and for flood control projects . . . which are so essential to the conservation of our natural resources, our soil and precious water, which in some parts of our country is known as liquid gold."

Congressman Joe L. Evins of Tennessee added emphatically:

"The 'no new starts' policy with which your Appropriations Committee was faced when the Budget was submitted to the Congress by the President is both unwise and unrealistic. As the Committee report points out, if it were continued it would lead to drying up the water resources program of the Nation. It bespeaks a lack of conviction about our water resources policy which we have previously seen evidenced in many ways --(such as) the so-called partnership policy, the cutting off of appropriations for the TVA and Bonneville, the vetoing of authorization bills, and the lack of enthusiasm for the rural electrification program and water resources development in general."

When the \$1.2 billion Public Works bill, containing 67 new projects was approved by Congress and sent to the White House, President Eisenhower promptly vetoed it.

Four days later, the House attempted to override the veto but failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority by a single vote.

I then knew I had the issue I had been looking for to bring to bear on the upcoming 1960 election, if I could carry it off.

There is hardly a Congressional district in the United States that does not benefit in some way from the annual Public Works appropriations. The states of the Mississippi Valley and its tributary watersheds -- and this includes almost everything between the Appalachians and the Rocky Mountains -- which are swept by recurrent floods that, in the past have caused great devastation and loss of life, are acutely aware of the need for reservoirs to impound flood waters. In the arid West, where water literally is life, projects such as Grand Coulee, Hungry Horse, Bonneville, Shasta, Hoover and Roosevelt have been a boon not only for flood control, but as a source of vast hydroelectric power to turn the wheels of new industry, for irrigation of arid lands and for the cities which, only because they now can obtain water from the mountain watersheds hundreds of miles away, have sprung up in once waterless desert wastes.

The frightful and costly devastation wrought by floods in our principal watersheds == floods that can be controlled and one day eliminated by the building of a sufficient number of dams and reservoirs at the proper locations -- is a long and sad story. In 1927 there was a flood in the lower Mississippi Valley that cost the economy in excess of \$1 billion and the loss of 329 lives. In January 1959, a flood in Western Pennsylvania, including the Pittsburgh area, caused \$28 million damage. I visited the flood area with Congressman Jensen. In Sharon and Meadville, we saw thousands driven from their homes, with children

held in the arms of parents in zero weather as the flood waters poured through the second floor windows of their homes. In the Ohio Valley as a whole the loss was estimated at \$75 million and had it not been for protection afforded by reservoirs constructed in the watershed earlier the loss would have reached \$121 million. The floods that devastated New England and the Ohio Valley in 1936 caused property damage of \$150 million, loss of 250 lives and left 500,000 homeless. In the same year, flood waters along a 1,000 mile stretch of the Mississippi River between Cairo, Illinois, and the Gulf of Mexico caused \$236 million damage, drowned more than 500 persons and left 1,000,000 homeless. The flood in the Missouri Valley in 1951 took forty lives, left 500,000 homeless and caused nearly \$1 billion in property damage.

So goes the long, tragic story. To the people who live in the devastated river valleys, protection against these floods is almost the number one fact of life. And the Federal government alone has the resources to erect dams and construct the necessary reservoirs. Thus water, its control, conservation, use and re-use, has in the last few years become a vital fact of politics in our national life.

The members of Congress, whether Republican or Democrat, are aware of this. They know the needs of their district and the demands of their constituents far better than a President.

When President Eisenhower vetoed the Public Works measure and the House failed by a single vote to override the veto, as a ranking member of the Public Works and Interior Committees of the House as well as Chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Campaign Committee, I was determined to make a last ditch fight for the legislation.

I had my work cut out for me. I was opposed by my own House leadership. Speaker Sam Rayburn didn't want anyone rocking the boat.

I was opposed by the Republican minority leadership who wanted to sustain their President. I was even opposed by my good friend and colleague, Chairman Clarence Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee, who, once the House failed to override the veto on the first go round was disposed to feel that the House had exercised its will and the President should be sustained.

I suppose this would have stopped almost anyone else. But I am a thick-skulled, obstinate Irishman. I had the water conservation needs of the Nation, about which I feel deeply, to look after. This has been a vital part of my many years work in Congress. The outcome of the 1960 presidential election was an even more important stake.

I went to Speaker Rayburn and told him:

"I'm going to override the veto."

Rayburn said:

"Mike, you can't do it."

"Well," I replied, "I'm going to try and do it anyway."

The Speaker responded:

"Not with my permission or backing."

"I'm going to do it, with or without your permission," I said. "If we accept the decision of this Administration that there will be no new projects for water conservation it will be accepting a new policy and before long there will be no new dams, flood control, public power generation, or irrigation."

I don't think Sam was against me. We were very good friends and co-workers. I think he simply figured I couldn't get the votes to override a second veto and didn't want me or the Democratic leadership to be embarrassed if I failed.

And of course there was a high degree of politics in this issue. Even in one's own party there often is considerable division of opinion. And we Democrats are renowned for our family differences. Some Democrats in Congress felt that if the Eisenhower veto was permitted to stand it would pin a tag on the coattails of the Republican party that would go a long way toward insuring a Democratic victory and return to the White House in 1960.

I strung along with this argument as far as it went, But I wasn't out after half a loaf. I was sure that Eisenhower's veto of the vital Public Works legislation would register with many voters anyway. But i wanted to bring it home to voters in a more solid way that it is the Democratic party which, year after year, has been providing the wherewithal for land reclamation, irrigation, water for municipalities and hydroelectric power in the parched West and flood control in our unruly watersheds in the East, Mid West and South. An override by a Democratic-controlled Congress of a Republican President's veto of legislation providing over a billion dollars for these projects would, I felt, provide double insurance. And, at the same time, it would keep the Nation's water conservation and flood control programs moving forward without interruption.

in the ensuing battle three of my staunchest allies were Congressman Jamie L. Whitten of Mississippi, ~~now Chairman of the House Rules Committee,~~ William H. "Bill" Natcher of Kentucky, and William H. Colmer of Mississippi,

*now Chairman
of the House
Rules Committee.*

The first problem was to write a new Public Works bill that would not put Congress in the position of kow-towing to the revolutionary and disruptive policy directive of the Eisenhower Administration. The President makes proposals to Congress but Congress, which represents the people of the Nation directly, decides which of these requests shall be accepted and how they shall be carried out. If Congress bowed consistently to the White House and became a rubber stamp, we would be in danger of winding up,

not as a Democracy, but as a dictatorship. The second objective was to be sure that existing and continuing public works projects would not be materially harmed.

To achieve these ends, I believed we should send a new bill back to the White House with the 67 "new starts" intact but should reduce the over-all appropriation by two and one-half per cent across the board to bring the total within the amount for public works contained in the President's original Budget recommendation.

To do so was an unprecedented action. However, the heart of the policy battle with the White House was over the "new starts." If we retained them in the new legislation the attempt by the White House to take over the prerogatives of Congress would be dissipated. But if we knuckled under to the President and wiped out the new projects, the entire future of water conservation in the United States was in jeopardy. And the 1960 campaign issue on which I was depending so heavily would be swept under the rug.

Of my proposal, Chairman Cannon complained plaintively:

"It is the identical bill vetoed by the President with the exception that there is an across-the-board reduction of 2 1/2 per cent.

"The President did not object to the amount in the bill so the 2 1/2 per cent is not a matter in issue.

"It is the first vetoed bill in the history of Congress ever reported back still carrying in full the material objected to in the veto message. All former vetoed bills have either been reported back to the House and passed without the interdicted matter or have not been reported back at all.

The struggle to override was then mainly fought in the committees over contents of the second bill. When this battle was won, the president's second veto was an anti-climax. By then, its override was foreordained.

When I made the motion in the subcommittee to send back to the White House a bill almost identical to the one vetoed, quite a wrangle ensued.

I lost by one vote in the subcommittee. Cannon, Dan Flood of Pennsylvania, Edward F. "Eddie" Boland of Massachusetts, Louis C. Rabaut of Michigan, all my best friends, voted against me because, like Rayburn, they thought I was going to be humiliated by losing the attempt to override when it came to a vote on the House floor. They didn't think it could be done.

This is when one of those unpredictable events which so often change the course of human events suddenly occurred.

Sometime earlier, the Navy awarded contracts for construction of two Polaris nuclear submarines to the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation in Pascagoula, Mississippi, the home town of Congressman William M. Colmer. The Ingalls shipyard, which builds both merchant and navy vessels, is the third largest in the Nation, employing some 10,000 workers. Prior to the contracts being awarded, Congress authorized a \$1,248,000 project to deepen the Pascagoula Harbor channel from 22 feet to 30 feet. However, funds for the dredging had never been provided. Thus, the atomic submarines, which were soon to be launched and were needed to reinforce the Navy's undersea fleet at a critical moment in the Cold War, were bottled up in the harbor. Because they were much larger than conventional subs, with deeper draft and their water intake on the bottom of the hull instead of the sides, endangering their pulling bottom mud into the mechanism, the Navy

considered it too dangerous to take them to sea for trials without a 30-foot channel.

Funds for deepening the channel were included in the Public Works bill which President Eisenhower vetoed. Former Congressman Dewey Short of Missouri, who had become Assistant Secretary of the Army in the Eisenhower Administration, wrote Congressman Colmer that deepening the channel was "in a special urgent category."

"I recommend the inclusion of these two projects in the 1960 Public Works bill and I am authorized by the Director of the Budget to state that such action would have the approval of the Budget Bureau," Short informed Colmer.

But the President countermanded his Assistant Secretary of Navy by his veto of the bill containing the funds.

The Chief of the Bureau of Ships of the Navy advised Monroe B. Lanier, Vice-chairman of the Board of the Ingalls corporation:

"The channel from your yard via Rorn Island Pass to the Gulf of Mexico must have a minimum depth of 28 feet below mean low water. For complete safety of operations this depth should be 30 feet."

So the cork was still in the bottle.

The situation was something like the man who built a motorboat in his basementwork shop only to realize later that he had no way of getting it out. Bill Colmer took a friendly but unmerciful ribbing from his colleagues for having built two atomic submarines on "dry land," with the government having to dig a ditch to get them to sea.

The morning the full Appropriations Committee met to decide the contents of the new Public Works bill, Jamie Whitten received a frantic call from a very agitated Congressman Colmer.

"Fact, my friend Bill was so perturbed about the predicament of the two nuclear submarines, having talked with various members of the

committee, he talked to me so long that I almost had to run to get to the meeting on time," Jamie told me.

Whitten represents an inland district in the north of Mississippi. There was nothing in the Public Works bill that benefited his district. But he promised to help a colleague and good friend who was in distress.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, the White House was putting extraordinary pressure on the Republican members. It was being noised about the Capitol that representatives of the Budget Bureau had set up a suite in the Congressional Hotel on Capitol Hill and were promising the Republican members that their public works projects would be taken care of if they would vote against inclusion of the "new starts" in a revised bill and vote to sustain the President's veto.

The White House arm-twisting became so blatant that Congressman Neal Smith of Iowa charged in a House speech "that the Administration has told some Congressmen that the determination of the inclusion or exclusion of projects in their districts next year will be made upon whether or not they support the president's position."

"This," he declared, "is making strictly one party politics the replacement for bipartisan consideration of the matter and strikes at the very root of the difference between a responsible legislative government and one where the legislature is a mere rubber stamp.

"It is the fear of this military approach that has always made people in the United States reluctant to trust professional military men as the head of civilian departments.

"The cherished American form of government and the preservation of the protective authority in the peoples' legislative representatives, is so basically important that we must never permit its erosion. It is a highly important part of this dispute over the public works bill, and I sincerely hope the President will consider the impact of his insistence

upon infringing upon the responsibilities and rights of the legislative branch of government and using the powers of his office in derogation of the doctrine of separation of powers and the importance of this doctrine to our American way of life."

In the Appropriations Committee meeting, I was sitting near Jamie Whitten and Bill Natcher. Jamie was telling Natcher that the Congress simply could not permit the veto to force us into taking a backward step in looking out for the welfare of our own country.

He turned to me and asked:

"Mike, what do you think about it?"

"Jamie, it's a bad mistake,"-I said.

Jamie then told me:

"I can pick up that vote you lost in the subcommittee, Mike. You have your bill retaining the new starts and cutting appropriations by 2 1/2 per cent. This will give the average member a face=saver to vote for it. We usually have about 2 2 1/2 per cent slippage in actual expenditures anyway."

I told Whitten:

"Well, if you will make the motion in the full committee,I'll back you to the hilt."

Bill Natcher quickly chimed in:

"And I'll back you all the way."

It was agreed that inasmuch as Whitten was not a member of the Public Works subcommittee but a member of the full Appropriations Committee, and had no axe to grind, it would be more effective for him to present the motion to send the new bill to the White House.

When Whitten made the motion, among other arguments,he said:

"I know many of you have been promised that if you go along with this veto now you'll get your projects next year. That's an old story around here -- the favorites will but the others of you won't."

This upset Chairman Cannon and John Tabor of New York, the leading minority member, very much. The committee members had been listening attentively to Whitten.

Two Republicans, Keith Thomson of Wyoming and Phil Weaver of Nebraska, came over and asked:

"Do you think we can win this?" .

"I do," I said.

After Whitten's talk, Cannon sent one of his aides with a message:

"The Chairman has said to me that if you will withdraw the motion he will see to it that anything you are interested in will be taken care of subsequently."

Jamie told the staff member:

"You tell the Chairman my answer is, no. He is too forgetful."

Meanwhile, Bill Natcher and I were doing everything we could to persuade members to go along with us.

Cannon asked for a roll call vote. It was a squeaker again but we won 19 to 17 to report our bill, with all the new projects intact, to the House for a vote the following day.

When Cannon told Speaker Rayburn about the outcome in committee, the leadership got quite excited and behind-the-scenes moves were launched to recall the committee and have it reverse its action.

The first thing I knew of this was when Dan Flood came to me that afternoon and said:

"Do you know what they are doing?"

I said:

"No, what are you talking about?"

Flood then told me:

"The Speaker is summoning every Democrat who voted affirmatively to his office and asking them to change their vote."

Tabor was doing the same with the Republican members.

When Rayburn persuaded enough members to reconsider, he called Chairman Cannon to his office and confronted him with the result. The Speaker said he had enough votes to change the committee decision and that Cannon should call a meeting of the committee to take another vote.

To his everlasting credit as far as I am concerned, Cannon defied the Speaker. He said he would not call another meeting of the committee and that its vote would stand.

"There will be no new meeting of the committee," Cannon told Rayburn. "I voted against Mike Kirwan in the subcommittee. So did Flood. So did Rabaut. So did others. But Mike beat us in the full committee. And I do not intend going back to then again."

Cannon's decision was final. He was Chairman of the committee.

Later that afternoon, I ran into Rayburn in the wash room. He shook my hand and said:

"Well, Mike, I didn't think you could do it but you have won. I'll be with you tomorrow when this thing comes to the floor."

The new bill came up in the House the next day and there was quite a debate. Among other things, I told the Congress:

"Every project in this bill will stand the acid test. I urge everyone here to do something for your country. God gave us this country. God gave us the soil, the rocks, the mountains, the woods, the streams. Let us do a good job protecting and preserving them. Let this be one of the few times in history that we do something in and for America."

Jamie Whitten made a stirring speech. He told the House:

"As a member of the Committee on Appropriations I offered this motion to reduce each item 2 1/2 per cent and to retain the 67 projects.

"I am not a member of the Public Works subcommittee. I have no projects in this bill, present, past or future. I offered the motion because I think it is high time we took care of our own country.

"If the President and a majority of the Congress are going to have a foreign aid bill of billions of dollars annually; if we are going to raise travel allowances for Federal employees and raise Federal pay; if we are going to increase benefits to veterans, and provide more inflated dollars for almost everything; if we are going to have all these other things, if we continue to increase the national debt, then we can do something for our country, too.

"I think we owe it to our future and to our children to protect our own country, its soil and its natural resources. The President's veto would have us do all these other things at the expense of our country."

The House voted 303 to 93 to send the almost identical bill which Eisenhower had vetoed back to the White House and I knew we had won the fight. The vote was 129 more than would be required for a two-thirds majority to override. The Senate approved the bill 73 to 15.

The measure had hardly hit the president's desk when it bounced back with a second veto.

This time the House disposed of the issue within a few minutes and without further debate. The vote was 280 to 121. We had the two-thirds majority necessary to override, with a dozen votes to spare. Then the Senate overrode the veto 72 to 23.

It was the first time and only time in the history of this Nation that Congress overrode a President veto on the second try, after failing in the first instance:

As it turned out, the Republicans were playing their own game of politics with the Public Works bill. The next year, 1960, a presidential election year, the Eisenhower Administration recommended "new starts" in the Budget message to Congress. If all the 67 "new starts" provided in the

Public Works bill by Congress the previous year were objectionable to the White House, and two vetoes by the President were based upon this, why then were these thirty-three "new starts" warranted in a national election year?

The override of the veto was one of the few times the Democratic-controlled Congress took the White House on during the eight-year Eisenhower Administration.

it had the effect on the 1960 election I hoped for, both presidential and Congressional. When I was at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles that summer delegate after delegate came to me and told me:

"The greatest thing that happened for the Democratic party in Congress was when you overrode Eisenhower's veto of the Public Works bill.

"We all need this water and flood control. When you overrode the veto you saved the Democratic party in the 1960 election. We can now put a Democratic President back in the White House this year."

I have been told that my help in clinching the West Virginia vote, the override of the Public Works veto, and the other help I gave Jack Kennedy in the 1960 campaign were decisive in providing the narrow margin of victory over defeat for the Kennedy-Johnson Democratic ticket.

Many Democratic National Committeemen from states all over the Nation came to Washington after the election and told me:

"Mike, this is the thing that made victory possible."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE PLUNDERING OF AMERICA'S RESOURCES

No single resource is more important
to us than our water. Our management of
America's water resources is basic to
success in meeting the many obligations
and many opportunities of our growing
population --

President Lyndon B. Johnson

I remember, 'as though it were yesterday, when England's Prince of Wales visited the United States. He was taken everywhere and shown this country as few foreign visitors have seen it. He was regaled in the cities by our highest social circles. But he was also taken around the Nation and shown our industries and natural resources at first hand.

At the end of his tour as he was departing to return to England, news reporters asked him:

"What impressed you most about what you have seen of this country?"

Without hesitation, the Prince replied:

"The burning of your forests. You will live to see the day when you will wish to God you had never permitted it."

At that time the lumber barons were burning trees that took God 200 years to grow to get to trees that had taken 400 years to mature.

Three hundred years ago, when the first settlers arrived in the New World, towering forests covered the Land from the Mississippi

River to the Atlantic seashore. Our natural resources seemed so limitless that only a century ago the French historian de Tocqueville wrote of the country as "that continent which still presents, as it did in primeval time, rivers that rise from never-failing sources, green and moist solitude, and limitless fields which the plowshare has never turned."

But the timber barons, with axe and saw and fire, in a few years destroyed our forests, stripping whole mountain chains of their virgin timber, with never a thought 'of replacing them for future generations. A swath of destruction was ripped across our land in a comparatively short time from Maine to the Pacific Northwest and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. Without forests to hold the rainfall, erosion set in, washing our precious top soil into the rivers, filling the deep channels and bringing devastating annual floods. Wildlife largely disappeared. The water table has been lowered alarmingly throughout the land. Today in Ohio we are drilling 80 feet deeper for water than our grandfathers. We have a million acres of the finest land in the world in the state, but too often now, no water. The pumps are running dry. Yet every time we come before Congress and ask for a few million dollars to erect a dam and reservoir -- a trap for the water to protect the soil that produces our wealth -- what do we find? Opposition, cries of dismay and anguish, and strident voices declaring the budget cannot stand it. No one wants an unbalanced budget. But no one wants a country to waste away all its natural resources, either. Our lakes and streams have been polluted by erosion and industrial waste and our fresh water fish life is disappearing. In the district I represent in Congress I have seen told that in Ashtabula County for many

years they fertilized the farms with sturgeon caught in Lake Erie. The sturgeon runs were that plentiful. There is probably not a sturgeon remaining today in that great inland body of water. No one tried to save any of the fish for the future. But in those days, as today, we were told we must balance the budget, not realizing in our shortsightedness that money spent to conserve our precious resources, to restore our soil to fertility with adequate water, to store water in reservoirs in our river valleys for irrigation and the production of hydroelectric power to light our homes and farms and provide adequate electric energy for our industries, and to prevent devastating floods, is an investment that pays for itself and returns constantly renewing dividends.

The countries of Europe, whose populations are large and whose resources are meager compared to our own, learned long ago they must protect what they have if they are to survive. On one trip to Europe I visited France, Germany and Belgium. While there it rained continuously for three days, Driving through those three countries I tried to find evidences of erosion. But there were none. You can drink the water right out of the ditch at the side of the road. It is good, clear water. And most of their rivers and streams are crystal clear. This is not a matter of chance. It comes from the steps taken by these countries to protect their soil. Yet in America, the greatest country on earth, there is hardly a farm today that does not suffer from erosion.

When the timber barons were stripping the mountains and forests of Pennsylvania of their virgin trees they took care to keep everybody

happy. They financed baseball teams in La Crosse, Oil City, Johnstown, Franklin, Lancaster and Williamsport, paying the players high salaries. They built ball parks in all these towns. Only fifteen cents was charged for a ticket to see the games. This was in the days when baseball was the national game and had no competition from other forms of entertainment. Almost everyone was a baseball fan and we thought the lumber barons were great people. After they had cut all the timber and moved on, all we had left was the stumps. And that was the end of the baseball teams, too. It was only after they destroyed our forests and ruined our soil by erosion that we realized what they had done to us. But then it was too late. The trees were gone. Now we have to go to Canada for lumber and newsprint.

In thirty years of hearings before committees of Congress, I have listened to a lot of sanctimonious prating about "free enterprise" and its rights. As far as I am concerned, "free enterprise" has been the right of a privileged few to exploit their fellow Americans. Free enterprise began in this country a long time before I began working as a boy in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania and it was always those with the power of money behind them who won out. In the coal fields, men with large families, hoping to get ahead, would clear a tract of land, remove the debris and then prepare to mine coal. They would petition the railroad to put in a siding and this would be done. When the cars were loaded with coal, the railroads charged these independent miners twenty cents per ton-mile to ship their coal. But the railroads charged the large shippers only two cents per ton-mile. Case after case was taken to the Pennsylvania

courts and even to the United States Supreme Court. But the family coal miners always lost. By a vote of nine to nothing the Supreme Court held that the railroads and big mine owners were right. So gradually the small coal operators were driven to the wall and wiped out.

One of the feathers in the cap of free enterprise involved the steel industry. At the turn of the century a group of men headed by J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier, paid Andrew Carnegie \$300,000,000 for his holdings and organized the United States Steel Corporation. Then they put \$600,000,000 in stock on the market at \$14 a share and many steel workers were pressured into buying the stock. The Morgan group got back \$300,000,000 more than they paid Carnegie. Then these captains of industry drove the stock down to \$7 a share, and the steel workers became panicky and tossed it overboard. So it did not cost the Morgan group one dime to come into possession of all Carnegie's steel empire and ownership of the gigantic United States Steel Corporation. This was free enterprise at work.

During the years in which I worked in the coal mines, the large mine operators hauled out the debris from digging the shafts and slopes and let it lie in huge mounds on the surface. Rains washed the debris into the rivers and they carried it 300 miles down to Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay. When Spring floods came the coal debris was deposited on farm lands along the rivers and the farms were ruined. The river channels were choked and the fresh water fish killed off. Before this, steamships ran up the Susquehanna River from Harrisburg to Wilkes-Barre. Today I doubt that anything with deeper draught than a canoe could negotiate the river. Because the debris was not put back into the mine shafts and tunnels to hold up the earth many towns above old mines are now endangered by cave-ins. Not long ago in one Pennsylvania town

I saw a new hospital falling into a collapsed mine. The building looked like it had been sliced in half with a knife. This hospital had cost a million dollars to build. Many millions of dollars will have to be spent in Pennsylvania to repair the damage when cities like Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville and others begin to collapse into the abandoned diggings, and all because the Bureau of Mines in the early days did not have sufficient authority to prevent the evils and abuses of old mining methods.

In Western Pennsylvania today there are coal mines that have been burning for ten or fifteen years. It has gone on to the extent that the earth has been undermined and buildings are falling into the holes. Yet we are afraid to appropriate a little money to put out the coal mine fires. If we should hear about a coal mine fire on some island in the Pacific, the people of the Nation would raise their hands in horror and ask why we did not appropriate funds to put that fire out; yet they accuse us of wasting money if we try to provide Federal funds to put out a fire in a coal mine in our own country. From Maine to California there is waste and destruction of our natural resources. But every time we try to appropriate money to correct it the cry is raised that we must economize.

Today, to these problems have been added the evils of strip mining. Travel through Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, if you will, and everywhere you see mountains of raw earth left: by strip mining operations. The rains come and wash it into the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Today at the mouth of the Mississippi we have great dredges trying to keep ahead of the silt deposits simply because we do not make the strip-mine operators replace and smooth out the earth they have skimmed off the surface with their gigantic earth-moving

machinery. The cost to the Nation of this destruction and waste is hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

Another profligate waste of irreplaceable natural resources involved petroleum. The first well was drilled near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859. The only market for petroleum was to make kerosene. Gasoline and all the other by-products we have today were not yet discovered. The first well brought in at Titusville was only 70 feet deep. So soon thereafter, anybody who had a spare \$100 was drilling for oil. There was no place to store it. The oil tanks of that day were made of wood and held only about fifty barrels of oil. The petroleum ran into the Allegheny River by the millions of barrels. They would set the river afire every two weeks to get rid of it. It didn't take long to destroy the oil resources of Pennsylvania. The rest of flowed down the Allegheny to the Ohio, thence to the Mississippi and on to the Gulf of Mexico, killing fish and polluting the rivers all the way. Production in the Pennsylvania fields today is less than a quarter barrel per well per day. For the past few years we have been sending agents all over the world trying to find new oil sources, to South America, to our own off-shore continental shelf, to Canada and Labrador, to North Africa, Libya, Ethiopia and the Middle East. Our prime iron ore deposits in the fabulours Mesabi Range, too, are largely exhausted. We have had to go to South America and Labrador for new sources of iron ore. We are dependent upon South America also for much of our copper and tin. And so it goes.

Of the depletion of our natural resources and the need for their conservation, President Kennedy, in one of his first messages to Congress after he took office in January, 1961, said:

"Our entire society rests upon -- and is dependent upon --

our water, our land, our forests, and our minerals.

"By the year 2000, a United States population of 300,000,000 -- nearly doubled in 40 years -- will need far greater supplies of farm products, timber, water, minerals, fuels, energy, and opportunities for outdoor recreation. Present projections tell us that our water use will double in the next 20 years; that we are harvesting our supply of high-grade timber more rapidly than the development of new growth; that too much of our fertile topsoil is being washed away; that our minerals are being exhausted at increasing rates; and that the Nation's remaining undeveloped areas of great natural beauty are being rapidly pre-empted for other uses.

"Wise investment in a resource program today will return vast dividends tomorrow and failures to act now may be opportunities lost forever. Our country has been generous with us in this regard-- and we cannot now ignore her needs for future development."

For thirty years in Congress I have fought to rectify the plundering of America's natural resources by the robber barons of the past century.

I have repeatedly warned Congress:

"We are still wasting the resources of our country. If it continues, the pay-off will come, and when it comes it is going to be terrific, all because we have not the courage to spend money on this, the greatest country in the world, to right what is wrong, and to put a few dollars back into the land where it will do the most good.

"We have to spend money to save what is left of our natural wealth. We had better save it while we have some left, because once it is gone mere money can never bring back our God-given natural resources."

In the past twenty years we have spent over \$100 billion to help feed, clothe, restore the economies and re-arm much of the world. Foreign aid alone is still draining off nearly \$4 billion of our wealth each year. Yet every time a proposal is put forward to help conserve the resources of our Nation, including the most precious of all, water, and to put them to use for the benefit of the American people, outraged cries of 'we must economize, we must balance the budget' are raised. When I have advised my colleagues that we must invest in our own country to correct the evils that have been perpetrated for 200 years, some have sought to dismiss the advice by saying, "those are the sins of our fathers." My answer is that they are the sins we are committing today, and if we do not hurry and try to make a fair confession of our sins, of the sins we are committing now, God help this country in the next 100 years.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE STRUGGLE TO RECLAIM THE WEST

A few months after the 1960 election, Jack Kennedy invited me to take a trip with him to the Pacific Coast in his jet plane, Air Force One. We flew to Seattle, Washington, where Senator Warren Magnuson had arranged a dinner honoring the new President.

The turnout for Kennedy was so great that the dinner had to be held in the city's four largest hotels, with the president's address piped into three on closed-circuit television. The dinner raised \$279,000 for the Democratic party's campaign fund, which was very welcome to the poorer of the two major parties.

In his talk, President Kennedy paid me one of the finest compliments I've ever received. He told the story of the harnessing of the mighty Columbia River, the building of Grand Coulee Dam, Bonneville and other hydroelectric and flood control projects along the river, of devastating annual floods that have now been contained by the series of dams, and then he turned toward my seat at the speaker's table, waved for the spotlight that was shining on him to be moved to me, and said:

"And the man who made all this possible is here tonight, Congressman Mike Kirwan."

There were only five large dams and reservoirs in the nation when I came to Congress -- the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River in Arizona, the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, Bonneville on the Columbia and the Norris and Wilson Dams in the Tennessee Valley. All the rest of the huge water conservation projects in America I have had a hand in building.

This has been possible through the posts I have held on the key

Appropriations Committee and sub-committees dealing with public works, hydroelectric power, irrigation, land reclamation, and flood control. I have been a member of the House Appropriations Committee since 1942. For 16 years I was Chairman of the Interior Appropriations Sub-Committee, and now am Chairman of the Appropriations Sub-Committee on Public Works. At the same time, I am the ranking majority member of the House Appropriations Committee. These posts have enabled me to devote the better part of thirty years service in the United States Congress to the nation's water conservation needs which, as our population growth and industrial development continues, I am convinced will prove the salvation of America.

In my wanderings through the West in the early years of this century, I saw America as few living men have seen it. I saw its mountains, rivers, forests and deserts; its vast wildernesses, its virgin timber forests where the rain fell in abundance, and its thousands of square miles of parched lands where there was seldom, if ever, rain, where giant reclamation and irrigation projects were needed. This was at a time when the forests, rivers, mountains and productive lands of the West were in a virgin state and completely unspoiled. When I say unspoiled I mean that in the literal sense. They were absolutely untainted and unpolluted by man and his works, by commerce or industry.

I wandered all over the West, from Washington and Oregon where the lumber barons were beginning to denude our rain forests of their giant redwoods, to Southern California, then an arid, waterless desert country; to the states that were described in the grammar school geographies of the day as the "Great American Desert" -- Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. I went to them all,

working as a day laborer. I saw vast areas of otherwise fertile land where everything was withered, from lack of water. I saw the rain valleys of the Columbia and other mighty rivers inundated by annual floods from uncontrolled Spring runoffs from their snow-covered mountain sources, pouring their precious burden into the ocean, unchecked by dams or reservoirs and without any use being made of this priceless, irrecoverable resource.

So I had a good idea before I ever came to Congress of the nation's need for conserving and making use of its water for hydroelectric power, irrigation, land reclamation and flood control.

God lets enough water fall but for many generations we have been letting it go to waste.

Along about 1912 I took a ride in the country. I had been in the hospital six months with a broken hip from being caught between a freight car and engine I was coupling. There was a heavy rain and the water and mud of the road was almost up to the horse's belly. There was no drainage along the roads in the horse and buggy days. Many times you could not travel the roads after a heavy rain but had to wait until the water seeped into the ground and the road began to dry out. This kept the water table high all over the land.

But when the automobile highways began to be built they had to have perfect drainage so the pavement wouldn't be undermined. Now, two minutes after it rains, all over the United States the water that is so badly needed is on the way to the rivers and ocean. It gives our land no help anymore and the water table everywhere is being lowered.

The only way we can save this water and make use of it by returning it to the land is through construction of dams and reservoirs. Dams must

be built all over America if our Nation in to survive and not suffer the fare of the Middle East which the Bible describes as once having been "a land of milk and honey." In ancient times, Persia supported a population of 50,000,000 in plenty. Today its population is less than 20,000,000 and they live in poverty. And most of the Middle East, once a region of great forests, now is a desert. We are building 41,000 miles more of super-highways which have to have perfect drainage. Thus more and more water will rush away to the sea without seeping slowly into the ground to nourish our crop lands. All chat water should be caught in reservoirs and put to use for the welfare of the people of America.

Farmers can help themselves, too in regions of normally adequate rainfall where, in the past several years, there have been long periods of summer drought.

If I were a farmer in Ohio or other states of the humid East, I would build Little ponds all over my farm to prevent the rains from flowing off too rapidly. I would make certain the rains had a chance to soak into the ground. A network of small earth dams or other obstructions will do much to restore rhe water table that has been sinking dangerously in the East and would not cost each farmer more than perhaps \$500. If all farmers in the Eastern states would do this, a great step forward would be taken to back up the enormous task the Federal government has undertaken to bring water to the arid Western states where the Reclamation Act applies.

The story of the reclamation of the West is one filled with greater drama than the Gold Rush. The objective of the Forty-Niners was to pillage and destroy. The function of the Reclamation Act has been to create life where there was no life before, to bring fertility to lands that were deserts, to provide the water that has made possible cities and great crop lands where perishable fruits and vegetables are grown and shipped to the Eastern United States in months of the year when the East is winter-bound.

A New Yorker who sits in a fashionable, expensive restaurant and orders strawberries or Persiac melon in January probably never gives a thought to where they come from or how they are grown. They are produced in areas of the Southwest and Pacific Coast, where the winter climate is warm, unlike the frigid East, and where water has been provided for irrigation through the vast conservation efforts of the Federal government. Without the water that has converted once desert areas into a region of bountiful harvest of fruits, melons and vegetables, the New Yorker and his friends in the Eastern Seaboard states would sit down to drab dinners of canned foods, meat and potatoes. This illustrates only in one small way that what has been done to help the West develop returns dividends to the entire nation.

The importance of the irrigated lands to the Nation's nutrition and health was reported recently by the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior.

Discussing deficiencies that still exist in the diets of nearly half the Nation's families, the report noted:

"The foods needed to alleviate these deficiencies are the fresh fruits and vegetables, and the meat and livestock products that constitute the principal products of reclamation lands. From the subtropical valleys of the Southwest come large supplies of winter fruits and vegetables. Many items are grown almost exclusively under irrigation.

"The Department of Agriculture reports that eleven Western states produce all the Nation's apricots, lemons, figs, walnuts, almonds, filberts, olives and hops; 90 to 100 per cent of pears, prunes and plums; from 50 to 90 per cent of grapes, avocados, nectarines, cherries and strawberries;

and from 50 to 100 per cent of the artichokes, garlic, cantaloupes, honeydew melons, lettuce, celery and carrots. This is but a partial listing but is indicative of the degree to which the Nation depends upon the irrigated West for its abundant and varied diet.

"The average person's diet now contains 15 per cent more calcium, 25 per cent more riboflavin, 20 per cent more protein and 5 per cent more vitamin A and C than it did 25 years ago. These health-promoting factors are to be found in the leafy green and yellow vegetables and citrus fruits; in the wide array of delicious tree fruits and in the subtropical delicacies such as avocados, figs, dates and olives and in prime meat and dairy products, all of which are products of reclamation projects of the irrigated West."

Of the \$5.5 billion that has been expended on reclamation in the West since the Reclamation Act was enacted in 1902, about three-fourths has been appropriated during my tenure on the Appropriations Committee of Congress. This includes the great \$2 billion Central Valley project in California, the tremendous nine-state six-million-acre Missouri River Basin Project, the billion-dollar five-state Colorado River Storage Project, the Hungry Horse Dam in Montana, the Colorado-Big Thompson project which takes water from the western face of the Continental Divide where the rains fall to the arid eastern slopes, and control of the Republican River which without warning from time to time / flooded and destroyed all the existing economy on its entire length in Nebraska and Kansas, and now is completely controlled -- to mention only a few.

Because of my efforts in behalf of the Central Valley project, ~~Chief~~
~~Justice of the United States~~ Earl Warren, when Governor of California, had this to say:

"Mike Kirwan is one of the two great men in the field of reclamation. Theodore Roosevelt passed the Reclamation Act in 1902 and Congressman Mike Kirwan has developed it."

When Theodore Roosevelt asked Congress to approve the Reclamation Act he said that in the West the limitation was not on land, it was on water, and that what happened in the wise use of water would be the determining factor in the future growth of the West. He said the project; that would be involved in providing water for the arid West were of such magnitude that they were beyond the capacity of individuals, or private enterprise, or local and state governments, and that therefore the Federal government had a responsibility in developing the region. He predicted that, with water provided under the Reclamation Act, some day the West would have a population as great as the entire United States in 1900, when there were about 56 million people, of which nine million were in the West. It is interesting to note today that in the last census, the West now has almost 50 million people, with California the largest populated state in the nation, having surpassed New York. All this has been made possible by Federal water conservation.

This has taken place in a little more than a half century. It would have been impossible without the gigantic projects that have provided water storage along the Columbia, Colorado, Missouri, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Sacramento Rivers and their tributaries; water for the desert cities hundreds of miles away and hydroelectric power for the airplane, aluminum, shipbuilding and numerous other industries up and down the Pacific Coast from Canada to Mexico. By 1933 the West had reached the point of no return, where its existing water resources would not support a large population. It was the electric power from Grand Coulee, Bonneville and Hoover dams which provided the energy that built the airplanes, ships and atomic bomb that won the Second World War.

During a Committee hearing in Boise, Idaho, a newspaper reporter asked me:

"How can you, a Congressman from Ohio, defend huge appropriations for Reclamation projects in Idaho and other Western states to your constituents, who get none of these benefits?"

I thought a moment, and then replied:

"I stand on the street corner here on a Saturday afternoon and watch the automobiles and trucks go by. They are made of steel that comes from the plants in my home town of Youngstown. The tires are made of rubber and textiles that come from the nation's largest tire plants in Ohio. The cars and trucks are loaded with people who are buying stoves, bathtubs, farm equipment, metal sheds and barn roofs, and I don't know how many other steel products that are made in my Congressional district. Without the money they have been able to make as a result of these land reclamation and water conservation projects they could not buy our Ohio steel products.

"When I go back to the 19th Ohio Congressional District I tell my people what I've seen and how these projects are creating new markets for Youngstown steel. They get the message. They've been returning me to Congress every two years since 1936. What builds the West builds Youngstown and all America.

"I know this; I've seen it work."

The Hoover Commission, in more formal language, put it this way:

"The justification for Federal interest in irrigation is not solely to provide land for farmers or to increase food supply. These new farm areas create villages and towns whose populations thrive from furnishing supplies to the farmer, marketing his crops, and from the industries which

grow around these areas. The economy of eight important cities of the West has its base in irrigation -- Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Spokane, Boise, El Paso, Fresno and Yakima. These new centers of productivity send waves of economic improvement to the far borders, like a pebble thrown in a pond. Through irrigation, man has been able to build a stable civilization in an area that might otherwise have been open only to intermittent exploitation."

What the Hoover Commission said of the eight larger cities is true of almost every community, large or small, in the modern West. The economy of today's West, virtually in its entirety, is dependent upon man-created sources of water, not only for irrigation but for municipal water supply, industrial use and production of hydroelectric power to turn the wheels of industries that have sprung up in this vast region as Federal dams and reservoirs provided the vitally needed water sources.

I have found there is a profound ignorance of water conservation, hydroelectric development and land reclamation of the Western States. The average person in the East, who takes water for granted, knows little if anything about it. To many of the uninformed it is regarded as a total and cynical outpouring and waste of the taxpayers' money. To those who oppose use of Federal funds to develop the nation and conserve its resources, it is described scornfully as "the pork barrel."

But in reality, it is the rarest jewel in all the Federal programs: it pays for itself. The fact is that 92.2 per cent of all the \$5.5 billion projects is repaid to the Federal government. Only the less than eight per cent of the cost -- representing flood control, fish and wildlife conservation, and recreation benefits -- have been declared by Congress to be in the public interest and therefore nonreimbursable.

Reclamation is everything but an example of pork barrel spending. It is an investment in the future of America. Reclamation puts to work the precious resource of water; water that is the key to life and prosperity in the entire western half of the United States.

Water resource development in the 17 arid Western States has been the greatest factor in establishing the region as an asset to the nation rather than a dependency.

Tax revenues from farmers and businesses in the reclamation areas amount to about \$480 million a year. These tax revenues paid into the Federal treasury now total \$7 billion - nearly \$2 billion more than the total of all the reclamation projects that have ever been built. Let's take a look at some of the other returns from Federal investment in reclamation. It has provided irrigation facilities for serving 9.6 million acres of rich irrigable Western land that otherwise would have lain idle and useless. The program serves 133,000 farms, sustaining a farm population of 554,000 persons. In 1965, \$1.6 billion of choice crops were produced. For each worker on an irrigated farm, two additional jobs are created in the local towns.

The reclamation program provides water for the municipal and industrial requirements of more than 12 million persons. It provides electric power for more than six million persons. As a result, the growth of the West has been twice that of the Eastern States during the past half century.

The West is continuing to grow at a rapid pace, and to grow it must have water, more and more water. There is only one way in which they can get this "liquid gold." This is by greater efforts in the field of water conservation and development. And this can only be provided by the projects of the Reclamation Bureau of the Federal government, supported by the Congress.

Recent studies show that for each dollar spent at the construction sites of these projects, better than another dollar goes to purchase materials and equipment. These dollars are spent all over the Nation -- in states far removed from the construction sites in the West.

I take Ohio as an illustration because this is the state I represent in Congress. More than three per cent of the reclamation dollars spent for materials and equipment comes back to Ohio businesses. To put it into more

specific terms: reclamation expenditures amount to about \$300 million annually. Some \$9 million of this is spent with Ohio industries each year. These purchases generate and support jobs in Ohio factories and they mean more jobs in the service trades of Ohio. The same thing happens in all the other states of the nation which produce materials and equipment of many kinds that go into the construction of these reclamation projects.

The Wenatchee, Washington, Daily World said this with great effectiveness in an unusual editorial. It quoted a letter written by a Pakima farmer, describing a day in his life. This is what he said:

"Wakened at 5 o'clock by an alarm clock from Connecticut, I take the milk pails, made of Pennsylvania tin, and wend my way to the barn, while my wife prepares breakfast on a range made in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The breakfast consists of grapefruit from Florida, breakfast food from Minneapolis, bacon from Omaha and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, served on table china from Ohio and New Jersey, silverware from New York and Connecticut, sugar from Louisiana, etc.

"I go out to spray the orchard, using lead arsenate from Missouri, sulphur from Louisiana and Texas. My spray rig is made in Michigan, the tractor in Wisconsin.

"When I go to town it is in a car from Detroit, with tires from Ohio, bakelite for accessories from New Hampshire. My car insurance goes to Baltimore, life insurance to Des Moines and Omaha, fire insurance to Hartford, Connecticut. Shoes for myself and family come from Boston and St. Louis, clothing from New York and Chicago, cotton goods from Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi.

in season, we buy grapefruit and oranges, early fruit and vegetables, from Florida and Texas. We ride over roads graded with machinery from Illinois and Iowa and paved by other road machines from Wisconsin and Ohio. My plow comes from Moline, Illinois; electric refrigerator, radio and other appliances from New York, Pennsylvania and Detroit, furniture from Grand Rapids, bed springs from St. Louis, rugs from Philadelphia, my watch from Illinois, books and magazines from a dozen Eastern cities.

"An occasional bottle of snakebite remedy comes from Maryland or Kentucky, the ore that went into the making of the aluminum kitchenware from Tennessee and Florida, codfish and sardines from Maine; from Delaware, dyes, paints, rayon and cellophane in numerous articles of daily use. The wife's and daughter's cosmetics come from New York, Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

"School books, toys, bicycles for the youngsters, like almost everything else, come the long trail from the Eastern industrial centers and on all these, as on the apples I ship East, we pay freight that helps to maintain railroad service and dividends for Eastern stockholders.

"The hardware and plumbing and heating plant in my home are all Eastern products. The sawmill machinery that sawed and milled the lumber, the freight cars on which it was hauled and the rails over which they traveled, all are Eastern products -- part of our annual cost-of-living bill.

"And when I make my last move to the little three by six plot on the hillside, I will doubtless be carried there on an Eastern-made casket, borne by an Eastern-made hearse. The kindly Yakima earth will be shoveled

back over me with an Eastern-made shovel and at the head of the little mound will be set a stone of Vermont granite."

Yakima is one of the cities of the West whose life and economy are almost entirely dependent upon water provided by reclamation facilities.

This was the farmer's way of saying that the new economy of the West, brought into being with Federal help where it never existed before, and could not have existed, provides a new market for the products of the industrial East and helps the economy of the entire Nation expand.

Reclamation is one of the very few Federal programs that provide for return to the U.S. Treasury of the dollars spent. More than 2,000 water service and repayment contracts are in force, the latter totalling over \$1.5 billion. To call this "a pork barrel" is doing a great disservice to truth and to the American people. In one of his last public addresses, President Kennedy answered critics who pin this deprecative phrase to water conservation improvements that benefit the entire Nation when he visited Arkansas in October 1963 to dedicate Greers Ferry Dam. He asked:

"Which is more wasteful, to let the land lie arid and unproductive, and resources lie untapped while rivers flow unused -- or to transform these rivers into natural arteries of transportation, reclamation, power and commerce with billion dollar benefits

"These projects protect and create wealth -- new industries, new income, new incentives and interests. And the wealth they assure to one region becomes a market for another -- so that the benefits of this project also help those who manufacture automobiles in Detroit, and those who produce steel in Pittsburgh, and those who make shoes in Massachusetts and Tennessee."

Let's see where the Reclamation program stands, three decades after I came to Congress and more than sixty years since it was initiated.

Congress has authorized 145 projects. They range from a \$94,000 canal and pumping plant in Montana to the \$2 billion Central Valley project and the series of dams and reservoirs that have developed the entire river basins of the Columbia, Colorado and Missouri Rivers. They include 397 storage and diversion dams, 96 major

pumping plants, 48 power plants, 339 main supply canals.

By mid-1965, water and power users had repaid \$848 million of the construction costs and annual operating revenue reached \$142 million. The cumulative gross crop value produced on irrigated lands since 1906 is approximately \$23 billion, more than four times the total Federal investment. The irrigated acreage not only provides a large share of the Nation's fruit and winter vegetable supply but also improves the livestock grazing lands of the West.

When the Reclamation program began, its function was largely irrigation. But the Boulder Canyon Project (Hoover Dam) saved large areas of the Southwest from disastrous floods and delivered large quantities of water and low-cost power for the post-depression expansion of Los Angeles, San Diego and other cities. This great project proved to be the blueprint for multi-purpose water resource development, and today irrigation is only one of its many important contributions.

What the Boulder Canyon Project and all the later great dams and reservoirs along the Colorado River have done for multi-purpose water resource development has been repeated at Grand Coulee, Hungry Horse in Montana, Shasta in the Central Valley and in the Missouri River Basin.

Hydroelectric power plants at these dams have a total generating capacity of almost seven million kilowatts. In addition to providing power for pumping water, these plants yield annual revenues in excess of \$115 million. Power users not only pay the cost of generating and transmission, with interest, but also contribute revenue to help pay other costs of the water resource development.

At Grand Coulee, gigantic pumps lift the water from Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake to a higher, upland valley ultimately to irrigate 1,000,000 acres which once were a desert of volcanic ash and now is a region of almost unbelievable fertility. A portion of the 14 billion kilowatt hours of electrical energy produced annually at Grand Coulee is used to operate the pumps that lift the river of water to the lofty valley.

Miracles are almost without end in the reclaiming of the West. The old axiom that water cannot flow uphill, which Grand Coulee flouts so successfully with its engineering and irrigation marvel, is repeated in the Colorado-Sig Thompson Reclamation Project in Northern Colorado, of which I played a considerable part in bringing into being.

When the rain clouds from the Pacific reach the Rocky Mountains they drop their moisture on the Western slopes. Here, there is adequate water. But the Eastern slopes and valleys, receiving little, if any, rain have been parched and arid from time immemorial. Given water, the land is rich and fertile, producing fine crops of sugar beets and cannery products, supporting large herds of feeder cattle and dairy cows.

To transfer water from the Western slope to the dry Eastern slope meant crossing the Continental Divide, with mountain altitudes reaching upward from 12,000 to 14,000 feet. To accomplish this Herculean task the "Big-T" bored a 9-foot-9-inch hole, the Alva B. Adams tunnel, through the Rocky Mountains for 13.1 miles under the Continental Divide. This is the longest irrigation tunnel in the world. A total of 300,000 acre-feet of water per year is lifted to the tunnel from near the head of the Colorado River, just east of Grand Lake, to irrigate the fertile lands on the Eastern slope. A great reservoir has been built to protect the Western slope water supply and a gigantic pumping plant lifts 600 cubic feet of water per second some 180 feet into Shadow Mountain Lake. There are 100 separate engineering projects tied into the "Big-T", including the Estes Park aqueducts and power system Granby Dam and Reservoir, Carter Lake, and the St. Train and Boulder Creek supply canals. This project alone dwarfs into insignificance the building of the pyramids and other colossal

structures by the ancient Egyptians. The Denver Post, as far back as 1955, credited the "Big-T" with being worth \$126 million a year to Northern Colorado. During the drought years of 1954, 1955 and 1956 about \$41 million a year in crops were made possible by the water brought across the Continental Divide. The farmers of Northern Colorado had water for their crops of sugar beets and alfalfa, for poultry, dairy and feeder cattle. Here, too, the industrial East is finding an expanding market for machines, tools and other manufactured goods. Little, if any, of this produce adds to the nation's agricultural surplus. When water comes to the West the crops produced are fruits, winter vegetables and meat, not the surplus crops. ,

The fourth highest concrete dam in the United States is the Hungry Horse on the South Fork of the Flathead River in northwestern Montana. Authorization was granted in what proved to be the latter part of the Second World War, but at that time the end of the war was still uncertain and more hydroelectric energy was needed for the Grand Coulee grid to build the planes and atomic weapons needed to shorten the conflict.

My part in this gigantic project was related by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana in a letter to the editor of the **Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator**:

"I am the author of the bill creating Hungry Horse. But it was essential for me to find the right person who would understand its potentialities -- and I knew of no more keen a person than Mike Kirwan who would be interested and sympathetic.

"At the time, the 80th Congress was in the hands of the Republicans.

Robert F. 'Bob' Jones of Ohio was Chairman of the sub-committee on Interior Appropriations and Mike Kirwan was then on the minority side. When they started to mark up the bill, Jones shook hands with Kirwan and said:

"Mike, I'm going to cut the bill fifty per cent across the board. If there is any project you are interested in, name it.'

"Mike told him of his interest in Hungry Horse..

"Jones exclaimed:

"'Good Grief! That is Number One on my list to be cut out -- but my hand shake and word to you stands and you will get Hungry Horse.'

"Sometime later, Mike and Bob had an appointment with President Truman and the two of them went to the White House.

"Bob, who had been given a Presidential appointment, said to Truman:

"'Mr. President, I want to thank you for appointing me a member of the Federal Communications Commission.'

"President Truman, with a twinkle in his eye, replied:

"'Don't thank me -- thank your friend, Mike Kirwan.'

"I emphasized to Mike that Hungry Horse meant that the development of Montana was finally beginning and that its 550,000 people and 148,000 square miles would be given the opportunity they had long sought.

"The question most people ask is what does Hungry Horse do? Through its hydroelectric power it produces aluminum, of which at the time Hungry Horse was completed in 1952 the country produced only 70 per cent of its needs. It processes manganese, of which we produced only 10 per cent of our requirements, and the only sources of which in this country are in

Montana. It made possible development of Montana's chrome deposits, which are the greatest in the country and of which the United States produced only 20 per cent of its needs, and it produces phosphate fertilizer from the phosphate fields of Montana, which comprise 40 per cent of the Nation's reserves.

"Every cent of the \$108 million cost of Hungry Horse is repayable to the Federal government by those receiving its benefits. In addition to these uses, Hungry Horse aids in flood control in the Columbia River basin and provides water for irrigating 100,000 acres of new land.

"Hungry Horse is a monument to the statesmanship of Mike Kirwan of Ohio. His vision has been well rewarded and the need for Hungry Horse has been amply justified by events. I was right when I said 'Mike Kirwan is a Congressman's Congressman' and the nation is better off because of the foresight of the gentleman from Ohio."

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE PRIVATE POWER LOBBY AT WORK

Every time Congress tries to do something to help develop our country it rams head-on into a stonewall of self-interest. There **has not** been **an instance in the long and successful struggle** to make the West productive in which Congress has not been set upon by highly organized, well-heeled private interests. They have opposed the harnessing of our water resources. They have fought the building of dams, reservoirs and generators to produce hydroelectric power. They have opposed all the multi-purpose water conservation projects that have been the salvation of this vast region that encompasses more than half our Nation. But their bitterest opposition has been aimed at Federal construction of transmission lines to carry low-cost electric power to public consumers. This relentless opposition has been spearheaded by the private electric utilities which support one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington.

In the 1948 presidential election year, President Truman campaigned throughout the West on a pledge that these Federal power projects would bring low-cost electricity to the millions living in that parched **region**. Farm homes in more than half the Nation were still lighted by kerosene lamps. The boon of electricity to operate labor-saving machines on farms and ranches and in rural homes was still ~~a dream~~. It had been denied by refusal of the private electric monopoly to extend lines into the areas in which they lived.

As late as 1951, a Congressman who lived only 12 miles from the United States Capitol in Washington had to pay the electric company \$1,200 before they would put lights on his farm. Until the Rural Electrification Act was passed by Congress in the mid-Thirties and rural electric co-ops were formed to remedy these deficiencies there were 300,000 farm homes in Ohio without electricity. **Why?** Simply because a

farmer had to pay anywhere from \$1,000 to \$1,500 to get that service. When Grand Coulee was within *six* months of being completed private utilities out there called on every ranchman and farm owner and said:

"If you will sign up with us to take power for the next five years we will put your poles and lines in free."

Why did they not make this offer before Grand Coulee was ready to provide low-cost electricity? They had had no competition and had everything their own way. Until these Federal power projects were built in the West, the Southwest and the Southeast, when a girl was born on any farm in the United States, she was born a slave. You could put a tag on her leg and on that tag inscribe: "I was born to slavery." Think of the life of a girl born on a farm in those days alongside of what we have got today, when there was nothing in sight, no sweeper, no lights, no nothing to relieve her burden. But today she can enjoy life the way any girl in the city can. Radios, sweepers, mangles, washers, dryers, TV, all those things were denied her until Federal power and rural electric co-ops came along.

At every "whistle-stop" in the West, President Truman talked about the need not only for government-financed power dams but for government-owned transmission lines to carry public power to the consumer at low cost. Truman wasn't talking just to hear his own voice. He meant what he said. This was one of the big issues that brought his upset victory over Thomas E. Dewey, the "sure-to-win" Republican nominee all the smart dopesters said would carry not only the West but the Nation. Largely on the promise that the Federal government would provide plentiful and cheap electric power to the region, Truman captured every state west of Nebraska, with the single exception of Oregon, which he nearly won.

The Reclamation Act specifically requires that public bodies, such as municipalities, Rural Electrification co-operatives and irrigation districts, be given preference over any other purchasers of power generated at Government dams. To block this, the Republican-controlled 80th Congress refused to appropriate funds to build the transmission lines from the generators at the dams to the areas of public need. Truman promised the West this would be done. Bottled up at the damsites, the millions of kilowatts of electric energy they could produce, if used only by the private utilities would benefit their stockholders at the expense of the general public. Truman's public power pledge was strongly supported by a plank in the Democratic party platform, which read: "We favor . . . the development of hydroelectric power and its widespread distribution over publicly owned transmission lines . . . with preference to public agencies and Rural Electrification Administration power lines."

From the outset, the private power lobby fought long and bitterly to block Federal construction of the multi-purpose hydroelectric projects. Government erection of the gigantic dams was attacked as being "socialistic" and "unfair government competition" and every other name the private electric utilities could think of. They lost. Then the lobbies sought to block appropriations for installing generators at the dams to produce the electric power. They said the dams and reservoirs should be used only for flood control and irrigation. Again they lost.

As the Federal power projects continued to be built in the Tennessee Valley, the Colorado River basin, the Columbia River basin, the Central Valley of California, the Missouri River basin and the Southwest, the private utilities scented a new revenue source and began to circle and wheel overhead, gathering for a potential feast of millions of dollars of easy profits. Defeated in their earlier attempts to block Federal projects, they reversed course and came up with a plan for a brazen grab

and takeover of the public power systems. Here, to the private power lobbies, was what now appeared to be a perfect setup. The Federal government had provided the hundreds of millions to construct these hydroelectric generators. To illustrate the cost of a few: Shasta in the Central Valley, \$140,000,000; Big Thompson in Colorado, \$105,000,000; Hungry Horse, \$108,000,000; Canyon Ferry, \$28,500,000 -- all of which is returnable to the U. S. Treasury. These Federal installations cost the private electric utilities nothing. Now, the private utility executives argued, the thing to do was to step in and prevent the Federal government from building the transmission lines. Instead, so went the plan, the private utilities would build the lines, buy the Federal power at low cost at the "bus bar," the generating origin point at the dams, carry it to consumers and sell it at the highest rates permitted by the feeble regulation of state utility commissions. This cynical, ambitious plan was aimed at scuttling the entire Federal public power program. It meant that the private utilities would become the sole beneficiaries of the enormous public investment in hydroelectric dams without investing a single dollar in the basic project. Millions of dollars a year in prospective lush profits were involved.

"This means that the taxpayer pays for the generation of the power, then sells it to the private utility which makes a handsome profit for the privilege of selling it back to the taxpayer," I told the Congress.

When Congress convened in January after the 1948 Democratic election victory, with a Democratic majority in control I became chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee for Interior, which then handled appropriations for the hydroelectric and reclamation projects in the West. The subcommittee immediately began to draw up legislation to carry out President

Truman's campaign promises to bring low-cost electricity to the power-starved Western states. In House hearings it soon became obvious what we were up against. The private electric utilities from the Western states were out in full force, headed by the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the Montana Power Company, the Colorado Public Service Company and a \$65,000-a-year Washington lobbyist of the National Association of Electric Companies. Their objective was to sabotage Federal public power policy, halt construction of government transmission lines, and engineer a private utility takeover of the transmission of power from the Federal hydroelectric generators to public consumers. Lobbying was being pursued on a high-pressure scale I had not previously experienced in Congress. The House and Senate were besieged by long distance telephone calls from influential private utility representatives throughout the West. John Corette, a vice president of the Montana Power-Co., visited every member of the House and Senate Appropriations committees, pleading the case for transmission rights from the Federal dams to be turned over to the private utilities. His company in Montana published a propaganda booklet entitled "Public Power Means High Taxes, Socialism and Less Money for Irrigation." Special pleaders, highly placed in the Democratic Party from President Truman's home state of Missouri, used their influence to spike in an attempt construction of public power transmission lines by the Southwest Power Administration, an agency of the Interior Department, to carry power to Missouri REA co-operatives.

During House debate, one Member produced a map of Montana, waving it at the House.-

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Congressman John Rooney, New York Democrat, interrupted suspiciously.

"I merely want to ask the gentleman . who prepared this beautiful map?" Rooney inquired softly.

"Who does the gentleman suppose made it?" the Member snapped.

"The Montana Power Company," Rooney promptly replied.

"Why of course they did," the flustered Member stammered.

"I am glad .the gentleman asked."

At one point, *an* uncpnfirmed report circulated in Capitol cloakrooms that \$500,000 was being offered subrosa by an unidentified source for blocking Federal authority to build the **transmission** lines, so enormous were the stakes.

My Interior subcommittee put 197 items in a \$650 million bill to carry out the President's public power program. Included were funds for Government transmission lines from dams in Montana, Washington, the Central Valley of California, the Southeast Power Administration and a half dozen states of the Southwest included in the Southwest Power Administration. The subcommittee was composed of five members, three Democrats and two Republicans. When it came time to vote on the measure, I found that, so powerful was the influence of the private utility lobby, my own subcommittee was stacked against me, three to two.

So I persuaded Chairman Clarence Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee to sit in. The Chairman has the right to sit on any subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. Cannon voted with me, saving the bill from sharp cuts by a tie vote of 3 to 3.

In the meeting of the Appropriations Committee that followed I told of the need for more power in the West and of the failure of the private utilities to supply it. I read off their high rate structures and compared them to the low-cost rates for public power. Although eight Democrats were won over by the massive lobbying campaign of the utilities, the bill was approved by a two-vote margin.

On the House floor, attempts were again made to sabotage the public power program. Amendments were proposed to cut the heart out of the bill and turn the transmission lines over to the private utilities. With the help of House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Chairman Cannon I beat back every effort to amend the bill.

Michael Straus, at that time Commissioner of Reclamation, said the surviving measure was "the best bill Reclamation has seen in a decade."

"This bill represents the high point of the Administration's program for full development of American resources," Straus said. "It has re-established basic policies of the Federal government and has prevented a well-directed campaign in accomplishing their reversal and nullification."

The President, naturally, was pleased. The House bill meant he could carry out his promise to the West. He told Mike Mansfield, then a member of the House from Montana, who went to the White House to tell him about the House victory:

"The Interior bill is the best we've ever gotten through the House."

Elation over the victory, however, was short lived. The House bill went to the Senate and was immediately bottled up by the Senate subcommittee on Interior Appropriations, headed by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, a Southern conservative Democrat. Thomas, a spokesman for the private utilities in the Senate, was joined in opposition to public

power by two other Democrats who did not support the President's policies. They were Senators Pat McCarran of Nevada and Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee. They were supported by Republican Senators Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, Clyde Reed of Kansas, Chan Gurney of South Dakota and Guy Cordon of Oregon. The private utility lobby had not given up after their defeat in the House by any means. If anything, the lobby now increased its pressure. Week after week went by without Senate committee action. The utility lobby strategy then began to come into focus. If the Senate waited until the last moment to bring in a bill torpedoing public power, it would have a better chance to get by in the rush for Congressional adjournment.

Finally, the Senate subcommittee acted. It completely gutted the House bill. Of the nearly 200 projects in the House bill, the Senate committee approved 17, and those only in part. Public power transmission line funds were cut to the bone. While the knife was being applied to these projects, the small group of powerful senators added more than \$54 million in private pork barrel spending to the total amount of the House-approved measure. They even went so far as to designate the individual private electric utilities they wanted to receive the bonanza of Federal government hydroelectric power. Senators Carl Hayden of Arizona and Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming fought hard to save the public power program. They were aided by Senators Dennis Chavez of New Mexico and Milt Young of North Dakota, a Republican, but were overwhelmed by the Thomas-McCarran-McKellar combination.

The gutting took place secretly in closed-door executive sessions of the subcommittee, without public knowledge or newspaper coverage. But I had close friends in the Senate and one of them saw to it that I got a copy of the subcommittee's hatchet work.

About the same time, I learned that William M. Boyle Jr., a Missouri friend of President Truman and executive director of the Democratic National Committee, was lobbying against the president's own public power program. I obtained a copy of a letter Boyle wrote the Department of Interior in behalf of a private electric company, urging that the Southwestern Power Administration not be permitted to build transmission lines to carry power to rural electric co-operatives in Missouri. Boyle asked the Interior Department to delete funds for SPA lines from its budget request. This was a complete contradiction of Truman's campaign promises. Boyle, at this time, was working for the Democratic National Committee on a voluntary, part-time basis while carrying on a private law practice in Washington.

The SPA, which provides public power, flood control and irrigation to Texas and a half dozen other states of the Southwest, was a pet project of Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, whose home was in Texas. Rayburn, among many fine attributes, was well known for his low boiling point. When Boyle's letter was called to his attention he promptly blew a fuse and charged down to the White House, demanding to know from the President what right the executive director of the Democratic National Committee had to work against the President's own program and the Democratic party's platform pledge for public power. Not long afterward Boyle ceased his private law practice and became full-time paid director of the Democratic committee.

When the copy of the secret action by the Senate subcommittee fell into my hands, I went to the White House and informed President Truman.

"The Senate subcommittee bill, as drawn, just about scuttles your public power program," I told him.

"Mike, we can't let it happen," the President said. "We've got to stop them. I'm going to ask you to try and do it."

I decided the best way left to stop the private utility lobby was to bring about the fullest possible public exposure of its machinations.

This, and the Boyle letter, were potential front page headlines. News of the letter and of the activities of the private-power Senators reached every top commentator and columnist in Washington. Soon columns exposing the attempted private power takeover were appearing in newspapers all over the Nation under the by-lines of Marquis Childs, Drew Pearson, Robert S. Allen, Lowell Mellett and other headliners.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch and other national newspapers wrote blistering editorials about the private power grab. I saw to it that copies of these editorials reached the desks of every member of Congress.

When these sensations began to cool off, a second instance of a "friend of the President" using his influence to undercut the president's own public power program came to light and the headlines hotted up again. This new development involved a member of the ~~Missouri~~ Democratic State Committee, assistant to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the 1948 election, and executive vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee under Robert E. Hannegan of Missouri, when he was Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The high Democratic Committee official, Richard R. Nancy, a banker of Jefferson City, Missouri, came to Washington at the height of the controversy over public power versus private power monopoly and buttonholed

members of the Missouri delegation in the House, asking them to use their influence to sustain the Senate version of the bill knocking out public transmission lines. Members of the Missouri delegation who attended a luncheon given by Nacy at the Congressional Hotel said he made his plea in behalf of the Missouri Power & Light Co., a private utility.

By this time, the behind-the-scenes operations of the private utility lobby was receiving national notoriety.

As a result, the Senate rejected the recommendations of its Interior Appropriations subcommittee. The attempt to turn over transmission of public power to the private electric utilities was defeated by a vote of 45 to 38 and, as the House had done earlier, the Senate supported President Truman's pledge of providing low-cost public power to the West.

At last it appeared the long fight for public power had been won. All that was needed for final passage was for the measure to go to the Senate-House conference committee to iron out the few differences in the two versions of the bill.

But, once again, the private utility lobby lashed out and struck hard. The lobby launched a wily, last-minute maneuver to scuttle the public power program.

The conference committee met behind closed doors. The first intimation that a new move was underway to turn over Government-generated power to the private utility monopoly came from Senator Elmer Thomas in a surprise maneuver seconded by Senator Kenneth Wherry, Nebraska Republican.

The innocent-sounding proposal required no legislation. Instead, it consisted of a proposed "statement of policy" which, however, after approval by the conference committee, would have had binding effect upon

the Interior Department. The proposed policy statement would have achieved the entire objectives of the attempted private utility takeover, Under it, the Government would be barred from selling power developed at public hydroelectric projects except through private utilities, and at their rates.

The adroit secret proposal read, in part:

"The Department of Interior has stated during the hearings on this bill, that its policy with respect to arrangements for the delivery of power developed at hydroelectric projects for delivery beyond the load centers is to make wheeling arrangements where . . . (three alleged conditions exist) . . . the conferees direct that a report be made not later than January 15, 1950, as to what progress has been made . . . with private utilities to obtain contracts which conform to this policy."

When I turned the deftly-worded statement over to Interior Department chiefs for examination and analysis, they hit the ceiling. They denied as completely false the allegation made of their testimony and challenged Senators Thomas and Wherry, to produce the transcript of the hearings. Further, they charged the policy statement was drafted by the \$65,000-a-year chief lobbyist of the electric utilities.

The final conference session was a stormy one. Senators Thomas and Wherry blustered and fulminated at length.

With me on the House conference were Chairman Clarence Cannon and Congressman Henry Jackson of Washington, now Senator. I knew we held the whip hand because under House rules a majority of a House conference group is necessary to approve a declaration of policy; We were opposed

by two Republican Congressmen and one Deep South member who supported the private utilities. But with my three-man vote we had a three-three tie and the policy statement could not be approved. I stood pat and let the two Senators rave and rant until they ran out of breath.

So again, and this time with finality, we won the fight to carry out the President's pledge of low-cost public power. Every single project that had been cut by the Senate subcommittee was restored to the bill.

The conference ended at Wednesday noon with all 197 items of the original House measure back in the bill. A little later I was at my office in the House office building when the phone rang.

"It's the President!" my secretary announced excitedly.

I picked up the phone and a familiar voice with a Missouri accent said:

"This is the President speaking. Mike, I just heard what happened in the conference committee this morning. You did a wonderful job. No one but you could have won this fight and I want you to know that I know it."

The telephone call was almost without precedent. President Truman rarely made calls directly to members of Congress. His method of communicating with Capitol Hill was to call House Speaker Rayburn and the Majority Leaders, seldom an individual member, into conference at his White House office. I was as pleased as my secretary was excited over the President's thoughtful departure from custom.

While the victory was decisive in 1949 and for the remainder of the Truman Administration, it was to prove only a breathing spell in a seemingly interminable struggle. As soon as the Republican Party came back into power with the election of President Eisenhower in November 1952, it began all over again and the private utility lobby was back in full force. The new administration invoked what it called "the Partnership Principle." This was a thinly disguised plan for the private power companies to get what they had tried and failed to get in 1949 -- to obtain control of public power at the bus bar, the point of generation of hydroelectric power at the Federal dams, and then to sell it

to the public at a sizable profit. It was the same product under a new and catchy advertising slogan. This came to a head again during Congressional consideration of the gigantic \$760 million Upper Colorado River Storage Project.

Kere was a bold and sweeping plan for multi-purpose water development of the upper half of an entire river basin encompassing the four Western States of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. It was concerned not only with development of the main river -- the Colorado -- and its lower basin, but its many tributaries as well. Irrigation, municipal and industrial water supply, power generation, flood control, fish and wildlife conservation and outdoor recreation facilities on a series of large, scenic lakes were embraced in the overall plan. Four huge dams, the \$108 million Glen Canyon project in Northern Arizona, Flaming Gorge on the Green River in Northern Utah, a series of three dams in West Central Colorado on the Gunnison River, a principal tributary of the Colorado, and the Navajo Dam on the San Juan River in Northwest New Mexico, together with eleven smaller projects, are included in the comprehensive program.

The system stores 35 million acre-feet of water. The power plants generate 1.3 million kilowatts of electric energy.

Glen Canyon Dam rises over 700 feet from the canyon floor, constructed of five million cubic yards of concrete. Behind the dam Lake Powell, named for John Wesley Powell, who, in 1869, was the first man to navigate 1,000 miles of the Colorado River and live to tell the tale, stretches 186 miles up the Colorado canyon, with a 1,860-mile shoreline along what is described as the most beautiful scenery in America.

The plan called for the hydroelectric plants at the dam sites in the four states to be interconnected with a transmission grid; to extend this grid southward to tie it into the Hoover, Parker and Davis system, to push it southeastward to tie into the Rio Grande Project in New Mexico and West Texas, and to push it northeastward to interconnect with the Missouri River Basin System in Eastern

Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, Nebrasks and Kansas, with some delivery of electric energy in Minnesota and Iowa.

Under the direction of Floyd E. Dominy, able Commissioner of Reclamation, bureau engineers worked out a complete transmission system, designed not only to recover the Federal government's investment in this project, but also to give much increased electrical service to the people served; for industry, for the farms and for home consumption in this vast region of the West.

When the transmission line plan was presented to the Public Works Appropriation Committee, the private utility representatives from the Western States were out in full force to oppose it. They had the heads of the Arizona Public Service, Colorado Public Service, Utah Power and Light, Pacific Power and Light and New Mexico Public Service presenting testimony aimed at contradicting the studies made by the Bureau of Reclamation, trying to make a case that the Federal government shouldn't build any of the lines, that the private utilities should build all of them, and that the government should pay a wheeling fee to them in perpetuity to deliver the power to the consumers.

This was in the last days of the Eisenhower Administration, an administration that was anything but pro-public power. Its philosophy was that hydroelectric projects should be built by the private economy rather than the Federal government. In this case, however, Secretary of Interior Fred Seaton, in the last days of his administration following the Kennedy election, announced his support of an all-federal transmission system. But a whale of a fight was again put up by the private utilities. It was the same old story. They could not prevent the Federal government from producing power at the dams, so they wanted to take the energy thus produced, transmit it on their own lines and sell it to the public at excessive rates.

I warned the House:

"The cost of these transmission lines is about \$84 million. For \$84 million they want to take over the project. They want to get the cream.

"The Federal government is spending over \$600 million, whether the public power goes over the Government lines or the private utility lines. The question is who pays the \$84 million for the backbone transmission lines. If the private utilities build these lines they will charge \$593 million over 86 years for wheeling the power and the Government will have \$273 million less revenue for irrigation assistance.

"It comes down to whether the Federal government, after building a house, is going to pay rent for it. If buying and owning a house was ever good business, it is in this case. The Government is paying for most of the house anyway. It is paying over \$600 million. Why should it let the private utilities finish the house with an investment of only \$84 million and then charge the Government \$593 million in rent for use of the house? If the Federal government builds the lines we will have \$273 million more revenue and we will own the lines. If you learned anything in the first grade, you know what is the best system to follow. The reason for building this project is not to provide assistance to the utilities."

The House approved the all-Federal transmission line plan overwhelmingly, 377 to 31, on September 13, 1961.

President Kennedy commented:

"I approve wholeheartedly the action . . . to construct Federal backbone transmission lines to make power generated at the Upper Colorado project and the Trinity project in California. In order to insure that the Federal investment in these projects will benefit the general public and insure that the generated power will be delivered to points where both public and private agencies are able realistically to purchase and distribute this power. Federal transmission lines are necessary."

Then a funny thing happened. The utility people came to the Bureau of Reclamation with a new proposition. They would wheel the power from the Federal sources to public preference companies instead of insisting on building the backbone transmission lines from the bus bar. The catch was that they wanted to do this for wheeling charges which the government considered excessive.

The Senate Appropriations Committee okayed funds for the all-Federal transmission system, as had the House. However, in view of the proposals by the private utilities it recommended that the Bureau of Reclamation negotiate with the utilities to see if a part-public, part-private system could be worked out that would inter-connect the two systems and would still be "to the advantage of the Federal government and the preference customers."

Approval of the all-Federal transmission system gave **Commissioner** Dominy a "big stick" in the negotiations. All initial proposals made by the utility companies were rejected. The utilities wanted a minimum of one mill per kilowatt hour for wheeling the government power. Some companies wanted more. Reclamation Bureau engineers said the private power companies could afford to build the transmission lines and wheel federal power free for the other benefits they would receive. The engineers also said the Federal government could build all the transmission lines and amortize their cost for less than one mill per kilowatt power.

Months of negotiations followed. Finally a compromise plan was worked out. Not only was the Federal transmission grid inter-connected but it was inter-connected with the existing private systems as well. The utilities agree to take the Federal power and serve the preference customers at so low a rate that the government was able to save millions of dollars in not having to serve the preference customers by building duplicate transmission lines.

The first of five contracts worked out with the private utilities in the region was completed with the Public Service Company of New Mexico. It contained a "common carrier" provision under which the utility agreed to accept electric power scheduled by the Federal government for delivery over the company lines regardless of origin or ownership. Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall said this was a "significant break through for electric power consumers in the West" because it meant that electric power, "regardless of source, can be put into the Federal system and delivered in New Mexico at a cost less than that under the all-Federal system." A wheeling arrangement was made under which the private utility would carry Federal power over its existing lines at a seven-tenths of a mill rate until the Federal transmission line was completed in 1969. Thereafter, there would be no charge by either the utility or the government for transmission of power over the facilities of one or the other.

"This contract (gives) the preference customers all the protection and even more service than an all-Federal system could have given them," said Commissioner Dominy. "At the same time we have preserved the sanctity of the Basin Account on which future water development in the Upper Colorado River Basin depends and have assured maximum use of the total generating and transmission of all utilities, public and private alike."

This was a great advantage to the people of the United States because for the first time the public and private power systems began working together. As a result, neither the government or the private system had to have as much reserve power. If one had a failuer, the other system could be called upon because all lines were inter-connected to carry the load. The public consumers do not lose their electricity for a few hours while repairs are made. And it ended up with a cheaper system for everybody. The compromise arrangement didn't give the public power system everything it wanted. It didn't give the private utilities everything they wanted. That's what a compromise is, But is was one chat works for the greatest benefit of all.

This was a great step forward because the private utilities, which started out by opposing the Upper Colorado River Basin Project as they had every Federal power development from TVA on, no longer fought the Federal power systems tooth and nail. Oddly enough, now it is the organized public groups, the REA Associations, the American Public Power Association, and similar trade associations who are critical of this interlocking of Federal power sources with private utility lines. They have charged a "sell-out" by the government to the private utilities. But that hasn't been the way the cookie crumbled. The interlocking arrangement has worked out to everyone's benefit, including the Federal government and public power preference customers.

These big Federal projects always have their headaches. The bigger they are the bigger the headaches. And the more numerous the niggling annoyances.

We ran into one of these in what became known as the "Battle of Rainbow Bridge."

Preservationist groups led by the Sierra Club lobbied a provision into the Colorado Storage Project Act preventing the flooding of lands in the national park system. This limitation said that no dams or reservoirs involved in the four-state project could be constructed in such a manner that any lands within a national monument or national park would be inundated.

Rainbow Bridge is a huge, high-arched natural bridge of salmon-red stone carved out of the rock by the Colorado River thousands of years ago. It is situated in a '160-acre national monument in the center of the Navajo Indian Reservation in Southern Utah, near the Arizona-Utah border. On the west face of Navajo Mountain, the 10,000-foot sacred mountain of the Navajo Indian tribe, it is far removed from civilization and far removed from any normal means of access. It was so remote a site that there were only two primitive means of approach. One was an expensive three-week float trip

down the Colorado River followed by a pack trip up a sheer-walled, tortuous canyon, always in danger of being washed away by a flash flood from a sudden rain on the mountain top. Or you had to come in from Navajo Mountain, the closest place that could be reached by any normal means, on horseback, picking your way for twenty-five miles over a precipitous, dangerous trail. Since its discovery in 1909, only a few thousand persons had ever been there. As Lake Powell filled behind Glen Canyon dam and reached high water mark, some water was going to back into the desert land under Rainbow Bridge. But the bridge itself was in no danger of being inundated. There was a 67-foot eroded channel beneath the abutments of the natural bridge formation and only 45 feet of water would back into the monument area within this eroded arroyo when Lake Powell was completely filled.

The Sierra Club and other preservationists were yammering away and complaining about Glen Canyon dam and Lake Powell backing up into the Rainbow Bridge national monument and causing all sorts of repercussions in Congress.

I discussed the problem with Commissioner Dominy and he took it on. This is his own account of what happened:

"With the stipulation that we couldn't allow the water of this enormous reservoir behind Glen Canyon dam to back into the monument, we had to figure out what to do.

"We immediately ran into a costly alternative. My engineers investigated and this is what they came up with: The only way to solve the problem, if water was to be kept entirely out of the Rainbow Bridge area, would be to erect a barrier dam in the canyon below the national monument. Then we would have to go above the monument and build a diversion dam with a mile-long tunnel to divert what rain came down that side draw on which the natural bridge was located. Then a diesel pumping

plant would have to be erected between the two dams to pump out any water that leaked out through the dam or that came in between the two structures.

"And all construction had to be undertaken in an area with no roads and no access whatsoever. Our estimate to throw up these protective works was some \$25 million. We freely admitted this was more of a guesstimate than an estimate.

"The Sierra Club and the other preservationist groups insisted:

" 'Well, it's got to be done w'thout marring the scenery. You will have to bring all your equipment in by helicopter and all your material by helicopter. You just can't mar the scenery.'

"So I took time out of a busy life, flew in there, took a horse from Navajo Mountair, and spent three days looking over the lay of the land and the problem. Then I flew back to Washington and reported to Mike Kirwan's Appropriations Committee.

"I had no support from Secretary of Interior Fred Seaton -- this was in the Eisenhower Administration. He didn't want to challenge the preservationist groups. I had no support from the Bureau of the Budget. They didn't want to challenge the Preservationists. And the funds were already in the Budget to start these expensive works to prevent the Lake Powell water from moving Sack under the natural bridge.

"The support that was badly needed came from Mike Kirwan. He began asking questions and I was prepared with the answers. I had photographs, charts and drawings. Before we were through in the committee hearings, Mike asked me the fundamental question:

" 'Do you consider that Lake Powell would do any damage to the natural bridge and the national monument if this water was allowed to back in there?'

" 'No, sir, Mr. Kirwan,' I answered. 'I think it would look more like a bridge if it had a little water under it.'

"So Mike took on the Preservationists and refused to appropriate the funds that had been authorized for the expensive dams and other works around the monument area.

"After the hearing, Mike said to me:

"'You write some language in the appropriation bill that will take care of the problem, once and for all.'

"So, with the assistance of our lawyers, we wrote a stipulation which stated: 'none of the moneys appropriated herein shall be used for the purpose of preventing waters from Lake Powell from backing into the Rainbow Bridge national monument,'

"Now this was a complete negation of the authorizing language and yet it was written into every appropriation bill for the Colorado River Storage Project and Congress accepted it for a period of six years while we were building this project,

"We saved not only \$25 million, but by Mike's action Rainbow Bridge is now being visited each year by more people than saw it in the previous fifty years, because now they can get within easy walking distance by boat on Lake Powell, the most beautiful lake in the world.

"I shall never forget the day Michael J. Kirwan and his wife, accompanied by Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, Congressman Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, and several other members of Congress visited Lake Powell when it was completed. We took the party out on the lake and Mike was seeing for the first time what he had helped create by his support of the project. He told me that in all his travels he had never seen anything like it, that is was the most marvelous, most beautiful spot he had ever visited. Senator Hayden, who was at that time 86 years old, told me that 'in all my life I've seen more beauty to day than in all the other days I have lived.'

"Now the Rainbow Bridge monument and the 186-mile long Lake Powell are accessible for the first time to millions of Americans, Without Mike Kirwan's fight, without the Glen Canyon dam that brought Lake Powell into being, **it** would never have been seen by bu the hardy few who could afford the costly three-week float trip down the treacherous rapids of the Colorado."

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

FDR AND AL SMITH SETTLE A SITTER POLITICAL FEUD

I was a sidelines participant in the final reconciliation of one of the most bitter political feuds of our century.

The quarrel was between President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and former Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, who was the Democratic presidential nominee against Herbert Hoover in 1928, and lost because he was of Catholic faith. This religious prejudice haunted Jack Kennedy in his race for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960 as I have related in an earlier chapter.

For years, Roosevelt and Smith were closest friends and political colleagues. Three times, Roosevelt placed Smith's name in nomination for the White House, including the nominating speech at the 1928 Democratic National Convention in Houston, Texas. Al Smith responded by placing Roosevelt's name in nomination for a second term as Governor of New York in 1930. Roosevelt's overwhelming plurality of 735,000 in the New York election, much larger than any received by Smith in four terms as Governor, resulted in his nomination as the Democratic presidential candidate in 1932. Smith supported Roosevelt in the 1932 campaign but shortly after Roosevelt's election became caustically critical of Roosevelt and his New Deal Administration. In his own words, Al Smith "took a walk." Just before the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia in 1936 he issued a statement urging Roosevelt's defeat for renomination for a second term. After Roosevelt was nominated, Smith deserted the Democratic Party and took the stump for Alfred M. Landon, former Governor of Kansas, the Republican nominee.

For the next decade the "Happy Warrior" from New York's East Side and the aristocratic squire of Hyde Park, N.Y., in the Hudson Highlands, were bitter political enemies. Al Smith joined the Raskobs and the Duponts in excoriating the Roosevelt New Deal and became head of a corporation that built and operated the Empire State Building in New York City, the world's most towering structure,

Old time friends of Smith said he had swapped his "brown derby for a high hat."

For nearly a decade, President Roosevelt and Smith never spoke to each other.

But in 1944, shortly before Smith's death, there was a happy reconciliation.

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City and former Congressman Michael J. Kennedy, a leader of Tammany Hall, were at the White House waiting in a reception room for an appointment with President Roosevelt,

Suddenly, and unannounced, Al Smith stalked into the room. It was the first time he had been in the White House in nearly twelve years. He told LaGuardia and Kennedy that he had no appointment but had come to the White House anyway in the hope he could see Roosevelt. So they offered to give up part of their appointment time. Smith accepted gratefully and was taken into the President's oval office ahead of them.

After Smith left, LaGuardia and Kennedy entered and found Roosevelt sitting at his desk, smiling happily.

"You saw Al?" he asked, then continued:

"In the game of politics, I've learned to take the bitter with the sweet. But the only thing that has hurt me most deeply was Al's 'taking a walk.' I had always respected him as being a great American.

"When our parting came, it was hard to bear. Now, years later, he has come back to request a personal favor that I can grant. His return has made both of us happy and we have parted this time as friends."

Weeks later, Kennedy went to Smith to see if he could find new quarters for Tammany Hall in the Empire State Building. Al Smith then told him the rest of the story.

"Mike," he said, "that problem I took to Franklin was a very personal one and meant more to me at this time than anything else in life.

"I talked to dozens of men who have entree to the President but none of them would take my request to him. I suppose they thought they would be sticking

their hand in a meat chopper.

"So I swallowed my pride, caught a train, went to the White House, identified myself at the outside gate and just walked in unannounced. I was afraid to ask for an appointment for fear it would be refused.

"When I walked into his office, feeling like a school boy who had played hookey confronting his teacher, he gave me that big smile of his, shook my hand heartily and said:

"Well, Al, I see you have come back. Welcome."

"When I told him my need, he granted it instantly and graciously. Then we talked about our happier days in Albany. He is a great man, Mike, one of our greatest."

I have known seven Presidents, five of them in close political association as a member of Congress. But the first President I met was Woodrow Wilson and under quite different circumstances. I was a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1916 and Wilson, who had been President of Princeton University before he entered politics, took weekend trips during the summer from Washington to Atlantic City. On one of these weekends I was switching the tracks on the president's train. Wilson's private car was on the end of the train. After throwing the switch, the brakeman had to race along the track ahead of the President's car to get back aboard the train before it pulled out. There was a strict order against their swinging onto the private car on the rear of the train. On this day as I threw the switch, a tall, pale-faced, solemn appearing man was standing on the rear platform of what we called in those days, "The Observation Car," watching me. He looked like a preacher in his Sunday best, a dark gray tail-coat and striped trousers, and he wore the kind of glasses that pinched onto the nose. I threw the switch and began to run forward toward the next car.

The figure on the platform waved me down peremptorily.

"Young man," he said in a grave but commanding voice, "where do you think you are going?"

"Excuse me, Mister," I replied hurriedly, "but I've got to get aboard this train."

"Well," he said, "that's what I thought. Climb aboard."

Wondering what would happen to me if the railroad officials found out about this but having no choice because the train was now beginning to move rapidly, I jumped onto the steps of the rear platform.

The character in the preacher's clothes reached over to help me, then thrust out his hand at me and said:

"I am Woodrow Wilson. What is your name?"

It came to me then, for the first time, that I was talking to the President of the United States. I was dressed in the blue overalls and cloth cap that all trainmen wore, a red cotton bandanna handkerchief around my neck. I suddenly felt out of place and started to climb up on the roof of the car to work my way forward on the train.

The President stopped me. He asked me into the drawing room of his private car.

"If you have a few minutes," he said, "please sit down and tell me what you think about the problems that face our country. Am I doing a good job for the people?"

This was a remarkable experience for a young laboring man in his early twenties and in the unsophisticated days of the early part of the century.

Years later I told the story to Clarence Cannon, Parliamentarian of the House of Representatives and for many years Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, of which I am a ranking member. He then told me a story of his own strange experience in the Wilsonera. Through a chance mishap, Cannon related, he cost Speaker of the House Champ Clark of Missouri the Democratic presidential nomination which went to Wilson in 1912.

Cannon came to Congress from Missouri in that year when it was a toss up as to whether Speaker Clark or Wilson would win the nomination. Clark came within six votes of winning the nomination until William Jennings Bryan stampeded the Baltimore convention for Wilson.

At the critical point in the fight, Cannon, who was a protege of Clark, both being from Missouri, received an urgent phone call from Speaker Clark.

"You have the keys to all the drawers of my desk in the Speaker's office," Clark told Cannon. "In my top drawer you will find a manila envelope marked 'Texas'. Get it and bring it to me at Convention Hall without delay!"

Cannon got the envelope, caught a street car and headed for the depot to take a train to Baltimore. He put the large envelope on the seat beside him., When he got off the street car he found that, in the excitement of his mission for the Speaker, he found to his consternation that he had left it in the car. He ran after the street car, which by then was half a block away, but couldn't catch it. He notified the street car company of his loss but the envelope was never recovered.

So he caught the first train for Baltimore to tell Speaker Clark what had happened. Agitated and shame-faced, he told Clark he had lost the envelope.
bad
Clark took the/news gravely but calmly.

"Son," he told Cannon, " you have just cost me the Presidency of the United States. In that envelope was the pledge of the Texas delegation to vote for me if I needed it!"

Without the Texas vote, Champ Clark was unable to close the six vote gap and so the nomination went to Wilson.

In 1961, nearly a half century after my train-track meeting with Woodrow Wilson, President John F. Kennedy asked me to fly with him aboard his jet plane, Air Force One, on a nation-wide political trip, his first following his election. Everywhere we went, hundreds of thousands greeted this vigorous, vibrant young man and his pretty, vivacious wife, Jackie.

In Los Angeles, one of the stops on the tour, we were invited to a luncheon

of the president's Thousan Dollar Club where Jack was to speak.

My room was located on a floor of the hotel immediately below the banquet room in which the luncheon was to be held. Instead of going to the lobby and then taking a special elevator, where the luncheon guests were being screened by the Secret Service White House detail, I decided to save time and walk up the single flight to the floor above, using the enclosed stairway. It never occurred to me that I should take the special elevator from the lobby.

I had no sooner opened the door with the lighted "Exit" sign than two uniformed policemen grabbed me.

"Where do you think you're going?" they demanded.

"I'm going to the luncheon," I replied.

"The hell you are," one of the policemen barked. "Who do you think you are?"

"I'm a member of the President's party and have been invited to the luncheon," I said.

"Yeah, and I'm Jack Kennedy!" he retorted sarcastically.

With this, they shoved me over to the wall and were beginning to rough me up when the elevator door opened and an old friend of mine, Governor Edmund "Pat" Brown of California stepped out.

He saw what was going on and commanded:

"Take your hand off that man. He is a member of the President's party, Congressman Mike Kirwan."

The two Los Angeles cops turned to Governor Brown and demanded:

"And who the hell are you?"

Somewhat startled, Pat told them:

"I am Governor Brown of California."

The two policemen turned green in the face as Pat took me by the arm and we walked together down the corridor to the entrance of the banquet room,

At the luncheon, Pat and I told the President about my close call.

Jack laughed and made a wry grimace.

"Now you know," he said, "why I am surrounded by the Secret Service detail wherever I go."

But many times a Congressman runs into unexpected mixups that are amusing in his efforts to be of service to those who send him to Congress.

For years I have sent a copy of a government publication on infant care to mothers in my Ohio District when they have an addition to the family.

On one occasion I mailed the booklet to a new mother on an RFD route near Warren, Ohio. Living on the same RFD route was a mother-to-be of the same name.

"Of course the book was delivered to the mother-to-be instead of to the new mother," Postmaster Ray Schyver, of Warren, wrote me. "Now she is singining the praises of her Congressman, who knows she is going to have a baby four months before it is due and before even her neighbors know it.

"I feel this is pretty good service, don't you?"

I did, and I promptly dispatched another baby book to the new mother who was supposed to have gotten it in the first place.

One of the informal extra-curricular activities a few of us in Congress have is membership in the Mayflower Marching and Chowder Society. Its membership is made up of Congressmen and Senators who trace their ancestry directly to Ireland. The members from the Emerald Isle frequently gather of an evening at the Mayflower Hotel to relax and swag tall stories about the legislative triumphs and disasters of the day on Capitol Hill.

At one of the get-togethers a member plucked me by the sleeve and drew me to one side.

"Mike," he said, "this graveyard stuff, but the Administration is really giving me a break. They're going to raise the ministry in Ireland to the status of embassy and they are going to let me claim the credit for it in my district."

A few nights later, a visiting governor from a state with a large Irish population dined with us. During a few moments when we were alone, he whispered:

"Keep this under your hat but the State Department is going to send an ambassador to Ireland, instead of a minister, and I'm going to get the credit."

A few days later the President announced that the United States and Ireland would exchange ambassadors. The announcement came at noon. About an hour earlier the phone rang in my *office* on Capitol Hill.

"Congressman," said a cultured voice, "this is the Chief of the European Division of the State Department. I wanted to inform you in advance that the President is going to put Ireland on the status of an Embassy later today."

I let out a very un-State Department-like bellow.

"Listen to me," I shouted into the phone, "if you are trying to tell me that I'm going to be given credit for this, after every Irishman I know in Washington already has been promised the credit, I'll tear the phone right out of the wall!"

Whenever a member of Congress gets the idea that he is a big shot and a really important fellow, something usually happens to bring his feet back to solid earth.

I was in Youngstown on election day in 1954 and feeling pretty good about things. I was Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in Congress in charge of getting Democrats elected to Congress and we, the Democratic Party, had just recaptured control of Congress from the Republicans, who had won a six-vote margin in the House in the 1952 Eisenhower landslide. So I was feeling pretty full of myself.

Leaving my office for a nearby garage to get my car, I was held up by a freight train that pulled across the street crossing and ground to a halt.

The brakeman, seeing me patiently waiting, went into action. He uncoupled the train and signalled the engineer to pull the cars apart.

I was patting myself on the back and thinking, "Now that's a mighty thoughtful thing for the brakeman to do for his Congressman," when the trainman gave me a friendly wave.

"Nothing too good for a Brother," he called out.

I came off Cloud Nine with a thud. The trainman recognized me as Ex-Brakeman Mike Kirwan, not as Congressman Kirwan, and was doing the favor for a card-carrying member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, to which I have belonged in good standing since 1912 .

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

MIRACLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

The President's big jet plane had scarcely gained cruising altitude after our takeoff from Andrews Air Force Base near Washington when Jack Kennedy sent for me and asked me to come to his private compartment.

We were heading West on a trip that was to take us to the Pacific Northwest, California, Arizona, Texas and Tennessee.

I had just returned from a month's trip to Samoa and the Trust Territory in the South Pacific. I had gone there at the President's request and in response to the urgent invitation of the newly appointed Governor of Samoa, Rex Lee, to look into deplorable conditions of poverty and decay resulting from a half century of neglect of the only American possession south of the Equator, which Governor Lee had reported to my Appropriations sub-committee for the Department of the Interior.

The reason for the President asking me to undertake the exhausting rrip to the small tropical possession in the South Seas 8,000 miles from Washington was that appropriations needed to make it possible for Governor Lee to undertake a crash program to correct conditions in Samoa originate in my sub-committee.

As soon as the plane flattened out at 29,000 feet altitude, I made my way along the aisle to the President's compartment.

"Sit down and tell me what conditions you found in my old stamping grounds in the South pacific," he said.

"Mr. President," I said, "I could hardly believe my eyes or ears. Samoa is a tropical Tobacco Road."

I told him about visiting the schools in the islands where half the population of 21,000 are under the age of 18, and of the illiteracy of the native teachers, most of whom had no more than a fifth grade education by standards at home.

One school I visited in a village was typical. It was a thatch-roofed native hut or fale, about 12 by 12 feet, circular and open on all sides from the ground to the roof. Some two dozen children sat around on the crushed coral floor reciting by rote. Their toilet was the bush.

"The school didn't have a desk or a chair or a bench in it," I told **the President**. **"There was** not a blackboard, a book, a pencil or pager to write on. I spoke to the young Samoan teacher and she replied in what she thought was English. I couldn't understand a word she said and she **couldn't understand** a word I said, The only way you could identify it as part of America was by the American flag flying on the hut. The children sang the Star Spangled **Banner** for me and it brought tears to my eyes. to think of their pitiful plight.

"There isn't a hard-surfaced road on the island. The narrow coral roads mostly go no where. The seven-mile ride from the air strip to downtown **Pago Pago** is a teeth-jarring adventure. In dry weather the coral dust clogs the sinuses and fills your hair and clothing. In wet weather the ride is bone-jarring from the **potholes, ruts** and coral mud.

"Government buildings are termite-infested, falling down **from** dry rot, paint peeling. Beautiful **Pago Pago Bay**, the finest natural harbor in the Pacific, is ringed by ugly over-water privys. Old and leaky water mains cause frequent shortages of water even though the average annual rainfall is 200 inches. The two ancient power generators break down every few days, ruining the food in the few refrigerators and freezers. The telephone system is just as bad."

These were some of the conditions of neglect and decay that confronted Governor Lee when he was sent there the previous May by the President and Secretary of Interior **Stewart Udall** to do a hurry-up job of fixing up the island which in July 1962 was to host some 200 delegates from all the Pacific islands at the triennial meeting of the South Pacific **Commission**.

"Well, what is being done about it?" **the President** asked.

I assured the President that with the \$4.5 million from a deficiency appropriation my sub-committee had rushed through Congress, and a crash program Governor Lee had put together while waiting for the money to come through, that if anybody could put Samoa in a livable and presentable condition by the time the South Pacific Commission met, it would be Rex Lee.

But I never dreamed how well it would be done. About the time Lee arrived in Samoa a national magazine carried an article describing conditions the writer had found there several months earlier. It was entitled "Samoa - America's Shame in the South Seas." Four years later the same writer re-visited Samoa and wrote a second article. It was titled: "Samoa - America's Showplace in the South Seas." This was the spectacular and revolutionary change brought about by a remarkable and dedicated public servant.

So this is really the story of Rex Lee and the miracle that vision and inflexible determination to overcome incredible odds wrought.

I had known Lee for more than 20 years. He had worked 22 years among underprivileged people, including the American Indians, helping to relieve their suffering and deprivation. When the President and Udall asked him to go to Samoa as a trouble-shooter he was Deputy Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the Department of Interior. He was used to tough assignments. From 1942 to 1946 he had wrestled with the onerous job of relocating Nisei, moved inland from the Pacific Coast. From 1946 to 1950 he was assistant director of the Office of Territories and for the next eleven years associate, then deputy, commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. So I knew I was right in assuring President Kennedy that, with Lee in charge, new life and opportunity would be given to Samoa and the Samoans.

My shock and disbelief of what I saw in Samoa before Lee began making over the islands was caused by the fact that for years my sub-committee had been appropriating funds for the Office of Territories and we had never received the slightest intimation that there was anything sub-standard in Samoa.

At the hearings on the Office of Territories in 1959 the then Governor, Peter Coleman, a native Samoan, testified and I asked:

"Do you have school facilities for all the children?"

Governor Coleman: "We have school facilities adequate within the means that we have to take care of the children."

"Do you have fairly good schools?" I asked.

Coleman: "They are pretty good schools. We are constantly attempting to improve the standards. Most of our teachers are Samoan."

"That is good," I commented.

I asked about medical facilities and care in Samoa:

"You have improved the medical care? And they are healthier and living longer?"

Coleman: "That is right, sir."

"That is what I am interested in and I know everyone on the committee is interested in adequate education and health. I hope they are receiving a fair standard of living for it is our responsibility to look after these islands."

Coleman: "Yes, sir."

"You are doing a good job and I am glad to know both the natives and Americans are doing well," I said.

Coleman: "Yes, sir, we are doing our best."

I expressed my dismay to Governor Lee when he legged it back to Washington after a quick look at Samoa, told me what he had found, and the money that would be needed in a hurry to remedy the situation.

Rex came up to Capitol Hill and told me:

"Now Mike, this is what has happened, here's the problem and here's what we have got to do."

Rex laid it on the line.

I said:

"This is incred'ible. They've been telling us that everything was fine down there,"

Rex said softly:

"Mike, I urge you and your committee to come to Samoa as soon as possible and take a look for yourself."

Lee arrived in Pago Pago in May 1961. His assignment was to provide facilities for the South Pacific Conference, meeting in July of the following year, so the United States would not be shamed before the other Pacific nations. He quickly learned there was a far greater and more serious problem to be dealt with.

"There was no hall big enough to hold the conferees," he told me. "There was no place to house them. The one hotel had eight rooms and one private bath. This was the 'Rainmaker', an old nurses quarters for the Navy, left behind when they departed in 1951. It was named for the original hotel which Somerset Maugham used as a setting for his story of Sadie Thompson in the play 'Rain.'

"We had virtually nothing in the way of sanitary facilities except the outdoor latrines hung out over the water of the bay. The airstrip was totally inadequate for today's planes. It was a holdover from World War Two, A new airport had been authorized by Congress and had been under construction for five years but was less than 40 per cent complete. The road into town was a rutted ribbon of pot-holed crushed coral. Paint was peeling from the decrepit, crumbling government buildings. The schools were either small native fales or shacks made out of salvaged lumber. Except for several small jerry-built cement block buildings, used for schools, not a single new public building had been built since World War Two.

"I got there three or four days before I was inaugurated. By the time I took over I was completely shocked at everything I found. Here the great United States was to host a conference of Pacific leaders representing Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Australia, New Zealand and the native leaders from the Pacific Islands

and the host country had neither a meeting hall nor any facilities to house or feed the delegates.

"The school system was totally inadequate. By and large every child of elementary school age, between four and five thousand, was going to these shack schools. But the pitiful thing was that there was not a single certificated teacher in the whole elementary school system. When I spoke to them in English I could not understand the teachers, yet they were talking to me in what they understood to be English. Furthermore, regulations required that they teach in English, not in Samoan. So they were teaching in what they thought was English but in language that I could not understand. Consequently, the children were simply sitting there, doing everything by rote, memorizing a strange language they were told was English but which was not English at all, and learning little if anything. I came to the conclusion that the school system was next to worthless.

"I brought in a team of experts on education to look at the situation and make suggestions for a solution. Among these was Dean **Reller** of the School of Education at Berkeley and an expert from the University of Pittsburgh. They concluded that the native teachers, who were ninth to ~~twelfth~~' grade graduates, had the equivalent of a second to fifth grade education by American standards -- and these were the teachers.

"There was another big problem. There was only one senior high school. It could accommodate only one-third of all those who finished the four or five so-called junior highs. The top third were picked by examination and the ~~others~~ were told: 'Too bad, there's nothing more we can do for you.'

"So these kids had the choice of returning to the bush or in many instances they left the islands and joined friends in Honolulu, San Francisco or Los Angeles. Life was so dismal and the prospect so dim that a good share of the children simply left. They couldn't make the grade in the schools where they went, so they wound up in trouble or took menial jobs.

"I tell this story to show how bad these schools were. On my first day of inspection I went around the island with Director of Education **Marvin Sentner**

Director of Public Works Miya' Moto and Jim Sewall, assistant to the Governor.

They wanted to put their best foot forward and so took me to the choice spots.

"We went to a school in the village of Utelai. It was where they had planned to set up a cafeteria for the conference delegates. It was made of cement blocks, dirty and stained. It was a well-closed in building with high double-hung windows, more suitable to the winter climate of Vermont than to the hot, humid? . tropics.

"The kids were squatting on a dirty cement floor, reciting for the new Governor.' It was stifling hot and smelly. All the students were sweating. The sweat was pouring down their faces. We walked through the building. The engineer with us told me they had planned to put a nice woven mat on the floor for the conference. As we came out; somebody asked:

"Well, Governor, what do you think of the school?"

"I said:

"'Gentlemen, this has got to go. This is a pretty terrible place.'

"The confidential assistant turned to me and said under his breath:

"Governor, this is a model school! This was just completed last year and this is the pride of the school system.'

"He said this quietly so that I would not offend and so I would catch on that I was treading on somebody's toes.

"I turned to the group and said:

"'Gentlemen, I don't know the story of this school but in my opinion it is not a fit place to keep children. I repeat that this kind of thing has got to go.'"

Lee was plagued by other serious problems. The islanders were living on a bare subsistence economy. Public health was seriously affected. As high as 25 to 30 per cent of the population of the villages was infected with filariasis, the dread disease of the South Seas that causes elephantiasis.

, Prior to the Second World War the Samoans grew their own food and took most of their protein from the sea, as they had done for centuries. When the war came Samoa was made the staging area for the conquest of Guadalcanal and other adjacent islands. Every Samoan went to work for the U.S. armed forces on an American wage economy. They let their plantations go to seed. They changed over

completely into a tin can economy and had the money to support it. At the end of the war the naval and military forces were pulled out. Suddenly all the jobs for Samoans disappeared and with it the dollar economy they had become accustomed to expect. Then in 1951 the U.S. Naval Government that had governed the islands since 1900 disappeared. President Truman turned the island jurisdiction over to the Interior Department.

When their prosperous wartime dollar economy was yanked out from under them the Samoans went back to their subsistence economy. It was difficult, but they did it. The only source of income for the islanders was one small tuna cannery and the civilian government. About 300 worked in the cannery. The local government employed about 1,500, most making as little as \$6 a week. There was little opportunity and less hope for the future. The Samoans had been exposed to Western culture but now had no way to support it. Brothers, uncles and cousins who had gone to the Mainland were writing, saying "I'm working. I'm getting two dollars an hour. I have a television set and go to the movies." The impact was that nearly every Samoan was unhappy and distraught. And the young ones were leaving as fast as they could to seek better fortune elsewhere.

In assessing the problem of Samoa, Lee asked himself what, the United States had to show the delegates to the conference.

"All we had was a rundown, dirty, filthy area," he said. "American Samoa was ridiculed by all the other territories in the South Pacific. People judged the United States by what had happened in American Samoa. Our neighbors in Western Samoa who were seeking their independence from New Zealand treated us as a poor relation. Many American Samoans went over to Western Samoa because it was a more prosperous area. This was true of the Tonga Islands, the Fijis and the Tokelaus. They considered American Samoa to be a stepchild, a slum, and a place to be pitied. I had heard rumors that the Communists were going to try to embarrass the United States. There was evidence that even some of our friends were going to use the conference to ridicule the American do-nothing attitude in the South Pacific."

Lee then put together a crash short-range program to clean up the islands and to construct adequate modern facilities to handle the South Pacific Conference, topped by a long-range plan to put the education system on a par with the best in the United States, even to outstrip it with ETV, to restore the economy of the islands and to provide adequate hospital and medical facilities to wipe out tropical diseases such as filariasis, and improve sanitary conditions.

"What Samoa needed was intelligent help in big doses and fast," Lee **decided**. "I looked at it in terms, **first**, of what do we do for this South Pacific Conference so that the United States isn't going to get a black eye. But my overall concern was not what we were going to do immediately for the conference but what we were going to show them in terms of what the United States was doing for the islands in the future. I felt we were going to be disgraced if we simply tidied up the place with temporary **facilities**."

The problem of education became **Lee's** Number One concern and its solution a twenty-four hour a day obsession. Seeking it , he talked with experts on education, Samoan leaders and his own staff from the United States. They all had a pat answer which in **Lee's** reasoning would only pile new problems on top of the many he was trying to solve.

"**They** said all you have to do is to get as much money **as you** can from Congress and bring stateside teachers down **here**," Lee recalled. "More stateside teachers mean more housing, more support facilities, medical facilities, recreational facilities, and everything else, none of which we had.

"**This** simply didn't make sense to me. To bring in three or four hundred teachers from the United States and their families would be a pretty big jolt on any kind of native economy. In Samoa, where the economy had been dragging bottom for years, the impact could be disastrous. To build housing for all these **newcomers**, when it was the Samoans we were supposed to help; to provide all the services for them, and the impact of firing all the Samoan teachers, some of whom had been trying to teach for thirty years, and to discredit them overnight, didn't make sense."

It was then that Lee came up with the idea of educational television. His idea was revolutionary. Television was to be used, not as an adjunct to teaching, but as the core of teaching. Virtually all lessons were to come over TV. It had never been tried before. But in Samoa the native teachers needed the lessons almost as much as their child students.

Blair MacKenzie, who operated TV stations in Norfolk, Va., and at Central Michigan University before going to Samoa to head the ETV project, put it this way:

"In virtually every other ETV, there is a super-imposing of television on a traditional school system -- up to 50 per cent in some courses but with the highest average being about 25 per cent. By contrast, the Samoan system gives almost everything on television."

How did Lee come up with the idea of educational television to replace the traditional systems:

"I guess it was desperation and necessity. There was need for an explosive upgrading. I had raised five children. I watched them watch TV. I saw the impact it made on them. My youngest daughter who had just graduated from high school had not taken a typing course. The last six months she was in high school she took a typing course on TV, getting up at six in the morning to take the course. At the end of six months she passed the Civil Service examination with flying colors and had three or four jobs offered her."

Three weeks after he landed in Samoa, Lee was back in Washington armed with the broad outlines of a short range program for the South Pacific Conference, now just a year away, and a long-range program that would give them a surging economy in the future.

Lee laughingly recalled:

"When I landed back at the Department of Interior they said to me: 'Gee whiz, I thought you had gone out to Samoa. When are you leaving?'"

What Lee needed was a bundle of money. And this had to be approved by the Budget Bureau and had to come from Congress. He also needed the backing of the Interior Department and the White House.

"Everybody in government I talked to, especially when I talked about educational television, thought I was crazy," Lee said.

"'Television in the South Seas ? How crazy can you get? Another hairbrained bureaucratic scheme!'" was the usual comment.

"And here I was with a \$5 million deficiency request and deficiencies are rough things. You are not supposed to ask Congress for a deficiency appropriation if there is anything that could have been foreseen at the time of the regular appropriation.

"So I went to Secretary Udall. I said:

"' Look, I've got problems. It's going to take money to do the job in Samoa. I need \$5 million in a deficiency appropriation and I want to tell my story to congress."

"Udall picked up the phone, called the administrative people of Interior, and said:

"'Send Governor Lee's deficiency request over to the Bureau of Budget as is:"

"I told the Secretary about Samoa's education problem and that I was more concerned about this than anything else.

"He asked':

"'Well, what do you propose to do to fix it up?'

"Thinking he probably would laugh like everybody else had, I said:

"'I'd like to investigate the possibilities of trying educational television.'

"But Udall said:

"'Rex, this sounds like a hell of a good idea. Go ahead on it and I'll support you.' "

Lee then tangled with the Budget Bureau.

"We had quite a round," ~~he~~ said. "Everybody thought I was crazy on a lot of things. They said I didn't meet any of the deficiency requirements or language. My answer was:

"'Everything in Samoa is a deficiency.'"

It was after the Budget Bureau cleared the Samoan request that Governor Lee came up to see me and relate to me the shocking conditions he had found in Samoa.

Our committee granted Governor Lee a \$4.5 million deficiency appropriation to get started. Forty thousand of it was for an engineering study of the educational television idea.

I told Lee:

"Now, Rex, here's the money you asked for. I want you to go down there and not waste one damn penny of it. I've stuck my neck out for you and I'll do everything I can to help get this situation straightened out but I want you to come through on your end."

Governor Lee hired the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, a non-profit organization in Washington, to make the survey of the feasibility of launching the pioneer effort in educational television for Samoa. He then flew back to the islands to get the program of overall rejuvenation underway. It was then that I took two members of my committee staff, Gene Wilhelm and Kenneth Sprankle, and made the 8,000 mile trip to Samoa for President Kennedy, and returned to report my findings to him on our trip aboard the **President's** plane, Air Force One, to the Pacific Coast states.

We arrived in Samoa at 8:30 a.m. October 10 after a nine-hour flight from Honolulu. We were met at the Tafuna airport by Governor Lee, Dressed in their colorful tapa cloth lavalavas, every native chief of the islands was lined up with the governor. They included Chief Lei'ato, head of the local **government**, President of the Senate Rapi Sopa, Speaker of the House **M.F. Tuia**, the district governors and all the county chiefs.

They greeted me with a chorused:

"Hello, and God Bless you for helping us."

Rex whispered to me:

"They came over in their outrigger canoes to see the man in Congress who listened to their story and provided the money to make it possible to rebuild their land."

I was deeply touched and to hide my emotion I ribbed the Governor.

"Rex, how are you spending my money?" I asked.

"That's why I wanted you to come here, Mike," Lee responded, "to show you the need and what we are doing about it."

The chiefs had decorated their ceremonial fale on the grounds of Government House overlooking Pago Pago bay with wild orchids, white ginger blossoms, red antherium and other tropical flowers and had placed large woven mats on the coral floor. We sat down and **they** had the traditional Polynesian ceremony of drinking royal kava out of coconut shells. Kava is a native drink, made out of the root of a pepper plant, **unfermented** and **non=alcoholic**. Then there were lengthy speeches of welcome by what the Samoans call their Talking Chiefs. These are the orators of Polynesia.

The next day Rex Lee began taking me around the islands, showing me at first hand the decrepit, crumbling government buildings, the shack schools, the broken down public facilities and all the other deficiencies of the islands, and told me in detail the plans he had made to bring Samoa into the twentieth century and make it a showplace of the South Seas.

"With the assurance from Mike that I was going to get the money needed I had been planning since July," Lee said later. "So we had our projects ready to go and we outlined to Mike each project. Mike visited every project we had started and the sites of the other projects. He was pretty shocked at the schools and other things I showed him. He **couldn't** understand how it was permitted to happen."

Governor Lee flew me over to Western Samoa, then a New Zealand mandate, and showed me how advanced the economy and facilities were over what I had seen on American Samoa. We stayed at the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, Vailima, on a mountain slope overlooking Apia. The grave of the author of "Treasure Island" and other famous stories is on the summit of a nearby mountain, which we flew over and saw.

I conferred with/ ^{the present} Chief of State Malia ^{and} Toa /Joint Chief of State Tamassessi, Prime Minister Mata'afa and Commissioner Wright of New Zealand. They entertained us at a Polynesian feast called an ~~umu~~, serving roast pig, cooked in palm leaves and roasted over hot stones in a pit in the ground, fresh water shrimp, lobsters, sea and land crab, papaya, mangoes, bananas cooked and raw, baked fish of all kinds, octopus in coconut milk and I don't know what all else. It was quite a feast; Some of the things, Pike the octopus, I passed up.

They were far ahead of us at the time but after our building program on American Samoa was finished, Lee later told me:

"Since the visit we made over there American Samoa has jumped so far ahead we've created real problems for them and real problems for ourselves. All Western Samoa wants to come over to American Samoa with the result that we have had to put in very rigid immigration controls. Otherwise we would have 160,000 Western Samoans sitting on our small islands. They come over and see all the good things we've got, good roads, good schools, good health, good jobs -- we pay three or four times what they do -- and they all want to come over and visit their cousins or their brothers and sisters."

When Lee got back to the Pacific after ~~after~~ the deficiency appropriation for Samoa was approved he flew to Pearl Harbor and asked Admiral H. Garner Clark; who was in command of the ^{Navy's} Bureau of Yards and Docks, to send a team of experts to Samoa/ ^{to} appraise his program and advise him on how it could be completed in time for the South Pacific Conference. The Admiral headed the team.

"They spent a week or ten days going over my program and then told me I was just whistling Dixie." Lee related. "The projects we had set up were simply

impossible of achievement in the few months remaining before the conference'; we couldn't do it and it was absurd even to think about it.

"In their engineering report they recommended a number of things like oiling the coral roads to keep the ~~dust~~ down because it would be impossible to prepare and hardsurface the road to the airport in time; hardsurfacing of the 9,000-foot jet runway at the airport was going to take additional time; a new power plant was out of the question but we could bolster the existing ancient plant with temporary generators in case the old ones broke down. Etcetera.

"And they said even to get these things done the projects should be put **out** on bids with outside contractors. I originally agreed to asking for bids but when I saw that we would be awarding the bids in June and the conference was in July, and that we could talk to the delegates about what we were planning to do but couldn't show them any accomplishments, I said '**Nuts!**'

"I flew back to Honolulu and told Admiral Clark:

"'Look, I appreciate everything you have done but I have changed my mind. I want to get started on this thing and I want to get started **now**. I would like you to lend me one of the men you sent down on the survey group. And I also want an agreement with the Navy that I can draw from your stores and get **some** of your people on a reimbursable **basis**.'

"The Admiral agreed with a reservation. He said:

"'I will do this provided we make it very clear and very clear publicly that I have no responsibility for the results or the timing on this, You simply **can't** get this done in any **way, shape** or form and I think you are going at it in a manner in which you may run into some trouble later on,"

"' Okay, Admiral,' I replied, 'I'm prepared to do it and I'm prepared to take the risks.'

"'On that **basis**, I will give you the **help**,' Admiral Clark agreed.

He detailed to me the man I had become intrigued with on the Navy survey team because of his personal drive and ability to get things done, Al B. Pratt, a former **Seabee**, head of the public works division in the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the 14th Naval District. He came down to supervise road building and

to give the Samoans on-the-job construction training.

A few months later, in July, a large new auditorium of Polynesian architecture, hurricane and termite-proof, seating 800 persons, had been completed; a complete new power plant had been installed; fifteen miles of new and broad hardsurface road had been completed from the airport to Pago Pago and part of the way around the beautiful bay, the **finest** highway in the South Pacific; a 9,000-foot jet-port runway was finished; a cluster of 29 apartments was erected and three buildings of the new Pago Pago high school had been built to house the delegates to the conference in July and **used for** schooling in September.

"Afterward," Lee recalled, "Admiral Clark said to me:

"I would never have believed it. You took my own men and made a damn liar out of me."

After going to Admiral Clark, Lee returned to Samoa and assembled all the native chieftains. He told them:

"You provide the labor force and I will provide the materials and technicians who have the know-how."

"They were so grateful that they worked night and day," the Governor told me. "They strung up lights and worked until midnight. A Chief worked as a roadgang foreman. His wife worked as a foreman over 80 other Samoans, A Chief was foreman at the huge new Polynesian-style auditorium, which is the pride of Samoa. That's how we were able to do it. I don't think I ever got to bed before midnight. We only let two outside contracts. One was for the hardsurfacing of the airport runway because we didn't have the large equipment necessary, and the other was for renovating the ancient water supply system. In this way we trained hundreds of Samoans in new skills. And we did everything at far less cost than at other U.S. installations throughout the Pacific. Much of the labor was voluntary and unpaid."

The Samoans were so proud of their own part in the redemption of the islands that they refused outside help in the construction **work,where** possible.

The Samoans have a native saying, Fa'a Samoa (the Samoan way of life), and Samoa for Samoans, which has been their Polynesian tradition for centuries.

"**This** was being done for Samoa and **these** proud people wanted to do it all themselves," Lee said.

All this construction which the Navy engineers thought couldn't be accomplished was done in a period of less than six months. A West Coast shipping strike added to Lee's problems and it was not until March that materials began to arrive by freighter. The large hurricane-proof civic auditorium, which the Samoans named after Rex Lee, their benefactor, was completed in four months record time,

To be sure that everything was completed before the South Pacific Conference delegates arrived in July, Lee went back to Honolulu and enlisted the aid of a reserve **Seabee** battalion to help in the most difficult tasks, such as road **paving,concrete** work and construction of the new power plant. The **Seabees** had already taken their annual two weeks training but they volunteered to take their months training for **the** next two years ahead of time in order to help out on the rejuvenation of Samoa.

"We assigned the **Seabees** to various projects such as the power plant, the **airport,housing** and everything to make absolutely certain everything was finished in apple pie order," Lee recalled.

"I got a half dozen of these skilled construction **Seabees**, an electrician, cement man, etc., and assigned them to work on the **auditorium**. They went over there and reported to the old chief who was in charge of the **work** crew.

The chief called me on the phone and said:

"Governor, I am very sorry to bother you but the **Seabees** have just come over to help us on the auditorium."

"**That**'s fine. I know they will give you a lot of good **help**," I told him.

"But Governor, this is a strictly Samoan auditorium," the chief protested. "It catches the feel of Samoa and we want it to be all Samoan. We don't need any help. We don't want to be disrespectful of these people and what they are trying to do but if you could have them work on something else and let us finish this by ourselves we would appreciate it."

Lee put the Seabees on other projects. When the Samoans completed the auditorium it won an American architectural award for its designer.

In planning the auditorium, schools, housing, airport buildings, new 100-room hotel, educational television center -- everything that was being built -- one of the first things that struck Lee was that it would be ridiculous to erect American type rectangular urban buildings in this lush tropical setting. They would be ugly and utterly out of place. So he called in a number of American architects for advice. The result was designs inspired by the Polynesian longhouse and native fale architecture. The 806-seat turtleback civic auditorium, which won the architectural award, was designed by Honolulu architect George J (~~Pete~~) Wimberly. He also designed the hotel, a cluster of buildings on the shore of Pago Pago Bay resembling the native fales in appearance. The schools were designed locally, resembling fales, but constructed especially for television education instruction, with blackboard movable/ partitions and 23-inch television consoles. in the classrooms. All construction was concrete, steel and glass to make them hurricane-proof. The roofs were made of cedar shakes to make them proof against termites and dry rot, and to look like the native thatch roof.

"These buildings will be here a century from now," Lee said.

Lee flew back to Washington in January to appear before my appropriations sub-committee at the annual hearings. By this time the NAEB had completed its study of the untried educational television idea. The engineers recommended \$2.5 million construction of a/six-channel system, including a production center, studios, towers, transmitters and 300 TV receivers for the schools. But some of the members of the committee were skeptical about TV schooling in the South Pacific and at one stage of the hearings asked Lee:

"Look, you have this one organization that has made this study. Why don't we get another independent study to back it up?"

Lee went to New York and got the RCA to assign one of their top engineers to go over the NAEB recommendations and figures.

"The RCA man concluded that RCA couldn't do a better job," Lee said. "It was a very good job from the technical point of view. But then we had the problem: ~~would the~~ ETV ~~do the~~ job of education? Even though the system is feasible technically is this a good way to solve the problems in the islands? It had never been done before."

The argument went back and forth in the committee for days. I finally told Governor Lee:

"Look, why don't we do this? I want to go along with you. It sounds like a reasonable thing. Why don't we put three transmitters in to start with? If it works, both from a technical point of view and it is accepted by the Samoans, then we'll go on to the next three transmitters in appropriations next year. You build the basic system for a complete system and we can go on from there if it does the job."

Lee's most dramatic problem then became how to get to the top of 1,700-foot Mt. Alava, a sheer precipice across the bay from Pago Pago to erect a 226-foot transmission tower. The original plan, laid out by the Navy engineers, was to construct a road around the mountains ringing the harbor and approach the mountain top along the ridge approaches. But while the grade was perfect it was found that the porous, water-soaked rock would not support the road. The rock disintegrated and the road equipment bogged down. After a half mile of the road was built Lee had to abandon the idea because of the expense and the fact that it would take two years to build the road, which would delay the educational TV program.

Lee flew back to Honolulu and asked Admiral Sides, who was in command of the Pacific Fleet, for the loan of two combat helicopters to carry the material for the transmitter building and tower to the mountain top in slings under the

planned to
helicopters. His engineers/ package.;the material in " packing cases that would
be lifted by the helicopters in 800 trips. The transmission building was
redesigned ~~for changes in materials,~~. Then a Navy icebreaker, returning to
the West Coast from Little America in Antarctica, put in at **Pago Pago**. It had
two helicopters aboard. Lee asked the Captain to take him up over Mt. Alava
for an aerial survey of 'the transmitter site. They tried to take off from
the deck of the icebreaker in the middle of the day. But the helicopter
just bounced around like a ball on the deck and would not ^{safely} lift/in the heated
air. They tried again in the late afternoon when the air currents had cooled.
This time they made it and spent an hour flying over the narrow ridge
that had to be cut down for the transmitter building and tower. When they got
back to the icebreaker, Lee asked:

"Well, what do you think?"

The Captain, who was an expert helicopter pilot, told him:

"Governor, you will never take 800 trips up there without cracking up
one of those helicopters."

"I looked at the cost of one of those helicopters and it cost more than
the road would cost," Lee said. "And I also realized that some of the pieces of
equipment of special manufacture cost more than \$100 thousand. I could see it
and another six months delay in replacement of the equipment,
going down the side of that mountain with the helicopter and its pilot, /so I
said 'No soap, we will abandon the helicopter deal.'

Lee then came up with the idea of an aerial tramway cable a mile long
from a hillside behind Government House across **Pago Pago** bay to the top of the
peak. He contracted with the Interstate Equipment Co., of Pittsburgh, to design
an aerial tramway and supervise its construction by the Samoans.

"We had some hairraising experiences," Lee said. "The cable was a tricky
thing. This mountain was straight up and down on the cable side.

"We took a small cable with 40 or 50 Samoans around on a boat to the far side
of the island and reeled it off a reel, One muscular Samoan would lift the
cable and walk out as far as he could go, and the next one would do the same,
and in this way we snaked it up the less steep side of the mountain.

"When we got to the top we tied a man on the end of it and let him down over the ledge of the precipice and pulled it down the bay side. At the bottom we hooked it onto a winch and set up a hand cable and then hauled tons and tons of concrete and steel up to the mountain top to build foundations big enough to anchor this big tramway. Then we took a little cable, winched up a bigger one, pulled up a still bigger cable and then the largest one. The final mile-long cable weighed about 5.0 tons.

"The native people did it. These Polynesians are **really incredible.**"

Materials and equipment for the transmitter building and transmission tower were then hauled across the bay to the peak on a work car.

"Once we got the construction work finished we put a passenger car on the cable which holds 14 passengers and it is now used for sightseeing. From it they can see Western Samoa 70 miles away. The whole project cost us only \$150,000. We amortized one per cent of the cost on a single day when a cruise ship put in, taking people to the top of the mountain at \$2.50 a round trip. This cable tramway is paying for itself."

By the time the delegates to the South Pacific Conference arrived in July, everything that Lee had set out to do had been accomplished and a diplomatic disaster had been avoided. Tons and tons of junk that had littered the countryside had been removed. Flowers had been planted in the villages and at the construction sites. Five thousand gallons of paint had been brought in and the Samoans had painted everything in sight. The hideous outdoor privies had been removed from the bay shore. Later, the more than 50 tumbledown village schools were replaced with 26 new ones designed for television teaching. The airport and 15 miles of hardsurface 20-foot wide roads leading to Tutuila's beauty spots had been completed. The 29 new teacher's housing units with modern plumbing were ready. There were three new buildings for Samoa's high schools. The big new civic auditorium and modern power plant were going concerns.

Verdict of the Pacific nations and territories and observers from the United Nations:

"American Samoa is a first-rate model of how Pacific islands should be governed."

When the educational TV system was being built, Howard Chernoff, an industrial consultant on television, visited Samoa and checked it over carefully. He told Lee:

"Governor, this looks good to me but I want to warn you one thing, **don't** be discouraged when you push the button and it doesn't work. This is the history of television stations. You can spend weeks, months, maybe a year getting the bugs out. Especially in an island area, you are going to have all kinds of difficulties."

Lee kept his fingers crossed.

"On October 1, 1964, Mrs. Lee and I went to the transmission center to start instructional TV," Lee said. "We pushed the button and it worked, worked the first time, an absolutely clear picture on all three channels. It was perfect, no bugs in it. It just worked, much to our surprise, and it has ever since."

I returned to Samoa on November 23 with Senator Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson, of Washington, to dedicate the airport and the television studios. This time, with the 9,000-foot runway, the jets to Australia were making Samoa a **major** stop. Instead of nine hours the flight from Honolulu took us **only** five hours.

We dedicated the Polynesian-type airport building, the finest in the South Seas and then went to the television facility. Rex Lee had arranged a surprise for me that nearly floored me and brought tears to my eyes.

At the entrance to this beautiful new Polynesian building a ribbon was stretched across the doorway. Mrs. Lee led me over to it and gave me a pair of scissors to cut the ribbon as part of the dedication. Senator Jackson and Rex were with us.

I had never seen the center and it had not been **described** to me. It was beyond anything I had dreamed of.

,When I cut the ribbon, we walked in from the bright outside sun. It took a few moments for my eyes to become accustomed to the shaded interior. People were cheering and suddenly I saw all the island Chiefs and Samoans lined up to greet us. Then I saw a big sign with the words:

"Michael J. Kirwan Education Television Center."

This was Rex Lee's big surprise for me. The island Chiefs had voted to name the television center for me because I had supported their cause and my sub-committee in Congress had provided the money that was making a new life for their islands. Rex had kept it from me until this surprise moment.

There were many speeches at the dedication. One of the most impressive I remember was by Crown Prince Tupou To'a Tungi, premier of the Tonga Islands and now their King, a most impressive figure of a man, tall, muscular, weighing 400 pounds and dressed in the native lavalava.

"In ancient times," said the Crown Prince, "the environment of Samoa and Tonga ended at the seashore of Samoa and Tonga. Today everything that happens in the world touches our shores. Now, with television education, the whole world is our environment."

Because of the arduous nature of my earlier trip to Samoa Mrs. Kirwan had remained in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki Beach while Senator Jackson and I went on to Samoa. I had no idea the islands had been completely transformed in just three years or of the surprise that was in store for me.

After the ceremonies, I turned to Rex and said:

"Why didn't I bring Mrs. Kirwan with me? I knew what you were building down here but for just a million and a half dollars I thought this was going to be a dinky little old box car affair. To think that this thing has arisen here and is doing such a wonderful job for the Samoan people and is so impressive that I am overcome, my big regret is that I do not have Mrs. Kirwan with me."

"It was through your help in Congress that we have been able to do these things," Rex said.

There was ^{other} one/incident that has left a lasting impression on me.

The morning of the dedication, as dawn was breaking, out over the deep blue waters of **Pago Pago** bay I heard a great chorus of voices raised in the songs of the islands. I looked out over the water and saw hundreds of natives from the islands, dressed in their vividly-colored lavalavas paddling into the bay in their big native canoes. And as they came they chanted the heart-stirring songs of the South Seas.

Following the dedication, I told Rex:

"Now,we've promised you the other million dollars to put in the three additional channels on TV. So far as I am concerned you can start working on them right now; the money is forthcoming. You just go **ahead,Rex**, and I'll see that you get the **money.**"

That was the latter part of November. And in January my sub-committee authorized the additional funds.

Later, in October 1966, on his trip to the Far East, President Johnson stopped off in Samoa and took a look at the educational TV system at work. He spoke of it with high praise in his speeches on his Far East stops. He saw the impact of the **TV** teaching on the Samoan children. When the President went through a school the children only paused momentarily to say "**Hello**" to him, and then their eyes were glued back on the TV screen.

Attendance in the schools averages 98 per cent. Dr. John W. **Harold,director** of education, who was formerly director of the Iowa State **Education** Association, said that the Samoan children are **learning** twice as fast as formerly and retain their learning much longer. The training and intelligence of **the** Samoan teachers has gone up at an even higher rate than the students. Twenty top **flight** teachers from the United States who have been specially trained in TV teaching, prepare the lessons. **This** permits the Samoan teachers in the classrooms to concentrate their help on children who are having difficulties. Samoa remains the **only place** in the world where the entire instruction is over **TV**.

"The biggest source of satisfaction is the change in the Samoan people," Lee told me. "They are now hard working people who know where they are going and are enthusiastic about life. They own all the businesses and service stores including the beautiful new Polynesian-style hotel, which was financed by small shares bought by almost every Samoan. In past years the South Sea islanders were exploited by island traders. We didn't let them come in this time and take from all the cream/these improvements. Samoa has been preserved for the Samoans. The flow of the most progressive people is back toward Samoa not out of the island to Hawaii or the Mainland as formerly.

"All this has had a profound effect in places like Western Samoa, New Guinea, the Fijis, the Tokelaus and throughout the Pacific. It is something that these other islanders are excited about. They are saying: 'Look what the United States has helped the Samoans do.'"

The investment America has made in Samoa is not large in terms of most expenditures. It has cost only about \$30 million in capital expenditure. It has meant a lot to the Samoan people. But it means a great deal more in terms of what the other people of the Pacific, who are now looking in our direction, think of America. Samoa is now the showplace of the Pacific. It is the Garden of Eden as far as they are concerned. It is the only window we have in the South Seas. Everybody in the South Pacific now wants to live in American Samoa. The people in the Tokelaus, who are under New Zealand, want to attach their islands to the American administration.

The impact that this relatively small expenditure has made, the fact that the Samoans have contributed to it with enthusiasm and hard work, is proving of incalculable value in our foreign relations. In terms of dollars, for every dollar spent in Samoa we already have received one hundred dollars in return.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

"THE SENATOR HAS GOT TO LEARN A LITTLE MORE ABOUT FISH!"

"It starts with a drop of water on top of a mountain. The drops make a little crick, then a river and then the ocean. The sun sucks up the water into clouds. They change into rain when they hit the mountain tops, and it starts all over again."

I was telling a visitor to my Congressional office of my vision of the "living world of water" that will be re-created in a near-natural setting' in the new National Fisheries Center and Aquarium in Washington, D. C. This has been made possible for the Nation by legislation which I introduced in Congress and fought for against bitter opposition for three years.

"It will be the greatest aquarium and the greatest educational exhibit for students in the world. And it will be our most important center for aquatic biology research. We'll have three million visitors a year. Most of them will be students and children learning the reasons why we must have pure water in our rivers and streams and lakes and why we must increase our food supply from the seas around us.

"It'll keep the kids out of pool rooms and burlesque shows, **The** family that fishes together, stays together.

"D'ya see the point I mean?"

I introduced legislation in the House in 1960 to build a fisheries research center and aquarium, second to none in the world, in the Nation's Capital. President Kennedy had told Congress of the importance of oceanographic research and the need for production of an additional three billion pounds of fish and shellfish by 1980 to add to the Nation's food supply. I had been chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Interior and Insular

Affairs for 18 years. One of my responsibilities was the Fish and Wildlife Service and Bureau of Fisheries of the Interior Department.

In the early years of our Nation, fishing fleets plied our offshore waters in the Atlantic as our first, and for many years our principal, industry. But in recent years our fishing industry had fallen far behind many other countries. We are behind Soviet Russia, Japan, Norway and even the little country of Peru. Almost half the fish consumed in the United States is imported. Our fishing fleet has decreased in size and the vessels are old and obsolete. Most of our fishermen are in advanced years. Soviet Russia and Japan are fishing right off our shores. Their modern fishing fleets even process their huge catches aboard the fishing vessels. For the greatest Nation in the world to lag behind is a disgrace.

The need for a national fisheries center and aquarium that the Nation could be proud of was first brought to my attention by a longtime friend, the late George F. Messerly, and his associate, William Hagen. Messerly was for ten years director of our only aquarium, a small, dark and cramped exhibit in the basement of the Commerce Department Building, which could only be described as a national shame. George did a wonderful job of improving the aquarium over what it was when he took it over. But he could do only so much because of the location, limitation of space and lack of funds. Bill Hagen was chief of the branch of fish hatcheries of the Interior Department and the aquarium was under his direction. He is now Assistant Director of the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium.

George was a dedicated man and had told me many times about the need for a new national aquarium. During 1957 he and Bill had luncheon meetings every week and discussed their ideas about what it ought to be.

"We sat in Bassin's Restaurant and drew diagrams on napkins for months and months," Bill told me. "I remember saying to a waitress: 'You'd better

save these, they will be valuable historical documents some day.'"

George brought Hagen up to see me and they talked for hours about what a national aquarium should be.

"We don't think this should be just another aquarium," they told me. "It should tell the story of water and of the creatures that live in it. Its purpose must be educational, not just another series of exhibits of fish in tanks. It has to be the best, or not at all."

Bill Hagen appeared before my committee in 1958 and I asked him questions about the need for a national aquarium. As the result a statement was placed in the committee report on the Interior Department appropriations bill which said, "It is requested that a study be initiated within available funds for the need and desirability of construction of a new aquarium building." Subsequently, this report was sent to me by the Interior Department. In June 1960 I introduced legislation in the House to construct a National Fisheries Center and Aquarium in Washington at a cost of \$20 million.

A long legislative fight followed, bitter at times, and at other times as comical as a burlesque show prat fall.

As this is written, the fisheries center and aquarium is still in the planning stage. Construction is expected to begin in February 1969, and to be completed in January 1971. It will then be stocked with some 1,300 species of fish, aquatic birds, alligators and other reptiles, crustaceans and creatures from all over the world and should be ready for opening to the public by May or June of that year. It will cover four and a half acres in East Potomac Park between the Potomac River and the Washington Channel.

Bill Hagen is the authority on what the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium will be. He has been in on it from the origin of the plan, which he and George Messerly put together.

I asked him recently to describe the center and tell what it will do. This is what he told me:

"It will be unique in the world, as it should be. All the other aquariums simply consist of a lineup of tanks with fish and a sign saying, 'This is a Green Toad fish from the coast of Africa,' and that's all there is. You see the strange fish but you gain no knowledge as to why it got to be the way it is.

"It will tell the story of water and of the creatures that live in the waters that cover three-quarters of **the world's** surface.

"**We** will have seashore life as well as life in the streams and rivers, lakes and oceans and we will try to relate things to people as much and as simply as we can. We want to associate these fish in groups and tell how they came to look the way they do. Why are fresh water fish and salt water fish almost exactly alike and how did they **get** where they are? Why do they school, is it a protection or feeding? Why are some fish loners and others have to stay together? In genetics, how did these fish evolve? We will have a group of fish on the mystery of perception. How do they see? Some can see both above and below the water. They have four eyes. Others just put their eyes above the water. Some shark, like the hammerhead, have their eyes way out on the side of the head. Why? Some fish have feelers like a cat. The cat **can't** see in the dark but **his** whiskers tell him where he is and what is in front of him. How do they swim and why? Some swim by flapping their wings like a bird. Others by the tail swinging vertically, still others with the tail flapping horizontally. Some can't even swim; they jump off the bottom and coast. Some even walk **on** land. Others fly. We have some 200 species where we can compare and show why each was adapted to this way of life.

"**We** can do so many things with comparisons and we hope to put everything across as simply as we can so that the child or adult **won't** even realize they have accumulated this knowledge until afterward when they say, 'Yes, I remember that.' We are dedicated to simplicity so that we won't have to use a thousand words to tell the story when ten will do with a live exhibit or a picture. No other aquarium in this country or in Europe goes at it this way.

"The most spectacular feature of the aquarium will be a replica of the Florida Everglades, enclosed in a 100-foot high glass greenhouse. There are few areas in the world so teeming with aquatic life as the Everglades. It will contain swamp cypress and live oak hanging with Spanish moss, live **alligator, manatee, all** the fish that live there, water snakes, and tropical birds; such as the egret, the roseate spoonbill, the scarlet flamingo, the Florida gallinule and many other rare birds.

"Another portion of the massive greenhouse will hold a **living** replica of the tidal zone of each of the American coasts, the **Atlantic** and the Northwest Pacific, showing how the tides ebb and flow and the life there when the tides are out. There will be a special display where the children can explore a beach and pick up shells and mollusks. A large pool will contain the outer edge of a tropical reef, deep enough to show the sea life that exists there, with sharks, porpoises and other strange tropical fish swimming around.

"There will be a 100-foot trout stream of rushing water that will contain trout from the colder, high mountain regions to the warmer waters; the golden trout and grayling from the high waters and the **rainbow, brook, cutthroat** and brown that live in the warmer waters. Refrigeration will **cool** the waters at a constant temperature for the trout living in the high mountain regions. The trout stream will contain **insects, birds** and amphibians typical of the environment.

"Closed-circuit television screens will show parts of the aquarium to the visitors in a central concourse. Orientation theaters **will** project films that explain the story of water and the creatures that live in it.

"A large library is an important **supporting** function, It will house plastic overlays, professional journals, a selection of popular publications, **material** of historical significance, **myth** and lore and early examples of oceanographic equipment, exhibits of new equipment and the work men are doing with it.

"At the end of the tour a short movie will show that fish need clean water, **so** do people need clean water, and that when fish begin to die, people had better **start worrying** about **how to get rid of pollution** and clean up water as **they too**.

may die. We can show the result of city sewage, industrial waste, the spraying of chemicals on farm lands, and the result is obvious, they kill fish. We have to show then what can be done about this.

"One of the innovations will be that we will make our own sea water. We will not have to spend the enormous sums it would take to have tugs and tanks go to the Atlantic off Hampton Roads every week and bring in seawater. To buy one barge for this purpose would cost us \$800,000. We will be self-sufficient, making our own seawater.

"The facility can help in cancer research, among many other phases of research. Some of the cancer research that has gone on in the past five years has been with trout. We had an epidemic of hepatoma, a form of cancer of the liver. We have had the National Institutes of Health, the Food and Drug Administration and our own people on a longrange study trying to trace down its causes."

When I introduced legislation for the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium ridicule was heaped upon the proposal by a few but loud and scornful critics. Some newspapers, like the Washington Post, who think fish and pure water are comical, had a picnic. They ignored the research purposes of the center and the fact that it will pay for itself without cost to the Federal Treasury or taxpayers. They decided that here was a chance to poke fun, grab headlines and ridicule the proposal to death. They called it the "fish follies of 1962," "the most extravagant goldplated fish bowl in world history," and a "platinum-lined fish hotel."

The Washington Post, blandly oblivious of the fact that year after year for the past twenty years we have been pouring out around \$4 billion annually in foreign aid funds to other countries, stated in an editorial:

"It is a pity that the recipients of foreign aid are not fish. If India were inhabited by sturgeon and salmon instead of mere people, then New Delhi would have the compassionate support of Rep. Michael J. Kirwan of Ohio, a

legislator whose eyes water when he thinks of his finny friends."

These disparagements didn't rest well with Congressman Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., of Massachusetts, one of my colleagues. He commented in the House:

"The best way to defeat a bill is to harpoon it with ridicule. It is easy to say that this is a glorified fish bowl, to heap ridicule on it, but the truth is that it is much more than just an aquarium; it is a place where scientific study is going to be carried on. In this field we are so lacking, so far behind the other nations of the world that it is absolutely and utterly disgraceful.

"Besides its scientific value it will be a beautiful and interesting attraction which will add much to the enjoyment of the millions of Americans who visit the Nation's capital annually."

The opposition in the House came from some of the Republican members, which is entirely understandable because the politics of the two-party system is rarely suspended -- everybody wants to get their own President in the White House the next four years, or keep the one they have, and its free hunting season meanwhile.

The aquarium and fisheries research center was opposed both in the house and Senate by some of my best friends in Congress. who failed to understand that the project would not cost the taxpayers or Federal treasury anything but would be paid for over a number of years by small admission charges. They were my friends before the aquarium debate and are my friends today. Politics in Congress is often much like a tennis match. When legislation is being debated, each side fights hard to win. When the House and Senate vote on the proposal, and the issue is decided, the loser shakes hands with the winner and goes on to other matters.

in the House

The opposition to a \$313,003 appropriation to begin the planning for the fisheries center came largely from Congressman H.R. Gross of Waterloo, Iowa, and in the Senate from Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon,

Congressman Gross and I held a running debate on the House floor on the merits of what he liked to call "a gold-plated, platinum-lined bathtub for fish." At times the debate sounded like the lines from a Broadway comedy. But it was the opposition by Senator Morse in the Senate that really got me riled after all I had done in behalf of Oregon to provide so many hundreds of millions for the water conservation and development of his Northwest Pacific state.

Gross and I went to it hammer **and tongs** in the House one day when he took the floor to insist that the fisheries center would be an extravagant "**gilt-edged, fur-lined fish tank,**" and nothing else.

"I at first thought," he told the House, "that we might save money by putting these fish in the swimming pool of the \$100,000,000 new New House Office Building. Then I realized that sharks and barracuda might find something edible about their **co-swimmers**. Besides, the tourists might get a startling perspective of House members attired in abbreviated **swimming trunks.**"

This was **too** much for me.

"I **don't** ever remember the gentleman from Iowa voting for a human being, **much** less a fish," I retorted.

"**May** I say that the gentleman from Iowa has again ridiculed the National Fisheries **Center** and Aquarium, May I remind him that two-thirds of the Senate last year voted for this project and two-thirds of this body voted for it.

"The House voted again last week to initiate planning **for** the aquarium. In ignoring these facts, the gentleman **from** Iowa reminds me of Napoleon. He is about the same height, has the same color hair, and he comes from a **town** called Waterloo."

"I have not been exiled to **Elba** yet," Gross replied.

"**You** are already there but you don't know it," I shot back.

Gross persisted in his insistence that the \$310,000 should be stricken from the bill. He introduced an amendment to kill the item.

"It is interesting to note that nothing like a \$10 million fish bowl has ever before been attempted in this country," he said. "It is even more interesting to learn that in Massachusetts, the land of the cod, the Kennedy dynasty and the feuding **McCormacks** and Kennedys, the aquarium has closed its doors for lack of patronage. In Boston, center of the great New England fishing industry, the fish bowl has gone where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle whangeth for lack of interest and funds.

"**There** are ten million better ways to spend \$10 million than on a glorified bathtub for **fish.**"

I tried again to bring him back to reality. I said:

"**The** gentleman from Iowa insists on missing the point. He **doesn't** seem to realize that the fisheries research center will not cost the taxpayers **a dime.**"

"**Let** me suggest that the gentleman not stake his reputation **on** the statement that the aquarium will pay for itself in five **years,**" **Gross** replied tartly.

"**Let's** try to do something for our communities," I challenged. "I ask the gentleman to accompany me to the Sergeant at Arms^q office and ask that \$5,000 be withheld from each of our salaries.

"If the fishery center **doesn't** show it can pay for itself in five years, **I'll** donate my \$5,000 to a worthy project in his home town of Waterloo. If the aquarium shows a profit, your \$5,000 will go to my hometown of **Youngstown,** Ohio."

Gross equivocated.

"I don't buy that," he said. "I'm not wearing my striped **gambler's** suit."

Congressman Howard W. Smith, veteran Virginia Democrat and for many years chairman of the House Rules Committee, had yielded the floor to us during this **colloquy.** At this point he rose to his feet, addressed the chair, and said he

wanted to urge elimination of a \$10,000,000 appropriation to purchase marshlands for migratory ducks which he said were designed simply for the ducks "to go back and sit on."

"The ducks have been right patient with us," he complained. "I wonder if they wouldn't wait a year or two longer."

Gross was not to be denied. He leaped right back into the debate.

"Along the same lines," he said, "wouldn't it be advisable to postpone the fish tank?"

I jumped to my feet.

"It isn't going to cost the taxpayers a cent!" I repeated.

"That's what they said here on the floor about the Washington stadium," Gross retorted.

"I had nothing to do with the stadium," I said. "The aquarium has nothing to do with the stadium. I'll make the bet \$10,000, and I'm a poor man. The law requires that the aquarium pay back every cent it costs."

Congressman Smith interposed at this juncture.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I've given these gentlemen portions of my time on the floor and they insist upon talking about fish. I wish they wouldn't change the subject. I want to talk about ducks."

Gross' amendment got nowhere. The House killed it by a two-to-one majority.

I was able to make a personal fight for the aquarium on my home ground in the House and was never seriously worried about the outcome. But the Senate worried me. The Oregon Senator/^{was} running for re-election. And Re needed to make headlines in his Oregon papers. The aquarium proposal gave him ammunition. After all, how many voters could you antagonize by launching an attack on fish?

After I introduced the aquarium bill in the House it was necessary for a Senator to introduce a similar bill in the Senate. This is the way legislation is handled in Congress. I asked Senator Clair Engle, California Democrat, to put the bill in the Senate but to reduce the cost of the aquarium in half,

a \$10 million appropriation instead of \$20 million, and to insert a provision that the aquarium pay for itself over a 30-year period by small admission charges. With the support of Senator Jennings Randolph, Democrat of West Virginia, and Senator **Hirman** L. Fong, a Republican of Hawaii, Engle fought off attempts to meat-axe the measure.

Morse heaped scorn on the whole project. At one moment he told the Senate the funds should be used to clean up **pollution** in the Potomac **River**. In the next breath, he said the fisheries center could serve a useful purpose if it **was** built in his home state of Oregon, or in my home state of Ohio, or in Massachusetts or Washington State, wherever there was pure water, but **not in** Washington, D. C., on a polluted river. Oregon, he said, would be a fine site for the aquarium.

"It is beyond my power of comprehension why there is even any talk about building a fisheries research center on the dirtiest, stinkingest river in the world," he told the Senate. "The Potomac is the filthiest river of its size in the world, the shores of which are now lined with tons of dead fish. These fish are dead because they cannot live in the densely filthy Potomac River, yet it is proposed to spend \$10 million to build an aquarium adjacent to that river.

"What we ought to do with the \$10 million is to clean up the Potomac River so that fish can live in it."

Senator
Warming up to his subject, the/ continued:

"We need a fish research center in the District of **Columbia** about as much as I need the Washington Monument in my front yard.

" I will tell the Senators what I would be willing to consider, should the bill go back to the **committee**. I would be willing to consider some evidence as to whether the aquarium ought not to be located in Ohio, on the Great Lakes, and named the **Kirwan** Aquarium, in honor of that great Representative in the House of Representatives, who is so much interested in this bill.

"Although I give first preference to the Representative from Ohio for the location of the aquarium in his State, I say to the President of the United States, who has been very much concerned and interested in trying to find some use for a great naval institution at Tongue Point in **Astoria**, Oregon, which he closed during his Administration, that the institution is available both for a **salt** water and fresh water fisheries center and aquarium.

"If I ever saw an example of a paradox, an example of inconsistency, it is to place an aquarium, a fish bowl called an aquarium, on the dirty, polluted, stinking waters of the Potomac River."

Despite , strenuous opposition, the bill was approved by the Senate by a two-to-one majority.

I was rankled by Morse's bitter opposition to building the fisheries research center in Washington, D. C., and his suggestion that it be moved to his home state.

When I was a boy working in the coal breakers of Pennsylvania, **my** mother always told me, "**Never** throw back a crabapple when someone throws a rock at you."

I have never forgotten my mother's teaching. I felt it was **time** for Senator to get back rock for rock. I was chairman of the House conferees when the Interior Department Appropriation bill came to conference after being approved by the Senate. There was \$965,000 in the bill to begin Oregon water projects, which would ultimately cost \$50 million. I struck them out--all of them. These items included the planning appropriation for the Columbia and Willamette River channel projects, which would cost an **eventual** \$20.7 million; an appropriation to begin construction of the Yaquina bay and harbor project, to cost \$23.6 million, and appropriations to begin study of projects in the Willamette River basin and for reclamation at Pendleton.

I had already voted **hundreds** of millions for Oregon water conservation projects. I felt that if ^{the Senator} / did not see fit to reciprocate to the extent of supporting the fisheries research center, he could take the consequences.

When reporters asked me if I had been "instrumental in helping block the money for the Oregon projects," I told them:

"I wasn't instrumental in it, I knocked them out!"

"I'll hold out all Oregon water projects until the Senator learns a little more about fish!

"He called the aquarium a 'fish **hotel**.' The proof that he **didn't** know what he was talking about is that it will be the world's most important research center for fish.

"He called it a **raid** on the U. S. Treasury and he knows the center will pay for itself in 30 years. The legislation requires that this be done. In Oregon alone, billions have been spent on reclamation and they are given 50 years **for** the projects to pay this back with income from these **projects**." ^{outraged.}

The Senator was / He fired back with a charge of "legislative blackmail," whatever that is. He demanded a private audience with President **Kennedy** and a punitive White House veto of the aquarium bill. He said he was going to have me kicked out of Congress.

"**This** corrupts the political **system**," he shouted. "**This** is a pure holdup!"

Jack Kennedy gave him an appointment. At the **White** House, he told the President:

"I intend to make a motion for the expulsion of **Kirwan** from Congress. I shall make this **motion** on the grounds of legislative **blackmail**."

"I have to point out, Mr. President, that **Kirwan** is chairman of the Democratic campaign **committee** for the House with the power to allocate campaign funds. That means he has the power of political **holdup**."

Jack Kennedy listened politely, smiled good-naturedly, and thanked him for coming to see him. This was S.O.P. for visitors to the President's office when he just listened and made no commitment.

Afterward, on the way back to Capitol Hill in a taxi, Senator Maurine Neuberger, also of Oregon, remarked:

"At least we have killed the aquarium. I feel sure the President will now veto it."

"What makes you so sure of that?" he asked skeptically.

Nothing ever came of the Oregon Senator's threats. When he cooled off and thought the matter over further he dropped his talk of "legislative blackmail."

A short time later, President Kennedy asked me to come down to the White House to see him.

"Mike," the President said, "I'd like you to let the Senator off the hook. I think he has now learned his lesson about fish and practical politics."

As I've said before, saying "No" to a President is difficult. And young Jack Kennedy was a friend, former colleague in Congress, and I had helped get him elected.

So I agreed to put the Oregon water projects back in the general appropriation bill.

When word reached newspaper reporters, they besieged my office.

"I am doing this," I told them, "not just because the President asked me to, but because I think by now/Senator the has learned a little more about fish."

The emotions and feelings that the long battle inspired were soon forgotten. Senator Morse and I are the best of friends. A year later, during the 1964 primary campaign, he made a special trip to my 19th District of Ohio and spoke in my behalf in Youngstown, Girard and all over the district.

"President Johnson considers Mike Kirwan to be one of his closest advisers on legislative matters on Capitol Hill," Morse told the gatherings.

In a reference to our differences over the aquarium, he added:

"Mike and I have agreed on legislation 95 per cent of the time in the past 20 years. When we disagree and the issue is settled, then it's behind us and we strive forward on the next issue.

"Beware of the politician who says he won't change his mind. We have an obligation to change our mind when the facts show that a change is warranted."

A few days after Congress approved the conference report on the aquarium bill, the phone rang in my office and a voice said:

"May I speak to Mike?"

My secretary asked who was calling.

"This is Jack Kennedy," was the reply.

The President said:

"Mike, I'd like you to come down and see me in the morning. I've arranged a little ceremony that I believe will interest you."

At the White House the next morning, President Kennedy signed the aquarium bill into law and gave me the pen with which he signed the measure.

"Now there's something I want you to do for me when we are all back here next year," Jack said. "I want you to help me put over the campaign for a national cultural center in Washington."

"I don't know whether I can be of much help on that," I demurred.

The President's face broke into a broad smile. He told me:

"Mike, any S.O.B. who can put that aquarium bill through Congress can do anything. I'm counting on you."

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

MY 30-YEAR FIGHT FOR A LAKE ERIE-OHIO RIVER INTER-CONNECTING WATERWAY

Let us develop the resources of our land,
call forth its powers, build up its insti-
tutions, promote all its great interests,
and see whether we also in our day and
generation may not perform something wor-
thy to be remembered.

Words of Daniel Webster, inscribed
in marble over the desk of the Speaker
of the House in the Chamber of the
House of Representatives

Since my first days in Congress I have dreamt of and worked to complete our great inland waterway system, linking Atlantic shipping with the Gulf of Mexico by way of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Great Lakes, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and their tributaries. The waterway would open the vast agricultural produce, fuel and mineral resources and industrial output of our Inland Empire to national and world commerce at cheap water transportation rates.

In the lapse of many years, fought almost foot by foot, eighty per cent of the waterway is complete. But two vital links to bring into being a continuous waterway are still missing.

One missing link -- the link that would give direct access from the Great Lakes to the upper Ohio River and thence to the Mississippi -- is in Ohio, the 19th District of which I represent in Congress, and Western Pennsylvania. This is a canal connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio River. It would bring sorely-needed low-cost water transportation to America's Ruhr, the steel-manufacturing

complexes of Youngstown, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, which for many years have produced the major portion of the Nation's steel, but which are now sliding downhill because they cannot compete with new steel-producing areas having the advantage of water rates.

Of even greater importance, the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal would make possible continuous movement of bulk freight from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

The other is a canal linking the Tennessee River, which flows northward into the Ohio River, with the Tombigbee, which flows southward into the Gulf of Mexico. This waterway would open a vast region of the Southeastern United States to water-borne commerce from the Atlantic to Mobile and other Eastern Gulf ports, the Caribbean and South Atlantic.

I have fought for three decades to bring about construction of the Lake Erie-Ohio River Inter-Connecting Waterway. It is the vital missing link in the inland waterway.

I thought I had finally won the fight on September 21, 1966, when Congress approved an appropriation of \$500,000 to underwrite the engineering planning stage of the waterway. But the will of one man, the Republican governor of Pennsylvania, Raymond P. Shafer, has blocked construction of this essential link in the inland waterway. Although it was the will of Congress to build the canal, although it could prove to be the savior of the Pittsburgh steel industry, with the tens of thousands of jobs involved, Governor Shafer was able to knife the project by flatly refusing to cooperate with the Federal government in permitting construction of the shorter canal stretch in Western Pennsylvania.

In this chapter I would like to tell the story of the struggle to build this waterway and of its potential contribution to the future development of an expanding Nation.

At times I have a sense of futility In trying to explain national problems in terms of statistics. Yet it is in this instance a graphic way to bring into clear focus the jig-saw picture of a vision of progress projected into the future. And so I give this explanation of what this waterway means to a Nation whose exploding population growth in another century may exceed its own requirements for food and water unless we now make adequate provision for our future needs.

Completion of this inland system would bring billions of dollars in new industrial development to cities and future industrial areas all along the waterway. This has been true wherever our rivers have been made navigable and modern canalization has taken place.

The rebuilding of the Ohio River navigation system has brought \$22 billion in new industries to the river area. Two thousand five hundred industries have sprung up there since the end of the Second World War. When canalization of the Ohio River began in the early 1920's maximum traffic was estimated at 13 million tons of cargo yearly. By the time it was completed in 1929, the river was handling 30 million tons a year. In 1965, the annual tonnage had risen to 102 million.

Billions more in industrial growth has come to cities of the Great Lakes following completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The Seaway, which brings iron ore from new deposits in Labrador to the Great Lakes, together with construction of the Calumet-Sag canal, have enabled the Chicago area to capture first place from Pittsburgh as the Nation's No. 1 steel producer.

Canalization of the Arkansas River has attracted more than 500 new industries to Arkansas, including 18 that moved there from Ohio. Fifty years ago Houston, Texas, was smaller than Youngstown. Following completion of the Houston Ship Canal, a major waterway that accomodates ocean freighters from the Gulf of Mexico, Houston has become the Nation's seventh largest city.

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Freight tonnage carried by the two railroads serving the city increased by a larger percentage than all other Southern railways despite the fact that water transportation rates are considerably less than rail rates. The needs of new industries attracted to Houston by water transportation increased railroad freight tonnage and revenues phenomenally.

Dredging of a 40-foot channel in the Delaware River to a point 32 miles above Philadelphia, accomodating ocean-going freighters, within a short time brought more than \$1 billion in new industrial plant investment to the waterway. Economic studies indicate that \$10 billion to \$35 billion in industrial expansion would result for Ohio and Pennsylvania from the Lake Erie-Ohio River Canal. The waterway would help Pittsburgh regain its ascendancy in steel-making by providing low water freight rates for shipment of ores from the Great Lakes. Yet, the Republican governor of Pennsylvania will not permit the canal to be built in his state. His opposition is strongly supported by the railroad lobby.

Two interesting events occurred in 1824. The Army Corps of Engineers was organized and the first railroad in the United States was built between Baltimore and Washington. And for 144 years the railroads have fought this canal just as they have every major waterway we have built. They have maintained high freight rates for moving coal, ore and limestone and at the same time have strenuously fought the canal which would make cheaper transportation available.

In my office I have a treasured historic document. It is a recommendation by the Army Engineers. It was for this canal and it was one of the first projects they recommended. This paper is dated February 14, 1825.

I have heard some of those who oppose the canal say it is local in nature and is only for the benefit of Youngstown, Ohio. Yet, Youngstown did not even exist in 1825 when construction of the canal was first recommended. This argument is not new. It is the same one that has been used, in one form or another, for two centuries by those who have opposed every project for the development

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of America, from Fulton's steamboat and Edison's electric lamp down to the present day.

Abraham Lincoln, as a young Congressman from Illinois, found himself confronted by the same outworn argument. Speaking in the House of Representatives against a presidential veto of another measure for internal improvement, he said:

"Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit. Take for instance the Illinois and Michigan canal. Considered apart from its affects, it is perfectly local. Every inch of it is within the State of Illinois. That canal was first opened for business last April. In a very few days we were gratified to learn, among other things, that sugar had been carried from New Orleans, through the canal, to Buffalo, in New York. This sugar took this route, doubtless, because it was cheaper than the old route. Supposing the benefit in the reduction of the cost of carriage to be shared between the seller and buyer, the result is that the New Orleans merchant sold his sugar a little dearer, and the people of Buffalo sweetened their coffee a little cheaper than before: a benefit resulting from the canal, not to Illinois where the canal is, but to Louisiana and New York, where it is not. In other transactions Illinois will, of course, have her share, and perhaps the larger share too, in the benefit of the canal; but the instance of the sugar clearly shows that the benefits of an improvement are by no means confined to the particular locality of the improvement itself."

And such is the case of the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal link in the waterway connecting Atlantic shipping with the Gulf of Mexico. All America would benefit either directly or indirectly.

Of course the Mahoning Valley steel and industrial complex, which has suffered for years from lack of water transportation and resultant excessive rail freight rates, would benefit from the canal. But so, too, would every city along the waterway from the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Gulf of Mexico, and the economy of the entire Nation would be enhanced. Coal costs for industries

and electric power plants on the Great Lakes would be reduced. Iron ore would move more cheaply to the Ohio River Valley steel mills, to Pittsburgh as well as Youngstown and Wheeling. Opportunities to reach world markets through the St. Lawrence Seaway would be opened to industries throughout the Ohio River Valley. The long-suffering coal industry of West Virginia, Kentucky and Southern Ohio would be given a blood transfusion.

An analysis by F.B. Turck & Co., New York consulting engineers, of the benefits of the canal, had this to say:

"Probably the greatest contribution the waterway would make would be restoring the great steel-making complex around Pittsburgh to a competitive position. This would be accomplished by bringing together via low-cost water transportation coal from Kentucky and West Virginia and iron ore from the Great Lakes."

Until the waterway is built, the study continued, Kentucky and West Virginia coal is denied "the most efficient means of transportation to Ohio, New York and Michigan and ore from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan is denied the most efficient transportation to Ohio and Pennsylvania."

"Thus," the report stated, "53 per cent of the steel industry is handicapped in one form or another. Fifty-three per cent of our most basic industrial facility is the captive of transportation modes that increase cost of raw material movements up to five times what would be possible with modern water transportation."

"Such conditions cannot continue to exist. Competitive pressures from world wide industrialization and the movement toward freer trade will doom any but the most efficient industrial operations."

At an Army Corps of Engineers hearing in Pittsburgh I warned Pennsylvania opponents of the canal who feared it would place Youngstown steel mills in competition with Pittsburgh plants, that, without the waterway, in view of the low-cost water rates enjoyed by the newer steel plants in the Chicago, Detroit and Delaware areas they had a far greater existing competition to worry about.

"Pittsburgh is going to find itself in back of the eight-ball like no city was ever in back of it," i told them.

"Isn't it better to invest a billion dollars to expand the Nation's wealth-producing capacity and keep people employed than to spend it supporting them on relief?" I asked.

The competitive price of steel is controlled almost wholly by transportation costs for the ore, coal, fluxing stone and other bulk materials that are used in its manufacture. The difference in cost between steel plants situated where there is low-cost water transportation and those dependent entirely upon higher and excessive railroad freight rates is the difference between survival and gradual extinction. Steel-making follows economic laws and when new plants are built they look for locations with cheap water transportation.

I have said that Pittsburgh for many years was the undisputed top steel-making district in the Nation. It is now in second place and edging into third. Likewise, the Youngstown area once was the second largest steel producer. It is now in fourth place. Chicago and Detroit are rapidly nosing Pittsburgh, Youngstown and Wheeling out of their best markets. Again transportation costs are the reason. It costs \$3.97 a ton to move iron ore from Lake Superior to Chicago, but \$6.70 a ton to move it to Pittsburgh. When ore is delivered to the nearest port to Youngstown on Lake Erie, the railroads then charge an additional \$2.08 a ton to make the short haul to Youngstown plants. The powerful railroad lobby in Washington, which has spearheaded the opposition to the canal, told the Army Corps of Engineers:

"You build thhs canal and we'll ship ore to Youngstown for forty cents a ton!"

This raises a simple question: if they can ship the ore there for forty cents a ton without losing money, why do they not do it now when they do not have competition from a waterway?

The answer can be found in what the Interstate Commerce Commission told President Roosevelt, who visited with me in Youngstown in 1940 and saw the steel mills in operation. The President, who favored construction of the canal, asked for a report on the possibiity of reducing freight rates in the Mahoning Valley prior to construction of the Lake Erie-Ohio River waterway. In its response to the President, the interstate Commerce Commission stated that in the absence of actual existing water competition, freight rates could not be reduced.

The Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors of the Army Corps of Engineers, commenting on this situation, had this to say:

"The Board finds that the Youngstown area is under a material handicap as compared with competitors in the matter of excessive freight rates and that some relief is necessary if the district is to be allowed to prosper and its future welfare is to be secured. While it appears that substantial relief could be secured through lower 'ex-river' rates, which would still be at a ton-mile cost greater than that of the average in this region, local interests **have** been unable to secure such reduction in rates."

The advantage of water-borne bulk freight rates over land rates is even more marked in the case of ocean freight. Foreign ores are brought to Baltimore and the United States Steel Company's Fairless plant on the Delaware River from South America for less than Lake Superior ores are delivered to Youngstown and Pittsburgh. This is a case where a few hundred miles by water, with transshipment by rail, loses to several thousand miles by water.

Still another intense price competition with American-made steel comes from foreign producers. Steel from Europe and Japan is unloaded at Great Lakes ports through the St. Lawrence Seaway at prices up to \$50 a ton less than the same steel can be made and sold in this country. In 1966, 11,166,129 net tons of steel were sold in the United States by Russia, England, Belgium, Germany and Japan. These countries are able to produce steel, ship it half way around the world, and still sell it at prices that undercut our steel industry.

The foreign producers are shipping to this country annually more steel than is produced in the Youngstown mills when working at full capacity. This ruinous competition is made possible largely by the high freight rates charges by U.S. railroads. If we had low-cost water rates to bring the ore, coal and other materials to the plants, and then to carry the steel to the markets, we could do away with this competition.

The steel industry is not the only one that has suffered from these excessive rail rates. It applies to coal and other bulk commodities as well.

During the depression in 1938, when empty freight cars were stacked on every siding in the anthracite coal region, Russia was shipping coal into this country, moving it 2,000 miles across Russia on a single-track rail line and then 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to Boston, selling coal to all of New England, while our miners were idle. It cost more to ship coal from Scranton, Pennsylvania, than it did for the Russians to ship it 5,000 miles and sell it at prices that captured the New England market. In New England they didn't care where the coal came from; they were interested only in the price.

I was sitting in a yardmaster's office one day during the Second World War when a car came out of the Ravenna Arsenal in Ohio. The yardmaster handed me the waybill and said:

"Take a look at the price. We ship that car from Ravenna Arsenal to Camp Stanley, Texas."

The price on the car was \$4,000 -- nearly a half million dollars freight charges for one trainload of shells! I wondered what our boys on Saipan or Iwo Jima or in France or Italy would have thought if they were told the railroads were charging the government nearly half a million dollars to carry one trainload of sheels from Ohio to Texas, while they were laying down their lives for fifty bucks a month.

At the same time the railroads were buying page ads in nearly every newspaper and magazine in the country telling the American people what a great job they were doing for the war effort.

These are some of the reasons why the railroad lobby has foueht building

of the canal with all the power they can bring to bear on state governments and Congress in Washington, and why they never will voluntarily reduce their freight rates.

Not many people have any idea of the impact of the steel industry on our economy. It is the basic factor in our entire national economy. The manufacture of aluminum, another widely used metal, affords an interesting contrast. Aluminum comes from a single ore, bauxite. And most of the supply of high grade bauxite is brought into the country from foreign sources instead of being in this country to provide jobs for Americans. The bauxite is converted into metallic aluminum by a process that is known as electrolysis, and that is about all that goes into it -- ore, water and electric energy.

But the making of steel requires numerous materials, ores and fuels of a great variety, most of which are mined on a large scale, or processed, within the borders of the United States, making jobs for hundreds of thousands of Americans.

Among these materials are iron ore, high volatile coal, low volatile coal, limestone, iron scrap, coke, cinder, mill scale, flue dust, dolomite, manganese, silica, fluospar, fuel oil, acid, aluminum, brick refractories, chromium, columbium, copper, molybdenum, nickel, oxygen, salt, soda ash, tin, vanadium and zinc. The ores, fuels and other materials must be transported to the steel plants and the finished products carried to the industries that convert the steel into an infinite number of products.

Steel makes possible the primary manufacturing industry upon which our national economy is based: the automobile. Steel goes into the manufacture of everything that moves on wheels in the Nation, not only the automobile and its supplying industries, but the railroads, farm machinery, road-building and earth-moving machinery, large industrial tools and dies that manufacture all these products, the building industry, dams, power plants, bridges, transmission line towers, radar towers, almost every defense weapon for the army, navy and air force, intercontinental rockets and the whole space program,

structural steel of all types -- the list is without end.

Millions of jobs are made possible or affected one way or the other by this one metal. The economic ramifications are boundless.

For many years, the level of steel production has been my unfailing barometer of national prosperity. When steel production is at peak levels our economy is at the zenith. When steel production lags the United States economy sags. At no time in our history was this more evident than in the depression of the 1930's when steel furnaces were largely shut down and the skies over Youngstown and Pittsburgh, for the first time in a hundred years, were bright and smokeless, with millions jobless.

I have tried to give the reasons why the canal linking Lake Erie with the Ohio River and completing the inland waterway extending three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, should be built. It should be constructed for the America of today and for the America of the future.

What would the canal look like? What would it do and where would it go? I will try to give the answers.

This vital link in the inland waterway system would connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River on a 120-mile route. The Lake Erie terminus would be about 30 miles east of Cleveland and the Ohio terminus at Rochester, Pennsylvania, 25 miles below Pittsburgh. The canal would follow the valleys of the Grand River on the Lake Erie side and the Mahoning and Beaver Rivers on the Ohio River side of the land divide.

The waterway, for most of its length, would have a depth of 12 feet and width of 300 feet. In constricted reaches the depth would be increased to 15 feet and the width to not less than 200 feet. Ten navigation dams, three on the Lake Erie side of the divide and seven on the Ohio River slope, would have dual locks 84 feet wide and 720 feet long. The three locks on the Lake Erie side would lift canal traffic 271 feet to the summit reservoir, to be formed by damming of the Grand River, and the seven locks on the Beaver-Mahoning

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River section would provide a combined lift of 159 feet. The Grand River summit reservoir would be connected with the Mahoning River by a 10-mile excavated channel through the highest elevation of the land divide.

Admittedly, the canal would be nearly two and a half times the length of the 50-mile Panama Canal. Its 271-foot lift is three times that of the 85-foot lift of the isthmus canal. But here the comparison stops. The Panama Canal transits ocean-going shipping between the Atlantic Ocean and the **Pacific**. The Lake Erie- Ohio River canal would accomodate only river barge traffic, of a type simiilar to that used on the Great Lakes and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. There is a vast difference between a river barge canal and such canals at the Panama and Suez. The important aspect of the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal is that it would complete a continuous 1,745-mile waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Senator Bob Kerr and members of his Senate Committee on Public Works traveled all over the Nation studying water resource projects. When they returned to Washington Senator Kerr said the Lake Erie-Ohio River. canal held the highest priority in development of our inland waterway system. Our national transportation facilities of all kinds are already overburdened. We must build projects such as the canal if we are to meet the growing requirements of our rapidly growing population.

I told my House colleagues when they were considering the appropriation to finance the Army Corps of Engineers planning for the canal, the initial step clearing the way for construction:

"I believe this will be the greatest canal in the history of mankind."

My belief is based in the conviction that this canal would provide immeasurable benefits for the entire Nation.

One of the most persistent arguments of the railroads in opposing construction of modern waterways has been that canals are an outmoded means of transportation that belong to the era of dueling pistols, mustache cups and crinolines. The question naturally arises that if they are so useless why do

the railroads fight them so bitterly. If waterways are so .archaic, why then was the canal proposal not dropped a century ago? Instead, it was not until the mid-Thirties that Congress began serious consideration of building the canal. Just as the St. Lawrence Seaway joined the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean, the reality of the present and future need of the canal is that it would connect two vast but presently unlinked waterway systems, to bring both into a honogeneous whole.

Early Congressional consideration of the canal dates back to 1919. In that year, Congress authorized the Army Corps of Engineers to study its feasibility. Three years later the Corps recommended surveys of possible routes. There were three. One, Pittsburgh to Ashtabula, Ohio, via Youngstown. A second route, Portsmouth to Sandusky via Columbus. And a third route, Cincinnati to Toledo via the Miami and Maumee Rivers. In the Rivers and Harbors Act of July 30, 1930, after complaints were made to the Interstate Commerce Commission of "excessive and discriminatory" railroad rates on coal from Ohio River points to the steel plants of the Youngstown district, Congress authorized survey of a "stub-end" canal from the Ohio River along the Beaver and Mahoning Rivers to the upper reaches of the Youngstown district. The Corps recommended construction of this canal to Congress in a 1934 report.

Subsequently, Congress authorized construction of a through waterway -- the real need -- on August 30, 1935. Rather than just building half a canal, Congress decided the canal should be a complete inter-connecting waterway, joining the Ohio River with Lake Erie at a point near Ashtabula, subject to final approval by the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors. The Board of Engineers then reported, to Congress December 20, 1938, that the entire Lake Erie-Ohio River canal was "economically justified" but recommended that the "stub-end" canal be built initially and later be extended to Lake Erie.

In a letter of April 15, 1939, to the Chief of Engineers, Chairman Joseph J. Mansfield of the House Rivers and Harbors Committee, resolved the matter, declaring:

"It is obvious that the Board did approve the whole project from the Ohio River to Lake Erie via the Beaver and Mahoning Rivers, and consequently the authorization enacted by Congress in the 1935 River and Harbor Act has been fully met, and the approval and authorization by Congress is complete."

Thereafter, a delay of more than a quarter century ensued in arriving at positive action to build the inner-connecting canal and open a through waterway from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

First came the interruption of the Second World War. Then there was the delay incurred by the Korean conflict. Eight years followed in which a Republican Administration stalled on Public Works expenditures.

During the Second World War the proposal was bogged down by intervention of the National Resources Planning Board. Briefed down, this is what happened during the next twenty years:

The Corps of Engineers' favorable report was sent to the White House on January 24, 1939. President Roosevelt referred it to the National Resources Planning Board, which then intervened with longtime delaying effect. Its advisory committee commented on February 16, 1939 that the canal proposal involved a basic issue of policy. The building of a waterway for benefits which might be obtained economically by adjustment of the rail rate structure, the committee stated, seemed to be an unwarranted use of scarce construction funds. Furthermore, the committee contended, the effect upon existing railroads of the proposed diversion of a substantial portion of their tonnage had not been evaluated by the Corps of Engineers. The Board then advised the President to refer the report to the Interstate Commerce Commission "for review."

This is a familiar device in Washington. When anyone with influence in government wants to delay or block a proposal, for whatever reasons they may have, they suggest that it be returned to the origin point or referred to another area "for further study" or "for review." Part of the device is to have it referred to a commission or committee for examination. Then a year or

two pass by. When the study is completed and a lengthy report written, it can again be bounced to another committee or simply be filed away "for and future reference" / thereby be embalmed and buried.

The Interstate Commerce Commission studied it for months and then gave the opinion that "permanent rate reductions of the type and magnitude specified would not be economically justified before provision of the canal because they could not be confined to localities to be served by the waterway."

A year later, the Chairman of the National Resources Planning Board advised the White House that, in his opinion, adjustment of coal rates to the Youngstown area could dispose of demands of local interests both for the stub-end canal and the through waterway. He said, however, that the Chief of Engineers had failed to estimate the average reduction in rail freight rates that would render the stub-end canal unjustifiable. He suggested the President direct the Chief of Engineers to provide this additional information.

So another fifteen months went by.

The Chief of Engineers made his report in August, 1941, estimating an annual saving of \$2 million, or 36 cents a ton, on a coal traffic of 5.5 million tons annually. The report went back again to the Interstate Commerce Commission for review. The Commission then said the time might have arrived for a reduction of short-haul coal rates to Youngstown but that this could not be done without investigation and public hearings provided by law.

Six months more elapsed.

President Roosevelt asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to make such an investigation when the pressure of war permitted.

Three years more went by.

With this out, the I.C.C. did not find it convenient to undertake the investigation until 1945.

Meanwhile, in 1944 the Senate Commerce Committee held hearings on the stub-end canal and reported it favorably. But the Senate voted it down after lengthy debate, with the railroad lobby fighting it all the way.

When the Second World War ended, the House Rivers and Harbors Committee revived the through canal with a resolution on July 20, 1946, calling on the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors to conduct new hearings. The district engineer at Pittsburgh held hearings on August 12, 1947 and recommended construction of the canal.

This was too much for the canal opponents. They came up with a fantastic new gambit. The Akron, Canton and Youngstown Railway announced it would finance construction of a two-way conveyor belt to carry iron ore, coal and fluxing stone across the land divide along a 150-mile route from Cleveland, on Lake Erie, to the Ohio River. With this new proposal injected into the canal controversy, the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors directed the Chief of Engineers to return the approved canal construction report to the District Engineer "for further study" in connection with the proposed belt conveyor system. Year after year went by without the state legislature granting a franchise for the conveyor. But with the proposal still presumably a live issue, the canal project was effectively pigeon-holed for several years more.

A Congressional report in 1955 on these interminable delays made this comment:

"It is noteworthy, from examination of the history of these proceedings, that, but for the intervention of the National Resources Planning Board, the canal would probably have been built many years ago."

Shortly after the 1947 report was returned to the District Engineer in Pittsburgh the Korean conflict began. Public works and other non-military expenditures were sharply curtailed and no funds were provided for revising and updating the report. This situation continued during the eight years of

the Eisenhower Administration.

After John F. Kennedy was elected President in November 1960 a mora favorable attitude toward investment by the Federal government in projects for the development of the Nation's water resources prevailed. I was able in 1961 and in 1962 to obtain two appropriations totalling \$500,000 to breathe new life into the canal. The House Public Works Committee requested a new study of the canal by the Army Corps of Engineers in response to a resolution I sponsored. President Kennedy supported me in re-opening the the waterway investigation and included provision for the appropriation in his Budget.

In public hearings by the Corps of Engineers in Youngstown and Pittsburgh and in hearings before the Public Works Committees of Congress, canal opponents contended the waterway would result in loss of jobs of 8,000 to 11,000 railroad workers and cause irretrievable loss of freight tonnage to the railroads serving the region.

The dubious quality of this argument was nailed by Republican Congressman William H. Harsha of Ohio. He told Congress that, far from doing harm to the railroads or the railroad workers, the canal would prove a boon that would bring greatly increased freight tonnage and financial profits to the rail lines.

"Many of you are concerned, as I am, with the plight of the railroads and their fears as to what this construction may hold in store for them," Congressman Harsha said.

"But let me allay these fears right now -- the railroads will fare well and grow with the development of this waterway system., It is interesting to note that in the Ohio River Valley, since 1950, industry, seeking the advantages of low-cost water transportation and ample water supply has invested more than \$22 billion in major plant installations and expansions, just in the counties bordering on the Ohio and its navigable tributaries. These investments have been largely in the basic industries, which are central to economic growth. As this expansion and growth took place, greater markets

and demand for rail transportation occurred. Increased revenues to the railroads resulted and those railroads which were in competition with the Ohio and Mississippi water transportation systems improved their economic situation far above those which were not in direct competition. Yet these same fears were raised when the canalization of the Ohio River began many years ago. They proved unfounded then as they are now.

"It is noteworthy, also, that from the end of World War Two to 1963 the eight railroads competitive with the Ohio and Mississippi River systems realized a 60-per cent expansion in freight revenue as compared with only 37 per cent for all other American railroads. Think of that-- almost twice as much as those railroads not competitive with this water transportation system! I may say to you that the railroads will indeed be one of the beneficiaries of this investment.

"The canal will make its maximum contribution to an American economy of vastly greater dimensions than that which we know today. The waterway cannot, foreseeably, be brought into service in less than 10 years. According to Bureau of Census estimates, by 1976 the population of the United States will reach 232 million persons; by the year 2000, the waterway will be serving a nation of 350 million, as compared with our present population of less than 200 million. In terms of traffic burden to be borne by all modes of transport, it is reliably estimated that with the gross national product expected to triple by the year 2000 our transportation system will be required to carry over three times its present volume.

"Against this background, I am convinced that the railroads need have no fear for their future. For them the problem for the future is their adequacy for the demands which the future will make upon them.

"The biggest load the railroads have ever carried so far was about 745 billion ton-miles under the force draft operations of World War Two. But by 1976, the Nation will demand of the railroads over one trillion ton-miles

of freight service per year, And, by 2000, if they continue carrying only their present share, the railroads will have to be equipped to carry close to two trillion ton-miles of freight, much more than all the modes of transportation combined in 1965.

"Thus it is vital that steps be taken toward a balanced expansion of the country's transportation system. The railroads will not be able to carry the entire traffic movement. In view of the huge economic growth lying ahead, they will be under severe strain to handle even their present percentage of the rising total. Each mode of transportation will have to be enlarged and extended so as to provide the type of freight service for which it is best adapted."

The restudy of the need for the canal, undertaken by the Army Corps of Engineers in response to the resolution I sponsored in Congress in 1961, was completed in January, 1965.

In his report, Col. J.E. Hammer, the District Engineer at Pittsburgh, stated:

"The current review . . . has led to the conclusion that construction of the waterway to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River . . . would be practicable from navigation, engineering and economic viewpoints. Benefits resulting . . . would justify construction of the waterway . . . the proposed plan of improvement would significantly improve the economic climate of the region . . . The District Engineer recommends that the Lake Erie - Ohio River Canal be authorized for navigation, recreation, and flood control."

His exhaustive report consists of five volumes and over 700 pages. It took nearly four years to complete.

But shortly before this favorable report was made, a new roadblock was erected not only against construction of the Lake Erie - Ohio River canal but against future construction of other waterways in the United States. Surprisingly enough, this new setback came from the then Chief of the Army

Corps of Engineers, the organization whose principal peacetime function is improvement of navigation and construction of flood control facilities on the Nation's waterways. A few months before he retired as Chief of Engineers, Lieutenant-General W.K. Wilson advised President Johnson and the Budget Bureau that in future new waterways should not be built. Instead, he went back to the old argument that the solution to excessive freight rates was for the railroads to reduce them. The recommendation was completely unrealistic and just a lot of hot air because the railroads never have voluntarily reduced their rates.

On November 20, 1964, on the eve of filing of the District Engineer's four-year study recommending construction of the canal, Wilson and the Budget Bureau suddenly changed the rules on waterway construction that had existed for nearly a century and a half.

The new policy directive stated that in determining cost-benefit ratio (this is the potential earnings of the canal compared to the construction cost) on future navigation projects, credit would not be allowed for the potential benefits of the effect of water transportation on other freight costs.

To give an idea of some of the Washington bureaucratic gobble-de-gook we run into and as an example of what can be done with the English language to obscure its simple meaning, I quote the regulation that was issued by General Wilson:

HEADQUARTERS

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS

WASHINGTON, 25, D. C.

20 November 1964

SUBJECT: Waterway Improvement Studies - Navigation Benefits

TO: Division Engineers, U.S. Army Engineer Divisions, except
Mediterranean

District Engineers, U.S. Army Engineer Districts, except Gulf,
Far East and Okinawa

Resident Member, Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors

I. This letter revises and rescinds letter, ENG CW-PE, 28 October 1964, above subject. These instructions will be incorporated in an early revision of EM 1120-2-101.

2. The Chief of Engineers has decided that, pending the availability of acceptable data for consistent application of the cost basis in the evaluation of waterway transportation benefits, the procedure set forth herein will be applied immediately to all levels in evaluating the navigation benefits from the movement of traffic that would move by alternative means in the absence of the waterway improvement.

3. The traffic that would move over a considered waterway improvement will depend on the competitive rates by barge and by alternative means that would likely be in effect with the waterway improvement. Therefore, estimates of waterway traffic will be prepared on the basis of projected "water-compelled" rates with consideration of all data and factors that are likely to modify current rates to take account of the competitive situation anticipated with the waterway in being, and foreseeable technological developments applicable to the several transport media.

4. The benefits for the traffic (estimated as in 3 above) that would move over an improved waterway will be computed as the difference in the projected competitive rates or charges for the movement by the alternative means that would be used in the absence of the waterway and the projected rates and charges utilizing the waterway. In developing the projected rates or charges, consideration will be given to all pertinent data and factors including the competitive situation in the absence of the waterway, current rates, and foreseeable technological developments applicable to the several transport media. The benefits determined in this manner will be used in

project justification and in the benefit-cost ratio.

5. In addition, reports will include an estimate of benefits obtained by applying unit savings based on the rates prevailing at the time of the study of the waterway traffic also estimated on the basis of rates prevailing at the time of the study.

6. Application of the procedure herein is subject to the general principle that the precision and refinement of estimates should not exceed the degree required in reaching a sound judgment as to project justification. Thus, if a considered navigation improvement is clearly not justified on the basis of the current rates and a preliminary analysis of readily available data indicates that the gap between barge rates and rates of competing carriers would likely decrease if the waterway were improved, this phase of the study should be terminated without further expenditure of time and funds in refining the rate data.

That was the end of General Wilson's directive. If the reader is out of breath and puzzled at this point, I confess that so was I. I had to have the help of a lawyer, an engineer and a language interpreter to tell me the meaning of this amazing directive. In case the language is not clear to the reader, its meaning was bad news for those who supported the water conservation and navigation development of the Nation. What it meant in language that can be understood was that in the future there would be few, if any, new waterway improvements for navigation purposes.

I would have expected this in a Republican Administration which has had a consistent record of opposing such public works that are built to help meet the Nation's needs. But this was hardly expectable in a Democratic Administration which for many years has been the champion of development of our water resources. The new policy came as a shock to Congress. Many members were outraged by what they considered a highly arbitrary and capricious action.

On my part, after thirty years of dilatory inaction and delay on a waterway improvement that was first proposed by George Washington, recommended by the Army Corps of Engineers in 1825, recommended by Governor John Geary of Pennsylvania in 1868 and approved by the State Legislature in a joint resolution calling on Pennsylvania Senators and Congressmen to urge favorable action by Congress, and then finally approved by Congress in 1935, my patience was beginning to wear thin.

When two years went by without any relief from this strangulation policy a group of Senators and Congressmen met in the office of Congressman Robert E. Jones of Alabama, the third ranking member of the House Public Works Committee. This is the committee which controls all authorizations for Federal public works. We met to discuss the stalemate and how to deal with it. Congressman George H. Fallon of Maryland is Chairman of this committee. John A. Blatnik of Minnesota is second ranking majority member, and William C. Cramer of Florida, ranking minority member. Congressman Jones is one of the most influential leaders of this committee which holds the key to the entire question of public works.

A summary of the consensus of the meeting stated:

"Congressman Kirwan stressed the point that Congress should write the standards and criteria for public works projects, particularly navigation projects, and they should be written into the law and pushed by Congress. He further stated that in this year's omnibus bill Congressmen put in projects that Congress feels should be included, and we should deal with opposition from the Executive Branch or any of its agencies to the legislative process."

In other words, I told the meeting that Congress is the Boss on public works, not a government agency.

On February 18, 1966, I carried a letter to President Johnson at the White House containing a petition by a group of Senators and Congressmen strongly recommending a return to the policy that existed prior to November 1964 so that we could continue to build America.

The petition bore the signatures of myself, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, the Senate Minority Leader; Senators Allen J. Ellender and Russell Long of Louisiana, Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, Senators Mike Monroney and Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma, and Congressmen John A. Blatnik of Minnesota, James C. Wright of Texas, Ed Edmondson of Oklahoma and Kenneth J. Gray of Illinois.

The President and I are old and good friends, our friendship dating to our mutual arrival in Congress back in 1937 as I have related earlier. He gave me a warm welcome, read the letter attentively and listened to my explanation of the public works problem and the urgent need for its correction.

"Mike," the President told me, "I'll send this letter over to the Budget Bureau with a personal request for action."

I went back to Capitol Hill with a good feeling that progress had finally been made in eliminating the policy blocking waterway improvement and reported the result of my meeting with the President to my colleagues.

President Johnson sent our request to the Budget Bureau but nothing happened. Months went by and there still was no action. I made trip after trip to the Budget Bureau. I got the "polite treatment" but nothing else. The matter was "being studied." June arrived and the annual Public Works bill, amounting to about \$1 billion to implement large water conservation projects all over the Nation, should have been out of my Public Works Appropriations Subcommittee and through the House. But I didn't let it out of committee. Before the bill went to the House I wanted to include in it a small initial appropriation to finance the planning and engineering stage by the Army Corps of Engineers of the Lake Erie-Ohio River Inter-connecting Waterway. But first the policy roadblock had to be removed. So, although under pressure to report the bill out of committee, I sat on it. Still no action by the Budget Bureau. The long hot summer wore on.

September arrived and I got a call from one of the President's White

House staff. He asked me to be on the Rouse floor the following day to support an important Administration bill, the Transportation Act, creating a new agency of government,

I suppose I was pretty rough on him. My frustration at the inaction of the Budget Bureau on a request by a representative group of senior Senators and Congressmen that had the approval of the President boiled over, and I demanded:

"Who the hell are you to be calling me for help when I can't get any help from the Executive Branch on a return to the policy of building vitally needed waterways?"

"Six months have passed since I was down at the White House on this matter and the Budget Bureau hasn't yet acted on the President's request. The Congress is ready to adjourn but this Public Works bill that everybody wants won't come out until I get some action from downtown. You go tell your Boss that I'm tired of waiting."

After President Johnson sent the Congressional waterway petition to the Budget Bureau with his approval, I'm sure he took it for granted that it would get immediate action. The President has the right to expect this when he makes a request of his own Executive Branch. His word should be law to his own people. I feel sure he never gave it another thought. The President has too much on his mind with matters of critical international and national importance to follow through on every request he makes. That's what he has a staff for. After he sent the request to the Budget Bureau probably no one ever brought it to his attention that the Budget Bureau was stalling and no action had been taken. But when I got rough with the White House staff member who called me on the phone, I'll say this for President Johnson, he got action. I'm sure it was brought to his attention because we got quick results, and hardly anyone ever gets results from the Budget Bureau except the President.

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President Johnson gave me everything I asked for. The Budget Bureau sent me a hand-delivered letter, signed by Assistant Director Phillip S. Hughes, stating that the policy instituted by General Wilson on November 20, 1964, "will be discontinued." The letter read:

"Dear Congressman Kirwan:

"Mr. Schultze's (Assistant Director Charles L. Schultze) letter to you on May 4th, 1966, stated that the Chief of Engineers was expected to issue new instructions to implement a cost basis of evaluating waterway benefits.

"Since then further consideration has been given to the matter and it is apparent that additional study will be required before a new procedure that will assure and improve evaluation of cost can be instituted. Efforts in that connection will continue.

"Pending development of such a procedure the Chief of Engineers will submit to the Congress reports on the navigation projects developed on the basis of instructions in effect prior to November 20, 1964. Interim procedure promulgated by the Chief of Engineers on November 20, 1964, will be discontinued."

With the restrictive policy lifted, favorable action on the waterway by the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors swiftly followed. On September 7, 1966, the Board recommended construction of the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal. The Board stated in its report:

"The Board concludes that the whole project from the Ohio River to Lake Erie is economically justified and accordingly recommends it for construction substantially in accordance with the plan of the District Engineer, with channel depths of 12 feet, except in the restricted reaches through Youngstown and Warren, Ohio, where a depth of 15 feet would be provided, and with such further modifications as in the discretion of the Chief of Engineers may be advisable . . .

"In arriving at its decision, the Board had before it the favorable recommendations of the Corps' Pittsburgh District and Ohio River Division,

both of which had extensively studied the proposal and compiled a voluminous record of testimony. The Board not only studied this record and additional information furnished by interested parties during the period of review, but also sent its own staff members to the field for on-the-spot investigations, and thoroughly scrutinized and rechecked all economic and engineering calculations.

"Particular attention has been given to all questions which might materially affect the engineering feasibility of the economic justification of the project, and adjustments have been made where appropriate."

Benefits of the canal are estimated at \$66 million a year and the ratio of annual benefits to average annual costs at 1.3 to 1. This means that for every dollar spent \$1.30 would be returned. The Board said that at least 10 million tons of freight are expected to move through the canal in the first year of operation, 48 million tons annually in ten years, and 62 million tons a year within fifty years.

It is probable that traffic on the waterway would be much greater. Experience shows that traffic estimates by the Corps of Engineers are highly conservative. In the instance of the Ohio River navigation project, estimates in 1908 were based on only 9 million tons of traffic annually. By 1965 the traffic was better than 11 times the original estimate. In 1930, the traffic estimate for the upper Mississippi River improvement was also only 9 million tons. It was opened to traffic in 1940 and by 1950 the tonnage was over 11 million. By 1965 it was up to 35 million -- or four times the original estimate.

Ultimate cost of the Lake Erie-Ghio River canal was estimated at \$1,012,000,000, of which the States and other local interests would pay \$95 million, mainly for land easements and the relocation of existing bridges, highways, transmission lines and other such facilities. The Federal cost is high but not in comparison to Federal expenditures on many other water conservation and navigation projects. We are now spending, for example, \$1.2 billion to

develop the Arkansas River. Over \$1 billion has been spent by the Federal government on water projects in California, just in the past ten years. The Central Valley project in California has a total Federal cost of \$1.7 billion. The Columbia River Basin development has a price tag of \$4.8 billion, including \$750 million in new power facilities now underway as a result of the Canadian Treaty. The total cost of the Mississippi River and tributaries project is \$2.3 billion. The Upper Colorado River Storage Project is costing \$1.2 billion.

It has not been intended that the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal be constructed during the current period of inflation. At least four years would be required for the engineering planning stage at small annual cost. Construction would be spread over ten years, and would not be undertaken until large public works expenditures were warranted by the national economy.

The point that is ignored carefully by the opponents of the canal, in fact purposefully swept under the rug, is that all these public works, including the canal, are Federal investments that pay for themselves. Over a period of years, the income they produce returns the entire cost to the Federal Treasury, with exception of the relatively small cost of flood control, fish and wildlife conservation and recreation benefits which are for the public benefit.

Two weeks after the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors recommended construction of the canal, the House of Representatives, on September 21, 1966, by a vote of 354 to 25 approved a \$500,000 appropriation to begin the engineering planning stage of the canal and the the thirty-year struggle apparently finally was won.

An essential part of such projects, however, is cooperation by states involved with the Federal government on such matters as land easements, right-of-ways and shifting of bridges, highways, railroads and transmission lines.

it has been a long-standing policy of the Public Works Appropriation Subcommittee to discontinue appropriations whenever notification is received from a local jurisdiction that it will not give assurance of local cooperation.

After the Kouse appropriated funds to finance the pre-construction engineering planning for the canal, notice was given the Governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania and their cooperation requested.

Republican Governor Raymond F. Shafer of Pennsylvania flatly refused any cooperation with the Federal government in construction of the inter-connecting waterway. On May 19, 1967, he wrote Lieut-General William F. Cassidy, Chief of the Army Corps of Engineers:

"The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will not provide any of the local cooperation required for the project."

The Pennsylvania governor's rejection of the canal was complete. His letter of notification stated:

"So that there is no misunderstanding concerning our views on the project, you are advised that we will not furnish the following, listed assurances:

" a. The Commonwealth will not provide to the United States any lands, easements or rights-of-way required for construction and subsequent operation and maintenance of the project.

"b. The Commonwealth will not hold and save the United States free from damages due to the construction, operation and maintenance of the project.

"c. The Commonwealth will not bear any of the costs associated with the bridge alterations over existing channels of the Beaver, Mahoning and Grand Rivers.

"d. The Commonwealth will not assume any obligations for operation and maintenance or for replacing any railroad or highway bridges required to be altered or constructed as a part of the multipurpose project.

"e. The Commonwealth will not provide any assurances for the construction

and maintenance of terminal and transfer facilities along the waterway and at the Lake Erie terminus.

"f. The Commonwealth will not accomplish any utility relocations and alterations occasioned by the project.

"g. The Commonwealth will not agree to any restrictions concerning the withdrawal of water for consumptive use.

"h. The Commonwealth will not provide any funds required for construction or operation and maintenance of the facilities which are subject to cost sharing under Public Law 89-72."

The Pennsylvania governor's refusal to cooperate with the Federal government and the will of Congress in construction of the vital missing link to the the great inland waterway system was a shattering blow to my hopes and the hopes of all those of vision who see in the canal the means of keeping the Nation abreast of the development needs of the next hundred years.

On July 20 I asked the Committee on Appropriations to delete further funds provided in the Budget to continue planning the navigation features of the Lake Erie-Ohio River canal.

However, all was not lost. The committee approved an appropriation of \$750,000 to go ahead with planning for construction of the Grand River summit reservoir in Ohio.

The Department of Natural Resources of the State of Ohio has urged construction of the reservoir to provide urgently needed water for municipal and industrial purposes as well as flood control. It is a vital part of the Ohio Water Development program. In its Ohio Water Plan Inventory Report No. 16, the Department stated:

"Even without the transportation feature, the Grand River Reservoir should be built on its merits as a complete solution for the area's problems in water supply, low flow regulation, flood control, and recreation.

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"A reservoir of such proportions would meet the water needs of the Mahoning-Grand River basins for many years and probably for all time, assuring economic growth and a long period of prosperity for the area."

In regard to the Pennsylvania governor's refusal to provide local cooperation for the waterway, I told the House:

"I regret that it was necessary for me to recommend to the committee the disallowance of funds proposed in the budget to continue planning of the navigation features of the Lake Erie-Ohio River Canal project. I had no alternative as the Governor of Pennsylvania advised the Corps of Engineers on May 19, 1967, that the State will not provide the local cooperation required for the project. As you know, it has been a long-established committee policy to discontinue funding whenever notification is received from a local jurisdiction that it will not furnish assurances of local cooperation.

"The committee, at my suggestion, has therefore directed the Corps of Engineers to terminate immediately all planning incident to the navigation elements of the project.

"I am gratified that the committee has included \$750,000 to proceed with planning of the Grand River Reservoir, for even without the transportation feature it will bring urgently needed benefits to the area. The Corps of Engineers, as part of its planning work, has been directed to reanalyze the reservoir's design and operation to make maximum provision for water supply storage, municipal and industrial water, water quality control, in the absence of any requirements for navigation purposes."

After a thirty-year fight for this vital waterway, I have no intention of giving up. I still believe that at some future date the waterway will become a reality for it is vital not only to the economy of the area but to the Nation.

Without the low-cost transportation advantages the canal would bring to the coal and steel industries located in the upper Ohio River Basin, the economy of the region will continue to decline -- being unable to compete favorably with areas enjoying cheap water transportation for the movement of coal and iron ore. The canal, only 120 miles long, would provide the vital missing link between Lake Erie and the Ohio River near Pittsburgh. It would make possible a free flow of low-cost water borne commerce between the St. Lawrence Seaway , the Great Lakes, the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf intercoastal navigation systems.

I think it is obvious the benefits that low-cost barge transportation, representing an annual saving of \$46.1 million compared to current freight rates, would bring to this large area, and the Nation, compared with the present water route of 2,400 miles around the Great Lakes, down the Illinois Waterway to the Mississippi River and back up the Ohio River. In addition, the project would provide major flood control and recreational benefits to the area.

With all due respects to the Governor of Pennsylvania, the most uneducated native of the Congo jungles, who may never have stepped into a school room in his life, would understand the economic need for this waterway, not only to Pennsylvania and Ohio but to the entire Eastern United States.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

WHY WE ARE IN VIETNAM

One of the first moves President Johnson made after he was elected on his own by that great majority in November 1964 was to try to find an acceptable solution of the conflict in Vietnam.

He sent for the leaders and members of both parties in Congress and spoke to them in the East Room of the White House. Three-fourths of the membership of the Senate and House were there.

"I sent for you this morning to find out if there ^{any} is/one among you who can tell me how to get out of Vietnam," the President said.

There wasn't a wan among them who could give him the answer, Republicans or Democrats. Those in the Senate who have criticized United States policies in Vietnam so loudly and so bitterly were without an answer, as well.

No President in a hundred years has been so wrongfully blamed and villified for problems of which he had no doing than Lyndon Baines Johnson.

The two major issues of contention in America in the Nineteen-Sixties -- the war in Vietnam and the civil rights controversy with its attendant riots in the Watts district of Los Angeles and the ghettos of a half dozen other cities -- were both inherited by Johnson from his predecessors.

Yet because President Johnson has not been able to pull a rabbit out of the hat and solve both problems with the wave of a wand, he has been blamed for both.

Many Americans have been acting lately like they never read a daily newspaper or listened to a newscast on the radio or TV or had any knowledge of what has been going on in the world during this century.

Our entry into Vietnam began in 1954 in the Eisenhower Administration. The United States government was asked by the South Vietnam government to

provide military training assistance for its army because the North Vietnamese Communist government had violated the Geneva Agreement, in which Vietnam was divided into two countries when the French gave up their century-old control following a disastrous defeat in the battle of Dien Bien Phu, and began trying to take over South Vietnam by force of conquest.

On October 24, 1954, President Eisenhower offered economic aid to South Vietnam and a few weeks later, on February 12, 1955, agreed to train the South Vietnamese army. A week later, South Vietnam was offered the protection of SEATO, of which the United States is a member.

During the first two years of the Eisenhower Administration a Republican Congress was in control. Johnson was minority leader of the Senate and had nothing to do with the decisions.

President Eisenhower

On October 26, 1960/pledged continued assistance to South Vietnam government announced so-called and a month later the North Vietnam Communists it had famed a/National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, the obvious purpose of which was to take over South Vietnam by internal subversion and force. Acts of terrorism sharply increased. On June 2, 1962, the International Control Commission, created by the Geneva Conference, reported officially that it had evidence that North Vietnam was supporting, organizing and carrying out hostile act; in South Vietnam.

Meanwhile, the incoming President John F. Kennedy had signed a Treaty of Amity and Economic Relations with South Vietnam and a few months later said the United States was prepared to help the Republic of South Vietnam "preserve its independence."

President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam was assassinated on November 1, 1963. Eleven months later North Vietnamese torpedo boats attacked the U.S. destroyers Maddox and C. Turney Joy in the Gulf of Tonkin. President Johnson ordered immediate retaliatory bombing attacks and three days later, on August 7, 1964, Congress approved the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution empowering

against the forces of the United States and to prevent further aggression."

It takes two to tango and it takes two sides to stop a war at the negotiating table. The only response by Hanoi to halts in U.S. bombing ordered by President Johnson of military targets and supply lines in North Vietnam, in the hope of bringing the Communists to the negotiating table, has been for the Communists to use the respite to rush more troops, arms and munitions into South Vietnam in order to kill more Americans. All attempts by the United States, the United Nations and Great Britain to bring about a peace in Vietnam as late as early 1968 have been rejected by Hanoi.

Why we are defending South Vietnam should be clear to every American. We are here to prevent a Communist takeover of all of Southeast Asia.

A snake doesn't swallow a pig in one gulp. The snake swallows the pig slowly, a little at a time. This is the way Communist aggression works. It was the way Nazi aggression was carried out in Europe. The result was the Second World War. By that time it was almost too late to save the Free World. The first Communist expansion attempt in Asia after the Second World War was their invasion of South Korea. We stopped them there. Vietnam is now the new battle in the Communist plan of world conquest. Without unlimited modern arms supplied by other Communist nations, the small country of North Vietnam could not continue to prosecute their attempted conquest of the South Vietnam Republic.

In the Far East, the United States has mutual defense treaties with Japan, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Nationalist China and South Korea. These treaties have been approved by the United States Senate as all international treaties must be. America has given its word that these countries will be defended against any attack by Communist China. As a member of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, the United States is pledged also to defend Thailand against Communist aggression, and, through special protocols, to defend South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos against attack if these countries request such aid.

The treaties were entered into because defense of these countries is, in the final analysis, a defense of the United States. If South Vietnam was permitted to be a victim of Communist aggression, the next targets would be Thailand, Cambodia and Laos, then Singapore. Should these countries be permitted to fall behind the Communist curtain, then the next countries in line would be Burma, India, Australia, New Zealand, Formosa, the Philippines and Japan. Thus goes the pattern of aggression.

The wisdom of an armistice at present in Vietnam, short of a decisive American victory over the Communists, even if Hanoi should accept, is questionable. I hope we have learned a lesson from the indecisive armistice which was accepted in Korea, Communist North Korea has now seized a United States naval vessel and its crew in International waters.

President Truman and I had breakfast together on May 11, 1953, when he had been out of office four months. I asked him:

"Could you have had an armistice?"

He said:

"I turned down a three times better armistice than has now been accepted."

He then explained:

"If you will recall, I drew a line and warned the Communists if they crossed it, it meant war. They crossed it and we went to war, We took half a dozen hellish lickings. We had no draft. The South Koreans weren't trained or equipped. We had no new weapons. But when we put in the draft, got new weapons, built up the South Koreans, and could have slaughtered them for all time, they gave them an armistice; Eisenhower did."

Now the North Korean Communists are back again with what President Johnson terms an "unacceptable" provocation -- this time their seizure of the U.S. Pueblo and its crew.

The steps that lead to a world war are meant by the aggressor to be deceptive sleep-inducing but if they are not recognized as such and extinguished before they become a conflagration, can be disastrous to those who ignore them. If the German army had been halted and thrust back when they marched back into the Rhineland, there might not have been a Second World War. But no one lifted a hand. The Nazi occupation of Austria and of the Sudetenland, the seizure of Czechoslovakia and the invasion of Poland then followed, step by carefully-planned step.

We have committed our own errors in the past in helping open the road to foreign aggression. We came out of the First World War with fresh troops, munitions and plane factories that were just beginning to get rolling, the most powerful Nation in the world. But on February 5, 1921 Congress overrode President Wilson's veto of a measure cutting our peacetime army strength in half. The following year the naval disarmaments conference was held by the major powers in Washington and we agreed to sink our fleet. The great American, Will Rogers, who was covering the meeting as a reporter for a news syndicate, wrote:

"Every Nation signing the treaty today got back the pen they signed it with except Japan; she got 90 per cent of the treaty."

invaded and
When we captured Saipan during the Second World War the Japanese pillboxes, from which they slaughtered cut down our American boys in one of the worst island slaughters, bore the inscription "Built in 1924." That's the year we were "keeping cool with Coolidge." That's one of the many years we were selling our steel scrap to Japan, and their ships were coming to many of our ports to collect it, to convert into armor steel and shells to kill our boys later in the war that for us became a reality when Japan attacked our fleet anchored at Pearl Harbor.

We made similar mistakes after the Second World War when we were again the most powerful Nation in the world. We quickly disarmed while Soviet Russia kept her huge army intact and set up Communist puppet governments in Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland and East Germany.

In 1946 Congress approved an Act creating the Department of Defense and President Truman appointed Secretary of Navy James Forrestal as the first Secretary of Defense.

The following year, with Russia on the march, Forrestal asked members of the military and naval appropriations committees of Congress to attend a secret meeting at the Pentagon. This was the year the Republican 80th Congress came into session of Congress for two years,,the Congress President Truman called "the no-good, do-nothing Congress."

members of the two House sub-committees, including myself and Congressman John Tabor of New York, the Republican chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, attended. We had lunch and then went into the war room where ten Admirals were marking up on a huge map of Europe where Russia was massing her troops and to listen to talks by Secretary Forrestal, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who was then Naval chief of staff, General Alexander A. Vandegrift, in command of the Marine Corps, and a naval scientist, on the tense world situation. Each spoke for fifteen minutes, Forrestal leading off.

"I sent for you today, Saturday," he explained, "because Congress is not in session so there will be no reason to call you back to Capitol Hill, and I want you to hear our story."

"If I had known a year ago when I made out my defense budget what I know today, I would have asked for \$23 billion. So I asked for only \$12 billion. I thought Russia was our friend and ally but I now know she is out to destroy us. In addition to the \$12 billion I need a \$3 billion supplemental appropriation. If you will give me this additional appropriation I won't just promise but I'll guarantee to put Russia back behind her Iron Curtain where it belongs."

"I'll free every satellite country and I won't fire a shot, and if I don't do that I'll appear in front of you one year from today in chains an? you can do to me whatever you choose to do."

Forrestal said he needed the additional \$3 to reopen all our wartime plants.

"Russia knows that I know that most of the country was said waste and destroyed by the Germans. When she sees me reopening our war plants Russia will know we mean business. and will begin to live up to the agreements made at Yalta and Potsdam."

Two years earlier when he returned from Europe to become Army chief of staff, General Eisenhower appeared before my military appropriation subcommittee and told us that he had been flying over Russia for three weeks and the cities were almost completely destroyed.

When Forrestal finished his talk, ten of the Congressmen arose and told him:

"We didn't come over here to be insulted. We not only will not give you the \$3 billion, we are going to cut your budget 40 per cent."

Then they walked out.

Only three of us remained, myself, Congressman ~~Hawry~~R. Sheppard of California and Congressman Noble Johnson of Indiana, later appointed a Federal judge by President Truman.

Nimitz then spoke. He was shocked at the treatment accorded Forrestal. He looked at the three of us and said:

"I don't give a damn if you three walk out of this room, too, I'm going to speak my fifteen minutes. Maybe the Admirals will learn something.:

Be then said:

"Like Christ dying on the cross between the two thieves, when he looked at them and said: 'My God, have you deserted me?' I saw the same thing happening in the Pacific. When the Japanese Zeros were strafing our boys in every foxhole, and we had no interceptors, they, too, looked up and

asked, 'My God, has my country deserted me?' But I lived to see us get strong and whip our enemies.

"If you do not give us this \$3 billion today we are so sure of our ground that one day you may wish you had never lived to see what can happen."

The Naval scientist told us:

"We are so sure of what may lie ahead that if you take \$1 billion away from us before the year 1957 rolls out, ten years from today, it will cost us \$100 billion, take \$2 billion away and it will cost \$200 billion, don't give us any of the \$3 billion and it will cost \$300 billion and God knows how many lives."

The Republican-controlled Congress refused the Forrestal request and in less than five years 33,330 of our men were killed in Korea and 100,000 wounded. The national debt is now \$540 billion and getting larger every year. And now we are having to fight Communist aggression in Vietnam.

If the words of Forrestal and Nimitz and the others had been heeded in 1947, and we had taken a strong stand at the time and called Russia's bluff there probably would have been no Berlin Wall, no Korea and no Vietnam conflicts. If those ten Congressmen hadn't walked out on Forrestal, I am confident we would not be fighting in Vietnam today.

What has happened to America? When the Spanish-American war was declared, the whole student body on a Colorado campus marched out and enlisted in the army. Today, kids on nearly every college campus, kids who don't have to go to Vietnam because they are students and won't be drafted, are demonstrating against defense against Communist expansionism. No wonder Hanoi won't negotiate a peace, no wonder Soviet Russia and other Communist countries provided over a billion dollars in military aid to the North Koreans last year, no wonder Hanoi is being told by the other Communist countries, Red China and Soviet Russia that if she just holds on, the United States will collapse and pull out of Vietnam.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

THE HOUSE DEPARTS FROM CUSTOM

It is axiomatic on Capitol Hill, that Congress rarely praises a member until he retires after years of loyal service or dies.

When a member passes on, flags are lowered to half mast over the Capitol and other government buildings, Congress adjourns its regular business for the day, and then members rise on the floor of the House and Senate and say kind words about the departed. But while a member is serving he is more likely to receive scornful remarks from those who disagree with the legislation he is backing than words of praise for his services to the Congress and Nation.

It was, therefore, to my great astonishment that the leadership of the House -- Speaker John McCormack of Massachusetts, Majority Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma, Majority Whip Hale Boggs of Louisiana, ^{Republican} /Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford of Michigan and many members of both parties -- arose in the well of the House on November 30, 1967, and said many kind words about my services to the Nation during 31 years in Congress on the occasion of my 81st birthday.

I was not in the House at the time so did not have to blush at the many nice things that were said. I was conferring with Sargent Shriver, Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, on the appropriations bill for that office which was still in conference between the House and Senate committees.

All the more reason for my surprise when I returned to my office after the conference and learned what had happened from my excited and elated secretary, Roberta Messerly.

This is what occurred, as it appeared in the Congressional Record the following day.

Mr. JOHN C. KLUCZYNSKI of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, 2 days from now, on

December 2, one of the most beloved Members who has ever served in the House will celebrate his birthday. I think everyone here knows I am talking about MIRE KIRWAN. Thirty of his years have been spent here in the House, serving not only the people of Ohio but all the people of the land, and truly serving the land itself in his never-wavering dedication to civil works and natural resources development.

MIKE is a thoughtful counselor, a joyous companion, and a man forever young at heart. He is one of that comparatively small number among us who learned the profession of politics in the old school but has never had any difficulty in adjusting to the ever-changing demands of progress.

Years pass, and times change, but there is one quality we seek in all men that never alters. Down through the ages, integrity has always been the hallmark of the truly distinguished man. There are a lot of ways to express our affection and respect for MIKE KIRWAN, but probably the most significant of all is that when he gives you his word, you know you can rely on it absolutely. Behind our hearty "Happy Birthday, MIKE" lies the hope and prayer that he will be spared to share with us many, many more of these anniversaries.

Mr. ALBERT. Mr. Speaker, will the distinguished gentleman from Illinois yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I am happy to yield to the distinguished majority leader.

Mr. ALBERT. Mr. Speaker, I am delighted that the distinguished gentleman from Illinois (Mr. KLUCZYNSKI) has taken this time to pay tribute to one of the finest Members whose birthday will be next Saturday,

Mr. Speaker, the story of MIKE KIRWAN is the story of America. Here is a man who came up from adversity to the heights of national responsibility. MIKE is the American dream come true. His life is an inspiration to every American child. Like the people who first settled in this country, MIKE KIRWAN who had to make his own way in life, saw in America a land of hope. He lived to make that hope come true.

Mr. Speaker, MIKE KIRWAN not only fulfilled this hope during the span of his own life, he also added so much to the country which gave to him that

opportunity.

I doubt that any man who has served in our time in this legislative body has done as much ^{help} to/build America, to develop its resources, to conserve its water, to expand its opportunities, as MIKE KIRWAN. He has helped make America a land of even greater hope than it was when he started his service in this House. Think of it, Mr. Speaker, here is a man who had to leave school while he was still a child, a man who had to start earning his/^{own}living before he had reached his teens. Here is a man who would not be whipped by the handicaps of poverty. He has come a long way in the last four score years. He has lived a long and productive life.

He is a great legislator. He is an outstanding American. Thank God, he is still with us. I am grateful, Mr. Speaker, that he is my friend. He has been kind to me and to the people I represent. He has helped my people, and they are grateful. We wish him a much longer life of health, happiness, and public service.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished majority leader for his remarks.

Mr. GERALD R. FORD (of Michigan). Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I am happy to yield to the distinguished minority leader.

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Mr. Speaker, I am very grateful to the distinguished gentleman from Illinois for yielding to me on this very auspicious occasion.

I share every word of praise which has been spoken in behalf of our colleague, the very distinguished gentleman from Ohio, MIKE KIRWAN, by the distinguished majority leader.

Mr. Speaker, it was my personal privilege for the period of 14 years to serve with MIKE KIRWAN on the Committee of Appropriations. I can say, without hesitation or qualification, that he was a constructive, conscientious, objective member of that very important committee, as he is at this time. MIKE KIRWAN has a knack on that committee of getting things done.

Mr. Speaker, it was a pleasure and a privilege to me to be associated with MIKE KIRWAN on that very important committee.

I have a number of close friends who reside in MIKE KIRWAN'S home city

when I get together with these friends of mine from Youngstown, we inevitably come around to the subject of discussing MIKE KIRWAN.

Further, I can say here again that even though these friends of mine may be from our side of the aisle, they have nothing but respect and admiration for MIKE KIRWAN and for the job he has done in representing them, even though they are of a different political persuasion.

Mr. Speaker, I conclude by simply adding to what the distinguished majority leader has said, the gentleman from Oklahoma (Mr. ALBERT), MIKE KIRWAN has contributed constructively to his country by his outstanding service in the Congress. I hope and trust that he has many, many years added to those that have been so constructive in the past.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. Mr. Speaker, I thank the distinguished minority leader.

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I am happy to yield to the distinguished majority whip, the gentleman from Louisiana (Mr. BOGGS).

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to salute my friend of many years, the distinguished gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KIRWAN) who celebrates his 81st birthday on December 2.

Mr. Speaker, MIKE KIRWAN has been an inspiration to us all during the 30 years he has served in Congress. He has proven to all of us, indeed he has proved to all America, that a man does not have to have material wealth to become great in his own time. He has also proved that a man dedicated to doing right can overcome his critics and go on to make magnificent contributions to building a greater America.

Yet through all his years and achievements, MIKE KIRWAN has remained his same humble self, dedicated to public service and improving the face of the country he loves. The late Speaker Sam Rayburn often said that "service" is the most beautiful word in the English language and MIKE KIRWAN is certainly the embodiment of that saying.

Just the other day in a meeting with MIKE, he mentioned to us that he had to leave to be with his wife at their home in Ohio. He mentioned off-handedly that they still live in the same house that they had lived in when

he came to Congress. This is indicative of his unpretentiousness.

Millions of Americans have benefited from the wisdom of MIKE KIRWAN and his dedication to building America, conserving its resources and developing its water potential. Generations to come will be better off because of his vision as chairman of the Public Works Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee.

I only hope they will appreciate what MIKE KIRWAN has done for them. I do.

Mr. FRANK T. BOW. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I yield to the gentleman from Ohio. (Mr. BOW).

Mr. BOW. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman for yielding to me, and I join with those who have spoken of the great contributions that MIKE KIRWAN has made to our Nation. I believe if the whole story of MIKE KIRWAN and his contributions to America could be written it would take several volumes to tell all the good that he has done. An outstanding example of this is the great work that MIKE KIRWAN did in Samoa, and throughout this country in reclamation improvements and in the preservation of our country.

Mr. Speaker, may I say that within the last 2 years, due to redistricting in Ohio, I now represent part of the district MIKE KIRWAN represented for many, many years, and in this connection I might say that the great respect and admiration we have for him here in the House of Representatives is shared by all the people in that area. Go into that county which we now share and meet the many, many friends of MIKE KIRWAN over the years, on both sides of the aisle, as the gentleman from Michigan has said. It is a great tribute to him.

Mr. GEORGE H. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I yield to the gentleman from Texas.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join in these fitting tributes to the distinguished gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KIRWAN).

Mr. Speaker, a man's congressional career tends to be shaped to a considerable extent by his committee assignments. For as long as I can remember

MIKE KIRWAN has had an important part in Public Works and Interior Department appropriations. He has stamped the MIKE KIRWAN brand indelibly upon many areas of this country.

Mr. Speaker, MIKE KIRWAN believes in progress. He believes in the development of our great and beloved country. He has done a magnificent job in promoting its best interests. His friends throughout the country are legion.

Mr. Speaker, as one who has sat at his side throughout the years, I take great pride in giving him this salute on his birthday, and wishing him many happy returns of this moment.

Mr. GLENN R. DAVIS of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I yield to the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. DAVIS).

Mr. DAVIS of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, it is my privilege to speak for the minority members of the Appropriations Subcommittee on Public Works, which the distinguished gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KIRWAN) chairs.

Mr. Speaker, anyone who has ever served on the subcommittee with MIKE KIRWAN and been subjected to the day-to-day rubbing of elbows in sitting in the subcommittee with him, will be impressed by two of his great characteristics one of them being the warmth of his heart and kindly feeling toward his congressional colleagues, and the other characteristic is that of being a true professional as a Member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Speaker, MIKE KIRWAN is a man who knows how to disagree without being disagreeable. He is a man of unfailing courtesy and patience toward those who work with him, and I am indeed happy to speak in behalf of JOHN RHODES (of Arizona) and HOWARD ROBISON (of New York) and myself, the minority members of this subcommittee, to hope for MIKE KIRWAN many happy returns of his 81st birthday.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished gentleman from Wisconsin.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Oklahoma (Mr. ED. EDMONDSON).

Mr. EDMONDSON. Mr. Speaker, I do not want to let this opportunity pass without joining in the many tributes that are being paid to a great American,

a great legislator, and a great builder of America, the Honorable MIKE KIRWAN, of Ohio.

Mr. Speaker, no man has contributed more than MIKE KIRWAN to the building of a strong America.

No man has done more for conservation and full development of our natural resources.

No man is more beloved by his colleagues in this body.

MIKE KIRWAN is one of the great architects of this Nation's progress in the 20th century, and future generations of Americans for centuries to come will be the beneficiaries of his wisdom and statecraft.

Let us hope we will be celebrating his birthday in this Chamber for many years to come.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished gentleman from Oklahoma.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. EDWARD P. BOLAND) .

Mr. BOLAND. Mr. Speaker, I am delighted that the gentleman from Illinois has taken this time to pay tribute on the occasion of the 81st birthday of one of the Nation's most distinguished men, and certainly one of the finest Members in this Congress.

I regret that he is not on the floor today to listen to these tributes. Above and beyond his unique type of speech and his own personal characteristics, I think MIKE KIRWAN will best be remembered by his dedication to building a better America. I know of no other Member of Congress who, as subcommittee chairman of the Department of Interior appropriations and also as subcommittee chairman of the Department of Public Works appropriations, has done more to harness the elements to control floods, to build the forests, and to bloom the deserts as MIKE KIRWAN has done.

All over this great land of ours these accomplishments are monuments to his greatness. I am sure the Nation appreciates what MIKE KIRWAN has done in the building of a better America. My best wishes are extended to Mrs. Kirwan and to MIKE on this occasion.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Maine (Mr. WILLIM D. HATHAWAY).

Mr. HATHAWAY. Mr. Speaker, I rise to offer my congratulations and to wish a happy birthday to our distinguished colleague, the gentleman from Ohio, MICHAEL JOSEPH KIRWAN.

In his nearly 31 years as a Member of this House, the career of the gentleman from Youngstown has been rich in achievement, and he has fully earned the respect which the people of Ohio and of the Nation extend to him.

As a distinguished Member of the House, he has been among the most admired, and he has been a source of inspiration to younger Members like myself who look for worthy examples to guide our paths.

As chairman of the Public Works Subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee he has been sympathetic to the needs of all Americans, acting always with wisdom, fairness, and impartiality.

I welcome this opportunity to express my deep respect to MIKE and to extend all good wishes for the years ahead.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank my distinguished colleague, the gentleman from Maine.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. WAYNE L. HAYS).

Mr. HAYS. Mr. Speaker, I would just like to say I concur in everything that has been said about MIKE KIRWAN who has been my neighbor to the north of my district for all the years that I have been here.

When I made the point of order earlier, I did not know that the next Member who was going to speak was going to talk about MIKE KIRWAN. I do not withdraw a point of order lightly but when I found out what was going to take place and whom it was going to take place about, I was glad to withhold the point of order until a later time.

MIKE KIRWAN in eastern Ohio -- and I have the honor to represent most of eastern Ohio that he doesn't represent-- is a legend in his own time. Everything that has been said about him today is true and thk great admiration

and respect that his constituents hold for him is certainly true because that is a border district and I go many times to his home city of Youngstown.

I will go a little further than some of my colleagues on the other side of the aisle and I will not / ^{only} wish him many more years in addition to the years he has already had, but I will wish that he is here in the Congress for many more years, doing the good that he has done in the past.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Oklahoma (Mr. PAGE BELCHER).

Mr. BELCHER. Mr. Speaker, I am happy indeed to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to one of the most dedicated public servants that it has ever been my privilege to know.

MIKE KIRWAN is a dedicated, sincere and conscientious public servant. He has dedicated his life to the building of America and to the development of America's natural resources.

Beyond and above his public service, MIKE is a warm man. He and I are neighbors in the House Office Building. I see MIKE every morning and several times during the day. He is always cheerful, friendly and patient. He is a warm human being. It has been a great privilege for me during the past 17 years to be a friend of MIKE KIRWAN. I wish for him many, many returns on this his 81st birthday and the very best of health.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. I thank the distinguished gentleman from Oklahoma., Madam Speaker, it is a privilege at this time to yield to the distinguished Speaker of the House of Representatives, the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. JOHN W. McCORMACK).

Mr. McCORMACK. Madam Speaker, the life of MIKE KIRWAN is most interesting. His life is also one of inspiration not only to those of us who have traveled the journey of life but also to young Americans who have most of their lives before them.

I remember when I was a youngster I was an intense reader of Horatio Alger stories. I found those Horatio Alger stories to be a stimulus and an

inspiration to me. I commend to mothers and fathers throughout the country that they encourage their children to read Horatio Alger stories. They are very constructive, stimulating and inspirational.

MIKE KIRWAN'S life reminds me of Horatio Alger stories. MIKE started life under adverse economic conditions in his family. But having ambition and determination, he took advantage of the opportunities that exist under our form of government.

Those are the great lessons we can learn from the life of a man like MIKE KIRWAN. We are inspired by his ambition, his determination, the sacrifices he made and the difficulties that confronted him. If the youth of America would only read the lives of men like MIKE KIRWAN they would be an inspiration to them.

MIKE KIRWAN is a man who has a beautiful mind. He might be termed one of God's noblemen. He has a warm heart, and is kind, tolerant, and understanding. He is a man who is dedicated to the public service of our country, a man of firmness and strength in his convictions and in the performance of his duties.

So when we pause here today to honor MIKE KIRWAN, our colleague and our friend, we honor ourselves. When I speak about MIKE KIRWAN I go beyond the man, and think of the lessons that others, particularly the youth of America who are facing the journey of life, might learn from the life that MIKE KIRWAN has led. They could obtain great inspiration from reading about MIKE KIRWAN, the life that he has led, and the great difficulties that he had to overcome. There is present the opportunity for others to accomplish what he has done. Ours is probably the only form of government in the world where one having the ambition of MIKE KIRWAN would have the opportunity to go ahead as he and others have done, but particularly as MIKE KIRWAN has done. So we honor MIKE on his birthday anniversary. I know I speak the sentiments of our colleagues when I say I hope God will continue to bless him for countless years to come.

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kentucky.

(Mr. CARL D. PERKINS).

Mr. PERKINS. Madam Speaker, the people of the 19th Congressional District 04 Ohio have just cause in taking great pride in our distinguished colleague, MIKE KIRWAN. I am pleased to rise on the occasion of his birthday, to extend best wishes to him and express to him very personal appreciation for the opportunity I have had in working with him in the House of Representatives. His resolve to act forcibly and with a strong sense of national need and purpose are inspirational. My State, his State, and the Nation owe MIKE KIRWAN no limit in praise for the great contribution he has made in conserving the natural resources of our streams and valleys through his keen interest and support of water resource development and flood control projects. The people of my district who have had more than the Nation's share of flood damage have great admiration for him and his leadership.

But the distinguished gentleman's knowledge and interest are not confined to this area of national need. It is fitting that his many years of service in the House have been in the Appropriations Committee where his objective humanitarianism has been brought to bear upon a wide range of Federal programs and national needs. I certainly wish for the House and the Nation many more happy birthdays.

Mr. PHILLIP BURTON of California. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. KLUCZYNSKI. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California.

Mr. BURTON of California. Mr. Speaker, when the history of those who served in the U.S. Congress is written, the name of MIKE KIRWAN will loom very large. He is a great man. He has been of more assistance to the West and to the State of California than perhaps any living American.

There is always a very useful test of the worth of a man, and that is to note his progeny. It so happens MIKE'S son, John Kirwan, is a dear personal friend of mine. He served this country well and ably in the Interior Department. Whenever one wonders just what the depth of the qualities of the great statesman, MIKE KIRWAN, are one need look only

look to his outstanding son, John, who reflects all the admirable qualities of his wonderful father.

I am pleased to join my colleagues in a "happy birthday " to you,MIKE KIRWAN, and may there be many more to come.

Mr. JOE L. EVINS of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I want to join my colleagues in paying tribute to my distinguished and beloved friend and colleague, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KIRWAN), on the occasion of his birthday.

MIKE KIRWAN is a great legislator -- a great champion of growth and progress for our country -- a great Democrat and a great American.

He is an able and dedicated legislator who represents his district faithfully and effectively.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to serve with the gentleman from Ohio on the Subcommittee on Public Works Appropriations, which he serves so ably as chairman.

In this capacity he has provided great leadership in the development of our country -- in conservation, waterway development, and building an effective flood control system throughout much of our country. In recreation development, and in the economic development which parallels resource development. He has contributed greatly to the building and strengthening of our Nation.

Befitting his greatness, MIKE KIRWAN is a man of great integrity and modesty. However, his deeds and his achievements and his record speak for themselves.

He is esteemed and respected by his colleagues and is indeed'a legend in his own time. I want to join with others in wishing MIKE KIRWAN many more happy birthday anniversaries -- and best wishes to his devoted wife, Mrs. Kirwan.

Mr. JAMES A, BURKE of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join with my colleagues on both sides of the aisle in wishing the Honorable MIKE KIRWAN a happy birthday. MIKE KIRWAN is symbolic of the great American story. From very humble beginnings he has risen to one of the most exalted positions in

our Nation. His 30 years in the Congress of the United States has been one of devotion and dedication to the people of our beloved Nation. MIKE KIRWAN was blessed with good commonsense. The Congress has been the beneficiary of his wisdom and progressive ideas. Daniel Webster once said:

"Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote its great interests, and see whether we also in our day and generation may not perform something worthy to be remembered."

No one to my knowledge has tried in a more sincere way or has been as successful in the history of Congress to carry out the wishes of Daniel Webster than my good friend MIKE KIRWAN. May God bless him and keep him.

Mr. WILLIAM H. NATCHER of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, today is the birthday of my good friend MIKE KIRWAN'.

As a Representative he has those qualities that are essential for leadership, sound judgment, patience, perseverance, and an unyielding adherence to the principles and policies advocated by our party for the welfare of our country. In every position that he has held, either private or public, he has achieved distinction. It has been a distinct honor and privilege for me to serve for a period of 13 years on the Committee on Appropriations with MIKE KIRWAN. His service on our committee has been marked by a high sense of conscience and duty. He has become an inspiration and a symbol of the power and of the achievements of the House of Representatives. His kindness, character, and achievements, and his faithful service to the district that he represents will be an inspiration to generations yet to come. Few Members in the history of the Congress have rendered more outstanding service to all of the States of this country than MIKE KIRWAN. As a conservationist and one who believes in building our country he has no equal peer. Not only has he been good to the Commonwealth of Kentucky but the same applies to all of our other 49 states. He has always believed that we should protect our country and this principle has always been uppermost in his mind since he has had the distinction and honor of being a Member of the Congress of the United States.

Mr. J.J. PICKLE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I would like to add my own congratulations to the many others MIKE KIRWAN has received on his 81st birthday coming this Saturday.

Without question, he is one of the toughest fighters and most unabashed spokesmen the Democratic Party has seen during his 28 years of fire service in the Congress. He is a practical politician, but at the same time, an able statesman. He is down to earth, but eloquent. And he has not let the fact that he is from Ohio hold him back too much. He is plain MIKE KIRWAN.

In my short time here, I have found him to be easy to approach and receptive to any good cause. And if he gives you his word, you can put it in the bank and draw on it.

He is rough, tough, lovable MIKE KIRWAN, who we all wish a happy birthday.

Mr. JOHN S MONAGAN of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I am happy to join my colleagues today in extending greetings to the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KIRWAN) on his 81st birthday.

This is a remarkable achievement for anyone and on this ground alone MIKE KIRWAN is entitled to felicitations.

This, however, is only a small part of the reason why we are enthusiastic about paying tribute to MIKE KIRWAN. His career is the American dream in action. Rising from poor beginnings and laboring in his youth in the most difficult and demanding of our industries he has risen by his own efforts to a place of power and privilege in the Government of the United States.

Most importantly, MIKE KIRWAN has exercised his power with imagination and with confidence in the future growth and development of the United States. He has sought to make the wealth of our country available to the people in the form of meaningful public works projects. That the program for many years has borne the stamp of MIKE KIRWAN has been highly beneficial to the American people.

I wish my friend, MIKE KIRWAN, many more years of health, happiness, and service to his district and to the Nation.

Mr. BOB CASEY of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I, too, want to join in a warm, happy

birthday greeting to my good friend and colleague, MIKE KIRWAN. I am sure there has never been a more dedicated member in the history of the Congress.

Although MIKE is, as he should be, a strong and energetic advocate for his own district, he is truly a representative of all America.

This great representation that MIKE has given to the American people has always been in a sense of fair play and a great knowledge of all sides of an issue. His contributions to the growth of our great country are legend.

As we mark the 81st birthday of this great friend, I think it should be noted and called to the attention of those who cry for early retirement for members of the legislative branch, that the past 10 years of MIKE KIRWAN'S service in this House have been his most fruitful. We are all thankful that MIKE KIRWAN was returned to office time and again by his constituents to continue his great work.

Although MIKE KIRWAN is well known throughout the land as a great legislator. which we all appreciate, I think one of the things that I appreciate most is that MIKE is a warm friend, whose deep knowledge, mixed with his keen Irish sense of humor, makes him truly a great companion and colleague in this House. So I say, many more happy birthdays. my friend, MIKE, and may the Good Lord continue to shower His blessings upon you.

Mr. JACK BROOKS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in honoring a great American, the distinguished gentleman from Ohio, on the occasion of his 81st birthday.

His 81 years have in no way changed his vision and devoetion to his Nation. No freshman Member of this body has a more youthful outlook and dedication to serving his constituents and all Americans.

MIKE KIRWAN is a man of courage and conviction. He arose from a most humble childhood with limited formal education to take his place among our Nation's leaders. During his service in this body, he has gained the respect of all of us who have been honored to serve with him.

MIKE is an ardent Democrat and a worthy advocate of the principles of our

party . He is also a delightful companion and I shall always cherish his visit with us in southeast Texas while he was inspecting some of the public works projects which are so vital to our area. He can be sure that he will always enjoy the highest respect and admiration from me and the Texans I represent who have benefited so greatly from his help and counsel.

MIKE KIRWAN may have lived 81 years but he has maintained his youthful dreams of a great future for our Nation, which combines with his vast experience to make him the truly great leader he is. I extend to him my most sincere congratulations and best wishes for many,many more years of service.

Mr. MELVIN PRICE of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I have known MIKE KIRWAN for over 30 years. I knew him before I became a Member of this body. As a young clerk in a congressional office, that of one of my predecessors, the Hon. Edwin M. Schaefer, of Belleville, Ill., I first met MIKE. Consequently my acquaintanceship with him goes through most of his service in the House of Representatives.

No Member of the House, no matter how long he may have served here, has contributed more to the development of this Nation than has MIKE KIRWAN. Rightfully, he has been honored for this but the measure of his great work is not yet fully understood.

As a member and as a chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Interior and as a member and as present chairman of the House Appropriations on Public Works, MIKE KIRWAN has dedicated himself to a study of and the development of the country's natural resources. No one is more experienced in this field than he.

How often have we in the House heard his impassioned plea for support of interior and public works projects as an "investment in America." His recommendation on any project was an assurance to his colleagues that a project was another effort to preserve or develop a program which further developed our land. Reclamation, flood control, waterways, and preservation of our public lands were all in the area of MIKE KIRWAN'S jurisdiction and they were in good hands.

Mr. CLEMENT J. ZABLOCKI of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, I rise to join with my colleagues in paying tribute, on his birthday, to a distinguished Member of the House of Representatives and a great American, the Honorable MICHAEL J. KIRVAN, of Ohio.

Many things have been said of the Irish and those who have come of good Irish stock. But perhaps the truest sentiments spoken of that great race of people is that for the Irish your trouble is their trouble and your joy their joy.

Those characteristics fit no man better than our beloved colleague, MIKE KIRWAN.

Never is he too busy or too tired or too preoccupied to give valued time to those of us, his colleagues, who seek him out for valued and wise counsel on the problems which beset us.

This same concern he gives to the problems of his own Ohio constituents who seek his aid or intercession with federal officials. They know that they can count on him to go to bat for them when they have a legitimate cause.

The great quality of making the troubles of others his own -- and trying to help -- has no doubt been the keystone to his success year after year in the onerous job as chairman of the Public Works Appropriations Subcommittee and as chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee.

Such jobs would loom too large for most men. Few of us would want the responsibility. Yet MIKE KIRWAN has never shirked a responsibility or refused to meet a challenge.

He has met these with wisdom and energy -- and has succeeded well.

The proof of his able leadership can be viewed around the Nation, from east to west, north or south. Dams, harbors, airports, and many, many other public works stand as tribute to his vision of America.

Today, MIKE, even those of us who are not Irish, find that your joy on the occasion of another birthday is our joy. May the Almighty give you many more in the service of our Nation.

Mr. KEN HECHLER of West Virginia. I would like to add my personal tribute to a great legislator, a great American, and a great personality. In honoring Representative MIKE KIRWAN on his birthday, we honor a man who has pulled himself up by his bootstraps and risen to a position of great power and influence through his own efforts. I recall in 1964, when Congressman KIRWAN flew in to Logan, W. Va., in a small plane in order to give a campaign speech for me at Logan Memorial Field House. The plane had difficulty negotiating the mountain passes, and landed with considerable difficulty. Then we had to ford the Guyandotte River in a pick-up truck to proceed to our destination. But when MIKE KIRWAN arose on the platform and started speaking to his audience of coal miners and their families and friends he struck an immediate responsive chord because of his own upbringing, and his ability to relate directly to the experiences, hopes, and dreams of his listeners.

I have had the honor to appear many times before MIKE KIRWAN'S subcommittee on behalf of projects of value to the State of West Virginia. Our State owes many debts to MIKE KIRWAN, and there are many monuments in our State in the public works projects he has assisted West Virginia in obtaining.

It is a rare privilege to join with my colleagues in saluting this great son of Ohio, MIKE KIRWAN, on his birthday.

Columnist Tris Coffin commented later in his column, "Washington Letter" on the House's unusual departure from custom. He wrote:

"At an age when most American boys were studying their ABCs in the lower grades. Mike was working in a coal mine, a breaker boy, one of the sooty waifs who pushed the heavily loaded coal wagons to the mine entrance. As he grew older, he wandered, hopping freight cars and seeing the country, working as a cowboy in the West, a farm hand in the wheat fields, an ax man in the timber forests, a knockabout, and railroad worker.

"He acquired a love for this broad land you do not get caged in a slum or living and dying in one locality.

"Out of this love affair, Mike Kirwan has made deserts bloom, brought cheap electric power to remote farms, shored up hundreds of river towns from flood disaster, and built up an amazing inland waterway system. This is because Mike for the latter part of his Congressional career has been sitting on the lid of what is known as 'the pork barrel.'

"It used to be that Congress voted public works funds largely as a bonus for deserving Democrats, responsible Republicans and cronies. But Mike has transformed the pork barrel into a cornucopia of good works.

"It comes from an outrage, an outrage that his land was being defiled and looted. Once he told the House: 'From Maine to California, there is a waste and destruction of our natural resources, and the payoff when it comes will be terrific.'

"Remarkably, the rough and tumble of his life has made him philosophic, rather than cynical, and he sits among the relics -- treasured pictures of Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson, of John Kennedy, and photographs of bridges and dams and power plants -- with a content few can muster."

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

TO BUILD AMERICA

I learned a lesson in my boyhood that has stood by me all my life. In the anthracite mining town of Plains, Pennsylvania, we kids formed a baseball team. To get enough money to buy uniforms, bats, gloves and balls we held a raffle. The prize was a \$10 gold piece. But the team broke up before the raffle was finished. They boy who was acting as treasurer told me he had 25 books of tickets left that had not been sold and asked me what to do. I told him to put his name and my name on the tickets and toss them into the hat with those that had been sold. We got a boy named Burke to make the drawing. The treasurer was named Kelly. ALL the tickets on top of the pile had our names on *them* and we told Burke to pull one off the top.

"When I kick you, pull a ticket out," I said.

In *the* drawing, I was holding the hat and Kelly was standing on the other side. But when I kicked Burke he went down to the bottom of the hat and pulled a ticket out. It was someone living miles away who had nothing to do with our ball team.

Kelly got Burke outside and asked him:

"Why didn't you pull the ticket when you were kicked?"

Burke replied:

"I *had* the corner tore off my own ticket and I was trying to find it."

If Burke got his ticket, Kelly and I weren't going to get a dime. If he didn't, none of us was going to win. Either way Kelly and I were going to lose.

This, and lessons I learned later in hobo jungles in *the* West, taught me more about human nature than anything I learned in school or in the Congress of the United States. ■ have been put to the acid test many times during thirty years in Congress and the State Council of Westmoreland, Ohio, before that

(Insert the following three paragraphs on Page 409 after second paragraph ending x x x the Vice President and President.)

During my three decades in Congress I have served under five Presidents -- Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Baines Johnson -- and four Speakers of the House -- William Bankhead, Sam Rayburn, Joseph Martin and John W. McCormack.

The Speakers were all good and able men. But man's abilities are measured by the weight of the problems that confront him and how he deals with them. Despite the reputation that Sam Rayburn rightfully gained over a period of service outstripping other Speakers, John McCormack rates in my book as the best of the lot. His patience and understanding, his know-how in getting constructive legislation through Congress, gained from many years as Democratic whip and majority leader before he became Speaker in the second session of the 87th Congress, place him in the top bracket. His abilities are recognized by all members of Congress, despite the problems and difficulties inherited from previous administrations.

America has been signally fortunate in having men of outstanding ability, courage and integrity in the White House during the past thirty-six years, Of the Presidents and because of their wise and courageous handling of crises, both domestic and international, that confronted the Nation, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Barry S. Truman and John F. Kennedy were particularly outstanding. However, in his handling of the Presidency I rate Lyndon Baines Johnson with the best.

(pickup third ppg page 409 beginning x x x On my own part, etc.)

Wherever there is power there is always someone trying to slip a buck under the plate to get a favor. But I learned early in life to play it straight. And all through life, no matter who I have worked for, I have given a day's work for a day's wages, in the coal mines, the lace mill, in construction work and harvesting in the West, on the railroad, in the steel mills, in City Council and in the Congress of the United States.

I have been sent to Congress by the voters of the 19th District of Ohio in sixteen Congressional elections. It is the longest period of continuous service in Congress from this district in Ohio history, and I have been opposed by others seeking the Congressional seat in every election. I have had no magic formula for winning these elections. I have been returned to Congress year after year, I believe, because the voters have faith that I have represented their interests well in Washington. Of the nearly 100 Democratic freshmen who were elected to the 75th Congress in November 1936, ^{only} two of us are still here. The other survivor of time and the uncertainty of elections is Congressman W.R. Poage of Texas. M.y friend and next door neighbor in the old House Office Building, Lyndon Johnson, went on to the Senate, became Majority Leader, the Vice President and President.

On my own part, I decided at an early stage that I could be of more service to the 19th District of Ohio, and to the Nation as a whole, as a member of the House of Representatives.

Time and time again, I have been importuned by the party leaders of my state to run for the United States Senate.

My answer has been "No thanks."

"Run for the Senate?" I have told them. "Not on your life! I'm Irish and I'm superstitious. The last two nenbers of Congress from the 19th District who sought higher office were James E. Garfield and William McKinley. Both became President. They shot the both of them. D'ya see the point I mean?!"

I came to Congress determined to help build America. The way to do this in my first years in Washington was to support the Roosevelt program of pulling the country out of the Depression and restoring the economy.

My home town of Youngstown, Ohio, is one of the Nation's chief steel-producing centers. The entire economy of the city and surrounding area is dependent upon the

steel furnaces. When they operate at near capacity, jobs are plentiful. The grocers, the department stores, the automobile agencies, the restaurants, the drug stores, the jobbers and wholesalers -- all the merchandizing channels that supply our needs and provide jobs -- do well. But when steel production slackens, the local economy begins to dry up. Steel is the heartbeat of Youngstown. In the Depression the steel mills produced at the lowest level in history. The smoke from the furnace stacks disappeared and the skies over Youngstown were blue for the first time in a century. Most of the steel workers were out of work. And there were no other jobs anywhere. The children of the jobless many times cried themselves to sleep from hunger.

When Roosevelt asked Congress for approval of plans that would create jobs and feed the hungry, I supported him. I worked to help the steel mills produce because that meant life to my community and victory or defeat in the Second World War.

In the Fall at the end of my first year in Congress, Lyndon Johnson and I were named on "the House honor roll of outstanding freshmen" most likely to succeed to leadership of Congress by the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a newspaper column written by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. The columnists described me as being "always on hand when the going becomes rough." I was surprised and pleased because I thought I was doing just what comes naturally. In fighting for legislation that would give jobs to Americans so they could feed their families and send their kids back to school with shoes on their feet.

I have tried to fill two major roles in Congress. One has been to build America. This has given me the greatest gratification. I have been able to do this as Chairman for many years of the Appropriations sub-committee which handles funds for the Department of Interior and, most recently, as Chairman of the Appropriations sub-committee on Public Works. These committees control funds for the Nation's water conservation, irrigation and flood control projects. I have been able to halt waste of our natural resources, upon which all the Nation's wealth depends. I have been able to help restore and preserve our national forests and

parklands. I have been able to help stop the waste of our dwindling water resources by building dams and reservoirs in our West and South, harnessing then for hydro-electric power to bring America out of darkness and, through irrigation, to turn deserts into fertile areas of food production. Not only have we, in my time, been able against great and continuous opposition, to reclaim the arid lands but to provide flood control to stop our top soil being washed into the sea and to save our cities from being flooded, with great loss of life and property. I have been able to right the wrongs heaped upon our American Indians. And I have been able to fight for legislation that has made our defenses strong, our Nation prosperous, and has bettered the life of all its citizens.

I was one of only two of the twenty-four Congressmen from Ohio who voted to continue the armed forces draft just fifteen weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor. This vote was so close that the Draft Act was extended by a single vote. Had I failed to vote for its extension, it would have been defeated. The Nation, faced a few weeks later by a World War both in Europe and the Pacific, would have been without authority to bring men into the armed services to cope with it.

I have a yellowed newspaper clipping in my files in which the Cleveland (Ohio) Plain-Dealer commented editorially:

"Honor and glory will be the reward of Congressmen Dow W. Harter of Akron and Michael J. Kirwan of Youngstown for their courageous votes in favor of the extension of the terms of draftees, national guardsmen and reserve officers.

"Had these two faltered, the legislation to build a strong army, capable of defending this country against aggression, would have been defeated and there would have been rejoicing in the Nazi-dominated capitals of Europe.

"For Harter and Kirwan we have admiration and praise. But for the other 22 members of the Ohio delegation we hang our heads in shame."

Along with Social Security, one of the then revolutionary proposals of the New Deal was a guaranteed Federal minimum wage. Both were denounced as "socialistic." There were gloomy predictions they would destroy the American economy.

Legislation for a minimum wage of twenty-five cents an hour was introduced in Congress in 1938. It was immediately bottled up in the Kouse Rules Committee. presided over by Judge Howard W. Smith of Virginia, a conservative Southerner who controlled this key committee with an iron hand. Without a rule from this Committee, the legislation could not come to the Kouse floor for debate and vote.

I was one of a small group of Democrats in Congress who placed a petition on the Speaker's table to discharge the bill from its opponents in the Rules Committee who had put it under lock and key so it could reach the House for a vote.

The discharge petition brought it to the House floor where it was approved and the first guaranteed minimum wage in the Nation's history came into being.

This was a real break through in helping make possible a living wage for all Americans. Today, three decades later, the minimum hourly wage has risen to \$1.40 an hour and is still climbing.

The second role has been that of Chairman of the Rouse Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Its mission has been to elect Democrats to Congress. Our efforts have met with success. Democrats have been in control of the single Congress since 1948 with/exception of the first two years of Eisenhower's eight-year term.

Because of my humble beginnings and my Irish luck in rising above them I have frequently been called "the last of the Alger boys." But if my youth resembled that of the immigrant boy heroes of the Horatio Alger books, for me it has been ^{more} a case of "Do or Die" and "Sink or Swim" than "From Rags to Riches." I have had the rags but not the riches. But I have been rich in my good fortune of reaching a position in Congress where I could help build America.

Democratic Majority Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma has been kind enough to say to my colleagues in the House that:

my story of Mike's life is the story of America."

Whatever I have been able to do for America and Americans I could not

have done without the cooperation and help of those in Congress whose political philosophy of placing the welfare of the Nation above self-interest has been the same as mine.