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ORG	THE WHITE HOUSE	
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SUBJECT	JOHN PODESTA 'S CHRON FILE	
SUBCODE	FG006-03	
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ACTION	RM RSZ 930607 C 930607	
COMMENTS	TWO BOXES WERE FILED ON JUN 7 93: BOX #1 (JAN 93 - FEB 93) FILED IN OVERSIZE ATTACHMENTS #359; BOX #2 (MAR 93) FILED IN OVERSIZE ATTACHMENTS #360	

CHRON

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 3/7

TO: Eli Segal

FROM: **JOHN D. PODESTA**
Assistant to the President and
Staff Secretary

This looks good. You should know that there is no historic designation of the 3rd week of April according to the Clerk's records.

No reason why we can't start (or continue ~~the~~ the recent) the tradition. Please send a draft proclamation to the

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

93 MAR 4 All : 03

March 3, 1993

MEMORANDUM FOR MARCIA HALE
BERNIE NUSSBAUM
JOHN PODESTA ✓
GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS
MAGGIE WILLIAMS

FROM: ELI J. SEGAL

SUBJECT: VOLUNTEER ACTION WEEK

Historically, the third week in April is Volunteer Week, designated as such by a presidential proclamation. During that week the Points of Light Foundation (for whose authorization the President has agreed), ACTION, and the Office of National Service sponsor the "President's Volunteer Action Awards" culminating in a White House ceremony where 20 awards are presented. This year, the week is April 18-24.

John Podesta shares my feeling that the tradition of "Volunteer Week" should continue and that a proclamation reflecting our view of service should be issued. Should anybody disagree, please let me know as soon as possible.

Assuming we are going forward, here is what we need to achieve:

<u>TASK</u>	<u>OFFICE RESPONSIBLE</u>
a) Proclamation/related paper	National Service
b) Selection of judges	National Service
c) Background checks on awardees	General Counsel
d) Presentation of awards at ceremony, ideally 4/22 or 23	Scheduling

While I know this is no one's highest priority, I would appreciate all of your support on Thursday and Friday, so we can close on this in a timely manner.

EJS:ke

CHRON

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The United States has been called the "world's greatest destination," and it is. So, I hope you will take your time and enjoy every corner of our country, every form of our hospitality, and every variety of culture that calls America home.

Across fifty states, and thousands of communities, you'll find magnificent music and great art, delicious food and intriguing crafts, and wonderful places to swim, ski, and refresh your ~~soul~~ *spirit*.

No matter how many times you visit us, you will find something in America that is new, inspiring and rewarding. Our people will welcome you with open arms, and I hope you will embrace America with an open heart.

Most of all, we hope you'll return -- again and again. Have a great visit, and thank you for coming to the country we love.

President Bill Clinton

David Dreyer.

Will you send me
a clean copy please.
Thanks for
your soothful
treatment of this
assignment.
John

CHRON

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 3/7

TO: *Rahm*

FROM: JOHN D. PODESTA
Assistant to the President and
Staff Secretary

*Are you collecting
these?*

John

STATEMENT OF BOB BERGLAND, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT, NATIONAL RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (NRECA), ISSUED FROM DALLAS, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 17, 1993, ON PRESIDENT CLINTON'S PROPOSALS FOR ECONOMIC STIMULUS AND DEFICIT REDUCTION

We support President Clinton's goals to stimulate the nation's economy, and we stand ready to do our part. In rural America, as in the cities, there are enormous needs begging for attention.

Nearly 11,000 rural community leaders from across the country just met here in Dallas for their association's 51st Annual Meeting, and we discussed many of the concerns addressed by President Clinton in his speech --- jobs creation, rural water quality, and rural health care among them. Those delegates asked that we work with the President and the Congress on a program to ensure long-term growth for the nation.

We're pleased that the President said his programs would bring new life to rural communities. That's exactly what rural electrification is all about.

We offer the rural electric co-op program as a proven model for economic renewal in the countryside. For more than 50 years, we've combined private enterprise with public investment and have produced enormous returns. The Rural Electrification Administration, REA, working in partnership with rural electric co-ops, is an investment program, not a "consumption" program. It's an investment program in our country, in our communities and in our people, and is still the single most dynamic force for economic development in rural America.

The country needs a strong REA. We'll be analyzing the President's proposals and working with him and the Congress to make sure the administration's recommendations don't weaken one of this country's greatest examples of economic success.

Times have been tough in the countryside, and rural Americans have already made many sacrifices. They now ask only that the responsibility for further deficit reduction reflect fairness and an even hand.

NRECA is the Washington, D.C.-based service organization that represents the nation's 1,000 nonprofit consumer-owned rural electric cooperatives providing electric service to more than 25 million people in 46 states.

FOR MORE INFORMATION: ELEANOR MILLER OR MARINA JOHNSON, NRECA, 1800 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036 (202) 857-9538.

CHRON

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 3/6

NOTE FOR:

Bob Rubin / LANCE TSOJ

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you
for your:

Information

☐

Action

☒

Thank you.

JOHN D. PODESTA
Assistant to the President
and Staff Secretary
(x2702)

cc:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Bob Rubin / a h Tyson

Some good ideas in here.
Should have all specific
measures - something
that can be done.

BC

A FEDERAL INVESTMENT STRATEGY FOR CALIFORNIA

— Bank Strongly buying
bonds here & high
deductible — Δ Stut.



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to include Smbu as
well as Hfg —
⊗ → SAC
liberalized in FZ.
but Reg. men would

State Treasurer Kathleen Brown
March 3, 1993

"A FEDERAL INVESTMENT STRATEGY FOR CALIFORNIA"

State Treasurer Kathleen Brown

March 3, 1993

As Treasurer of the State of California, I welcomed the "Vision of Change" that President Clinton proposed to the American people in his State of the Union address. I, too, believe that a short-term economic stimulus, fiscal responsibility, and long-term commitment to investment are the ingredients needed to restore the productivity of our commerce and improve the quality of life for our people.

California needs its own "vision of change." It must begin with a new statewide investment strategy. The reason is clear: We have been hit by the worst recession since the Great Depression and have experienced fundamental structural changes in our economy. California has lost over 800,000 jobs since mid-1990, most of which came from the high-wage, high-skill manufacturing and construction industries. Employment in the aerospace industry has declined by 128,000 in the last four years, while 218,000 construction jobs have been lost since 1990 alone.

The public sector can play a key role in boosting the California economy over the short term. In the past two years, I have carried out one of the most aggressive voter-approved public works programs in California's history through the sale of over \$11 billion in general obligation, public works and private activity bonds. These bonds have financed a range of important infrastructure projects -- everything from schools and prisons to water treatment facilities -- and have also helped generate more than 160,000 new jobs.

But the present economic crisis in California also illuminates the need for long-term investment by government and by private industry. This is particularly critical for California which, while losing jobs, continues to add population at a rapid rate. We need to invest in our roads, schools, ports, and other public facilities simply to keep pace with the demands of our new population. Similarly, our businesses, in order to respond to constantly changing markets and increasing global competition, need access to investment capital to retool their factories and invest in new technologies to remain competitive.

Federal legislation is key to a California investment strategy. Sacramento must do its part by putting its own house in order while also developing a realistic state economic conversion policy. But Washington can also help by better enabling our state and its local governments to make the necessary infrastructure investments and provide our nation's businesses with access to affordable capital. This is particularly true for companies not served by traditional capital markets.

In this short paper, I will stress those federal initiatives necessary for a California investment strategy. They include:

- Enacting measures that will provide a short-term economic stimulus to help California's recession-battered economy;
- Encouraging public and private investments in order to ensure California's long-term economic competitiveness.
- And finally, identifying more efficient and financially-prudent strategies to finance California's economic foundation.

More detailed discussion of each of these areas and the associated legislation follows.

CREATING JOBS IN CALIFORNIA

Three federal programs which my office administers -- Industrial Development Bonds, Low-Income Housing Tax Credits, and Mortgage Revenue Bonds -- were allowed to lapse last year during the tax package debate. These programs have proven extremely effective in creating jobs in manufacturing industries and in construction throughout California. Over the past five years, in industrial development bonds alone, California entities have issued nearly \$400 million in bonds, resulting in the projected creation of nearly 10,400 manufacturing jobs by small businesses and the retention of an additional 11,900 existing jobs.

President Clinton has called for permanent extensions for all three programs. I urge your support and earliest possible consideration for extending these important programs. Since these programs expired in June 1992, a sizable backlog of viable, eligible projects has built up. Immediate extension of these programs would provide a significant short-term impetus of investment in the critical sectors of small manufacturing, construction and housing.

Industrial Development Bonds -- Small-issue Industrial Development Bonds (IDBs) provide small manufacturing businesses with access to tax-exempt financing, allowing them to finance new plant constructions and expansions with affordable capital. California requires that, for every \$50,000 in IDBs issued, one net new job be created, a goal which, for the most part, has been met over the past several years.

In addition to reinstatement of this program, two changes to tax code provisions would increase the program's value to California companies. First, the capital expenditure limit on companies should be raised from \$10 million to \$20 million. This cap, which restricts the program to small manufacturers, was established in 1978 so that, in real terms, the value of the limit has eroded by at least one-half. Congress approved an increase in the capital expenditure limit as part of H.R. 11, last year's tax bill which was vetoed by President Bush.

Second, the restriction on research and development activities and other "non-manufacturing" activities should be modified to reflect the nature of modern manufacturing. Currently, no more than 25% of the bond amount can be spent on research and development, warehousing, or other activities. This restriction reduces the attractiveness of the IDB program for many California industries, such as biotechnology, which have a high percentage of research activities built into their manufacturing scheme. As long as the primary activity of the plant remains manufacturing, artificial percentage restrictions should not be placed on research and other ancillary activities.

Single Family Mortgage Revenue Bonds - Mortgage Revenue Bonds (MRBs) help low- and moderate-income home buyers acquire their first home. MRBs directly provide mortgages which, because of their tax-exempt nature, are generally below the market mortgage rate. Alternatively MRB authorization may also be converted to Mortgage Credit Certificates (MCCs), which can be used as income tax credits for these same home buyers, allowing them to qualify for mortgages more easily. Immediate renewal of this program would continue to encourage home ownership and stimulate housing construction in the state.

Low-Income Housing Tax Credits - This program has used financial incentives, namely the sale of federal tax credits, to fund the development of low-income

rental housing. Without these incentives, many developers have been unable to fully finance these ventures so the projects have stalled. In recognition of the desperate need for affordable rental housing, California offers a state tax credit to supplement the federal credits on qualified projects. Renewal of the program would provide California with the rental housing it needs, as well as an immediate stimulus to the construction industry.

BUILDING AN ECONOMIC FOUNDATION

In this era of tight fiscal constraints at all levels of government, there are many areas where the states cannot look to the federal government but must pull their own weight. Similarly there are areas where minimal amounts of federal assistance -- both funding and regulatory changes -- can open broad new opportunities for state and local governments to provide for themselves. All levels of government -- local, state and federal -- must come together as partners to build the roads, schools, and communication networks of our common future.

Federal Infrastructure Initiatives

Last week the Infrastructure Investment Commission released a study outlining innovative means for financing investment in infrastructure. These measures rely heavily on using nominal amounts of federal funding and guarantees to attract large amounts of private financing. The Commission advocates using tools which have already proven effective in different arenas: federally-sponsored bond insurance, risk insurance for the project development and construction phases, and limited partial funding of marginal projects. Through these vehicles, the Commission projects that, for every \$1 in federal spending, \$10 can be raised in private capital to finance infrastructure projects. These mechanisms not only represent new ways of thinking about finance, but also new forms of linkage between the public and private sectors and between the federal government and the states.

I encourage Congress to seriously consider these recommendations, which add to the growing consensus for a new federal entity to help states and local governments fund infrastructure.

Expanding the Scope of Public Activity Bonds

In addition to exploring new means of financing infrastructure projects, Congress must not overlook the extraordinary and time-tested efficiency of tax-exempt bonds in funding infrastructure. The combination of a well-developed municipal bond market, local political accountability, and the commitment of state and local credit creates powerful incentives for both selecting the most beneficial projects and financing them in the soundest manner. The capital for these projects come, not from federal or state sources, but from existing well-capitalized private market which has consistently provided low-cost funding for state and local governments.

Congressional action would enable state and local governments to optimize use of the municipal markets. The 1986 Tax Reform Act enacted many sound provisions to curb abusive transactions in the tax-exempt market. However, in clearing up most of the problems, the Act unnecessarily eliminated the ability to use tax-exempt finance for many viable projects simply because they involved private-sector participation. Many of the new technologies for providing public services in transportation, a clean environment, and other government functions will require active public/private partnerships, particularly in this era of fiscal restraint. Congress should encourage financings in which the private

sector can efficiently assist in providing needed public infrastructure. Three specific measures would expand the ability of state and local governments to use private enterprise in meeting their public needs:

Expand the use of tax-exempt financing in facilities with sound public purpose, whether owned and operated publicly or privately. In order to meet the needs of California's burgeoning population, public/private partnerships are needed to provide certain infrastructure facilities, particularly in pollution control, hazardous and solid-waste disposal, recycling and transportation management. Current law limits the issuance of tax-exempt debt for these projects either by counting them against California's private-activity volume cap or in some cases prohibiting their issuance altogether. I recommend that Congress remove these "public purpose" facilities from the volume cap and permit broader funding of public/private partnerships with tax-exempt debt.

Promote public/private partnerships by increasing the percentage of private use in bond issues from 10 percent to 25 percent. Currently, state and local governments are restricted from using more than 10 percent of a bond issue for a private use, and no more than 5 percent for "unrelated" use. These provisions force governments into costly and inefficient financing plans. For example, in building a new county office building, the county is required because of these restrictions to either build with no growth potential, build in anticipation of growth but leave the space unoccupied, or lease the empty space at below-market rates. Similarly, these provisions often restrict contracting for private management of public facilities like waste management.

Index the state private-activity volume cap retroactively to 1986 - The state private volume cap, which limits the volume of bonds issued in any state for housing, industrial development, student loans, pollution control, and other "private" purposes, was set at \$50 per capita in 1986. Since that time, the cap has not been adjusted for inflation, although the needs of our state and the costs of the projects continue to increase dramatically. California expends its total volume cap every year. I anticipate that because of the tremendous needs of our state, if the cap were doubled we undoubtedly would use that money. By indexing the cap retroactively, Congress would provide a significant boost in the amount of investment in the critical areas of housing and industrial development.

Broadening the market for tax-exempt bonds

Commercial banks historically played a vital role in the tax-exempt market. For many years, local banks represented the major investors for local municipal bonds, particularly for smaller issuers. In 1972, for example, banks held over 51 percent of municipal bonds. The Tax Reform Act, in an effort to reform the tax treatment of banks, eliminated the interest deduction banks received for carrying tax-exempt debt, except for issues less than \$10 million. As a result of this disincentive, banks gradually withdrew from this market. Today, they hold less than 20 percent of all municipal bonds. This withdrawal particularly hurts smaller local issuers which had relied heavily on banks for funding.

In recognition of the critical role banks play in financing local projects, Congress included bank deductibility as part of its enterprise zone package passed with HR 11 last year. Likewise, President Clinton included this provision in his proposal on enterprise zone bonds. For the same reason, Congress should increase small issuer bank deductibility from \$10 million to \$25 million. This measure would lower rates paid by smaller issuers, reduce their cost of issuance and offer banks a safe investment vehicle which also serves

local needs.

Simplifying the bond issuance process

In addition to restricting the market for tax-exempt bonds, the Tax Reform Act included restrictions on overissuance and arbitrage which imposed new financial and administrative burdens on state and local governments. The State Treasurer's Office, for example, had to add eight people simply to monitor the new requirements of the Act, while the State Controller's Office needed to bring on five additional people. Many cities, counties, school districts, and smaller governmental entities are forced to hire outside tax and accounting expertise to monitor this compliance. These costs represent money which could be better spent on their capital investments or other program needs of these hard-pressed governments. Three measures in particular would simplify the issuance process and relieve small issuers of these administrative costs:

Allow issuers of less than \$25 million in bonds to forego compliance with arbitrage restrictions. The current limit on arbitrage exemption stands at \$5 million. Compliance with rebate restrictions presents a particularly significant problem for California's small cities, counties, and school districts, who issue infrequently and for small volume amounts. Increasing the limit would relieve these issuers of costly compliance burdens, allowing them to spend this money on ongoing program needs. Raising the limit from \$5 to \$25 million would exempt an additional 33% of California issuers from these administrative requirements (based on 1991 issuances), which will save them valuable resources in these tough fiscal times. At the same time, the overall volume affected amounts to only 15% of the total issuance, so the revenue implications will be minimal.

Allow the issuer to pay only 80% of earned arbitrage - Current law eliminates any incentive to earn arbitrage, the difference between investment income and debt service payments. This provision results in lost revenue opportunities to both the federal and local governments. Allowing issuers to keep 20 percent of the interest earned would both preserve investment incentives and curb arbitrage-driven deals.

Lift the \$150 million cap on independent universities and colleges - The need for this provision was eliminated when the 1986 arbitrage restrictions went into effect. Two California universities -- Stanford and USC -- have currently exceeded the cap; in the coming years, several others could approach the limit. Removing this provision would lower the cost of capital for the building and expansion plans at these important educational institutions.

Ensuring that California receive its share of federal grants. Funding formulas for many federal grant programs to states are skewed against states like California because of our high population growth rates and a large percentage of uncounted population. In addition, powerful Congressional interests from other states, particularly the Northeast, have resisted changes to these formulas which would result in more proportional funding of programs. In federal grants across a wide spectrum -- including highway funding, education and waste water treatment -- California ranks among the bottom quartile of states on a per capita basis. For example, in Chapter One Grants, New York receives nearly twice as much federal money as California on a per capita basis. Indeed, even when calculated per poor child, New York receives more than 50 percent more funding than California. Similarly, in waste water treatment grants, California receives less than one-third as much federal funding on a per capita basis as Massachusetts although our needs in this area are clear.

The California Congressional Delegation should act, perhaps in concert with states like Texas and Florida, to address these funding inequities and to ensure that California receives our share of federal support for our infrastructure and our education.

INVESTING IN OUR CITIES

Economic development and job creation are necessary complements to ongoing programs in our inner cities to raise living standards through health, education, and training programs. One of the chief barriers to economic development has been the lack of access to capital, which has been chronicled in numerous studies, particularly the lack of capital financing available to minority- and women-owned businesses. This disinvestment in a sector so critical to economic vitality effectively strangles the opportunity for job creation and income growth in these areas. There are several avenues by which the federal government can help correct this market distortion and encourage private capital investment in these areas:

Small Business Investment Companies (SBICs)

SBICs are privately capitalized investment firms which provide equity capital and long-term debt to new and expanding small businesses. In order to increase its lending ability, an SBIC may leverage its private funds up to 300% by issuing debentures guaranteed by the SBA. In 1992, Congress passed the Small Business Equity Enhancement Act which allowed state and local funds to be used as part of an SBIC's original equity. The Act also eased other restrictions to facilitate more lending.

The review process in formulating regulations on these new provisions has proven lengthy and confusing. Several groups eager to establish SBICs and originate small business loans in their communities have been frustrated by the uncertainty and time delays in enacting these regulations. Rebuild LA, in particular, has been developing an SBIC for lending within the areas affected by the riots, and the establishment of this fund depends on the enactment of the new regulations surrounding SBICs. It is particularly important that signs of progress like this be in place before the first anniversary of the riots on April 29. Action by Congress and the Administration to expedite this process would be timely and valuable.

Community Development Banks

The relative absence of banks and other financial institutions is one feature which marks our nation's inner cities. In Los Angeles, a recent survey found that, for every 100,000 residents, non-neglected areas of Los Angeles County have 25 banks, whereas the neglected areas have only 15 banks. Similarly, there are 70.5 insurance agents for every 100,000 residents throughout the County, while the neglected areas have only 28. There is a critical need for solid, for-profit banking institutions to provide basic banking services (checking and savings accounts), loans for small businesses and housing, and business development assistance.

A national network of community development banks, similar in form to Chicago's successful South Shore Bank, could provide the financial infrastructure necessary for revitalization and reinvestment in these areas. Federal assistance could come through several measures:

- Federal equity investment in these groups, at a level subordinate to their private sources;
- Relaxation of bank regulations on capital reserve requirements for these entities;
- Limited tax deductibility for community development banks acquiring tax-exempt industrial development bonds and housing bonds in their communities.

President Clinton has already proposed investments in a national network of community development banks. I encourage you to support this proposal, and also to ensure that California institutions and communities receive their commensurate share of whatever federal dollars are ultimately appropriated.

Enterprise Zones

Many states have introduced enterprise zone programs, using state incentives, with measured success. Because state corporate tax rates are considerably lower than federal rates, they generally do not offer a strong enough incentive for companies to relocate or redirect investment to these areas. Indeed, in California, we find that the main attraction of enterprise zones to companies comes from the fact that local jurisdictions generally commit capable personnel to help steer companies through the myriad regulatory agencies and thus streamline project initiation. In addition, these state programs do nothing to create financing vehicles for new capital investment in these communities.

In his economic stimulus package, President Clinton included a proposal for the creation of **Enterprise Zone Bonds**, tax-exempt bonds issued on behalf of small businesses in federally designated enterprise zones. These bonds, which could total up to \$3 million for each qualified project, could be used to purchase land, buildings, and equipment, as well as for the rehabilitation of the buildings. While I strongly support this proposal and look forward to implementing it here in California, several additional provisions would extend the use of these bonds to the greatest number of companies:

Eligible businesses - all manufacturing businesses should be eligible to use these bonds; in addition, commercial enterprises should qualify, except for facilities like golf courses, massage parlors, racetracks, liquor stores, health clubs, and other facilities currently excluded by the tax code.

Credit enhancement - bank deductibility should be allowed for these bonds to enhance their marketability. In addition, some form of **federal credit enhancement** -- 20 to 40% of the principal amount, administered through the SBA -- would greatly increase the effectiveness of this program.

Restrictions - restrictions on land purchase should be lifted on enterprise zone bonds since urban land costs are inordinately higher than costs in most manufacturing areas; requirements for rehabilitation percentages should be liberalized.

In addition, enterprise zones should be defined on poverty and unemployment criteria (e.g. poverty rates and unemployment rates) rather than by total area. The distressed areas in California's cities, unlike many Eastern cities, cover huge expanses of land. Arbitrary area restrictions would unduly limit the effectiveness of these proposals for California.

CONVERTING TO A PEACETIME ECONOMY

The foremost structural change in California has been and will continue to be the tremendous cuts in federal defense spending. Although in the long term I have no doubt California will lead the way in the peacetime economy, the short-term effects of the cuts will be extremely severe on both employment and income. Since the peak in 1988, defense spending in California has decreased from \$60 billion to \$51 billion in 1992, a 16 percent decline. 126,000 defense-related jobs were lost during that period. The Commission on State Finance, which I chair, projects the loss of an additional 81,000 jobs and a 22 percent further reduction in spending, down to \$37 billion, by 1997. With these figures in mind, California officials in Sacramento and in Washington need to press aggressively to ensure maximum federal dollars for California defense conversion projects.

As you well know, the defense conversion programs are broadly divided between programs to help displaced workers and communities and programs which encourage new "dual use" technologies. Under the former programs, 17 military bases in California are scheduled for closing affecting dozens of towns and cities in the state. I urge the congressional delegation to develop a united and strategic front to ensure that these communities are compensated for the dislocations.

In the latter area, California -- because of the significant role our universities and corporations played in research on defense -- has a natural advantage in implementing the new era of technology research and implementation. California also has the greatest need for these technologies, because our rapid population growth will require new technologies for transportation, communication and environmental restoration. I urge all Californians, but particularly elected officials in Washington and Sacramento, to support the development and application of grants to garner research dollars which will foster our next generation of technologies, those which will help offset the blows to our economy from the downsizing in defense.

I welcome the opportunity to work with the California congressional delegation and the Clinton Administration in crafting legislation and expediting regulations which will benefit California and its communities. I stand ready to assist you and your staffs with additional information or research on these issues or other legislative matters which will enhance our state.

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S ECONOMIC PACKAGE -- CALIFORNIA PRIORITIES

Base Closure

California has been hit disproportionately hard by the first 2 rounds of base closures. Since 1988, a total of 17 California bases have been slated for closure (more than double any other state), and California has borne 30 percent of all military personnel reductions from the country's base closures. We therefore request that the cumulative economic impact from previous base closures and the general state of California's economy be taken into consideration during your deliberations on base closure.

Defense Conversion Funds

* Defense conversion funds will help mitigate the effects of military downsizing for defense dependent industries, local communities and workers in California. We therefore urge the speedy release of the remaining \$1.2 billion in FY93 defense conversion funds and the final obligation of FY91 defense conversion funds.

Chapter 1

Northeast states which lost funding due to their decreasing Chapter 1 populations are being held harmless for these losses. As a matter of equity, we would like similar compensation for high growth states -- like CA -- that lost funding due to the use of old (1980) census data for recent program allocations.

helps
Cal, TX
etal

WIC

California is at risk of not receiving full WIC funding because:

- the combination of our compensatory 1992 WIC funding, our 1993 WIC funding and any funding from the stimulus package (all to be received in 1993) may exceed the 15 percent cap on year-to-year program increases for any one state. We would therefore like to have this cap waived.
- although increased funding is critical for California -- which is currently serving only 46 percent of its eligible population, compared to 59 percent nationally -- our WIC infrastructure will not absorb funding increases as rapidly as is necessary in order to satisfy program criteria. We would therefore like to have this requirement waived.

Stanford Linear Accelerator Center "B" Factory

The OMB passback to the Department of Energy directs the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center to develop a budget utilizing \$118 million in Fiscal Year 1994, \$20 million less than the \$138 million it received in FY 93 and \$32 million less than the \$150 million it needs to start construction of the B Factory, a facility that is critical to making further progress in electron physics. At the \$118 million level, this is the beginning of the end for SLAC. It will mean immediate layoffs of 250 to 300 people, plus the beginning of the end of a facility that employs 1500 world-leading scientists, engineers and technicians in the Bay Area. The President should insist that SLAC receive \$150 million in FY '94 and start construction on the B Factory.

CVP Improvement Act

The economic stimulus package submitted by the president does not include any funds for any Bureau of Reclamation projects in the State of California or anywhere else in the West. The package does not even include funds for the Central Valley Project Restoration Fund, authorized under Title 34, the Central Valley Project Improvement Act, of H.R. 429, even though the funds can be appropriated without scoring as an expenditure under the Budget Act. We urge the President to seek \$4.8 million as part of the next supplemental appropriations bill for Fiscal Year 1993 to begin to implement the CVP Improvement Act and start work on efforts to restore the salmon fishery in California.

Corps of Engineers Funding

The Supplemental Appropriations bill part of the president's economic stimulus package included only \$2.72 million out of \$94 million requested by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for water projects in the State of California. This is 2.9 percent of the total amount appropriated, even though we have the third highest rate of unemployment in the nation. The President should direct the Army Corps of Engineers to divert a larger fraction of the Corps' appropriation to California projects that can be initiated in Fiscal Year 1993 and completed by the following year.

3-1-93

CHRON

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 7/6

NOTE FOR: *Tony Lane*

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you for your:

Information ☐

Action ☒

*we need to respond to
this*

John

Thank you.

JOHN D. PODESTA
Assistant to the President
and Staff Secretary
(x2702)

cc: *Alexis Herman*

IRISH-AMERICANS

FOR

**Clinton
Gore**

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

Tony Lulu

February 5, 1993

Wil
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W
K...

policy in regard
to you a set of recommendations
Clinton/Gore."

*Hal-Hammy
Responded - How
are we going to?
Have to say some-
thing before it's too
late. Don't we?*

B

-Americans across this nation
and who are encouraged by your
creating a constructive U.S.
Ireland, we are pleased to present
is drafted by "Irish-Americans for

Using your letter of October 23, 1992 to the Irish-American community as a blueprint, we have solicited the opinions of Irish groups, human rights advocates, academicians, government officials, and business people on the best way to replace senseless violence with peace, justice, and reconciliation for the people of Northern Ireland, and to provide economic opportunity for both Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. We were also invited to brief your transition team in Little Rock on January 13, 1993.

We hope to meet with you and your staff soon to begin a dialogue which helps shape your important St. Patrick's Day message in March. We are optimistic that these recommendations represent the center of gravity for the more than 44 million Americans of Irish descent in the United States.

You have the full support and high expectations of thousands of Irish-Americans who have rallied behind "Irish-Americans for Clinton/Gore" on the campaign trail, Mr. President. We are committed to sustaining and strengthening that support, as we embark with you on an historic opportunity to effect positive and lasting change to Northern Ireland.

Sincerely,

Raymond L. Flynn
Raymond L. Flynn
Mayor of Boston
National Co-Chairman,
Clinton for President

Co-Chairmen, Irish-Americans for Clinton/Gore

Bruce A. Morrison
Bruce A. Morrison
Attorney-At-Law
Former Connecticut Congressman

THE IRISH TIMES

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1993

US-Irish lobby submits agenda to Clinton

From Conor O'Clery, in Washington

A GROUP of prominent Irish-Americans yesterday submitted to the White House a five-point proposal for a new US policy on Ireland, based on pre-election commitments made by President Clinton.

The submission calls for a peace envoy to Northern Ireland, a less aggressive US policy on extradition, a more vigorous State Department attitude on human rights, US visas for all Irish political figures, and support for the MacBride Principles on fair employment.

The initiative is headed by a former congressman, Mr Bruce Morrison, and Mayor Raymond Flynn of Boston, who rallied Irish-Americans behind Mr Clinton in the presidential election. Mr Flynn brought the plan to the White House yesterday where he met Mr Clinton

along with other US mayors to discuss inner-city problems.

In the submission, requested by the Clinton transition team in December, Mr Flynn and Mr Morrison told the President they represented the "centre of gravity" of 44 million Irish-Americans, and requested a dialogue to help shape "your important St Patrick's Day message".

They said a peace envoy should "spearhead a purposeful series of negotiations leading to an agreeable resolution of issues that divide Northern Ireland", which "with a history of failed initiatives, stalled peace talks and the crude violence of rage, is poised for redemption from the failures of history".

The document states that Irish-Americans:

1. Urge the appointment of a "US special envoy to Northern Ireland [who] could be a catalyst in the effort to secure

a lasting peace". The special envoy is one aspect of a greater effort to formulate a US policy toward Northern Ireland that is constructive and positive. Other steps related to this effort may include: appointing a US ambassador to Ireland with greater authority to press for a number of political, economic and social initiatives which fundamentally address Northern Ireland, as well as a consultative role in the intergovernmental mechanism set up by the Anglo-Irish Treaty; appointing a consul in Belfast mindful of the political policy objectives of the Clinton administration, with a mandate to work closely with the US embassies in both Dublin and London; appointing a fact-finding mission to London, Dublin and Belfast composed of American leaders (political, business and academics) to survey and report to President Clinton on the status of key elements outlined in this document.

2. Ensure that the US Justice Department does not engage in or support selective criminal or political investigations or harassment of Irish citizens living in the United States. Special areas of concern include (current) Irish extradition cases, harassment and coercion of Irish aliens, and the extradition to Britain of US citizen William Quinn and Irish citizen Joseph Doherty.

3. Apply worldwide human rights standards in the assessment of human rights violations in Northern Ireland. Official reports and State Department documents must reflect a more realistic examination of human rights matters already being monitored by Amnesty International, the Helsinki report and the European Court of Human Rights.

4. Implement the spirit and the law of the 1990 Immigration Act. Halt the practice of denying visas to Irish political leaders solely on ideological grounds.

Continue to address the issue of Irish immigrants seeking legal status in the United States, by extending Donnelly and Morrison visas beyond 1993.

5. Support the MacBride Principles on a federal level, including the retention of SEC (Security and Exchange) rules allowing stockholder MacBride initiatives, as a means of promoting fair hiring and employment practices in Northern Ireland, and as a necessary condition of economic investment in both parts of Ireland through the following steps: increase the annual donation to the International Fund for Ireland and appoint an IFI observer cognisant of the policy goals of the Clinton administration; invest in infrastructure projects to integrate the economies of both parts of Ireland; support the creation of a Dublin-Belfast economic corridor; encourage private American investment in Ireland, North and South.

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"IRISH-AMERICANS FOR CLINTON/GORE"

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

February 1993

Irish-Americans for Clinton/Gore (IACG) was created in 1992 in an effort to mobilize the support of Irish-Americans and others concerned with Irish issues. Its members are for ending the senseless violence in Northern Ireland and replacing it with peace, justice, and economic opportunity, for fair American immigration laws for the Irish, and increased cooperation between the Republic of Ireland and the United States.

Co-chairs of the IACG are former Connecticut Congressman Bruce Morrison and Boston Mayor Raymond L. Flynn.

The blueprint for IACG is Bill Clinton's letter to Bruce Morrison and the Irish-American community on October 23, 1992, where, in addition to opposing terrorism and violence of any kind, he outlines the following:

- . Appointment of a Special Envoy to Northern Ireland
- . Elimination of foreign interference in the American Judicial system
- . Attention to human rights abuses in Northern Ireland
- . Continuation of visa opportunities for Irish citizens and
- . Support of the MacBride Principles and economic investment in Ireland.

Since November 1992 the IACG has solicited input from elected officials, policymakers and diplomats, academicians, human rights advocates, and business people on the best way to contribute to an American policy of peace, justice, and economic development in Northern Ireland. The IACG is hopeful that a renewal of the peace talks in Northern Ireland will include every point of view, and will result in a resolution which is ultimately determined and endorsed by all of the people of Ireland.

The IACG is not affiliated with any other organization. Its role is to facilitate the genuine good will of all Americans who believe in a just resolution of the problems besetting the Irish and the Irish-American communities.

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"IRISH AMERICANS FOR CLINTON/GORE"
FIVE RECOMMENDATIONS ON IRISH ISSUES

I. Urge the appointment of a "U.S. Special Envoy to Northern Ireland (who) could be a catalyst in the effort to secure a lasting peace." The Special Envoy is one aspect of a greater effort to formulate a U.S. policy toward Northern Ireland that is constructive and positive. Other steps related to this effort may include:

- * Appoint a U.S. Ambassador to Ireland with greater authority to press for a number of political, economic, and social initiatives which fundamentally address Northern Ireland, as well as a consultative role in the inter-governmental mechanism set up by the Anglo-Irish Treaty

- * Appoint a Consul in Belfast mindful of the political policy objectives of the Clinton Administration, with a mandate to work closely with the U.S. Embassies in both Dublin and London

- * Appoint a Fact Finding Mission to London, Dublin, and Belfast composed of American leaders (political and business) to survey and report to President Clinton on the status of key elements outlined in this document.

II. Assure that the U.S. Justice Department does not engage in nor support selective criminal or political investigations or harassment of Irish citizens living in the United States. Special areas of concern include Irish extradition cases currently on the docket, and the harassment and coercion of Irish aliens.

III. Apply worldwide human rights standards in the assessment of human rights violations in Northern Ireland. Official reports and State Department documents must reflect a more realistic examination of human rights matters already being monitored by Amnesty International, the Helsinki Report, and the European Court of Human Rights.

IV. Implement the spirit and the law of the 1990 Immigration Act. Continue to address the issue of Irish immigrants seeking legal status in the United States, by extending the Donnelly and Morrison visas beyond 1993. Halt the practice of denying visas to Irish political leaders solely on ideological grounds.

V. Support the MacBride Principles on a federal level, including the retention of SEC rules allowing stockholder MacBride initiatives, as a means of promoting fair hiring and employment practices in Northern Ireland, and as a necessary condition of economic investment in both parts of Ireland through the following steps:

- * Increase the annual donation to the International Fund for Ireland, and appoint an IFI observer cognizant of the policy goals of the Clinton Administration
- * Invest in infrastructure projects to integrate the economies of both parts of Ireland
- * Support the creation of a Dublin-Belfast economic corridor
- * Encourage private American investment in Ireland, North and South.

I. SPECIAL ENVOY TO NORTHERN IRELAND

For the past decade, Irish-Americans have united around the need for a Special Envoy to Northern Ireland, an area suffering from one of the world's most ancient animosities, with its focal point of dispute vacillating among sovereign nations (Great Britain and Ireland), national identities (British versus Irish) and religions (Protestant and Catholic).

Mindful of the constructive role that Envoys have played in mediating disputes that appear intractable — from the Middle East and Vietnam to South Africa and Bosnia — Irish-Americans believe that the United States, given its special alliance with Great Britain and Ireland, can spearhead a purposeful series of negotiations leading to an agreeable resolution of issues that divide Northern Ireland.

This role is consistent with the larger global responsibility which the United States and the United Nations have assumed in the post-Cold War era: to mediate ethnic and political strife throughout the world. Increasingly, elected officials, factional leaders, clergy, physical force proponents and ordinary citizens are sitting down together — often through the influence of the United States — attempting to break political deadlocks that drain the economic, cultural, and social vitality of these nations.

Northern Ireland, with a history of failed initiatives, stalled peace talks, and the crude violence of rage, is poised for redemption from the failures of history. Its people yearn for a mechanism which holds the promise of peace, justice, and reconciliation.

The United States, charged with the task of helping to guide global reconstruction, can provide the framework, expertise, and commitment required to begin the process of peace in Northern Ireland. A Special Envoy is the mechanism to begin this task in earnest.

II. MISUSE AND ABUSE OF THE AMERICAN JUSTICE SYSTEM

The American justice system, as it relates to the Irish, must be de-politicized and returned to its constitutional function of enforcing American law and dispersing equal justice under the law. It is widely perceived in the Irish American community that the U.S. State Department is overly influenced by and responsive to the British government, an influence which has unfairly and unjustly targeted Irish Americans for persecution.

The recent communication from the British Embassy to the State Department's Under-Secretary for Political Affairs, regarding the Jim Smyth case, is but one example of interference by a foreign government in the U.S. judicial system. The revocation of Smyth's bail, despite the fact that no Irish defendant has absconded in twenty years, is characteristic of the zeal with which State Department officials respond to cases involving Irish prisoners.

The Smyth case is not an isolated incident, but rather is part of a pattern which includes misuse of grand jury subpoenas, intimidation of undocumented aliens, and almost continuous personal and electronic surveillance of segments of the Irish American community.

On one documented occasion, personnel from Northern Ireland's Royal Ulster Constabulary were physically present in New York with FBI agents to harass and intimidate an undocumented alien, Kevin Corrigan, in an effort to recruit him as an informer for the FBI/RUC (details available).

Numerous Irish Americans and Irish citizens have been arrested or detained as a result of efforts between the U.S. State Department and the British government (details available).

During the Presidential campaign, Bill Clinton stated that he would not interfere with the Judicial branch of government, and further, that he would have allowed Joe Doherty to have the hearing repeatedly ordered for him by the federal courts. President Clinton can satisfy his own campaign pledges and a fundamental concern of the Irish-American community through the following actions:

- * Cessation of the persecution of Irish-Americans by the careful selection of State and Justice Department leaders
- * Respond to direct requests from the British government for the State Department to undertake costly and concentrated investigations of law-abiding Americans and Irish aliens by giving U.S. criminal justice concerns priority
- * Renegotiate the US/UK Supplementary Extradition Treaty to reflect American ideals and principles.
- * Request the British government to grant credit to Joe Doherty for the nine years of imprisonment he served in the U.S. at the behest of the British government.

III. HUMAN RIGHTS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

Human rights abuses in Northern Ireland, especially by the British government and security forces, are a major cause for concern among Irish Americans. A number of respected agencies, including Amnesty International, the Helsinki Conference, and the European Court for Human Rights, have documented these abuses, especially over the past 25 years. Yet the State Department's annual report, *Country Reports on Human Rights Practices*, continually understates and minimizes these abuses. This suggests that U.S. government does not consider the problems in Northern Ireland documented by responsible human rights agencies to be equal to those of other nations.

A more specific, comprehensive, and detailed profile of Northern Ireland's human rights abuses must as a matter of international equity be documented by the State Department reports, addressing the following issues:

- * Extracting confessions by torture and emotional stress
- * Altering or withholding material evidence
- * Using one-judge, no jury courts (Diplock)
- * Using supergrasses
- * Employing a shoot-to-kill policy by security forces
- * Using plastic bullets
- * Excessive strip searching of women prisoners
- * Collusion between security forces and loyalist paramilitaries
- * Threatening and intimidating lawyers.

The proliferation of abusive security operations violates the civil rights of Northern Ireland citizens: destructive house searches without warrants; holding prisoners incommunicado without benefit of legal counsel for up to seven days; situating spy posts in nationalist locales; and harassing workers engaged in political activities.

Finally, the United States must apply in an outspoken and evenhanded manner its policy regarding human rights standards throughout the world. This policy, if applied unequivocally, will reinforce the need for fundamental changes in how Northern Ireland is governed, and will ease the perception which Irish-Americans have that the United States is often an indifferent observer to the human rights problems in Northern Ireland.

IV. IMMIGRATION STANDARDS FOR THE IRISH

The plight of Irish immigrants living illegally in the United States during the 1980s was largely abated through the Donnelly and Morrison visa programs, which set aside thousands of visa slots for the Irish.

However, it is already clear that the current 3 year Morrison Program (which ends in Fiscal 1994) will not absorb all of the undocumented Irish already living in the U.S. nor will it provide for the substantial number of new immigrants who are expected to come to this country during the remainder of the decade.

The Clinton Administration should actively support the major effort currently underway to consolidate and extend the existing Morrison Visa Program.

In a separate vein, the Irish American community is concerned that a number of prominent Northern Ireland leaders and officials from established political parties have consistently been denied visas to visit the United States. Despite recent amendments to the United States Immigration Act, specifically the Frank Amendment to the Immigration Act of 1990, denial of entry to the United States on ideological grounds is still being used to bar Northern Ireland citizens.

Visa denial on ideological grounds is contrary to the Free Speech principles of the United States. It also deprives U.S. citizens of their right to hear differing points of view. The policy of exclusion of Irish activists has even extended to depriving members of Congress from hearing such individuals. Absent a threat of unlawful activities in the United States, there is no justifiable reason to deny these people visas.

The Clinton Administration is urged to uphold the spirit and letter of the law, as defined in the Immigration Act of 1990.

V. THE MACBRIDE PRINCIPLES AND ECONOMIC INVESTMENT

Since 1985, legislation has been enacted in 13 states and over three dozen municipalities requiring pension fund investments and public entities to adhere to the MacBride Principles. Similar legislation is pending in a number of jurisdictions and in the U.S. Congress. Unlike the anti-apartheid movement, the MacBride campaign does not call for U.S. corporate divestment from Northern Ireland. Investment is encouraged provided strict anti-discrimination standards are upheld. Increased investment is an important component of any effort to promote employment equality.

The MacBride Principles - consisting of nine fair employment, affirmative action principles - are a corporate code of conduct for U.S. companies doing business in Northern Ireland. Statistics from Northern Ireland's Fair Employment Commission (FEC) confirm that Catholics are two and one-half times more likely to be unemployed than Protestants in Northern Ireland, a ratio that recent FEC reports show has not changed over the past decade.

The MacBride campaign has focused the attention of the British and Irish governments on the need for change in this area and was instrumental in persuading the British government to adopt a stronger anti-discrimination statute in 1989. However, current British law does not permit the full-blooded affirmative action which has been successful in promoting broader economic participation among women and minorities in the U.S., and which is necessary if employment inequalities are to be adequately redressed. The Clinton Administration, as a matter of policy, should support statutory changes in the Northern Ireland Fair Employment Act to allow for such affirmative action along the lines suggested by the British Labour Party.

In addition, the Administration should examine the actions of two U.S. agencies who have impeded the ratification of the MacBride Principles:

- * Since 1985, the State Department has lobbied intensively against city, state, and federal enactment of MacBride Principles legislation. This lobbying must cease.

- * In a recent change in policy, the Securities and Exchange Commission has held that shareholders no longer can put resolutions dealing with equal employment opportunity matters on corporate annual general meeting ballots. SEC officials have indicated that shareholder activism specifically relating to Northern Ireland is a target of this new policy. The Clinton Administration's SEC appointees must act to restore fundamental shareholder rights in this area.

In addition to the MacBride Principles, the Clinton Administration can take a number of positive steps to help ensure that economic development takes place in both parts of Ireland.

- * Continue to support the International Fund For Ireland (IFI) so that it more effectively stimulates job creation in both communities and among both traditions in Northern Ireland. Abolish political screening of IFI grant applications and establish a right of appeal. The Clinton Administration should state its willingness to increase the U.S. contribution to IFI above the current \$20 million a year if there is accompanying political progress toward peace, justice, and reconciliation.

- * Support economic investment in Irish infrastructure projects which have the goal of more closely integrating the economies of north and south, and preparing the island economy to compete effectively in the single market of the New Europe.

* Support proposals to create a Belfast-Dublin economic corridor to provide an additional stimulus for growth.

* Urge our allies in the European community to target increased structural fund money to Ireland, North and South, to enhance cross-border economic progress.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

CHRON

DATE: 3/6

NOTE FOR: George S

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you
for your:

Information ☒

Action ☐

Thank you.

JOHN D. PODESTA
Assistant to the President
and Staff Secretary
(x2702)

cc:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

GS - Interviewing
Speaker Tim Wirth's
draft of chapter from
upcoming book -
File

Shows LBT did
not want to go to - cut
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B.

JOHNSON ASCENDS

Lyndon Johnson was bigger than life. He was a compulsive overachiever, always racing both the clock and the calendar to nail "another coonskin on the wall" as he once impulsively boasted at a bill signing ceremony during the heyday of the Great Society legislation.

If Eisenhower was the most respected of the eight presidents with whom I served, and Kennedy the most inspirational, Lyndon Johnson was the busiest. I also believe he was the smartest. Not the most polished, nor the most intellectual. His was not the graceful patina of academia. After the lilting prose of the Kennedy years, Lyndon's formal speeches seemed almost labored at times.

But in sheer brainpower, in the ability to read other people and stay two steps ahead of an adversary, Lyndon Johnson was without peer. He was the only man I ever knew of whom I harbored the sometimes disquieting feeling that "this guy could outsmart me if he wanted to."

Johnson had an almost uncanny ability to know what other people were thinking and to say something -- often offhand and totally disarming in its informality -- that would set their minds at rest, quiet their apprehensions, play to their own predilections and enlist them as allies in his effort.

When Chief Justice Earl Warren first expressed reservations about heading the commission to investigate the Kennedy assassination, Johnson played unabashedly to Warren's sense of

duty. "The President of the United States is asking you to do this for the good of our country," Johnson pressed. In the end, Warren assented.

Television was not his forte. I always thought it might have been if the speech doctors and other gurus could simply let Lyndon be himself. Instead, they tried to get him to concentrate on enunciating each syllable with precision. They tried to tame his natural mannerisms and filter the Texas twang out of his voice. They tried to make him over and it didn't quite take. Some of President Johnson's nationally televised speeches came across stiff and stilted.

But, wow! Get Lyndon Johnson in a room with twenty-five or thirty people -- or 250 sometimes -- and he was dynamite. Forgetting formalities, being himself, tying his shoelaces or scratching his ear as he talked, Lyndon Johnson could be as rough as a corncob or as smooth as a baby's bottom, whichever the situation required. He had a kind of magic.

I saw it many times. A group of us would assemble, some at first skeptical of Johnson's latest proposal. The reputation for being persuasive can put people on guard. Some would be thinking, "Lyndon's going to try to sell us this harebrained idea, and I'm not buying!" He knew that. He'd begin to disarm us.

As he talked, he would be studying his audience. He'd know instinctively what one man wanted, what another feared, what a third hoped for. He would be saying some particular thing to appeal to each of us in that room. Thirty minutes later we'd walk

out in mental lock-step, each of us eager to do whatever it was Lyndon wanted done -- and not real sure just when it had happened to us.

But there was another side to Lyndon Johnson. He was what Sam Rayburn called "a big-brained man." He did not think small. "Make no little plans," wrote the Dutch astronomer Tycho Brahe, "they have no magic to stir men's blood." Lyndon had a dream -- or, better maybe, a barrel of dreams. He wanted to be the instrument of major beneficial change. Conscious of his powers of persuasion and hounded by his self-imposed goals, he was painfully aware of his own mortality and in a hurry to get things done before the sands in his hour glass ran out. "All the men in my family have died young," he remarked to me on two different occasions.

And, as if in justification for his frantic haste to remake the landscape of life for the less fortunate ones in our society, he'd quote his father's prodding when awakening the young Lyndon early in the mornings on the Pedernales farm. "Lyndon, get up," his dad would tell him. "Every other boy in town has an hour's start on you!"

There is no question that Lyndon Johnson wanted to make life better for plain people. As a teacher he had seen the plight of rural Hispanic children in the hard scrabble country of Southwest Texas. In his job as administrator of the NYA, he'd gotten a thrill from helping thousands of improvident youths to get through college. As a young congressman, he had insisted that agricultural programs be extended to black farm families. When a little town

in South Texas refused burial for the body of a young Mexican-American slain in World War II, Johnson arranged for the remains to be buried with honors at Arlington National Cemetery.

Robert Caro in the first two volumes of his biography seems unconscious of the central belief systems that drove and motivated our thirty-sixth president. Caro stresses the manipulative skills and self-promotion stratagems that propelled Johnson in his rise to power. But the writer didn't know Johnson. He ignores the most important ingredient -- why Johnson wanted power. Volumes have been written about his parliamentary prowess, his mastery of the arts of conciliation, his legendary feats as a trader, a persuader, a leader and a pleader.

Perhaps less well known was the fabric of fundamental beliefs that moved him. Anecdotes and stories, incidents and illustrations, tragedies and triumphs, moments of exaltation and periods of despair in the public life of Lyndon Johnson have occupied a battery of chroniclers for years and will do so well into the future. Let me here simply relate my own experiences with President Johnson and tell you how he seemed to me.

The spring of 1956 was a crucial point in Johnson's career. Only a year before, he had suffered a near-fatal coronary attack which had caused many to conclude that his political future was all behind him. Now his mentor, confidant and longtime personal friend, Sam Rayburn, had pushed him out into the arena of statewide combat to wrench from the hands of Governor Allan Shivers the

leadership of the Democratic Party in Texas. Four years earlier, Shivers had led a successful bolt away from the party and helped put Texas into the Republican column in the Presidential election. Now, still governor and titular head of the party, Shivers seemed intent on leading the state's delegation to the national convention for the purpose of once more bolting and again handing the state machinery over to the hands of the opposition. From the Democratic Party point of view, someone had to stop him. Clearly there was only one person who might have the statewide following to do so: Senator Lyndon B. Johnson.

The Senator had not sought the role of gladiator in this conflict. He had considerable personal respect for the governor and for his ability and would not deliberately have picked the fight. He had been thrust into it. Essentially, Johnson often seemed happiest when serving in the function of peacemaker. The passage of scripture which he most frequently quoted is from Isaiah: "Come, let us reason together." Yet there he was in the middle of the ring. Sam Rayburn, without directly consulting Lyndon, had publicly announced him as his personal choice for leader of the Texas delegation to the national convention. The gauntlet had been thrown down; Shivers had accepted the challenge. The bell had sounded, and the fight was on.

Johnson asked several of us in the House delegation to help him round up support in our areas. At his request, I joined him and Lady Bird in a quick week-end flight. I would stop off in Fort Worth; they would go on to Austin. George Reedy, Johnson's press

aide, also was aboard.

As he rode down on the airplane to our home state to do battle, Senator Johnson knew it would be a bitter fight, in some ways a very ugly one, with no holds barred. In his briefcase were the latest newspaper clippings from over the state. Shivers had been traveling Texas, speaking at rallies, grabbing all the headlines. His technique was to identify Johnson with Washington power intent on snuffing out "states' rights." Shivers was pulling no punches. With a broad brush, the governor was tarring the Senate majority leader with an alphabet of unpopular causes, allying him with "the ADA, the CIO-PAC and the NAACP!" Indignantly, Shivers was accusing Johnson of conspiring with "radical outside influences" in a plot to take over Texas and manipulate it from the banks of the Potomac. This was stout medicine in a state where local pride runs strong and people admire a spirit of fierce independence.

There was something else, too -- the explosive race issue. Ugly and brooding, it had festered just beneath the surface of Texas political decisions for two years. Since the 1954 Supreme Court ruling on school integration, smoldering hates and fears had been threatening to break into a flame. The state legislature, reflecting what it believed to be the public sentiment, passed a series of harsh anti-integration bills for the courts to knock down.

Now, riding in an aircraft seat beside the Senator and reading the news clippings, I could see the pattern of the duel emerging.

With increasing frequency, Shivers was sounding the bugle for a fight on this issue. It was the kind of potentially explosive, emotional issue on which the governor's advisors apparently felt he could win. Since the battle would turn on which of the two could get more of his partisans out to participate in the precinct conventions, the race issue seemed ready-made for the governor's purposes. Even a minority of the public, if sufficiently agitated, could bring out enough people to dominate the conventions. The race issue appeared just the sort of thing to agitate them into action. And the truth probably was that a majority resented the Court's decision as an intrusion into their affairs.

Johnson was being portrayed by his antagonists as a turncoat, a traitor to the Southern cause, a tool of the NAACP. Even among moderate Texans, this organization in 1956 carried a stigma of disaffection. If people could be led to believe that their Senator was playing up to such a group or doing its bidding, they would have rejected him. If he remained silent in the face of the charge, what would people believe?

"What are you going to do about this accusation?" someone on the aircraft asked the majority leader. "Don't you think you'll have to deny it?"

"No," Lyndon Johnson replied. "I'm not going to demagogue on that issue. If I have to try to prove that I hate Negroes in order to win, then I'll just not win."

He mused for a brief moment, then continued. "There's a little colored girl named Helen who brings my coffee to the majority

leaders office every morning. I'm not going to have to look away when she comes in for being ashamed of something I've said."

Then, turning to me, Senator Johnson said, almost in a reverie, "When I lay there in that hospital bed, I thought of a lot of things. A man doesn't occupy this earth forever. I don't know when I'll die, and I hope it won't be soon. But I'm not going to die with that on my conscience."

Ultimately, he met the issue head on. In San Antonio, Johnson said: "I didn't come back to Texas to divide class against class, or race against race, or section against section."

He won, all right. He won big and led the delegation to the national convention. It was the beginning of his comeback from a premature political demise to which many had consigned him. He went on to face other crises, to win national renown as the most skillful Senate leader in our memory, to spark the nation's space effort, to become President of the United States.

It was the beginning of something else, too. It was the beginning of a more enlightened policy in Texas on this particular issue. It was the start of a subtle change in the identification of one crucial state with the new West rather than with the old South. It gave encouragement to a new breed of Texas politicians. No longer was it necessary to mouth the old political shibboleths of "white supremacy" in order to win elections in the Lone Star State. One man had blazed the trail.

Eight years later, when President Johnson so effectively pleaded for and pushed to triumphant adoption the Civil Rights Act

of 1964, certain cynical and slightly jaded political observers commented, tongue in cheek, that Lyndon was "smart" to give the nation an "image" of a "national figure" who had "outgrown his parochialism." Poor silly, clever fellows. They thought it was expediency. I knew better. It knew it was conviction.

"Complex" is the word most often used to describe Lyndon Johnson's personality. He was a mixture of many things -- prudence and daring, sophistication and simplicity, gravity and humor, frugality and extravagant generosity. As a politician he was both cautious and bold. The first time I ever saw Lyndon was in 1941. Then a young congressman, he was running along with 12 others to fill the U.S. Senate vacancy created by the death of Senator Morris Sheppard. Johnson came within an inch of winning that contest, barely nosed out by the sitting governor, W. Lee O'Daniel. Although I was trying to help Attorney General Gerald Mann in that race, a lot of my friends were for Lyndon. Intrigued, I went to hear him one night at a rally. He was preaching the New Deal gospel. I instinctively liked a lot of the things he was saying. I was 18 at the time.

The thing that struck me like a thunderbolt and electrified audiences all over Texas was this audacious pledge, hurled out at a climatic point in the campaign speech: "On the day that it should ever become necessary for Congress to vote to send young American men to do battle for our country overseas, on that day Lyndon B. Johnson will leave his seat in the United States Senate

and go with them!"

Two friends of mine, Joe Kilgore and Sidney Reagan, worked for Johnson in that campaign. They confessed to me years later that they would separate, one going into the heart of the crowd at the candidate's right and the other among listeners on the speaker's left. When Johnson would intone this ringing pledge, each of them would let out a loud war whoop of approval. It never failed to set off a stampede of applause.

Gaudy showmanship? Maybe. Lyndon did not win that race and was not in the Senate six months later when Congress declared war upon Japan and the other axis powers. But he was in the House. And, true enough to his word, Lyndon Johnson was the very first of a fairly large group of his colleagues to shed their Congressional togas for a military uniform. He won the Silver Star in the South Pacific.

Both the promise and the deed were Johnson at his boldest. But he also could be cautious. Lyndon Johnson had no political death wish. He was not a Kamikaze liberal forever daring political demise. In a one-party state where the more conservative of the Democratic finalists invariably won the gubernatorial nomination, Johnson knew the danger of being too progressive, too outspoken, too far ahead of the pack.

He cultivated a casual folksiness, sprinkled with down-to-earth figures of speech and gave a homey, good ol' boy rationale for each of the liberal positions he took. He vigorously championed the state's principal economic interests -- oil, cattle,

cotton -- and cultivated some of the state's well-heeled entrepreneurs such as George and Herman Brown of Houston. These were among the dues he paid for voting more liberal than others of the state's elected leaders. I always thought he was as liberal as he could get by with being and still be elected.

Now, as President he moved deftly. His first defining acts were symbolic as well as practical. He went around turning off White House lights to demonstrate concern for the taxpayer's dollar. Subordinating his own agenda to that of the fallen president, Johnson asked every member of the Kennedy cabinet to continue to serve. He and Lady Bird invited Jacqueline Kennedy and her children to stay on in the White House as long as she wished.

Johnson's cost-cutting spree, aside from the obvious merit of eliminating waste, served three practical ends. It quickly established presidential control of the bureaucracy. It fixed Johnson in the public eye as a fiscally prudent leader. It paved the way and eased the pain for the social spending he'd be asking for. And Johnson's economies amounted to more than just tokenism, as doubters soon discovered.

Less than a week in office, Johnson called the joint chiefs of staff and told them he wanted reductions in military expenses. "Cut all the fat but leave the muscle," he said in his earthy prose. On November 30 he sent memos to all government departments and agencies, demanding reports on cost-reductions in the past year and eliciting ideas for tightening up in the year to come.

On December 1, he wrote approximately 7,500 defense contractors urging internal belt tightening. He instructed Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara to consider each contractor's cost-cutting performance in evaluating future bids for defense business. The next day, he ordered top military personnel to pass the word that cost-conscious performance would be studied in evaluating career militarists for future promotion.

Johnson personally telephoned the Chairmen of four Congressional Committees -- Government Operations and Armed Services in the House, Permanent Investigating and Preparedness in the Senate -- asking that their investigative panels be alert to any administrative duplication or over-staffing they might discover.

Not even the Space Program, in many ways Johnson's brain child and considered by some his pet among the agencies, was left unscathed. On December 5, at the president's urging, NASA administrators ordered a halt to the hiring of personnel at 24 companies engaged in manned space flight programs. The freeze was to give NASA time to reassess its ambitious undertakings in light of new budget strictures.

Prodded by the President, Secretary McNamara on December 7 ordered a cut of 25,000 in the number of civilians hired by the Pentagon. By July 1 of 1964, the department's civilian payroll would number less than 1 million people for the first time since 1950. McNamara also reduced by 2,500 the number of military and civilian personnel working on overseas headquarter's staffs and

eliminated 10 percent of the military advisors training foreign armies.

Before 1963 ran out, Johnson's determination to set a new standard in the elimination of waste resulted in closing orders for 33 military bases, a reduction by 75 percent in the number of chauffeur driven limousines and luxury cars driven by government officials, and the announcement that 17 Coast Guard stations were "no longer required." On Christmas Eve, Johnson revealed from his ranch that he had reviewed budget requests from all departments for the coming fiscal year and had reduced military askings by 9 billion and those from civilian agencies by \$10 billion. He pledged, "We will have fewer federal employees next year than this." Nothing like this had happened in more than a decade.

Johnson's critics often had tarred him as a "big spender." Within a month after assuming office, he had established solid credentials as a cost-cutter.

On the seventh day following the assassination and his oath of office, Johnson announced the appointment of a blue-ribbon, bipartisan President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy. The tumultuous events of that fateful week had the nation reeling. The slaying of the President and the wounding of Texas' Governor Connally, the killing of Dallas Patrolman J. D. Tippit, the arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald and his own gunning down two days later by Jack Ruby in the clear sight of millions of television viewers, unleashed a phantasmagoria of wild rumors. President Johnson knew the only way to restore calm was for the nation to be

reassured that the truth would be found and fully disclosed by an apolitical panel with unimpeachable credentials.

To assist Chief Justice Warren Johnson appointed six. Three of them -- Senator John Sherman Cooper, Rep. Gerald R. Ford and Eisenhower CIA Director Allen W. Dulles -- had recognizable Republican credentials. Senator Richard B. Russell, and House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs were respected Democrats. John J. McCloy, former diplomat and cabinet officer, seemed nonpolitical. Under their steady guidance, the Commission began its painstaking inquiry, and the nation regained its balance. It would take testimony under oath from 552 witnesses and publish an 816 page report, with 63 additional pages of footnotes. It concluded that Oswald was indeed the assassin and that he acted alone.

Since Oswald was from Fort Worth, we searched our own files in my Congressional office to see if we had ever heard from him or any of his family. Sure enough, on March 6, 1960, his mother had written to me asking if I could help her locate her son. She believed him to be somewhere in Russia and had not heard from him for many weeks. I'd forwarded her inquiry to our State Department which in turn had sent it to our embassy in Moscow. That embassy had replied that it had no record of any contact with Oswald since November of 1959 at which time he was threatening to renounce his U.S. citizenship and take up permanent residence in the Soviet Union. The embassy suggested that Mrs. Oswald write a letter to her son which could be forwarded to the Soviet Foreign Office for delivery. Our trail ended there, and we gave this information to

the Commission.

Johnson's first speech to Congress as President was eloquent and quietly forceful. "The greatest leader of our time has been struck down by the foulest deed of our time," he began. He pledged his total energies to carrying out the uncompleted work of President Kennedy. To that end, Lyndon Johnson would devote his considerable powers of persuasion and his intimate knowledge of Congress and its ways, born of 25 years experience in pampering, flattering, wheedling, cajoling, persuading and sometimes inspiring members of the lawmaking branch into doing things he deemed good.

In the first nine months of Johnson's presidency, it was apparent that he was putting more of John F. Kennedy's program on the law books than the charismatic Kennedy had been able to do in almost three years. By the end of September, Johnson had maneuvered through Congress a dazzling array of legislation.

The Kennedy tax cut, featuring tax credits for investments to modernize America's aging industrial plant, sailed through. The major poverty bill (called the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964) attacked the root causes of poverty -- poor health, poor education, inadequate housing. The civil rights bill forbade merchants, hotel and restaurant keepers from denying service to any because of race. Five big education bills helped colleges build facilities, provided money for fellowships, grants and loans for college students, and trained workers in new skills. More than 30 conservation measures produced dozens of new national parks and four national seashores

and a far-reaching research program for desalination of water. Several bills targeted the public health, attacking air pollution, helping families with mentally retarded children, training nurses and doctors and financing massive research to seek cures for such imposing problems as cancer and coronary disease. Congress, at Johnson's urging, launched the food stamp program to insure that "none go hungry in a land bulging with food surpluses." The list of achievements included a treaty banning nuclear tests in the atmosphere.

Through it all, Lyndon Johnson continued to credit his predecessor with the initiatives which produced this stunning agenda. There would be time enough, after his landslide election in 1964, to embroider his own initials into the historic tapestry of the Kennedy-Johnson years. But the distinctive "LBJ" brand already was visible.

The President's penchant for the three initials was causing amused murmurs. Once Walter Jenkins asked me to join two newsmen and two White House staffers at a dinner for the London publisher Cecil Harmsworth King. The Briton was eager for an understanding of the real dynamics of American politics. At one point, he said to me:

"Your Mr. Kennedy, with only a few minor alterations, could have been a British politician. And your Mr. Humphrey with no alterations at all could be a British politician. But your Mr. Johnson never could be a British politician."

Astonished at the comment, I stammered, "Why not?"

"Well, after all," King replied, "it's quite largely a matter of style. By way of example, if a chap were to offer himself for the public favor in the British Isles, and if his initials were LBJ and his wife's initials were LBJ, and each of his jolly children's initials were LBJ, and even his bloody dog's initials were LBJ, we would be right strongly inclined to think of that as rather a poor joke."

And when Johnson's daughter Luci Baines married Pat Nugent, Herblock did a cartoon for the Washington Post portraying Lyndon leaning ominously over his new son-in-law, insisting "You really must consider changing your name to Lucky Boy Johnpatrick."

What the British publisher did not understand was that if Lyndon had been born in England, he would have been more British than the British. His style and demeanor were studiously "down-home." The important thing is that they produced results.

President Johnson took the starchiness out of White House receptions. He gave them an air of warm, personal informality. To many of us in Congress, they seemed more natural, more comfortable and less stilted than in the past. They also became, for the first time, forums for genuinely productive conversation.

Under previous presidents, there had been one big reception each year for the 535 Members of Congress and their wives. Through the Eisenhower years, these were appallingly formal affairs. The President and Mrs. Eisenhower would stand in a receiving line as each member of Congress passed by in white tie and tails, ladies in long, flowing gowns.

During President Kennedy's administration, the receptions became less formal. Members wore tuxes instead of tails. Kennedy did not stand in a receiving line but circulated among the crowd. There was, in addition, a series of stag receptions which the president attended.

The Johnson technique was more informal still. There were more gatherings, and they were smaller. Johnson divided the House and Senate membership into ten groups and scheduled ten separate receptions. This made for a maximum of individual attention. It allowed each congressman and his wife to have a few personal words with the president and the first lady, who added her own special charm.

At one point in the evening, the spouses would go upstairs with Mrs. Johnson for a tour of the living quarters. The members would accompany the president into the Gold Room for informal talks. Usually Secretary of Defense McNamara and Secretary of State Rusk would speak briefly about the world situation. Then they and the president would answer questions.

Following this session, an orchestra would tune up for a ball in the big East Room. President Johnson made it a point to do a turn around the floor with each of the wives. As the evening ended, the President and Mrs. Johnson would shake hands again and have a parting word for each congressman and spouse. On one or two occasions later in his presidency, Johnson, weary to the bone, would duck out on the formal good-byes and slip quietly upstairs to bed. An early riser, he would be at work before six o'clock the

next morning.

While vice president, Johnson almost always had managed to get away on Wednesday noons for a trip to the Capitol where he'd join the Texas delegation at its weekly luncheon. Now, as president, those occasions became fewer and fewer. But he compensated by inviting selected groups of us to the White House on Sunday evenings. Often we'd ride over to the Anacostia River dock and board the president's yacht, The Sequoia, for a leisurely ride down the Potomac past Mount Vernon. We'd have dinner aboard the yacht, attended by Filipino stewards. The President often used these occasions to lobby us gently in behalf of his current projects.

Twice, wanting my help with a bill in the Public Works Committee, he asked me to come and join him for a swim in the big pool which Franklin Roosevelt had installed in the White House basement. We'd swim awhile and talk awhile. Swimming and walking were the two exercises in which Johnson indulged regularly. Once, walking around the south White House lawn with four of us early in his presidency, the big Texan ambled informally over to the fence to shake hands with some tourists who had called out to him from the sidewalk. While engaging in friendly banter, we heard the shrill screech of brakes. We looked up to observe a rear-end collision. The driver of one automobile, excited to get such a close glimpse of the president, had turned his head to gawk and had not noticed that the car in front of him was slowing down so that its driver too could get a better look at the chief executive. Lyndon Johnson vowed he never would go within sight of the street

again.

The presidency wrought one major change in Johnson's demeanor. He became much more cautious, even secretive about his movements and travel plans. The press office never announced his intention to attend an evening event outside the White House if public notice could be avoided. I learned to spot Secret Service personnel whose presence at a large function indicated an intention of the president to come, unannounced.

The Kennedy assassination profoundly transformed Johnson's attitude toward the Secret Service. As vice president, he sometimes had chafed at their presence. Once when I was a Sunday afternoon guest at The Elms and walking about the neighborhood with Mr. Johnson, he had disparaged the necessity of his ever-present shadows. "I doubt that either one of those guys could do any more for me than I could do for myself if anybody wanted to jump me," Lyndon had confided. After that dreadful day in Dallas, his attitude underwent a metamorphosis.

Lyndon was particularly devoted to Rufus Youngblood, the young Georgian who rode with him on that day. Youngblood was in the front seat of the vice president's limousine, with a clear view of the president's limousine ahead, when the assassination occurred. At the sound of the first shot, Youngblood immediately vaulted across the front seat, shoved the Vice President to the floor and shielded Johnson's body with his own. On December 4, less than two weeks after the tragic incident, President Johnson presented a rare

Exceptional Service Award to Youngblood in a moving private ceremony at the White House. At his generous best, the President said:

"There is no more heroic act than offering your life to save another and in that awful moment of confusion when all about him were losing their heads, Rufus Youngblood never lost his. Without hesitation, he volunteered his life to save mine."

Guests at Washington banquets were delightfully surprised when the President would appear, without advance notice. Several times Mab and I would be at a private party at the home of a colleague when, out of nowhere, the big limousine would drive up and the President enter the house accompanied by a Secret Service detail. If we had been more observant, we might have seen a member of the group sitting inobtrusively in an unmarked car across the street, observing the house prior to the President's arrival.

One reason for the president's great caution in that first year was that the office of vice president was vacant. Speaker John McCormack, then in his seventies, would have become president if anything had happened to Johnson. Not only did McCormack have absolutely no desire to be president; he had no patience with the requirement that, as next in line, he be accompanied at all times by the Secret Service.

Politely, the dignified Speaker would simply dismiss the agents assigned to him. "Young man," he would say, "I know you

are only trying to do your job, but I have no need of your services. As you can see, I am constantly on the move and there is no place for you to sit. Furthermore, members might not feel free to confide in me if someone else were standing around. So, you see, there is just no need for you here."

Not easily daunted, Secret Service Chief James Rowley arranged to place an agent in the room next to McCormack's apartment in the Washington hotel. The story takes on a kind of comic opera twist. Knowing the Speaker's devout Catholicism and wanting the agent to work his way into McCormack's confidence, Rowley had his man don the habit of a Roman Catholic priest. On his first evening in this assignment, the disguised agent scored. Speaker McCormack spotted the young "priest" sitting alone at the table next to the one he and Mrs. McCormack invariably occupied in the hotel's upstairs dining room. The speaker invited the young stranger to join him and his wife for dinner. The two very soon became friends. They began to join for dinner every evening.

Strangely, each morning when Speaker McCormack left his room to go downstairs, the young make-believe clergyman would be leaving his adjacent room at just the same moment. They would ride the elevator together and often remark at the singularity of their apparently identical schedules. Outside the lobby, McCormack would enter his limousine while the "priest" entered a taxi for his daily ride, presumably to Georgetown University where he'd told the Speaker he was doing a sabbatical.

One day, Speaker McCormack was unexpectedly delayed at the

hotel door by a colleague. Walking to his car, he noticed that the taxi which his young friend had entered was still immobile. Its driver seemed to be waiting for McCormack's limousine to depart. Once underway, McCormack watched and discovered that the taxi was following his limousine at a discreet distance. The "priest" was not going where he'd said. Georgetown University lay in the opposite direction. Suddenly, it dawned on the old man exactly what was happening. He ordered his driver to stop, got out and motioned the cab forward and with great dignity addressed the younger man whom he'd befriended.

"You've been deceiving me, haven't you?" he remonstrated. "You have betrayed our friendship by not being truthful with me, and that makes me very sad. But much worse than that, you have impersonated a priest. And if that is not a mortal sin, it surely is a sacrilege."

On such beliefs arose the hierarchy of values in the life of John McCormack. He was a man of towering decency, but not cut out to be president in the world of the 1960's.

Mindful of the constitutional void, Johnson urged Congress to amend the procedure of almost two hundred years by arranging a methodology to fill future vacancies in the office of vice president. Upon nomination by the president, a new vice president may be elected by Congress. The new provision was to be activated, twice in the next ten years, in the selection of both Gerald R. Ford and Nelson Rockefeller.

Johnson's war on poverty and his educational initiatives thrilled me. They fulfilled my concept of what government was all about -- spreading prosperity's base to share more of the good things of life with those to whom they'd been too long denied.

In April, the House passed the Food Stamp Bill by a vote of 229 to 189. The first shot in Johnson's "war on poverty," it performed two important goals. Providing wholesome food for low-income Americans, it also attacked the ugly anachronism of paying tax money to store costly surpluses in this land of abundance while looking the other way at domestic hunger. At an estimated cost of \$360 million annually, the plan would reach some four million needy Americans, many suffering from dietary inadequacies.

For the first time, the helping hand would be open not only to people on public assistance rolls. States would establish standards of eligibility, and grocers wishing to participate would agree to abide by the program's terms. Food stamps could not be used to purchase non-edible items such as detergents, lawn furniture, phonograph records or other goods found in copious abundance in supermarkets. Nor could they be used to buy alcoholic beverages, tobacco, soft drinks, or luxury foods.

People who wanted to participate would visit the local welfare agency. There, they'd determine what percent of the household's income was normally spent on food. Upon approval, a citizen would get an authorization to buy his allotment of food stamps at the issuing agency -- usually a local bank. He would get \$10 worth of stamps for \$6. The retail merchant simply deposited the food

stamps in his local bank along with other current receipts. The bank would credit them to his account as it would a government check, and redeem them through the Federal Reserve System. I was convinced along with a majority in both houses, that it was worth a try!

Other paving stones in the road to the Great Society would be put into place month by month. There was stubborn resistance, even some determined attempts at obstruction. In the House Public Works Committee where I was helping to get the Appalachian initiative on track after many weeks of sub-committee hearings, Republican members employed a rare tactic in their effort to obstruct or derail the package. On the third Friday in July, they boycotted the Committee en masse. They simply failed to show up for the "mark up" session we'd scheduled. Deprived of a quorum, the Committee could not proceed. The bill was temporarily stalled.

Old timers on the Committee were stunned. They vowed such a thing had never happened before. George Fallon of Maryland, John Blatnik of Minnesota, Bob Jones of Alabama seethed as though personally affronted. Public Works, of all major House panels, had been the most nearly bipartisan over the ten years I'd been on it. Time and again, we had gone to the House floor arm in arm, advertising our offering as an "all American" approach. Now, successive waves splashing higher on the dry beaches of poverty, opponents were beginning to call for tidal barriers.

We would pass the Appalachian program, but not without a fight. The Republican resistance in my Committee slowed down the

1964 adjournment. Speaker McCormack had said that the House could call it quits for the year only when it disposed of the pending anti-poverty bills. This was not the first nor would it be the last time for election year maneuvering to clog the legislative machinery.

Nobody exactly defended poverty, of course. Even President Hoover in his first presidential campaign in 1928 grandly prophesied a day "When poverty will be banished from this nation." Now that elusive goal and national dream seemed actually capable of accomplishment, almost within sight. On balance, our nation had never been richer. The gross national product for 1964 was expected to hit an incredible \$623 billion.

It was understandable that Johnson's effort to bring everyone into the promised land would be greeted by hoots and sneers in some quarters. For one thing, most Americans in their day-to-day lives did not see glaring signs of poverty in 1964. There were no homeless sleeping in the streets of our cities at night, none standing at traffic intersections with hand-painted signs promising to work for food. In our growing affluence, most folks just didn't come into direct contact with the "other America" of squalor and ragged clothes, of hunger, hopelessness and despair.

While wealth makes itself conspicuous, poverty tries to hide. We can see our neighbor's new swimming pool, but we can't see an old man like Rabbit Tate, whom a New York Times reporter found living in an old abandoned car in a mountain hollow near Charleston, West Virginia. But there were many other Rabbit Tates,

not advertising themselves. As we sent our well-fed and freshly-scrubbed children off to school each morning, we didn't think of teenage girls who refused to go to school because their classmates snickered at the faded, hand-me-down dresses they wore.

But there was, even in prosperous 1964, "another America" of unpainted shacks, skimpy meals, and racking coughs that refuse to go away. In the midst of America's unprecedented affluence, 30 million of our countrymen still lived on family incomes of less than \$3,000 annually. Lyndon Johnson wanted to do something about that, and I did, too.

By far the largest, most deeply-rooted pocket of poverty in the United States was Appalachia, the mountainous region lying between the thriving Eastern seaboard and the prosperous industrial Middle West. Its area of 165,000 square miles -- 10 times the size of Switzerland -- stretched through 10 states from northern Pennsylvania to northern Alabama. It was home to 15 million people, where one family in every three lived on less than \$3,000 a year. Kennedy had promised a new approach to Appalachia's problems. Johnson was determined to make good on the pledge.

These mountain people, like others in underdeveloped areas across our nation, were poor because they were not equipped to make a useful contribution to our modern economy. Crops and industries on which they formerly depended had been made obsolete by the onward rush of technology. They were left out. Hills denuded of hardwood timber and coal now taking a backseat to oil and gas, people were robbed of their traditional means of earning a

livelihood. Until they could be given the training and opportunity they needed to fit themselves into the new national economy, they would continue to be left out, no matter how fast the economy grew.

This, then was the problem. Those at the bottom, if they were to raise themselves by their bootstraps, must be provided first the bootstraps. They must be equipped with the education and skills necessary to lift themselves, to make their own contribution to our country, to hold remunerative jobs in some useful, needed activity.

In September the House debated the first appropriation of money for the antipoverty program. Both sides tended to think, as well as speak, in unconscious hyperbole. Advocates recited the stark statistics of grisly want in the midst of affluence. Democratic spokesmen rhapsodized upon our unrivaled opportunity to "heal the gaping sores of economic denial" and "banish poverty from our land!" Some of us were thinking, What a chance to carry out that Scriptural mandate to feed the hungry and clothe the naked! To visit widows and fatherless in their affliction! How could anyone doubt we were doing the right thing?

Then Joel Broyhill, Republican Congressman from Virginia's Tenth District, entered the debate. Joel was a decent guy -- friendly, energetic, hard-working, popular with both constituents and colleagues. But his speech ripped into some of my most cherished assumptions. Broyhill denounced the antipoverty program

as the "most flagrant, unabashed vote-buying scheme I have seen in all my years in Congress." He scorned the very idea that the Federal government is capable of eliminating poverty. He quoted Scripture:

The Bible says, "for ye have the poor always with you" and while I do not wish to make an odious or offensive comparison, I have a good deal more faith in the Bible than I have in some politicians' promises!

Others in the House elaborated upon the Broyhill theme. Some expressed deep concern over the increasingly popular fallacy that "the world owes me a living." One gave voice to the view that anyone who really wants to work can find a job, and another hinted darkly that too easy access to goods without work was "destroying the moral fibre" of the American people. Someone charged that multiple welfare payments were encouraging illegitimate births. A southern Democrat, leaning on the back railing of the House chamber, peered over his glasses and grunted to a colleague: "The Bible says if you don't work you don't eat!"

Most of these nay-sayers were my friends. We had disagreed before. From my earliest days I had tried consciously to cultivate the art of disagreeing without being disagreeable. This time, the self-righteous tone of some of the opposition was beginning to get under my skin. The use of Scripture, so widely at variance with my own interpretation, disturbed me. I knew that men of good will often disagree. I knew this could happen without either being a

demagogue or a rascal. None of us, I knew, enjoyed an exclusive franchise on God's truth. We indulge a powerful presumption when we try to create God in our own images.

A couple of days later, a Washington Post editorial sarcastically described Broyhill as that "noted theological and biblical commentator." Recounting his use of Scripture, the editorial concluded:

Mr Broyhill has piously reconciled himself to his fat and fortunate lot, and he expects the children of the poor to reconcile themselves with equal piety to their thin and miserable one.

We await with great interest Mr. Broyhill's next sermon which, according to a current rumor, will take as its text Matthew 19:24. As we remember it, no doubt imprecisely, the verse warns, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a smug and complacent real estate operator with political connections to enter the kingdom of God." If only the same rule of admission were enforced in the halls of Congress.

When I read the editorial, I chortled, then felt sorry for Joel. The tar brush portrait was recognizable but unkind. Joel's daughter Jeannie was often at our house. She and my daughter Kay

were classmates. "There's too much name-calling and self-righteousness on both sides of this issue;" I fumed to my family. In truth, I probably was as guilty as any of the others. In the war against poverty I was a true believer.

Johnson's Economic Opportunity Act covered a wide range of programs. It launched the Job Corps, giving some 450,000 young high school dropouts another chance, practical training for a marketable skill. It gave loans and technical help to farm families and financial encouragement to people who would hire the handicapped and the unemployed. Its cost for the first year was estimated at nearly \$1 billion. In 1964 that was a lot of money.

A lot, yes. But less than one-fiftieth the amount we were spending that year on national defense. I realized with a twinge of personal poignancy that the \$1 billion to fight poverty was actually less than one-eighth of the total earmarked to be spent within a few years on one weapons system, the TFX which I had fought successfully to get built in Fort Worth. Under these comparisons, I thought it morally indefensible to let millions of people go hungry while, as Senator George McGovern pointed out, our country was producing 600 tons of food per minute and a lot of it was going to waste.

Another big victory for Johnson was the Civil Rights Act of 1964. It passed the House in February and became law in July. The bill attacked the denial of human rights on a broad front. It sped up school desegregation, broadened the powers of the Civil Rights

Commission, outlawed discrimination in employment and in labor union memberships. It established a Community Relations Service to mediate race disputes, directed the census to study registration and voting patterns of minority races, and authorized the Attorney General to instigate or intervene in some civil rights cases. Sweeping as the mandates were, I liked the basic thrust of the bill.

The sticking point for a lot of people was the "public accommodations" section. It presented me with one of the most difficult choices of all my years in Congress. Looking back later, I've often wished that I had chosen differently.

The bill required business holding themselves out to the public to serve all of the public. Targeted were restaurants, hotels, and other service establishments. Not only in the South but across the country were many establishment that restricted their clientele to whites only. It was an ugly but very common practice. Throughout my life I had seen a sign displayed in places of business: "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone." I never before had bothered to reflect upon exactly what that meant.

It would not be out of character for me to break ranks from the great column of members from my region. I had done that before. While in the legislature I had favored opening the University of Texas law school to black students. When that was not done, I voted to build a law school expressly for them. As mayor of Weatherford I had taken the initiative to bus black

students to high school. I had joined only two others from our delegation in refusing to sign the "Southern Manifesto" protesting school desegregation. I had voted for other civil rights bills.

Yet this one bothered me. I thought about all those thousands of small businessmen in small towns across America with whom I had worked in business, and I worried about the government's right to tell them whom they may or may not serve. There is a difference, I thought, between publicly owned facilities and privately owned facilities. I pondered in my mind the distinction between a right and a convenience. In tax-supported institutions, the same rights surely must be accorded to all of our citizens. Schools, highways, parks and playgrounds, libraries, public hospitals -- all tax-supported things belong to all of us together. But my neighbor's store, like his home, does not belong to me nor to the public generally. It belongs to him, I reasoned. I enter his door only at his pleasure. Even though my trade, and that of others, may be the only thing that keeps him in business, it still would be his right to deny me service if he wished.

Well, I was wrong. I was viewing the matter, I later came to believe, too legalistically. I knew that I would have found it offensive to be turned away from a business establishment whose premises I had entered. But that never had happened to me. I doubt that I could know how deeply repugnant the experience would be.

Shorty thereafter, I read John Griffin's book, Black Like Me. The author, a constituent of mine from the little town of Mansfield

which had produced the ugliest local incident over school desegregation, undertook a remarkable odyssey. He dyed his skin a dark ocher color and passed for a negro through the course of a long, poignant and sometimes painful journey across the American Southland. He told stories of denial and humiliation, turned away repeatedly from eating establishments and even public restrooms. The book affected me.

I knew it was wrong for negro citizens traveling across the country on our highways to be unable to find places to stop or sleep or eat through whole sections of our land. I should have voted for the bill. Instead, captive of my past and limited in vision by my own experiences, I voted as the others did throughout my part of the country. Only four Texans out of 23 in the House supported the bill. They were Jack Brooks, Henry Gonzales, Jake Pickle and Albert Thomas. I wish I had been with them.

The first Johnson years were, on balance, very good ones for me. The country prospered and the projects I had launched for my district flourished. The rumble of heavy machinery signaled the beginning of construction on the \$16 million downtown federal office center I'd sponsored. Bulldozers began moving massive tons of earth for three badly needed flood prevention projects I had fought for. Assembly lines hummed at General Dynamics, winner of the TFX award, at Bell Helicopter and at LTV Aircraft Corporation.

Things were looking up nationally. Construction activity ran 12 percent ahead of the year before. Automobile sales and

production enjoyed an upswing to a new record high. Remarkably, prices were holding firm throughout a 38 month-old business upswing. Wholesale prices had not risen since 1958, and consumer prices had gone up only 1.3 percent a year. In the 1964 Democratic primary I was opposed for the first time. I'd had opponents in the general elections, but not in the primaries. My opponent was a popular city councilman named Tommy Thompson. - I carried every precinct and won renomination with a better than 10 to 1 margin. That fall I would triumph over Republican challenger Fred Dielman with 68.5 percent of the vote. I had popularity to spare, I thought. I could have voted for that public accommodations bill.

Something else was happening, with the consequences of which none of us were reckoning. In the first week of August 1964, in a far-away body of water called the Tonkin Gulf, several PT boats under the North Vietnamese military command fired upon one of our ships, the USS Maddox. Later speculation would raise a question of whether the commanders of these boats, thinking our ship was in their territorial waters, might have fired warning shots. Whatever they thought will never be known. On the order of President Johnson, our navy counteracted swiftly and decisively. Our warships not only drove off the attackers; they sank them. After a second wave approached, navy planes flew out to destroy the remaining PT boats, their bases and fuel supplies. "If the bee stings, you go for the hive," observed an approving State Department official.

President Johnson wasted no time on stilted words of stuffy

protests conveyed through diplomatic channels. He let our actions speak. The world was put on notice of what amounted to a new policy. Up to that time, our exact status as a friend and supporter of South Viet Nam had been nebulous. The lesson was blunt: a deliberate attack on U.S. forces would not be tolerated. We would not allow the attackers to run to a privileged geographic sanctuary and cry "King's X." Yet our military response was restricted to the PT boat bases immediately involved. The swift response caught both Russia and Red China off balance. Before anyone could debate or protest or threaten, the battle was over. The targets were destroyed and our navy was cleaning its guns.

Anxious that America should present a united front, President Johnson immediately called Senator Barry Goldwater, whom the Republicans had nominated as their candidate to oppose him in the November election. Before news media could report the retaliatory attack, Johnson personally advised Goldwater of his decision. Knowing that the Arizona Republican would be called upon for a public comment, Johnson reached him first. Goldwater issued a statement supporting the president's action.

Although Johnson's role in this crises would be widely criticized later, it was vastly popular at the time. Calmly and reassuringly, the president recited the details of the skirmish in the Tonkin Gulf to a nationwide television audience. As always, the people rallied. It is an unfailing phenomenon. In the immediate aftermath of an unexpected military engagement with any foreign adversary, the people instinctively close ranks. I have

observed the reaction in more than a dozen situations over a period of more than 50 years.

At the onset of any such struggle an impulsive patriotism overrides doubt and stifles dissent. Americans resolve any initial questions in favor of our president and rally in support of American troops. It's "us against them." But, as we discovered in Korea and to our lasting confoundment in Vietnam, the public's expectation is for victory and its patience evaporates easily. Americans may be, in fact, the world's most impatient people. We rally in national crises. But we want quick results.

Presidents Reagan and Bush would play adroitly to this trait in the American character as they pursued the swift destruction of lesser foes in Grenada in 1983, in the bombing of Khadafi's headquarters in Libya in 19 , in the swift sac of Panama in 1989, and in the pulverizing bombardment of Iraq in 1991.

President Johnson immediately asked Congress for a resolution of unity and support. He reminded Congress that our commitments in Southeast Asia had been made 10 years before by President Eisenhower and upheld by President Kennedy. With absolute predictability, Congress gave him what he wanted. The open-ended Gulf of Tonkin Resolution authorized the president "to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States and to prevent further aggression." A federal court later would equate this with a declaration of war.

Polls gave President Johnson approval ratings in the 80s. Noting that our country was entering three months of political

campaigning, Johnson held up the shield of public opinion as a warning to the world. "Hostile nations must understand," he said, "that in such a period the United States will continue to protect its national interests, and that in these matters there is no division among us." Americans did seem united. To most of us, in Congress and out, we felt confident of the following almost absolutes:

1. America keeps her word. In southeast Asia as elsewhere, we honor our commitments, including promises to help defend the freedom of our allies.

2. Southeast Asia was entitled to the umbrella of our protection. A threat to the independence of any nation in that region was a threat to all, and a threat to us.

3. Our purpose was peace. We had no military, political, or territorial ambitions in the area. We wanted no colonies and did not think of ourselves as "imperialists."

4. The war in Viet Nam was not just an isolated jungle war but part of a worldwide crusade to resist communist military expansionism.

"As I have repeatedly made clear," president Johnson said, "the United States intends no rashness, and seeks no wider war. We must make it clear to all that the United States is united in its determination to bring about the end of Communist subversion and aggression in the area."

The protest movement was not yet underway. Patriotism was

rampant. My nineteen year old son, Jimmy, wanted to be a part of the struggle for freedom. A year earlier, when he had wanted to go into the Peace Corps, I'd persuaded him to stay in college. "There'll be plenty of time for the Peace Corps if you want to do it later," I'd assured him.

Now, in his second year at Texas Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, Jimmy told me he'd made a decision. "A lot of kids can't go to college, Dad," he said. "They're being drafted and being sent to Vietnam. It isn't fair. Some fellows are just prolonging college and dragging it on to avoid serving the country. I don't feel any sense of purpose here. You left college and went to war when you were my age and you've always been proud you did. I have decided I want to do exactly the same thing. In fact, I have enlisted in the Navy."

There was a lump in my throat and a shiver up my spine. I tried lamely to dissuade him but what could I say? I tried to convince him to get at least another year of college under his belt first and think about it carefully. But he had already made a decision. I had to honor it, and be prouder of him than I could express in words. At that point both he and I believed that what our country was doing in Vietnam was just and right and noble.

Lyndon Johnson romped to victory that November. His spectacular success in carrying out so many of John Kennedy's objectives, his careful husbanding of our tax dollars while investing in our country's human resources, and his resistance to what the nation saw as Communist aggression in Southeast Asia

presented an attractive picture of leadership to the American people. Johnson, who had won all his previous political battles by putting together a coalition of the left and the middle, now drew support also from many rank and file people who considered themselves "conservative."

Barry Goldwater's stark conservatism was seen as harsh, radical, extreme. He was just the kind of foe made to order for Johnson's patented brand of sweet reasonableness. In 1963, while vice president, Lyndon had told me once that Kennedy was drooling over the hope that the Republicans would nominate Goldwater.

Goldwater played the role in which his adversaries cast him, never stepping out of character. In his acceptance speech at the Republican convention, he intoned: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." He picked Rep. William E. Miller, considered a right-wing spokesman in the House, as his running mate. The Republican convention, spurning the more centrist Eisenhower leadership, veered sharply to the right in its platform.

Goldwater's most fanatical followers, garbed in the self-righteousness of the extreme right, characteristically over-played their hand. When Democrats met short days later in Atlantic City, they were taunted by an enormous billboard flaunting its bulk from the south end of the Boardwalk. It dominated the landscape and obscured much of the beach from view. Goldwater's likeness scowled down from its pompous perch, with the accompanying inscription: IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT!

In the ensuing campaign, I ignored my own Republican rival to campaign throughout Texas for the ticket and to make appearances at the invitation of colleagues in six other states. Dan Blocker, the big genial Texan who played the Hoss Cartwright character in the Bonanza series joined us one day at the Johnson ranch and accompanied me in three public appearances in behalf of the Democratic ticket. Friendly as a big Saint Bernard dog, "Hoss" drew fantastic crowds. He'd tell of his boyhood on a dry West Texas farm and end his peroration with this laconic comment: "These Republican say we've been goin' down hill ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office. If that's really the direction we're slidin' in, I just caint hardly wait to get to the bottom!"

When Democratic campaign rhetoric got around to Goldwater, his preening slogan made a great target for paraphrasing. "In your skull you know he's dull!" a Democratic orator would sing out after quoting some extreme statement the Republican presidential candidate had uttered. Or "In your guts you know he's nuts!" Or "In your mind you know he's blind!" Probably the most telling advertisement of that campaign was the Democratic TV spot which aired nationally. A little child was seen innocently plucking petals from a flower. Suddenly a mushroom cloud enveloped the screen. I was among those who thought the ad an unnecessarily frightening bit of political overkill. But Goldwater's shoot-from-the-hip manner and the jingoistic super-patriotism of some of his followers made him an inviting target.

In the Johnson landslide that November, precedents were shattered like window glass in the wake of a sonic boom. His popular majority topped FDR's stunning 1936 reelection win. And Johnson's coattails were almost as broad. The Democratic majority in the new Congress was a little better than 2 to 1 over the GOP - - 68 of the 100 Senators and 295 of the 435 member House. The sweep was most impressive in the North. Voters replaced 42 House Republicans with that many new Northern Democrats. In the Dallas district which adjoined mine, ten-year veteran Republican Bruce Alger was swept out of office, replaced by Democratic Mayor Earle Cabell. In El Paso, voters rejected one-term Republican Ed Foreman for Democratic State Rep. Richard White. Texas gave Johnson 63 percent of its vote and returned Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough in an easy 56 percent win over Republican challenger George Bush.

On inauguration eve, Mab and I invited the whole Texas contingent -- two busloads of more than a hundred people -- to our house in northern Virginia for a buffet dinner. We had intended for one busload of passengers to come from 7 to 8 and the other from 8 until 9 o'clock. But the 7 o'clock crowd stayed on. Everyone was in a festive mood. An arctic cold gripped the Washington area and nobody seemed to want to brave the icy air for a walk to the bus, sitting outside with its engine running. We encased the screened-in porch with a makeshift layer of isinglass to give one extra room for the crowd to spill into. It was wall-to-wall guests, but nobody seemed to mind. A Texan had been

elected president! Conviviality reigned.

Happy though I was to be host to such a magnificent celebration, there was an aching void somewhere inside me. My son Jimmy would be 20 in one more month. He would have enjoyed these festivities. I wished he could be there. He was at the Memphis Naval Air Station, soon to see service on an aircraft carrier in the South China Sea. He had written that he hoped for assignment to on one of the "fast boats" that patrolled the internal rivers of Vietnam.

Across the land other young men were gearing up for military service. This fact would loom like a dark storm cloud on the horizon of President Johnson's upcoming term. It would dump a cargo of sleety rain upon his, and our parade.

GREAT SOCIETY

Beginning his sixth term in Congress, a member can feel invincible, like an athlete in his physical prime. Behind him are the early frustrations of the seniority system, the years of waiting to be recognized by his colleagues, the condescension of older members. In 1965, spurred on by the electoral victories in which I'd so recently participated, I was determined to make a broader mark in the legislative arena.

Already I had carved out a leadership role in the delayed Appalachian bill. I would move this year with the Trinity River Development Plan, after ten years of grooming it and shepherding it through the exhaustive Corps of Engineers studies. I would take a major hand in expanding the Clean Water Program in which I'd become increasingly interested.

These were the goals I was mulling in my mind as the victorious Democrats convened for our pre-session caucus. I did not know at the time that I would get caught up emotionally and physically in the fights for Medicare, the Voting Rights Act, and Highway Beautification. I also would grow more deeply involved in the struggles of Latin America and grope for a handle to a door to peace in Vietnam.

Other Democrats in Congress were feeling their oats. Flushed with victory, liberals in the House flexed their muscles. They broke with long-standing tradition in the Caucus to discipline two of our number who had bolted the party in the previous November to support Republican nominees. By a vote of 157-115, the Party

Caucus stripped Representatives John Bell Williams of Mississippi and Albert W. Watson of South Carolina of their committee seniority. The two were not denied committee assignments, as was Senator Wayne Morris by the Republicans after the 1952 election. But in a body where seniority means power, Williams particularly lost standing, prestige and influence. A one-armed World War II Air Corps hero elected to Congress at a young age, he had risen through seniority to become the number two man on the powerful Commerce Committee in the House. He would have ascended to the Chairmanship at an early date. Now, his seniority amputated, Williams went to the bottom of the roster.

Internal censures, ironically, can boost the popularity of a Congressman at home. They tend to reinforce his image as an independent leader with a mind of his own. Williams would abandon his House career to seek and win the governorship of Mississippi. Watson would resign, seek reelection as a Republican and win. Senator Wayne Morris, ostracized by his Republican Senate colleagues in 1953, had made weekly attacks on their narrow-minded exclusivity. He had accused them of denying the entire citizenry of Oregon their rightful place at Senate Committee tables. In two quick stages, he re-identified himself, first as an Independent, finally as a Democrat. It was his vote, in fact, which gave Senate Democrats a majority and elevated Lyndon Johnson after the 1954 election to Majority Leader in the Senate.

But, for the moment, Congressional Democrats were crowing. In Mississippi, a group of black citizens sought to deny seating

to several of their state's Congressmen who they felt had not worked hard enough for a Democratic victory. For the first time in many years, a wholly unauthorized person -- playing upon the back-home challenge to Mississippi members -- gained admittance to the House chamber to give pseudo comic relief to the staid opening-day proceedings. Dressed like a black-faced comedian in an old time comedy, the unidentified man rushed past the guards, entered the chamber from a rear door beside the Speaker's rostrum and pranced around like a minstrel player, shouting "Ah is de delegation from Mississippi." He was unceremoniously ousted in due time by Capitol police. Unlike that of the actor, the faces of the police were quite red.

House Republicans, discouraged by their losses, overturned their leadership. They replaced Minority Leader Charlie Halleck of Indiana with Gerald Ford of Michigan. I wrote in a newsletter at the time that Ford's most apparent advantage over Halleck was that he'd look better on TV. Halleck was pudgy with heavy jowls. He also was a more vigorous debater than Ford and more prone to pick partisan quarrels. Ford presented a more "moderate" image. Republican dismay over the election's outcome was evident in a comment by New York Rep. John Lindsay. Admonished not to rock the GOP boat, Lindsay replied: "How can you rock a boat that is already sunk?"

In 1965, I became a sub-committee chairman, appointed to head the Public Works panel on watershed development. My first book, You and Your Congressman would be published that year by Coward-

McCann. I was beginning another manuscript on the nation's clean water problems. In recognition of my growing status in Congress, I was invited along with Republican House members John Anderson and Ross Adair and a handful of Senators including Foreign Relations Chairman William Fulbright to spend a week in discussions with British parliamentarians at an old English country estate called Ditchley.

That trip coincided with Winston Churchill's funeral. I observed the procession from a window of the British foreign office and felt a strong affinity. From the first solemn pealing of the bells at Westminster to the soft falling of twilight over the quiet old churchyard at Bladon, the funeral was a pageant re-enacting the history of the century. Churchill's life, like the central refrain of a musical composition, had threaded its way subjectively through most of the major events of my lifetime.

There was a sharp contrast from the Kennedy funeral of fifteen months earlier. Then, a stunned world watched a nation in disbelieving shock bury a young leader plucked off violently in the prime of his life. Now, in London, the mood was not of trauma but of resignation and memory. The silent crowds which lined the cobbled streets on the cold, gray day were not in shock. They probably had been steeling themselves for the day's inevitability. For all the sad splendor and deep-felt grief, this was nothing less than a reliving in tranquil retrospect of "their finest hour" -- the battle of Britain, Dunkirk, V-E Day.

There was something of pride for an American, as the elite of

Britain who packed the historic cathedral sang with voice and feeling our Battle Hymn of the Republic, chosen personally by Churchill in an expression of his known fondness for our country.

For the four days following the funeral, the American congressional delegation met with some of England's leaders -- Lord Mountbatten, Selwyn Lloyd and others -- in a discussion of our mutual problems. The similarities were notorious. East of Suez, we seemed to be fighting the same holding action against leftist expansion -- Britain in Malaysia, the U.S. in Vietnam.

Back in Washington, I pushed deeply into the fight for the Appalachian Regional Development Act. Over the past ten years, I had been to the region many times with West Virginia Senators Robert Byrd and Jennings Randolph and with House colleagues Bob Mollahan and Pat Jennings. I had driven its winding country roads, stopped at crossroads mountain towns, eased my way into conversations with the people. Most of the inhabitants, I learned, lived on hillside farms and in little "ribbon towns" which meander among the hollows and valleys of the mountain range, largely isolated from the world and from one another.

Yesterdays of neglect had left their stain. Family income for the sixteen million Americans who inhabited its mountains lagged a full 35 percent behind the rest of the nation. Coal, timber and marginal farming, the three historic pillars of the economy, had all deteriorated as founts of income. The remote inaccessibility of the vast rural interior long had discouraged industry.

The Appalachian bill was the result of more than four years of intensive planning. Former President Kennedy, shocked by the deprivations he witnessed there in 1960, early in his administration began a crusade for a coordinated attack upon the causes of economic paralysis. Planning sessions followed. Ten governors participated. More than 400 local leaders presented recommendations. The congressional committee on which I served and its companion in the Senate, after months of hearings, had finished drafting and perfecting the legislative package in the summer of 1964.

More essential than any other thing was a system of roads to bridge the hills and span the valleys. Only this could open up the hidden wealth of latent water, mineral and recreational resources to profitable job-creating private investments. So the lion's share, \$840 million of the financial authorization, was dedicated to build a network of development highways and access roads.

In a single decade 641 thousand had lost their jobs in the coal fields. Most of them were subsisting on welfare and trying to eke a meager living from the thin hillside soil. Welfare and unemployment benefits were soaking up \$500 million annually. In order to convert thousands of welfare recipients into productive taxpayers, we proposed to establish vocational schools to train the youth in new technologies and to re-equip with useful skills these legions who'd lost their only livelihood when the mines closed.

Agriculture, the only remaining staple of the economy, was centered historically on family farms. Generations of erosion and

rapacious timber and coal exploitation had left hillsides barren of cover and landscapes scarred and gutted by abandoned mines. A program of hillside terracing, contour planting, intelligent reforestation and sealing of coal voids would help small landowners to hold and improve what they had.

The Appalachian bill sailed through the Senate on February 1 by 62-22. In early March we took it to the House floor. I was chairman of the task force to round up votes. In arguing for the bill in speeches and individual appeals to members, I stressed a theme which I would use for the rest of my congressional career: Not a hand-out but a hand. The purpose, I emphasized, was not to create jobs on the public payroll but to provide the basic infrastructure to stimulate private investment.

This had been the philosophy behind other strictly regional approaches, I recalled -- like the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Great Plains Conservation Act of the 1930s. I was convinced that recent, as well as ancient, experience demonstrated that the approach could work. To Westerners, I pointed out that the reclamation program, designed for 17 underdeveloped western states, by utilizing water resources for irrigation farming in erstwhile deserts had transformed a formerly backward region into one of the nation's most progressive.

I would remind fellow Texans that, ten years earlier, drought-stricken Texas ranchers had received massive federal relief. Without it, many would have been out of business, forced to liquidate their breeding stock. Now they had recovered

sufficiently to pay back into the Treasury more than enough taxes to compensate for their benefits. I discovered that, as early as 1785, in our republic's infancy, the Northwest Land ordinance called upon citizens of the Eastern seaboard to share of their bounty with fellow Americans trying to grub out a living north and west of the Ohio River. What we were trying to do for Appalachia was as American as biscuits and gravy.

The opposition was vigorous and vocal, but we outnumbered them. After three days of debate, the bill passed by a vote of 257-165. It was a gratifying victory and a good warm-up for me. Some of the arguments I'd developed could help later, I thought, in my struggle to win approval for the Trinity River development plan. I was convinced that this ambitious undertaking could do for a big swath of middle Texas as much as the Tennessee Valley program had done for several states of the old south.

A month later came the Medicare bill. This was a major centerpiece of the Johnson years. The idea of federal aid to help people cope with rising medical costs had been the subject of public debate for decades. Thirty years earlier, when I was a junior high school student in Seminole, Oklahoma, it was the official Interscholastic League debate subject.

In all the intervening years, the medical profession and conservative ideologues had quaked in fear of any modicum of governmental assistance. They equated any such effort with "socialized medicine." Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and

Means Committee, working with Oklahoma Senator Robert S. Kerr, extracted much of the venom from the opposition. Patiently, Mills called opponents who had spoken out when the idea first surfaced. He asked them to appear before his committee, listened carefully to their objections, worked tirelessly to find areas of accommodation.

The finished product as it came to the House floor was a rare example of congressional creativity. It embodied the better features of President Johnson's proposal along with safeguards suggested by the doctors in a milder "eldercare" plan they were offering as an alternative. Mills also incorporated suggestions advanced by the private insurance industry.

The bill, thus, was a synthesis of many viewpoints. The basic idea had wide public support. Practically no family in America was immune to the frightening rise in the cost of medical treatment. While the consumer price index was increasing 27 percent since 1950, physician fees were rising 51 percent and hospital rates soared upward by 139 percent.

Hardest hit were the elderly. Most lived in dread of the economic ravages which sudden illness could bring. Only one person in ten above the age of 65 had escaped at least one hospital stay. People in that age group required approximately three times the hospital care of younger Americans. Their incomes on average were only about half as high. A lengthy hospital stay could absolutely exhaust the savings of an elderly family.

The Medicare bill provided a four-pronged attack on the

problem:

1. A basic hospital insurance program became available to everyone over 65. It would be financed through payroll taxes going into a separate trust fund for this purpose. This avoided fears that the new program would unbalance the Social Security Trust Fund.

2. A supplementary voluntary health insurance program came into being for those who want it. Coverage purchased through private insurance companies and underwritten by the government, would pay for doctors' services. Anybody over 65 could enroll, or be enrolled, at a flat \$3 monthly premium to be matched out of general revenues. A state, for example, could enroll all its relief recipients.

3. An expanded Kerr-Mills medical assistance program extended Federal matching grants to the states for all medically indigent. Some states, including Texas, already had done a creditable job with Kerr-Mills. Others had not.

4. The bill granted a 7 percent increase in Social Security benefits. Out of this, those wishing to could pay their \$3 monthly premiums for the voluntary insurance. Also, the amount of independent earnings permitted those receiving Social Security without loss of benefits was increased from \$1700 to \$2400 annually.

The private doctor-patient relationship was guaranteed. Physicians would not deal with the government, but with private insurance companies under the optional plan. Each individual was

free to select his own doctor or hospital. This pulled the teeth of the medical lobby. The bill passed the house by 313-115.

One aged legislator, sprawling in an over-stuffed chair in the private members-only cloakroom behind the House chamber, took a sip from a coffee cup and commented whimsically: "I've been making campaign speeches in favor of this bill for the past twenty years! I almost hate to see the problem solved. It's been such a fine thing to talk about."

In 1965, Coward-McCann published my first book. It was about the Congress, the thing I knew best. The title was You and Your Congressman. My book was not an expose. I didn't try to scandalize the institution with lurid tales of corruption. As a matter of fact, I didn't know any. I was, to the contrary, in love with the Congress. It was my life, and I wanted to share it.

In the preface, I laid out my own sentiments in these words:

The Congress of the United States is probably the most fascinating human institution in the world. It is, beyond question, the most criticized legislative assembly on earth and still the most honored. It can rise to heights of sparkling statesmanship and, on occasion, sink to levels of crass mediocrity. In both postures it is always interesting -- because it's human. The story of Congress is the story of people.

The first printing was 4,000 copies. There would be three more printings and two updates, in 1972 and 1976. The book got encouraging critical acclaim while not making a great deal of money. I didn't care. It was a labor of love.

Already I was collecting material for a second book. We

Presbyterians had always gone in for sprinkling ("you haven't been baptized; you've just been dry cleaned!" a Baptist friend sometimes chided me.) By now I was being "totally immersed" in the subject of water. From my spot on the Public Works Committee, I was taking on more and more responsibility for the nation's water programs. As a child of Texas, I had seen its effect in feast and famine, the sudden disaster of floods, the slow devastation of drought.

Now I was fascinated by the human capacity to overcome the ancient challenge. The rapid growth of pollution, by both chemical and natural means, horrified me. The prospect of desalinating sea water and moving it to regions of short supply intrigued me.

For the moment, I concentrated on helping to perfect the water quality effort so tentatively undertaken a few years earlier. Our government's pilot program in eight years had encouraged the building of 5,994 modern sewage treatment plants in communities throughout the country. About \$500 million in federal grants had stimulated local investments of more than \$3 billion in water purity. Impressive though this was, it wasn't nearly enough. The problem, I saw, was outpacing our solutions. Thousands of local crises were merging into a national crisis.

Along the flooding Mississippi River during the first week of May, 1965, untreated sewage washed up through storm sewers into the streets of several towns. Students in a Connecticut public school tried the drinking fountain and stepped back in horror as a milky substance frothed up in bubbles from the faucet. Laundry detergents were working their way back through the city's water

system.

I remembered the Saturday three years earlier when I took my little girls for a ride in a swan boat on the beautifully landscaped Tidal Basin where cherry trees form a delicate pink wreath in the shadow of the Washington and Jefferson Memorials. I looked away in embarrassment and tried to change the subject when my youngest daughter commented about "those funny looking things" on top of the brownish water. They were used prophylactics.

Lake Erie in 1965 was being described as a "dying lake" after scientist discovered a "dead spot" of several thousand acres where a cesspool of pollution had robbed the waters of their life-giving oxygen.

In a New York suburb, a bottled water salesman was reporting a fantastic boom in bottled drinking water. Dead fish floated up to the banks of the town creek in a small Midwestern town after a local shelling plant dumped its refuse, laden with tannic acid, into the stream.

We passed a bill that spring to expand the existing law to speed the clean up of the nation's waters. The bill increased the matching grant program to \$150 million a year and raised the arbitrary ceiling on individual grants so that big metropolitan cities, where most of the pollution originates, could participate. We put up money for research grants to find new ways of treating toxic wastes. We encouraged the states to get into the act.

There had been opposition when the federal government got into the fight against pollution in 1956. Nine years later, this

broader bill passed by 395-0. Our enlightened culture was taking notice of the most basic demand of all. Affluence itself was straining our water supplies. New housing projects sprawled outward from every city. Instant car washes sprang up to devour water in great gulps. Suburbanites watered their thirsty lawn grasses. New backyard swimming pools glistened in the sun and lost countless gallons of the precious commodity daily to evaporation. Washing machines with enamel plated efficiency put clothes and dishes through several rinses.

All of this was great. It bespoke a rising standard of living. But our band of true believers in Congress were out to help Lyndon Johnson convert this increasingly affluent society into a "Great Society." For shock effect, I consented to let my New York publishers title my new book The Coming Water Famine. An artist painted a scene of cracked dry earth for the dust jacket. New York City, where more books are purchased than anywhere else in our country, was undergoing a terrible drought, had even put a ban on washing cars. Waiters were forbidden to bring a glass of water to the table at restaurants except upon demand. Tiffany's patriotically replaced the water with gin in its window fountain display. Observing all this, my agent gleefully foresaw widespread sales for my book in the Big Apple.

Just before the book went on the stands the rains came and the drought was broken. It rained so much, in fact, that New Yorkers began talking about flood relief. Scarcely anybody bought my book. Never mind. I was establishing some credentials as a congressional

authority on the nations's water problems. I felt fulfillment. I was part of something big. We were facing the nation's problems. We were making things better.

Another milestone came with passage of the Voting Rights Act. I threw myself into the effort and spoke for the bill on the House floor, although my help was scarcely needed as it turned out. To me the act represented an important affirmation of what America should symbolize.

A veritable briarpatch of superficial tests, devices and artful subterfuges still denied large segments of our people the right to vote. The record was clear. In some states arbitrary and hypertechnical "tests" and deliberate delays were employed in a determined design to prevent otherwise qualified black citizens from voting. The courts, examining the evidence, had so determined in 48 separate cases. Records of the Civil Rights Commission were replete with examples of purposeful, calculated denial.

The question was whether we were ready, a full century after the Emancipation Proclamation, to trust the descendants of former slaves with the most elemental right of citizenship. Examples of our denial had been thrown up to me more than once by foreigners as proof that the United States was not really the bastion of freedom and haven of the oppressed which we pretended to be.

As the vote approached, I thought about the late Adlai Stevenson whom I had so greatly admired. "Trust the people," Stevenson once said. "Trust their good sense, their decency, their

fortitude, their faith. Trust them with the facts, trust them with the great decisions." This, I decided, should be our text.

If I exaggerated the importance of the voting rights bill, I saw it as another important step in the road to democracy. Every step had been resisted. Thomas Jefferson fought for universal manhood suffrage when some colonies were permitting only the propertied class to vote. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments should have made the Voting Rights Act unnecessary, but they didn't. It was at least two generations later that we seriously began the political and economic emancipation of women. The seventeenth amendment, permitting direct election of United States senators, was an act of trust in the people. Twenty years had passed since the Supreme Court abolished the "white primary." I placed the Voting Rights Act of 1965 in the long train of that experience.

After so many years of subtle and not-so-subtle denial it passed the House by a tally of 333-85 and the Senate by 77-19. Linda Chavez, writing 26 years later in the June 24, 1991 New Republic, would call this bill "the most radical piece of civil rights legislation ever enacted - and the most effective."

As one after another of the Great Society reforms passed Congress, I took increasing if vicarious satisfaction in Lyndon Johnson's success. Many others in Congress must have felt the same. Most people would not have considered me one of the president's principal lieutenants. It took a lot of us. But Johnson had shown the way. The leadership was his.

John Bright of England once had written of it. "I think the whole world offers no finer spectacle than this; no higher dignity; no greater object of ambition on the political stage, and to my mind there is nothing more sacred than the authority of the freely chosen magistrate of a great and free people." Lyndon Johnson was leading the nation.

Devoted though I was to the president, we sometimes clashed. For ten long years, ever since assignment to the Public Works Committee in my first month, I had been laying the foundation for the major effort I now was ready to launch. Trinity River navigation had been my dream. It was the legacy I would leave to Texas posterity. Every Corps of Engineers' dam built on the upper tributaries of the Trinity -- at little towns like Benbrook, Grapevine, Lewisville -- contained a legal reserve of stored water committed to the long-sought goal of navigation.

By bringing barge traffic upstream from the Gulf of Mexico to Fort Worth, we'd get cheaper freight rates. Wheat farmers on the high plains and cotton farmers as far west as Lubbock would benefit. Gravel and brick and clay producers all over the Trinity basin would be able to get their goods to market more cheaply. the long-neglected small towns in the middle stretch of the river from Houston to Dallas would boom with new industry. This had been the history of other rivers. The Tennessee, the Ohio, the Gulf Coast along the navigable waterway -- all had spawned commerce far away in excess of the conservative forecasts of the Army Engineers when

those projects were being planned. Railroads had fought each of these developments, but their opposition had been shortsighted. Once made navigable, the streams in every incident produced more business, not less, for the railroads. And the Dallas-Fort Worth metroplex was the largest population center in America still not served by a navigable waterway. Second only to Mexico City, it was the largest in the world.

For a whole decade, I had courted members of the Public Works Committee and others in Congress who could be helpful in achieving the ambitious goal. I had assembled reams of statistical apologia in support of each of the arguments for Trinity development. I had hosted a big bipartisan delegation of strategically placed colleagues on a three-day helicopter trip from the point where the Trinity spills into the Gulf of Mexico upstream to the Fort Worth-Dallas metroplex. Enthusiastic local citizens had greeted us at a dozen stopping points along the way, each to thank us for our interest and to herald the treasure trove of opportunities they felt we were about to open for them.

Now, in mid-1965, the Corps of Army Engineers had completed its decade-long study and reported a favorable economic outlook for Trinity development. But the Corps' analysis was hung up in the Bureau of the Budget. Charles Schultze, Johnson's director of BOB, was dragging his feet. The Bureau had not made an unfavorable report. It simply had delayed reporting. And time was critical.

I had talked with Charlie Schultze on several occasions previously and had discovered what I regarded as a general bias

against public works per se. Charlie seemed to think they were inflationary, stimulating economic activity long after the need for stimulus had passed. Times were booming, and prices were holding stable. But Schultze seemed worried from fear the rapid buildup in the Vietnam war effort would unleash unwanted inflationary pressures. I went to see him again.

"The engineering study gives it a positive benefit to cost ratio," I pointed out. "We need to move on it this year, Charlie. It'll be three more years before another omnibus bill comes along."

"The Army Engineers are always trying to promote water developments," Schultze said. "I'm not sure that I trust their figures."

With that I grew impatient. "History tells a different story, Charlie," I pointed out. "When the Gulf-Intracoastal Canal was authorized between New Orleans and Corpus Christi, the Army engineers said it might ultimately carry as much as 7 million tons a year. Last year it carried more than 50 million tons! The Ohio River hauls 8 or 9 times as much tonnage as the engineers forecast!"

In the end, Schultze was unmoved. It was clear that his agency was the stumbling block. For some reason, Schultze and the Budget Bureau were trying to protect the president against big expenditures. This one would cost about one billion dollars. I made up my mind I'd talk with President Johnson. The BOB worked for him, after all.

By the time Johnson ushered me into a seat beside his, in a

little room on the White House ground floor, I had carefully rehearsed my speech. A few days earlier I'd signed a discharge petition to bring District of Columbia home rule to the House floor for a vote. To my great surprise President Johnson had called to thank me and ask if there were anything he could do for me. Now I was about to tell him.

"Mr. President, I've always been fascinated by your stories of the frustrations you encountered in trying to develop the lower Colorado River electrification program," I began. "As a young congressman, you turned to the one man you admired the most. You went to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he countermanded the bureaucratic underlings who were frustrating your efforts. He helped you do for your people the thing they were counting on you to get done." I thought I'd made a good beginning. I tried to read Lyndon's eyes. I could not discern a response to my opening. I plunged ahead.

"Well, I'm in that same predicament today, and I need your help. As you know, I've spent ten years working on the Trinity River canal project which you and John Connally and every other Texas leader with any vision has endorsed." I thought I noticed a twitch of impatience tug at Johnson's face.

"Jim, my OMB people tell me that project is not economically justified," Johnson stated.

"I know that, Mr. President. I've talked with Charlie Schultze," I said. "The Corps of Engineers says it is justified. It has as good a benefit to cost ratio as the Tombigbee in Alabama

or the Arkansas River project that Bob Kerr got approved all the way up to Tulsa. I have been collecting the facts for several years, and I believe I can show you -- "

President Johnson cut me off. "Jim, I sat and listened to John Connally and Charlie Schultze debate that issue in my presence for thirty minutes last week. When they were finished, no man in his right mind would have sided with John's argument."

Connally was closer to Johnson than I was. If he had failed to move his old boss -- I began to wonder what was on Lyndon's mind to make him want to oppose a project he had publicly supported in the past. Could it be a disinclination to appear greedy for his home state? The Trinity project would be far and away the biggest one in the omnibus bill. Did the president fear being accused of "pork barrel" politics while the war was going on in Vietnam? His expression told me nothing.

Finally I said, "We both know, of course, that the law does not require Congress to have the permission of the BOB. The Corps of Engineers report is favorable. We have included items in omnibus bills previously with only Corps approval. I've worked on this project too long to drop it, and I don't want to wait for another three years. I believe I can get it passed with or without the BOB sanction, but I surely would like to have your personal blessing."

The president scoffed. "Jim, they'd laugh us both off the House floor if you tried to pass that bill over the Bureau's objection!"

"I don't care if they laugh, Lyndon", I blurted. "I can pass the bill with them laughing."

"I do," Johnson replied. "I care."

At that moment, the drone of helicopter engines sounded above the south lawn. A group of governors was arriving for a conference with the president. Our conversation was ended.

As soon as I left the White House, I called Ben Carpenter, who was staying at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel. Ben was one of the principal leaders of the Trinity booster group in Texas. He'd heard about the problems with the Bureau of the Budget and had flown to Washington to be in town when I talked with the President.

"I feel lower than a snake's belly," Ben moaned when I told him of my conversation with Johnson. "We've put too much effort into this to let it die," he groaned, "but I'm afraid its dead for now."

"No, it isn't, Ben," I said. "This makes it harder, but I can still pass the bill in Congress."

Like Amon Carter, Jr. in Fort Worth, Ben Carpenter of Dallas was the son of a father who had spearheaded the drive for a navigable waterway a full generation earlier. Too many hopes and dreams had gone into this project over too long a time for me to let it fail.

During that summer, I paraded representatives of some 70 Texas cities before the committee in Washington. They explained that state, local and private funds of more than \$269 million already had gone into taming the sometimes unruly stream and putting its

waters to work. They pledged to raise \$256 million more to complete the comprehensive plan which included navigation.

In August, 281 Texans crowded into the committee hearing room in support of the Trinity project. The group included 62 Texas mayors and 15 county judges. Even Judge Charlie Grace of San Antonio, far west of the Trinity watershed, came to lend his moral support. I pointed out to the Committee that more Americans reside and make their living in the huge Trinity watershed than can be found in any one of thirty-two states of the union. "Almost as many people live in this river valley as live in all of Appalachia," I pointedly reminded my colleagues.

In the first week of September, the Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee approved the project by a vote of 13-2, and the full committee formally ratified that action on the following day.

When the omnibus bill came to the floor, I had so many members lined up from so many parts of the country to speak in behalf of the Trinity Project that nobody even offered a serious effort to amend it from the bill, notwithstanding the Bureau of the Budget's failure to give its approval. The House bill sailed through the Senate with the help of Senator Ralph Yarborough, the Trinity provision intact. President Johnson signed the omnibus bill without a negative murmur. So far as I could learn, nobody spoke a word of criticism against the Administration for the Texas project. President Johnson quietly gave me a White House pen he used in signing the omnibus bill.

Mine was, as it turned out almost eight years later, an empty

victory. A bond issue for \$150 million had to be passed in Texas to guarantee the local share in order to qualify for the more than one billion dollars in federal expenditures. Along with most of the Trinity's supporters, I thought the bond issue would carry easily. It went down in 1973, sunk largely by a big negative vote in Dallas.

In the wake of this victory in 1965, I was riding the crest of a popular wave back home. A lot of people up and down the Trinity Valley and scattered throughout the rest of the state were urging me to run again for the U.S. Senate. John Tower would be up for re-election in 1966. Some of the knee-jerk liberals who had voted for him over Blakely in 1961 were ready to reverse that action now. Yellow dog Democrats of the old school were outraged at a Republican representing our state in the Senate. Some who thought I could not win in 1961, now regretting their lack of support, were ready to make it up to me this time.

But I was still deeply in debt from the '61 effort. I had borrowed money personally to pay off all the campaign vendors and even sold my ranch in the Hill country to reduce the debt, but I still owed a very substantial amount. My private source of income from the family business in Weatherford had almost completely dried up. I was not prepared to jeopardize my childrens' college by taking another costly plunge into statewide politics without evidence of ample financial support.

Importuned by friends and bludgeoned by conscience, I hit upon

a scheme. I would make a statewide television broadcast and candidly put my dilemma in the hands of the audience. I would explain exactly how much it cost to rent billboards, how much one statewide mailing would cost. I'd tell the public exactly how much the broadcast itself was costing me. I'd candidly confess my own financial status, explain my unwillingness to beg money from the lobbies or even accept it in big chunks from wealthy private donors.

Somewhat arbitrarily, I decided that if as many as 25,000 Texans thought well enough of my running for the Senate to send me \$10 apiece for the campaign, that would yield a quarter of a million dollars and be enough for openers. If that happened, I'd take the plunge and depend on faith to raise the rest.

It cost right at \$10,000 for thirty minutes at seven thirty in the evening of December 16, 1965 on seventeen stations across our state. I tried to get one in each media market. There was a lot of newspaper speculation as to what I would say, and therefore a reasonably broad listening audience. I laid it out as plainly as I could. For the first twenty minutes I described my vision of America and its role in the world. Then I talked frankly about the cost of a statewide race and the need for a lot of small contributions from a very great many people to make it possible for me to run. I said if as many as 25,000 Texans would mail \$10 each, I'd do it.

There was a broad response. By some measurements it would be counted excellent. More than 8,000 people wrote to send money and

urge my candidacy. Their letters were heart-warming. But the numbers fell short of the goal I had explicitly set. After two weeks, I figured I had the bulk of the responses. I held a press conference, announced the results, declared that I would not be a candidate and sent each of the contributions back with a letter of earnest appreciation to the donor.

That is the last time I ever considered a statewide office. Fate has a way of dealing with individual ambitions. Several times earlier in my life it had happened to me. A knee injury in high school had closed the door to one career and turned me toward another. Classmates in college had selected another for president of the student body and made me editor of the college newspaper. Voters in Parker County had rejected me for a second term in the state legislature and 18 months later elected me mayor of Weatherford. In every case the door that opened was more rewarding to me than the one which destiny shut. It would be that way this time too.

The war in Vietnam was taking its toll. Each time the number of combat troops increased, the decibel level of protest rose. Congress was still supportive but increasingly members would report hostility and misunderstanding from some on the home front. In early 1966, Congress approved a \$4.8 billion supplementary authorization for the war. Only four members in the House and two in the Senate voted against the bill. Some of us hoped that overwhelming vote might dampen propaganda abroad, but this was not

to be. Interrogators of captured Vietcong reported that almost all had been intensely indoctrinated to believe the war was unpopular in the states, that the American people were becoming weary of the struggle, and like the French before them would soon withdraw.

The commitment of American troops to Vietnam stood at about 200,000 men in early 1966, already as many as had gone to Korea. But combat deaths were fewer, only about one-eighth the loss rate in the Korean war. Economically the nation was much better prepared to sustain a prolonged effort than it had been in the early 1950s. Taxes were relatively much lower than at the time of Korea. A measure of affluence had reached many more American families.

One of President Johnson's proud achievements of his first two years in office had been a smaller budget deficit each year than forecast. This came about through the rising tide of prosperity which brought heavier than expected tax receipts. In Johnson's third year the steady movement toward a balanced budget fell victim to the rising price tag of the Vietnam effort.

Johnson was making peace overtures. He broadcast a speech from Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, tacitly pledging financial aid to the Ho Chi Minh government in North Vietnam if it would cease its invasion of the South. The bid got no response. Hanoi and Peking seemed frozen like blocks of ice in the rigid demand for our complete military withdrawal as a precondition to discussions in any form.

At home, the American economy was making its greatest gains. More Americans worked productively, earned more take-home pay after taxes, bought and paid for more consumer goods than at any time in history. But all efforts to lure the Vietcong into a cessation of hostilities were doomed to frustration. More of us now were getting letters from sons abroad. My son wrote that he was well but lonesome for home. Other parents, constituents, shared letters with me. Some were poignant. "The few months I've been here seem like a lifetime..." Some were wonderfully expressive: "What I'd give to be with anyone besides another Marine (a girl, oh, my gosh, a real live round-eyed, clean, English-speaking female!)" Occasionally one would write, disturbingly, of a growing prevalence of drugs. A few letters expressed dismay that even the South Vietnamese did not seem to like us.

Lyndon Johnson later would tell Doris Kearns, the Harvard professor who worked with him on his autobiography, that the war had done him in, had robbed him of his dream. "The kids were right. I blew it," he would say. "I knew from the start that if I left the woman I really loved -- the Great Society -- in order to fight that bitch of a war... then I would lose everything at home."

Johnson kept trying for peace. I watched via television as he received the Freedom Award on February 23, 1966. It was an elegant black tie ceremony in New York. The audience interrupted

Johnson's speech repeatedly with applause. But each time a wave of applause interrupted the president, the television cameras homed in on Bobby Kennedy who sat stone-faced and unapplauding.

Watching this, I remembered a Robert Kennedy speech during the time his late brother grappled with the mystery, in which Robert promised the South Vietnamese we'd not abandon them until we won the final victory. Now he withheld applause from his brother's successor. I wondered if he knew the cameras were focused on him.

At one point President Johnson said:

"Men ask who has a right to rule in South Vietnam. Our answer there is what it has been here for 200 years: The people must have this right -- the South Vietnamese people -- and no one else... We stand for self-determination -- for free elections -- and we will honor their result."

That set me to thinking. This had to be the key. It might explain why South Vietnamese seemed so vulnerable to Vietcong propaganda. Maybe one reason they fought no harder in their own defense was the dismal fact that for the twelve years of its independent status South Vietnam had not elected its national leaders! The country had labored under ten premiers in the past two years and not one of them chosen by the people. Little wonder they'd showed such limited enthusiasm for defending their "freedom."

A peace plan began to come into shape in my mind. I couldn't shake it. Whatever else I turned my thoughts to, they'd return to this core of an idea. What a dramatic thing it would be, I decided, if President Johnson could go before the United Nations

and there present to the world a clear-cut peace plan based upon that one simple keystone -- the will of the people.

To begin, he could call for a free election to be held in South Vietnam -- not next year but this year -- in which the people could chose by ballots, not bullets, just what sort of government they wanted and whom they wanted for their leaders.

Our president could propose that these elections be supervised by the U.N. to avoid being rigged by either side, and preceded by a U.N.-supervised six weeks truce to provide a proper atmosphere for their conduct.

Both sides would be asked to agree in advance to respect and abide by the results of the elections. On what defensible basis could Hanoi or the Vietcong refuse? A turndown would expose as fraud their pretense at representing the popular will.

As a second stage, under my scenario the President would submit a concrete proposal for similar free elections, perhaps two years later, in which all the people of North and South Vietnam could vote on unification as decreed in the Geneva Accords of 1954.

Spokesmen for both North and South were professing to want reunification -- but each on its own terms. The Geneva agreement specified that nationwide elections would be conducted in July 1956 for this purpose. South Vietnamese leaders were suspicious that free balloting would be subverted in the Northern zone, and the solemn agreement was never kept. Much of the bitterness which provoked the war stemmed from that failure -- a fact which many Americans did not realize.

Thinking I had a worthwhile idea, I put it in memorandum form and began trying it out on various people. I asked for an appointment with President Johnson and broached the idea. I took with me a copy of our joint declaration with Great Britain, made in Washington on June 20, 1954. It read:

In cases of nations now divided against their will, we shall continue to seek unity through free elections, supervised by the United Nations to insure that they are conducted fairly.

"So, Mr. President," I said to Johnson. "We've really said these things before at different times and places. This is consistent with everything we stand for. Maybe we just haven't put it down into one simple package dramatic enough to rally the world to our position."

At worst, I argued, a clear proposal like this coming from the president would put Hanoi on the psychological defensive. If the overture failed, I argued, then all the world would know we really had tried and everybody would have a clearer idea just what we were fighting for. No longer, if Hanoi rejects the proposal, could they masquerade as "liberation" forces or accuse us of trying to force our will upon their country.

And if Hanoi should accept, I argued, it might pave the way to the conference table and an honorable settlement for which all people of good will so fervently yearned.

The president seemed tired. When I finished telling him of my suggestion, he sighed. "Jim, everything you say makes sense to me. But what makes sense to us doesn't make sense to them. I'd

be glad to talk, but they don't want to talk." He shook his head sadly. "All they want to do is fight and die."

For the first time since I'd known him, I suddenly felt sorry for Lybndon Johnson, this man whom I admired so much. The war was burdening him. It was frustrating his very reason. I suspected it was keeping him awake at night.

"Tell you what I'd like for you to do, Jim," he said. "Go and talk this all over with Walt Rostow. He is putting together some thoughts for me on this and he'd like to ponder this idea you have brought to me. Maybe we can do something like that, and if not right now maybe later on."

So I talked with Walt Rostow who seemed almost as frustrated as the president over the implacable attitude of the Ho Chi Minh government. He sent me to see Abe Fortas whom Johnson had nominated to the Supreme Court. "Abe Fortas has President Johnson's ear. If anyone can show him a new approach, it would be Abe." I had a visit with Mr. Fortas, whom I'd met only four or five times casually. Abe Fortas was convinced that the only thing Hanoi would ever understand was force. "They will never come to the table willingly," he said. "The only thing we can do is to make the war cost them more than they're willing to pay."

My peace plan died aborning.

But I was up to my eyebrows in the Great Society.

THAT BITCH OF A WAR

The president pressed hard for his domestic agenda.

"George, the Senate passed the Highway Beautification Bill last night. If you can get it through your committee before the end of this week, I think I can get the Speaker to schedule it for the House floor next week!"

It was Lyndon Johnson at his persuasive best. He was talking with George Fallon, Chairman of the House Public Works Committee. At issue was Mrs. Johnson's pet project, Highway Beautification. People already had taken to referring to it as "The Lady Bird Bill."

"Mr. President," Congressman Fallon stammered, "We're going to do all we can to pass your bill, but I don't see how we could possibly do it that fast. There is a certain amount of opposition on the House side, and -- "

"The longer you delay, the stronger the opposition will get," insisted the president. "Move now, and they won't have a lot of time to get organized!"

"Mr. President, a lot of members have already notified me that they'll have amendments to offer in committee. We haven't even begun the mark-up yet. It may take a full week to consider these amendments and report the bill from our committee."

"Why don't you just take the Senate bill?" Johnson persisted. "They've already considered all those amendments!"

"We don't even have a copy of the Senate bill yet." The urbane chairman was feeling unaccustomed pressure. "There probably

won't be an engrossed copy of the Senate's final bill for two or three more days anyway. And our own members want --"

"That's a poor excuse, George. I can get you a copy in five minutes. All you have to do is clip the language of each amendment out of today's Congressional Record and paste it up on a piece of paper!"

George Fallon of Maryland was an easy-going man with an easy-going lifestyle. He caught the train for Baltimore every afternoon at 5 o'clock and enjoyed a leisurely drink in the club car. He usually arrived at his office on Tuesdays through Thursdays just in time to chair a 10 o'clock meeting of the full Public Works Committee. He was not accustomed to being hurried.

Now, Fallon tried to explain to the dynamo in the White House all the trouble he'd have if he even suggested bypassing the orderly procedure. He wasn't altogether sure we could pass the bill under the best of conditions. Sitting in a big blue leather chair not more than four feet from the chairman in the comfortable little ante-room adjacent to the committee chamber, I grinned. I knew how insistent Lyndon Johnson could be, and I knew how determined he was to pass this particular bill as a present to his wife.

"He's in a big hurry for this one, isn't he?" I said.

"Jim, I've never heard anybody so much in a hurry. Is he always like that? He thinks I can pass that bill just by banging the gavel out there in the committee room. He doesn't have any idea how hard it's going to be to get that bill through the House

in any form at all, let alone the way the Senate passed it."

"He doesn't care, George. This one's for Lady Bird. I'll try to help you, but I think we're going to have to take some sweetening amendments."

For the next two weeks, we struggled our way through the committee mark-up sessions. There was plenty of opposition and a lot of earnest debate.

Several White House operatives led by Larry O'Brien haunted our committee meetings. At one point Republicans on the committee made a point of order about their presence in the room.

"This is an executive session, Mr. Chairman," said Republican Bill Cramer of Florida. "That means members of the committee only, doesn't it?"

The White House emissaries retired to the ante-room where they'd call the White House each time an amendment was offered and send word in to some of their friends that the amendment was not "acceptable." I was one of their "friends," but I soon grew weary with their efforts to micro-manage the bill. It was as though I were a base-runner and they had to coach me from the sidelines whether to stop on third or try for home.

By the time we got the Highway Beautification Bill through our committee a lot of resentment had arisen over the White House tactics. Even some members who wanted to beautify the highways considered the administration's position high-handed and arbitrary.

The bill had three basic parts -- billboard control, screening of junkyards from the public view, and scenic enhancement of the

highway rights-of-way through planting and landscaping.

It was the first that drew most of the heat. Outdoor advertising was an integral part of the American scene. Since I was a child, rhyming Burma Shave signs had given a chuckle to many a road-weary traveler. But in many locations along the busiest thoroughfares, outdoor signs had become too cluttered, too crowded, too garish. Driving from Weatherford to Fort Worth one day, I counted 21 advertising signs in less than a mile on the open highway. Their proliferation created an eyesore. Cliff Carter, one of President Johnson's aides, told me that such clutter personally offended Mrs. Johnson's sense of the aesthetic. She thought travelers were entitled to enjoy nature's unspoiled beauty without the screaming intrusion of so much gaudy commercialism.

On the other hand, travelers on our interstate highways wanted a certain amount of information which was available primarily through billboards. They wanted to know where to stop for a bite of lunch or a cold drink, what brand of gasoline was being sold around the next bend, what overnight accommodations provided a swimming pool or a bar or a dining facility.

Advertising was a legitimate American enterprise, after all. Billboards were located on private property. They yielded a modicum of extra revenue to farmers and ranchers. Those who drafted the original bill for the White House were in favor of encouraging states to use police power and just take down offending billboards. They wanted to remove all the signs from the Interstate Highways immediately.

Both Democrats and Republicans in the House fretted that we were being swept along too fast. They worried that tearing down a person's billboard, a thing of intrinsic value, amounted to confiscation of property without cause. They wondered aloud at who would become the "taste czar" to say which billboards could stay and which would have to go. Some with friends in the salvage business reported hurt and resentment that they had been branded "ugly" and singled out for screening from the public view.

On the day we took the bill to the floor, a few of us we met in Speaker McCormack's office for a preliminary discussion. Fallon had asked me to be floor leader for the bill. Majority Leader Carl Albert reported widespread disenchantment among House Democrats. "Isn't there some way we can sweeten this up at least with some guarantees against arbitrary abuse of power?" he asked.

Larry O'Brien spoke up immediately. "I don't have authority to agree to any changes," he said. "If you want any change, I'll have to call the White House and get their approval."

"It's too late for that now, Larry," I told him. "When the bell rings, we are going to have to go out there on the House floor and make our own judgments. If I think an amendment will help us pass the bill, and if it's reasonable, I'm going to accept it. Otherwise, we could lose the entire effort. You fellows will just have to go and sit in the gallery and leave the judgments to members of the House."

We took two amendments that were offered by a new member from Georgia named Russell Tuten. One provided that no lawfully

existent property could be taken without the government's paying "just compensation" to its owner. The other decreed that size and space limitations on advertising signs within incorporated cities would leave something to the discretion of the local governing bodies. They'd follow "customary usage" in each town. A third provision to which we agreed protected the right of any business person to have a sign on his own place of business identifying it to the public.

Thus fortified, the Highway Beautification Bill passed the House. Without those three amendments, it would have been defeated on the floor.

Lyndon Johnson demanded a lot of himself and a great deal of his associates. He insisted on results. He reminded Clark Clifford of "a powerful old-fashioned locomotive roaring unstoppably down the track." He sometimes bullied and intimidated his underlings. But then, realizing his excesses, he could be suddenly sensitive and so spontaneously generous that he won their undeviating loyalty.

It is only natural, given his temperament and his impatience with failure, that Johnson's appointees sometimes stretched the limits of their legal authority to carry out policies in ways they thought would please him. Sometimes they ignored clear provisions of laws written by Congress. Highly allergic to this tendency in

the executive branch, Congress began to itch in various parts of its anatomy, as with a case of poison ivy.

The housing committees set up a howl over the way the Rent Supplement Act was being run. Congress made it clear in passing this program initially that benefits must be confined to "low income" families. The first draft of administrative guidelines to carry out the law would let families earning as much as \$15,000 a year get help from the rest of the taxpayers. Congress blew the whistle and the guidelines were changed. But not before setting off a chorus of anguished wails.

The House Commerce Committee scheduled hearings into the use of wiretaps by the Internal Revenue Service. The Communications Act of 1934 provided that "no person" would be allowed to "intercept and divulge" telephone conversations. The Supreme Court, as early as 1939, ruled that federal agents may not legally tap telephones. In spite of pleas for exception, Congress had repeatedly refused to amend the law to authorize any such practice.

Now IRS agents were discovered breaking into homes and offices, in clear violation of law, to plant tiny radio transmitters and other bugging devices. An agency of the government, in its zeal to discover law breaking by others, was breaking the law itself. Members of Congress were irate.

Another discovery raised the hackles of my committee. The Public Works Committee wrote the Economic Development Act of 1965, and I supported it. It allowed grants for roads and utilities to attract various commercial enterprises to small backwater

communities and urban pockets of poverty. The law also authorized government loans to start viable new businesses in these neglected areas.

But we had carefully required that no government loans should be used to finance any new enterprise where the present demand for its goods or services was "not sufficient... to employ efficient capacity of existing competitive commercial or industrial enterprises."

In spite of this injunction, we found that people administering this program had okayed taxpayer loans that in some cases set up direct competition for existing firms. A new clay pipe manufacturing company sprang up in Oklahoma with the help of such a loan and took business from existing plants as far away as Texas and Kansas. Those plants had to lay off workers. The worst part was that the loan's approval came after the probability of this result were called to the attention of the EDA people.

With as many new experiments in social engineering as the Great Society set in motion a few such cases may have been inevitable. Zealous administrators, for all their faults, are better than indifferent ones. But Congress bridles at any attempt by an executive agent to ignore the written mandates of the legislative branch.

The evidences of runaway bureaucracy were putting me on an uncomfortable spot. The Highway Beautification Act became a case in point. The law expressly decreed that standards on size, spacing and lighting of billboards would comply with "customary

usage." Hideous, outsized or abnormally cluttered signboards along the highways inside city limits would come down, but the others would stay.

The federal bureau charged with carrying out the program utterly ignored that requirement. It promulgated standards which, if followed, would destroy approximately 80 percent of all the properties owned by legitimate outdoor advertising firms. This result was not intended. It would throw thousands of people out of work and cost the government an estimated \$2.9 billion.

Even after the effect of these administrative dicta was called to the attention of the regulators by those who actually wrote the law, the Bureau persisted. It was cavalierly ignoring an amendment which I had personally accepted and Congress had adopted as a price of getting the bill into law and which Congress had accepted.

Faced with growing complaints from colleagues whom I had implored to vote for some of these programs, I vented my frustrations in a newsletter on April 28, 1967. After reciting a number of cases, I concluded with the following two paragraphs.

As everybody knows, I am a Johnson man. I have supported the President actively and enthusiastically in each of his political campaigns. As early as 1955, I was publicly recommending him for the Presidency. He is doing a valiant job, and I would not compound his difficulties. Additionally, I have supported most of his programs. By and large I think they have been good for America.

But the sort of thing mentioned above is common talk in the cloakroom. It is hurting Mr. Johnson's relations with the Legislative branch. The President needs to tighten the screws on his appointed administrators and tell them that Congress still makes the laws.

He spent 25 years of his life on Capitol Hill.
He should know this better than anyone.

President Johnson read my newsletter and was horrified. Eager as he was to carry out his ambitious programs, he also was a creature of the legislative branch. He remembered the outrage of the Senate over similar executive excesses when he was Majority Leader.

At his next cabinet meeting, Johnson passed around copies of my newsletter and lectured the top lieutenants of the Great Society to keep their administrators and regulators within the boundaries set forth by Congress. Word of this came to me from two different sources. I was prouder than ever of our president.

Things were humming on the home front. If it just weren't for "that bitch of a war."

Exciting results began to surface from some of the Great Society experiments. In my home town of Fort Worth, a black educator named Dr. John Barnett conducted a trail-blazing effort among ghetto children. It was his mission, along with other pioneers in a handful of America's inner-cities, to develop and validate a curriculum of directed learning experiences for "culturally deprived" pre-school children. His school, located in Fort Worth's economically backward North Side, admitted only youngsters from homes where neither parent was available during the day. Most were one-parent homes.

At Barnett's invitation I visited his school and became a disciple. He was achieving infinitely more than I had imagined possible. Little children from three to five were stretching their capacities, learning and loving it. The enrollment was racially

mixed. Black children predominated, with a smattering of Hispanics. Parents, as part of the agreement for admission, attended weekly sessions with the teachers.

Dr. Barnett proudly showed me scores from nationally-recognized testing systems. Many of his daytime charges doubled their I.Q. measurements in the school's first year. Almost all registered significant improvements. Children entering at age three gained most impressively of all, followed closely by four year olds. "If I could have them at two," Barnett exulted, "I know I could show you even more dramatic results."

Other experiments unearthed some simple ways to reduce dropout rates among junior high school students. Extensive interviews with the youth themselves disclosed a surprising number of adolescents who left school because they were ashamed of their footwear or other articles of hand-me-down clothing. Four hours a week in an approved after-school job yielded enough to shore up the rudiments of pride and keep the youngster in the classroom.

The Job Corps was beginning to chalk up an impressive record in reclaiming dropouts for useful, taxpaying roles in society by giving them marketable skills. I invited Sargent Shriver, initial director of the Peace Corps and now head of the Job Corps, to speak to a dinner I arranged in Fort Worth. Eight hundred civic leaders were impressed with the performance he reported to us.

Julius Truelson, Superintendent of the Fort Worth school district, was ecstatic over gains we were beginning to see in English language proficiency among youngsters from Spanish-

speaking homes. "Give our schools one generation of continued support and we'll wipe out poverty," he once boasted to me. "Absolutely wipe it out!"

But inspiring as this record of social progress was, the darkening cloud of Vietnam hovered ever more ominously. Waves of anti-war protests spread across the country. Thousands marched and chanted in the nation's capitol. Students seized the administration building at the University of Chicago for three days.

My eldest daughter Ginger graduated from Yorktown High School in suburban northern Virginia that spring. Ginger was popular, head cheerleader and Homecoming Queen in her senior year. Our house was a frequent gathering place for students. Most of them were friendly, polite, respectful. Imagine my shock when the salutatorian, a young man whom I'd met several times, launched into a formal diatribe before students and assembled parents against the "power structure." Parents, leaders, authority figures of all types were both insensitive and stupid! Slightly embarrassed by the lad's bad taste, I burned in amazement as the students greeted his monologue with wild applause.

The protests began to take on racial overtones. Johnson had been concerned that they might. All of his heart-felt solicitude over racial deprivation could not alter the fact that blacks represented a disproportionate share of the young Americans serving in combat. The president favored military deferments to let serious students finish college. He meant this, of course, for

students of every race. But the social reality was that it deferred induction for a greater percentage of white youths than for those of racial minorities. About twenty-two percent of our armed personnel in Vietnam were black, while their race represented only eleven percent of the nation's population.

Seizing upon this fact, Harlem's congressman, Adam Clayton Powell, compared our policies to those of Hitler. Martin Luther King, quite possibly the nation's most respected black leader, gradually expanded his cries for racial equality to embrace an anti-war position. In doing so he rejected personal pleas from the president who had done so much to relieve racial injustice. World heavyweight boxing champion Mohammed Ali resisted the military draft and was stripped of his title for his refusal to be sworn into service.

In the hot July of 1967, Detroit suffered a week of rioting in which 38 people died. Sections of the city lay in charred ruins, with damage from fire bombing and looting estimated at \$500 million. A few days later, black-power advocate H. Rap Brown called on negroes to "wage guerilla war on the honkie white man." In Cambridge, Maryland, fires broke out after Brown urged a crowd of young blacks to "burn this town down." Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney, in an outrageous attempt to turn political capital from the rioting, blamed President Johnson, saying his Great Society programs had raised "false hopes" among blacks.

Protests were not confined to the black community. More and more the issue of the war divided families. Most often the

division line was generational. My son, now in Vietnam by his own choosing, was having second thoughts about our military presence there. My sister Mary became so vociferous in her anti-war activism that it was no longer pleasant for me to be in her company. As intensely as I had searched for an honorable solution, I believed we now had no choice but to see it through. Our public display of disunity, I felt, was quite certainly prolonging the war.

In the last week of September, 1967, President Johnson signed a \$70 billion military appropriations bill. Never before in our 177 year history -- not even during World War II -- had Congress passed so large an appropriation for any purpose. Our military personnel commitment to Vietnam escalated to 525,000. American B-52 bombers had been hammering North Vietnam's key cities for more than a year with no apparent crack in Hanoi's resolve.

Johnson tirelessly probed for some way to bring the conflict to an end. He sent emissaries to listening posts throughout the world. He met one-on-one for ten hours with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin at Glassboro, New Jersey. He flew to Manila for conferences with South Vietnamese Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky and leaders of other nations which were supporting our efforts. They issued a series of four statements designed to reassure the North Vietnamese that we sought no territorial gains nor punitive damages. They promised to withdraw the allied troops fully within six months after the war ended. Hanoi remained intractable. So

did the critics at home.

At the other end of the spectrum from the peace demonstrators were the hard-liners who wanted us to use nuclear weapons on North Vietnam. This sentiment surfaced one night at the White House. Fifty or so members had gathered after dinner in the East room. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara briefed the group on the latest military and diplomatic initiatives. Then it was time for questions.

Basil Whitener, a tall, slow-talking representative from North Carolina gained recognition. "Mr. President, let me tell you what my folks back home are saying," he drawled. "My folks are saying we ought to drop the big bomb on Hanoi and get it over with. They also think we ought to blow up all those ships coming into Haiphong, trading with our enemy!"

Several of us inhaled involuntarily. The room grew silent. Johnson answered slowly and very calmly.

"Is that your opinion?" the President asked.

"Yes, Mr. President, it is." responded Whitener.

"Well, you see," said Johnson, "there's a basic difference between an opinion and a decision. You're certainly entitled to your opinion. But I can't be content with just an opinion. I have to make a decision."

He let that sink in, then continued.

"I could very easily do what you suggest. I could order the Air force to drop the 'big bomb,' as you call it, on Hanoi tonight. We could reduce the whole city to a rubble of radioactive ashes.

We could put a bomb down the smokestack of every ship in Haiphong harbor -- all those Chinese ships, and Russian ships, and British ships..."

He paused again.

"But, then, tomorrow," the President continued, "tomorrow if bombs were falling on Washington, you could call me up on the 'phone -- if you and I were both still here -- and you could say: 'Mr. President, that's not just exactly what I had in mind.'"

We all left that night sobered by the cruel realities of choice.

"That bitch of a war" -- a war he felt he had inherited -- kept robbing him of the victories he'd worked so hard to attain. As 1967 wound down, it became increasingly evident that the war protest movement was taking a toll of our people's capacity to communicate in civil discourse. We hurled words past one another's ears, but the meanings did not connect.

No man could have tried harder than Lyndon Johnson. Few if any could have done more. He declared war on poverty and dealt it powerful blows. He passionately worked to help the poor, those whom he described living "on the outskirts of hope." His was the leadership that abolished the poll tax, launched the Model Cities program, created the Department of Housing and Urban Development, lifted immigration quotas and opened the nation's arms to persecuted foreigners, gave food to hungry kids so they could learn more in school, provided grants and student loans that opened

college doors for hundreds of thousands of young people otherwise denied.

Marches, chants and slogans became the stuff of public expression. Shouted obscenities entered the dialogue as demonstrators strained for shock effect. Student activists at several colleges seized Presidents' offices and threatened not to leave until school administrators agreed to their "non-negotiable" demands. These often included a mandate to expel military recruiting offices from the campus.

On October 21, capping a week of protests in several cities, tens of thousands of anti-war demonstrators gathered in Washington and marched on the Pentagon, vowing to "shut it down." Carrying Vietcong flags and "Dump Johnson" banners, the mob, led by radicals David Dellinger and Jerry Rubin, screamed epithets at guards massed in front of the building bearing rifles and tear gas grenades. A small group actually worked its way into the building before being forcefully expelled, with several injured. Hundreds were arrested. 167

On November 29, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara resigned his post to take a less prestigious job as president of the World Bank. This set in motion a wave of speculation. A year earlier McNamara had warned that our massive bombing was not moving Hanoi any closer to the peace table. Wearied by the frustrations of seeking signs of hope in the dreary landscape of war, he now looked forward to helping underdeveloped nations through the World Bank.

On the following day, Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota,

an outspoken war critic, announced that he would challenge President Johnson in several Democratic primaries for the presidential nomination. He would base his campaign on his opposition to the war, which McCarthy blamed for what he called a "moral crisis in America."

In the third week of 1968, 20,000 North Vietnamese troops surrounded 5,000 American marines at Khesanh and cut them off from allied supply lines. Then, at the beginning of the Tet religious holiday, North Vietnamese and Vietcong launched a massive offensive, their largest and most determined of the war. They targeted all the cities of South Vietnam. More than 80,000 Communist combat troops combined for one desperate effort to end the war by crushing the spirit of the south. They captured the port city of Hue.

A suicide squad blew a large hole in the wall of the American Embassy in Saigon. North Vietnamese forces actually took over our embassy grounds for five hours. They did not relinquish the yard until all of them were killed.

For all its titanic terror, the Tet offensive was a military failure. Communist forces had been told it would win them the final victory. Instead, they suffered more than four times the fatality rate of allied personnel. The costly losses forced them to withdraw after more than a week of the war's bloodiest fighting.

But it was a propaganda success. Most Americans, reading the daily news accounts and seeing the stretchers of dead and wounded vividly paraded on nightly television, believed Hanoi had scored

a major victory. Additional numbers concluded that, from our point of view, the war was unwinnable. On March 5, Walter Cronkite, America's most respected television commentator, reported that he was "deeply disillusioned" after a visit to Vietnam.

In the March 11 New Hampshire primary, Senator Eugene McCarthy received 42 percent of the vote to Lyndon Johnson's 58 percent. Under other circumstances this might have been described as a landslide for Johnson. But McCarthy's campaign had captured the fancy of the media. He'd worked the small state intensively and flooded it with thousands of student volunteers. Johnson's showing was not unimpressive considering that he'd totally ignored the contest to concentrate on the nation's mounting problems. Within days, however, news commentaries were referring to the 42 percent showing as McCarthy's "surprise win."

More significantly, the public was increasingly weary with the war, and reeling from the bitterly divisive nature of the national debate. The Gallup poll showed that while heavy majorities supported President Johnson's domestic program, only 26 percent now favored his handling of the war.

On March 31 Johnson announced over television that he would not be a candidate for reelection. The Vietnam conflict, he declared, had created a deepening "division in the American house."

The president had billed the speech as a report on the war. "Tonight," he began, "I want to speak to you of peace in Vietnam and Southeast Asia." He recited our government's repeated overtures to a peaceful settlement and announced a new peace

offensive. He offered to stop the bombardment of North Vietnam and asked Hanoi to sit down with us for talks on peace. "We are prepared to move immediately toward peace through negotiations," he said.

As a token of good faith, he announced "the first step to de-escalate the conflict" -- a substantial reduction in our military activities. We would halt our attacks in areas which included 90 percent of North Vietnam's people and in the food producing areas. "We are doing so unilaterally, and at once."

Johnson appealed to President Ho Chi Minh to respond "positively, and favorably, to this new step toward peace." The United States, Johnson pledged, "is ready to send its representatives to any forum, at any time, to discuss the means of bringing this ugly war to an end."

The President's speech was almost over when he dropped the bombshell. "There is divisiveness among us all tonight. And holding the trust that is mine, as president of all the people, I cannot disregard the peril to the progress of the American people... I have concluded that I should not permit the presidency to become involved in the partisan divisions that are developing in this political year." Then, the shocker:

With America's sons in the fields far away, with America's future under challenge right here at home, with our hopes and the world's hopes for peace in the balance every day, I do not believe that I should devote an hour or a day of my time to any personal partisan causes or to any duties other than the awesome duties of this office--the Presidency of your country.

Accordingly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President.

Yes, his decision was final, he told a press conference immediately following the speech. "Just as irrevocable as the statement says."

A few days later the president called. "Jim, I have nine months left in office," he said. "I want you to tell me what I can do for you in that time to show how much I appreciate all the wonderful things you've done for me over the years."

Accustomed as I was to Lyndon Johnson's notorious unpredictablities, the impulsive generosity of this gesture took me by surprise. No doubt he was making similar calls to others. That did not diminish the genuineness of his offer. Critics called him crude, and he could be that. He also knew how to be gracious.

"There's one thing I think of, Mr. President," I replied. "Come out to Fort Worth this June and speak at the TCU commencement. That will be the greatest thrill of those students' lives. And let me have a public reception for you where you can say whatever you'd like to all the folks out there who love you so much."

It was at the graduation ceremony for Texas Christian University that year that President Johnson first called for lowering the voting age to 18. I couldn't help thinking as I listened of all those 18-year-old kids in Vietnam and others getting ready to go. I thought of my son, Jimmy. Could I, and

should I, have dissuaded him from enlisting? Would I ever forgive myself if he were physically impaired? Or worse? I couldn't bring my mind to form the word.

Was it my example, something I had done or failed to do, that made Jimmy leave college and enlist? Olin "Tiger" Teague and I, so far as I was aware, were the only congressional parents with sons in the war. Had I glorified patriotism excessively? Had I shown undue contempt for those who avoid duty to country? Who, though rich, do not pay taxes? Who, though strong, do not ...? Was my son, consciously or unconsciously, trying to please me?

Lyndon Johnson was ending his speech. The 18-year-old vote which he extolled that night was so much an extension of everything else he'd said and done. It was a broadening of participation, a widening of opportunity, an inclusion of those left out. He wanted to spread out all the good things of life so everybody could have some. That was the thrust of his career.

The bitterness and polarization of the time stood in contrast to Johnson's mission. Martin Luther King was murdered on April 4. He was 39. His death touched off an angry wave of riots in stunning contradistinction from his lifelong preachment of non-violence. On June 6 Robert Kennedy died from point-blank gunshot wounds inflicted by a crazed immigrant named Sirhan Sirhan. "Good Lord, what is this all about?" exclaimed Cardinal Cushing. "We could continue our prayers that it would never happen again, but we did that before."

On May 10, the United States and the North Vietnamese began

peace talks in Paris. Johnson's appeal had stimulated a modicum of movement. The talks would drag on through the rest of the year without result. But at least we were talking.

Johnson having withdrawn from the presidential race, I threw myself into the Hubert Humphrey campaign. The vice president and I had begun a personal friendship. I liked his candor, his spirit, his genuine friendliness for people of all sorts, his real commitment to trying to make life better for the misfortunate. Hubert Humphrey was warm, imaginative, enthusiastic and tireless. He also was loyal. People tried to goad him into distancing himself from Johnson, but he would not do so.

Senators Walter Mondale of Minnesota and Fred Harris of Oklahoma headed up Humphrey's pre-convention bid for the nomination. The vice president asked two of us from the House, Jim O'Hara of Michigan and me, to represent his interest on the Rules and Credentials committees.

Chicago was a maelstrom. It was as though some powerful lens had gathered all the piercing gleams of hatred, anger and frustration from throughout the country and focused them in one mighty beam upon the city. Outside the Hilton Hotel, streets roiled with unrest. Anti-war demonstrators occupied the large park across the street from the headquarters hotel and massed in front of buses carrying delegates to the convention center, impeding their progress. A few delegates were frightened. Many were angry. Some applauded the demonstrators. But the tone was not joyous. It was derisive. The mood on both sides grew tense and ugly.

For two days Chicago police peacefully wedged themselves between convention-bound delegates and waves of demonstrators. Facilitating the movement of the traffic, they stared straight ahead, refraining from verbal confrontation. But their nerves were strained, their tempers held in check only with effort.

Whenever delegates left the security of the hotel lobby to venture upon the streets, some would be surrounded by mobs of mostly young people screaming slogans. "Dump the Hump!" was one of their favorites. Looking into the eyes of some of these agitated youths, I wondered how many of them knew of Hubert Humphrey's beginnings. How many knew his career had its genesis in the reform movement? How many had any awareness of his successful battles for human rights, for social progress?

One night the demonstrators planted chemical stink bombs throughout the first and second floors of the Hilton. From the eighth or ninth floors, a group began filling empty soft drink cans with water and dropping them from the open windows onto helmeted policemen formed in a line on the sidewalk. The weight and accelerating velocity of the little missiles gave them enormous force. A few police were injured.

No doubt most of the peace demonstrators were motivated by idealistic purpose. The large majority wanted to influence the elected delegates by non-violent means. One huge banner proclaimed: "WARS WILL CEASE WHEN MEN REFUSE TO FIGHT." But a remnant agitated for physical confrontation. They got it. After three days of remarkable restraint, in which police had stood

impassive under orders as demonstrators shouted in their faces, some spat upon them and a few kicked them, the police responded with all the passion of pent-up fury.

By most accounts, the police overreacted. Once freed from the shackles of their original orders, they responded with force. Police arrested 650. Leaving Grant Park, demonstrators headed southward through the city for an announced march on the amphitheater where delegates were conducting convention business. Under orders to protect the proceedings, police turned back the marchers. Clubs and rocks flew as news cameras rolled, recording the ugly scene. This, apparently, was what the more militant of the protesters had wanted. "The whole world's watching! The whole world's watching!" they chanted. In the end, some 700 demonstrators and 80 police reported injuries.

Inside the convention, McCarthy and McGovern delegates were pushing for a resolution condemning America's involvement in the Vietnam war. Hubert Humphrey asked me to speak against the effort in the Resolutions Committee. Shirley MacClain and Paul Newman appeared and made arguments for it. I argued that a public repudiation of our country's position would send exactly the wrong message to Hanoi now that North Vietnam's leaders had finally agreed to peace talks at President Johnson's urging.

The antiwar resolution was defeated in the committee and on the floor of the convention. Humphrey was nominated. His acceptance speech was a masterpiece. Beginning with a passage from the prayer of St. Francis, the vice president offered an olive

branch to his ideological adversaries and pleaded eloquently for peace within the party and within the nation.

The first nationwide poll showed Humphrey trailing 16 points behind Republican nominee Richard Nixon. I sent telegrams to several hundred Democratic activists throughout Texas and invited them to join me in Fort Worth to plan a campaign. We met there in early September. Will Davis of Waco, Bob Strauss of Dallas and I led the effort. Bob undertook the difficult chore of fund raising among the party's relatively few big contributors. I went to Austin and opened a headquarters there in the Commodore Perry Hotel.

For the six weeks until election day, I did not return to Washington except for an occasional flight in and out, usually on the same day. I buried myself in the Humphrey campaign. My close friend and political ally Joe Shosid organized and trained the advance team for Humphrey's trips. In October we organized a speaking tour through the state for Vice Presidential nominee Edmund Muskie, and on the next week brought Humphrey in for a six-city tour. I hosted a luncheon for him in Fort Worth where we featured remarks from both Governor John Connally and Senator Ralph Yarborough. For several years the two had feuded publicly. Their joint appearance and sharing of the head table were heralded as a peacemaking miracle. Actually, both eagerly accepted my invitation. Each was anxious to put the feud on hold.

Bob Strauss and I met privately with Vice President Humphrey before the luncheon. Strauss commented about my "brass" in asking

the two political heavyweights to share the podium. "Wright has all the pride and reticence of a whore," he quipped.

"I think he means that as a compliment, Mr. Vice President," I offered somewhat lamely. As long as I've known Bob Strauss and as much as I like him, I doubt that I'll ever outgrow being a little shocked at the gruffness of his calculated insults.

On the eve of the Humphrey trip, I sat at my typewriter and wrote a 28 minute television script. I hired a professional camera crew to accompany the entourage across the state for video footage. I had raised enough money for one statewide TV broadcast and booked time for the evening of the day following Humphrey's departure from the state.

With only 24 hours to view the film and marry it to my preconceived script, I embarked upon what might have been the most frantic 24 hours of my life. The crew had shot reams and reams of footage, and most of it did not correspond to the script as I'd written it. I had to do a lot of rewriting and pasting. We couldn't postpone the show. The time was irrevocably reserved - and paid for! Never having undertaken such a task before, I had grossly underestimated its complexity. I worked at the task all night long after Humphrey's departure and through the following day. With the patient help of veteran television producer Jett Jamison, I finally finished gluing the patchwork together into one 28 minute tape just 20 minutes before airtime. Not trusting the homemade script to unfamiliar eyes, I narrated the piece myself. It was the only statewide television program the Texas Humphrey

campaign had been able to afford up to that point. There were just about ten days to go.

On the Sunday before Tuesday's election, Texas Democrats packed Houston's Astrodome to the rafters. Big towns and small ones from all over the state chartered hundreds of buses to bring the local faithful to the state's biggest stadium for the event. Houston mayor Fred Hoffheinz arranged for Frank and Nancy Sinatra to warmup the crowd. President Johnson spoke, warmly endorsing Humphrey, who responded. This televised event was the icing on the cake. We carried Texas.

This was the only presidential election since 1924 in which a Texas majority went differently from the nation as a whole. As we were eking out a Texas victory for Humphrey, the nation was going narrowly for Nixon.

Richard Nixon would tell of seeing a sign in a crowd which triggered his imagination. The sign read: "PLEASE BRING US TOGETHER AGAIN."

That, said Richard Nixon was what he would like to do. Damn shame, I thought. That's what Lyndon Johnson wanted to do too.