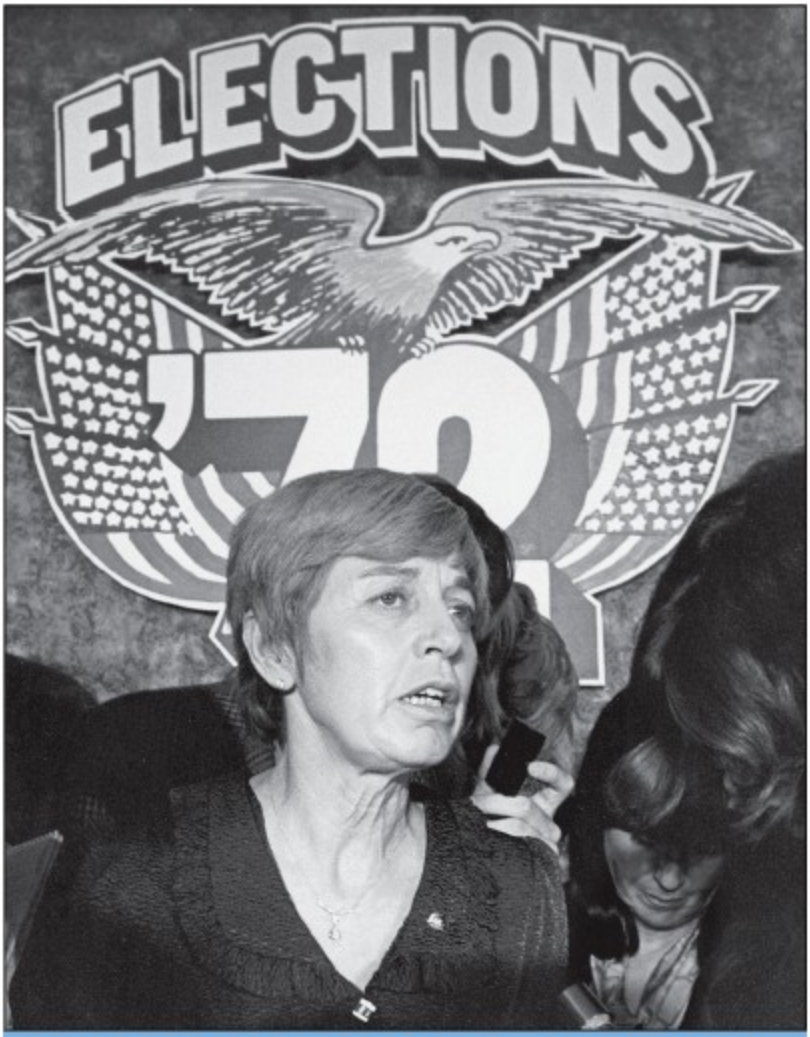
2007

Madame Chair

Jean Miles Westwood

MADAME CHAIR



The Political Autobiography of an Unintentional Pioneer

Jean Miles Westwood

Madame Chair

Special Collections Dept., J. Willard Marriott Library, University of Utah

Chase LTD. photo, Washington, D.C.

Official photo of Jean Westwood after her appointment as chair of the Democratic National Committee in 1972.

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Jean Miles Westwood

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With a Foreword by Floyd A. O'Neil

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Contents

Foreword

Floyd A. O'Neil

Jean Miles Westwood was one of the most unusual persons I have known. She was born in Price, Carbon County, Utah; her mother from a family called Potter, one of the pioneer families in the region, and her father, also of old Mormon stock, an employee of the U.S. Post Office. She went through Carbon High School, but did not get very far with her college plans when other things, including marriage, intervened.

She was young during the Depression and World War II, and that changed her life. Growing up in Carbon County, Utah, a coal mining region that is one of the most politically liberal areas in the western United States, she, too, was of that political persuasion. She saw the iniquities in society and whenever she could moved to try and overcome those things that were in her mind unfair.

Cursed with a body that had numerous health problems, she in her youth experienced more medical crises than most people experience in their entire lives, and they dogged her as she aged.

She married a unique man, Richard Westwood. He was from Moab, Utah, and remembered his unusual upbringing in the little river town very well, later writing a memoir of his childhood and two other books on early Colorado River runners. Dick and Jean were a mixed couple in terms of religion—she Mormon; he a non-Mormon in Utah. He joined that church before they married at her parents' request.

The young couple, Dick Westwood and Jean Miles, moved from Carbon County to San Diego and married near the onset of World War II. When they returned to Utah, they went into the business of raising mink in West Jordan. A mink coat was a symbol of success in the United States in the years from World War II until the 1970s. The Westwoods were very successful not only in the farming and selling of mink but also in breeding selective mutations for distinctive colors that sold at high prices.

It was in West Jordan, Utah, that Jean Westwood became active in politics—first in the schools, but moving from them into the Democratic Party. Jean insisted that many things in our lives could be improved,

and all who lived in Salt Lake County found themselves with a fellow citizen who asked many questions, on a variety of topics, and who was an active, deliberate agent of change.

She rose rapidly through the Democratic Party and gained a national reputation. Her husband supported her without stint in this remarkable career, as she rose from Utah to the national stage, to become the first woman ever to chair the Democratic National Committee. Succeeding Larry O'Brien as chair, she joined him in suing Nixon's reelection campaign over the offices burgled in the Watergate building in Washington, D.C., in 1972.

Jean Westwood kept good records of what had happened to her. In 1972 she had become a key partner in the effort to elect George McGovern president of the United States. In spite of being told by many people not to do it, Jean was determined to be a part of that campaign. By helping lead it, gaining experience and a wide network of contacts in and out of Washington, D.C., and then being elected the first woman to head the national Democratic Party, or any major national political party, Jean Westwood became a powerful figure.

Her autobiography was a notable accomplishment completed late in her life. I feel close to this work because at my suggestion, Gregory Thompson and I started doing oral interviews with Jean Westwood in 1987. Dr. Thompson secured funding through the Special Collections Department of the University of Utah's Marriott Library. I am still astounded that we did not finish that amazing set of interviews until we had enjoyed forty hours of conversation. Gregory Thompson and I are both of the opinion that it is one of the most remarkable oral histories that we have completed, and that includes well over a thousand individual oral histories.

This outstanding woman was most unusual for her times. Her work building roles for women in politics was a very practical way for her to help advance feminism. More involvement of women in powerful political positions gave women as a whole more power and a greater voice in national decisions. She accomplished this while maintaining the rest of her life as a wife, a mother, and a businesswoman in a most competitive arena.

Her book is the history of one pioneer woman who succeeded in the political world by overcoming the limits of gender politics. She did so out of a deep belief in the ethical responsibilities of government. She will be a lasting figure in the histories of twentieth-century Utah and the United States.

Jean Miles Westwood died in 1997.

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Photo by Dev O'Neill, Democratic National Congressional Committee

Jean Westwood conducting an August 1972 Democratic National Committee meeting. Rep. James O'Hara, parliamentarian, is to her left.

PROLOGUE

One day in July 1972, in Miami, Florida, I became a national symbol—the first woman in United States history to be elected to lead a national political party, and at a crucially important time. As I assumed office, questions abounded regarding the burglary of the suite of the Democratic National Committee (DNC) in the Watergate Office Building. The burglars proved most unusual, with suit pockets stuffed with cash. They carried sufficient equipment to photograph DNC files and to place surveillance devices. No one seemed to know why.

Even more difficult that summer was our wrenching decision to dump the running mate of our new presidential nominee, Senator George McGovern, due to Senator Thomas Eagleton's history of clinical depression. The convention had adjourned before we recognized this quagmire, and we did not even know how to get another candidate on the ticket. Before I ever had the chance to bang a gavel, I appeared on national television bearing a political hatchet.

My election as chair of the DNC was one of many "firsts" achieved by women during the 1970s' liberation movement. Throughout those stormy, earnest years of redefinition we looked to politics as the means for change in scores of practical and idealistic ways. I was probably the first visible party worker to endorse McGovern, and I worked relentlessly for his nomination. Now, my office would move from West Jordan, Utah, to Washington, D.C.

The Republican convention followed ours, a quasi-coronation for President Richard M. Nixon. We had no idea, as we scrambled to pay the party's debts and finance campaigns, that the Republicans were caching "slush funds" in the White House and at the Committee to Reelect the President (CRP). As we DNC officers and campaign leaders set up offices a few blocks apart—and soon discovered another listening device—we had only a curious inkling that Nixon and his key men had a lot to hide. Perhaps you don't often hear my name in the many historic accounts of the constitutional crisis abbreviated as "Watergate." I succeeded

Lawrence (Larry) O'Brien as the DNC chair and joined him in suing the CRP. Before long our lawsuit became one of the many hydra heads that toppled the Nixon administration.

Watergate historians suggest that Nixon's "dirty tricksters" effectively defeated most Democratic frontrunners during the primaries, allowing Nixon to handpick McGovern as his man to beat. My insider perspective contrasted dramatically; we battled uphill all the way, instituted party reforms, and did not expect such a thorough flogging at the polls.

McGovern, who represented South Dakota, and I hailed from conservative states with small populations and meager representation in Congress. Throughout his campaign McGovern fully expected to claim the White House. When all the votes were counted, my home state and virtually every other state rewarded our tremendous effort to bring reform and peace by voting heavily for Nixon, the "peace candidate."

So hectic was my life during those years that I found little time to reflect on how politics fit into the broader canvas of my life. A decade or so later, I faced a hard examination of my personal history both on and off the political hustings.

This time the atmosphere was as quiet as the national conventions had been noisy, and I as teary as I had once been ebullient. On an afternoon in late November 1983, I eased into a big chair in the office of Dr. Catherine O'Connell at the Behavioral Health Center at St. Luke's hospital in Phoenix. I sought her help in desperation because, at age sixty, after two small strokes, my hardy optimism had succumbed to a clinical depression that weighted every hour almost unbearably. Before seeing O'Connell I prepared a summary of my family history, my health background, and my life's major events—twenty pages of questions designed to reveal any hidden psychological problems that might underlie the depression.

When we met, Dr. O'Connell said, "Well, you don't have any deep-seated childhood problems or real phobias. Your kind of depression is very common after a right-sided stroke. All we will need are some biofeedback sessions with relaxation tapes and techniques, plus some strategies for dealing with your changes in lifestyle."

My answering storm of tears stemmed from frustration as much as relief. Why, if I suffered a typical depression, had I struggled to find Dr. O'Connell's help? My neurologist seemed to think women's eyes naturally poured streams. He aggressively treated the physical symptoms of my stroke, then suggested that I walk, and keep walking, until the depression fell by the wayside.

Now, O'Connell explained: "Your tests show a most interesting personality, with the strong, warm, caring traits of women who center their lives around husband, children, and home. Such women often have a deep religious conviction. Usually they are content to be followers and let others take the limelight. We call this 'nurturing.'

"But you show *equally* strong traits of independent thought, a questioning of religion, current standards, and political decisions, sometimes amounting to rebellion. These traits suggest leadership but can also indicate a stubborn belief in your own ideas or ideals, and even a willingness to be a martyr if necessary. We call this 'individuality.'

"Often this combination leads to major psychological problems, as the two parts of your personality struggle to be dominant. Yet you seem to have combined these two opposing traits. I'm sure you've had conflicts between them and times when you wished you were built all one way or the other. But this combination has allowed you an exceptionally full and varied experience in life. I am sure it will help us overcome your problems now."

I doubt if Dr. O'Connell remembers what she said to me that day. But her words returned often as I reflected on ways to restructure my life—again.

An old man recently told me he had lived through a complete change in the world: from the days of the horse and buggy to the days of missiles and rockets; from the days of mail delivered by stagecoach to the days of television and e-mail; from the days of long-barreled rifles to the days of atomic bombs. My story involves many of those changes against a backdrop of huge attitudinal, emotional, and intellectual shifts in the dynamics of the United States. It speaks to the perceptions of women and men, and their personal and professional relationships over the last seventy years. It offers an insider record of backstage politics over the last half of the twentieth century.

So many young women have told me, in essence, "You set us up to believe in a different lifestyle, in sexual freedom, in careers and self-fulfillment in a man's world. Now we have that, and it isn't enough. We're bored or bewildered, lonely or unfulfilled. We find few models who combine marriage successfully with the expanded opportunities in the workplace.

"There is no real women's movement anymore. We either have the 'mommy' role and resent those with successful careers, or we pursue a career and despise those who stay home. We know we somehow need both. What happened?"

All I can offer is my own story in hopes that it will rouse recognition or reflection in you, my reader. I have tried to examine clearly my part in liberal, political, and women's causes; my roles in business, both in partnership with my husband and on my own; and my experiences as a daughter, woman, wife, and mother. Perhaps your experiences have been similar, or they contrast sharply. Maybe you rejoice in your varied choices or you yearn for an earlier time. Perhaps you, too, try to reconcile nurturing with leadership and individuality.

I, and many women of my generation, inadvertently became pioneers, traveling less-trod paths through the political landscape, or swimming upstream through the currents of business. Maybe your paths seem more traveled and better understood. Yet, as you consider my experiences, you may find that, in one way or another, you also are an inadvertent pioneer.

ONE

McGOVERN CALLS

Over the holidays—from December 15, 1969 to January 15, 1970—my husband Dick and I visited our daughter Beth and our son-in-law Vern Davies in balmy Hawaii. Our festivities included attending a New Year's Eve party; and then, on New Year's morning, the telephone rang.

A voice said, "Hello, Jean, this is George."

"George who?"

"George McGovern."

"Oh, are you here in Hawaii for some reason?"

"No, I'm calling you from Washington."

"What for?"

"We had a meeting of all my major advisors over the holidays to decide if I was going to run for president. We decided to go ahead. We want to start out in the spirit of our reforms, and would like to have a man and a woman cochair our campaign committee. So we decided we would ask John Douglas (a creative Washington lawyer and former congressman) to be chair, and we would like to know if you would be his cochair."

After a stunned silence, I said, "Well, I'm not sure what that means, but I'm honored to be asked. I think I had better check with my husband, the governor, and our senator first." (I was still a good establishment Democrat, not to mention a devoted wife.)

George said, "I want to announce it in the next couple of days. Can you call them and get back to me?"

"George, it's New Year's Day. I don't think I can get them today. But I'll try." So I did.

Dick said yes immediately, once again amazing me at how liberated he was for a man of his day, not only allowing but actively helping me with whatever I wanted to do.

I called both Senator Frank (Ted) Moss and Governor Calvin L. Rampton in Utah. I knew Ted liked McGovern. They often teamed up

in the Senate with the apparent frontrunner for the Democrats' nominee, Edmund Muskie. Ted supported Muskie, but he was not utterly committed anywhere. Regardless, he thought I definitely should go to work for McGovern. He was pleased because he knew of no other woman, or Utahn, who had headed a nominating campaign.

Rampton was far less impressed with McGovern, and he heavily supported Muskie. But, he said, "Nobody from Utah has ever been asked to do anything of this magnitude in a primary campaign, and there's no way you can turn it down. It will be a benefit to you and to our state party, to have somebody in that kind of a national position."

When I accepted McGovern's invitation, I could not anticipate all the changes 1970 would bring. Dick and I would pelt our last crop of mink on our ranch that autumn. We lost our foreman, Dick Wilkes, to an automobile accident, and my husband had never fully recovered from a fall, which aggravated his arthritis and aged him.

Vern, too, was rehabilitating, enduring a series of surgeries to repair his right arm following shrapnel injuries received while serving as an officer in Vietnam. The four of us would spend another holiday season in Hawaii before the army awarded Vern a medical retirement, and he and Beth moved to Utah.

Those future changes seemed to gather and disperse like the cloud patterns outside the airplane windows as Dick and I flew home. Foremost in my mind, of course, was the call from McGovern. I was still stunned that he would ask me, an experienced party worker who hailed from an unfortunately small state. Later I learned that he had shielded me from the reactions of other party workers as I shouldered that important position.

Born on November 22, 1923, I grew up where vast coal deposits darken the hills. Price is the county seat of coal-mining Carbon County, Utah, and far from the sophistication of metropolitan culture. Even in one of the state's most ethnically diverse areas, I felt the pervasive influence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (usually shortened to LDS or Mormon). While my parents were not overly devout, much of our life as children did center on the church and its activities.

The church is run by a male hierarchy and a lay priesthood, which includes virtually all males age twelve and above. Later, when all but the most authoritative religions began to consider opening their hierarchies to women, the Mormon leadership launched a covert and effective campaign to defeat the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Resistance by a few Mormon women near the nation's capital sparked a

long-running curiosity in the media regarding Mormon practices toward women. Like fundamentalist Christians and certain other authoritative religions, Mormonism teaches that a woman's chief role is to be a partner and mate to her husband and a mother to their children. Then, obedient families may reunite after death—literally living happily ever after. Yet, hailing from coal-mining Price and a conservative church with a powerful pioneer heritage, I became a symbol of the independent feminist.

I could not deny that I was a born nurturer, desiring love, marriage, and close friendships with other couples. I wanted to be a good daughter, wife, and mother, which meant struggling to become a good laundress, janitor, cook, bargain hunter, seamstress, hostess, companion, and lover.

Yet my nurturing self was matched by a fierce desire to be *myself*, to achieve for myself. I wanted to learn all there was to know. I wanted to help decide what was best, not only for myself but for the wider world. I hoped to contribute to the rise of leaders and to the shaping of ideas through writing and speaking, as well as participating in politics and in my community.

Guilt dogged me when one or the other side of my persona dominated my time. Working with Dr. O'Connell, I finally recognized a link between nurturing and self-realization, and I saw how fiercely I wanted each component. Put simply, if you do not feel good about yourself, you cannot adequately care about others.

How much, I then wondered, did my physical health reflect my inner conflicts? Prior to my strokes, I experienced several serious illnesses, beginning with rheumatic fever and an overactive thyroid in my early teens. I suffered from toxemia with my first pregnancy, which led later to other "female problems," requiring a medical abortion and finally a hysterectomy, all during my twenties. Ten years later I experienced a four-month siege by the most serious form of hepatitis. Then came twenty years of good health, with only a tendency to pick up the annual variety of flu.

My healthy phase ended in spring 1974 when I fell and suffered a double concussion, entering a coma for several weeks. That concussion foreshadowed the strokes, but so did my lifelong inability to rest long enough to fully recover. Later Dr. O'Connell helped me see how I drew on my innate stamina and my impatience with anything that interfered with my plans. Inevitably I sprinted in metaphorical marathons long before my doctors gave permission for me to reenter the race.

The first minor stroke arrived in 1982. The complete paralysis on my left side eased after forty-eight hours, and my neurologist placed me in

physical therapy right away. My expectations for recovery were high. I could only walk a hundred yards when I left the hospital. As the winter deepened I practiced walking farther and, by spring, I was making two miles a day.

But I kept having momentary blackouts, so I was not allowed to drive. Now, *that's* depressing! Finally I hired a driver. More difficult was explaining my frequent waterworks by citing the frustrations of poor health. Then, at summer's end, Dick and I joined dear friends to relax for four days on a houseboat on gorgeous Lake Powell in southeastern Utah. The outing over blue waves between red sandstone cliffs was a disaster. I picked at Dick until I drove everyone to distraction although they tried to be patient and sympathetic.

On the way home, I told Dick, "I can't keep on this way. I need either a different neurologist, or a psychologist, or both."

Our family doctor immediately sent me for a consultation at the heart and stroke rehabilitation program of St. Luke's Behavioral Health Center in Phoenix. I went home with their long questionnaire and awoke two mornings later with a familiar numbness on one side of my face and around my lips, a sensation that preceded blackouts. But this time I ended up back in the hospital with another small stroke. Now I was really depressed!

The cause of the strokes remained unknown; I had neither high blood pressure nor any heart problems. So the doctors decided to perform more computerized axial tomography (CAT) and magnetic resonance images (MRI) scans, which turned up a pituitary tumor, a possible cause for the strokes and certainly another problem.

Later, Dr. O'Connell helped me unmask other well-disguised suspects. She combined a real understanding of the feminist movement with plentiful common sense. Together we examined my touchstones and turning points against the backdrop of momentous change in the nation. Despite later health issues, which required a series of surgeries, my depression vanished. My career and my close relationships flourished, side by side. As my mother's daughter, I should have known they could coexist.

My mother, Nettie Potter, was born near Price, in Sunnyside, on April 26, 1903, the daughter of Mormon converts who had emigrated from England and Scotland. She grew up in a devout home but, as an adult, paid little attention to the church's stricter tenets. However she insisted that her children participate regularly in ward meetings and functions. Her mother always quoted to her, "Sunday's child is full of grace, wise, and bright, and fair of face." No wonder Nettie grew up a giggler,

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Nettie Potter Miles, Jean Westwood's mother.

outgoing and self-confident. Grandmother Potter insisted that all five of her daughters learn to sew, cook, clean, and entertain properly—achieving the ladylike graces. Grandfather, on the other hand, insisted that his girls learn some kind of salable skill. Mother became a beautiful seamstress, but she sewed gifts for those she loved, thinking it demeaning to be a paid seamstress.

During her high school years she worked as a bookkeeper, and she later clerked in department and specialty women's stores. Most of her married life, she worked outside the home. She sold dresses and then sold dress materials, instructing others. But none of her students' creations compared favorably with those she sewed for her daughters.

Mother cut her hair short, wore flapper clothes, and loved to dance, to play the piano, and especially to sing, even performing in public.

She supported woman suffrage, but so did the Mormon church in those days. Mother read more than most of her friends, but also enjoyed attending gossip-rich sewing bees and card games. She even had the chance to go to college, an opportunity not often available to young women of her time. Had she been interested in academics, she could have been a top student.

Mother was also one of the town's better cooks, bottling countless jars of fruit, tomatoes, and spring beans each autumn. During the early years of the Depression, Mother rose every morning at five o'clock to bake in our old coal stove six pies for the drugstore. Then she roused the rest of the family. In the cellar, Mother and Daddy brewed root beer—and the stronger kind!

Grandfather Potter hated the mines and, in England, had studied to become a minister. Since the Mormons had a lay clergy, Grandpa had to work in the mines initially. He soon became a town clerk, and then the juvenile officer, and finally an accountant.

My grandparents built one of the first big houses in Price, two stories tall with seven bedrooms. All our aunts, uncles, and cousins visited on holidays, and they all loved to sing and recite poetry, especially Shakespeare and Scotland's own Bobbie Burns.

My father, Frances Marion (Dick) Miles, grew up in Huntington, a few miles away from Price. His ancestors had been Puritans who joined with Roger Williams in settling New England. The Miles family questioned the precepts of established religions and converted to Mormonism, joining the westward trek to what became the Utah Territory. Settled in Huntington, Grandfather Miles established a freight business, hauling goods northeast to Fort Duchesne, which later became the Uinta-Ouray Reservation, an enforced home for three bands of Northern Utes, including two bands native to Colorado.

Dad said the Miles men fought in every war the United States waged, yet made it a practice to question both church and government and decide issues for themselves. Dad said that Mormonism was a good religion, offering its members the right to sustain those called to lead them. The church taught free agency and did not impose original sin. You paid the consequences for your own sins, Dad said, not for sins committed from the Garden of Eden forward.

Dad had observed the church's struggle with the federal government over polygamy, which sent some families fleeing to Mexico or Canada. He felt that the Mormon leaders' final abandonment of two defining principles—plural marriage and a communal economy—allowed statehood

but altered the church irrevocably. It turned inward, Dad said, and became too "hidebound." Because Dad smoked, drank, gambled, and loved high living, he did not feel welcome at church meetings and functions, usually attending only if we children performed. Nevertheless, he believed in the "original thought" behind Mormonism.

When Dad was small, the railroad bought out Grandpa Miles's freighting franchise, so Grandpa moved his equipment to Arizona, where sprouting Mormon colonies needed freighters. Grandma Miles refused to move anyplace hotter in the summertime than central Utah, so she and their children stayed behind. Her parents had been sent by the church to help develop the Huntington area, and after Grandpa left Utah, the church helped Grandma rear her family. Dad was born when his mother was suffering what was then called a nervous breakdown, due to Grandpa abandoning her. Dad watched Grandmother struggle to keep the farm and her children. He graduated from the sixth grade just before Grandma lost her struggle for independence and married a man that Dad didn't much like.

Dad moved in with his grandparents for a while and then joined his brother Sam, who owned a combined barber shop and pool hall in Price. Dad attended school part time, cleaned the shop, dealt cards in the pool hall, and slept above the barber shop. Understandably he became a father who was determined that his daughters would learn skills to sustain their independence and that we would be as well educated as we wanted to be.

Sam moved to California at the beginning of World War I, and soon Dad enlisted in the army. After the war Dad tried chicken farming but it didn't work out, so he returned to Price. He began taking meals at the local café where Mother worked after school. After a year of acquaintance, he asked Grandpa Potter for permission to marry Nettie but was turned down because he was a gambler.

Dad quit gambling and went to Salt Lake City to barber school, even as Grandma and Grandpa Potter sent Mother, ten years younger than Dad, north to Brigham Young University in Provo. Over the Christmas holidays, Mother and Dad met in Salt Lake City and married—Mom's one act of rebellion against her concerned parents. Eventually the newlyweds moved back to Price, bought some land from Grandpa Potter, and built a house. Their elopement forgiven, Mom and Dad grew close to all the Potter family.

I was reared as the Mormon version of a small-town WASP (white Anglo-Saxon Protestant) with the strong influence of Grandfather and

Grandmother Potter. I also intuited a type of non-militant feminism as I observed my mother's life and heard both parents' stories. I grew up with siblings—a sister and two brothers—as well as many friends. I felt shy, for my sister was much prettier, and I had spells of ill health. Still, I excelled in my school subjects and took drama lessons. In the fourth grade I bet Jerry Olsen that President Herbert Hoover (who I felt could solve the nation's economic woes, given enough time) would beat Franklin Roosevelt. Jerry and Roosevelt won.

My best friend Jean Gunderson and I wrote and put on plays throughout our junior high school years. In high school, we both joined the debate team and performed in plays, but Jean was popular with the boys and with the elite clique of girls, and I was not. Our friends in junior high school were of every nationality and religion, and I stuck with a diverse group all through high school. I wrote for the school newspaper and soon became editor. By then I had read everything I could find about FDR and his programs, and I also tuned in to his radio speeches. Radio was sufficient in those days, for all around me I could *see* the devastating effects of the Great Depression.

The mines began laying off workers and moving them out of company housing or charging them high rents. The company stores no longer offered credit for groceries. I heard Mother and Dad discussing the plight of poor women, arrested trying to steal coal from the slag dumps to keep their families warm. In countless ways, life in our mining community worsened. Half the population worked in the mines, and the other half depended on the miners to stimulate business. Unions gained power despite stern opposition from the LDS church leaders, who allied with mine owners and managers. Joining a union presented a dilemma, for the miners feared being laid off and then blackballed at other mines. Many could not decide which they wanted more: the security of regular paychecks or the long-range benefits of union membership.

I remember one day when the mine administrators joined police in using tear gas and billy clubs against the striking miners, who staged a protest on the streets of Price. The demonstration flared into a riot serious enough that police officers made us stay inside the school building until late that night.

J. Bracken Lee, who ran an insurance agency, showed several families the photographs he took during the riot. Brack later became mayor of Price, governor of Utah, and then ran an unsuccessful campaign for the United States Senate. With each campaign his conservatism tightened until he finally led a tax protest.

Brack and Dad were boyhood friends during the time Dad lived with Sam. Their group enlisted in the army together during World War I, and during the 1920s, they all lived for baseball. Mother and Dad couldn't afford to travel with the country club set that included Brack and his wife Margaret; but their daughter Helen, who lived with Brack's parents a few doors down the street, became my close friend.

Years later, Republican attorneys cross-examined me in preparation for the Watergate lawsuit. They asked if I had ever worked for a Republican, and I said, "No, not that I remember."

"Well, you did," they accused. "You distributed literature when J. Bracken Lee ran for mayor of Price."

I cracked up and said, "That shows you're using the FBI to investigate for political purposes!" As a young girl, I had helped Helen pass out pamphlets supporting her father's candidacy in a nonpartisan race.

Dad was a Democrat, but no postal employee other than the postmaster was allowed to show any partisanship. Mother's family was Republican, but Grandfather Potter had once run for county clerk on the ticket of the Bull Moose Progressive Party. I found myself more sympathetic to the Democratic point of view and worshiped Roosevelt as a hero. As I saw the jobs provided by his programs appear in our county, I realized that many of my friends' families benefitted greatly.

All my grandparents had lived long enough to recall the division of political parties during one of the Utah Territory's hopeful campaigns for statehood, eventually achieved in 1896. Because Republican presidents oversaw the bitter struggles regarding polygamy, public schools, and secular voting, most Mormons disdained "the feds" by becoming devout Democrats. So when Utah needed to demonstrate a two-party population, some Mormon bishops designated Republicans and Democrats by using the church aisle as a divider. Others asked every second family to become Republican. In more ways than one, it was the Mormons' obedience to church leaders that won statehood. Even as I worked in party politics fifty to eighty years later, most offices were won by a fifty-two to forty-eight majority, or by an even closer margin. The old, arbitrary family divisions remained.

The impression of polygamy held by outsiders was only partly true. Rather than suffering in the virtual slavery depicted in anti-Mormon books and films, many plural wives became teachers in their extended families or even in the school districts. Some went East to attend medical school; soon midwives birthed thousands of babies, especially in the outlying settlements. Some plural wives initiated home industry or clerked

in stores. Musicians, actresses, artists, and librarians also rose from the ranks of plural wives, while others joined their husbands' labor on farms or in granaries. Overall, plural wives were respected members of the community rather than being labeled "outside the marrying kind."

The Relief Society was formed in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1842, an era when many women could not join any organization outside the home. In addition to caring for the sick, the bereaved, and the poor, the Relief Society sisters studied church doctrine and encouraged cultural activities. Schools, playhouses, poetry societies, choirs, and operatic groups flourished. From 1870 to 1877, the Utah Territory was one of only two states or territories in which women could vote. Congress revoked that right as part of the campaign against polygamy; it did not want plural wives tipping the elections by voting against the feds.

Even with statehood pending, women worked for suffrage. In 1889 they held a mass meeting and formally elected a territorial suffrage association. By 1893 sixteen county suffrage associations boasted a membership of two thousand; in addition, fifteen hundred women also belonged to the national Women's Suffrage Association. Although women were barred from the state constitutional convention, held on March 3, 1895, they had laid the groundwork.

The statehood convention endorsed an article on elections and rights of suffrage, which read: "The rights of citizens of the State of Utah to vote and hold office shall not be abridged or denied on account of sex. Both male and female citizens of this state shall equally enjoy all civil, political, and religious rights and privileges."

In 1904 Utah sent Elizabeth Cohen to a national convention, where she seconded the presidential nomination of William Jennings Bryant, becoming the first woman to voice an official motion. In short, Utah was not only the first state to grant men and women equal rights in the political parties, but it pressed for that same equality nationwide. By 1913 Utahns had elected women to fill county offices, an entire town board, and eight seats in the legislature. In addition, the first female superintendent of schools was elected in Utah.

During the first two decades of the twentieth century, the years when my mother grew up and married, middle-class women nationwide believed in suffrage and liberation. As the early gains were instituted by women from the Victorian tradition, they formed clubs and societies, asserting a right to study the arts. But that is not all they did. Some became active in abolishing slavery. Others supported efforts to ease the plight of "the under-classes," that is minority, poor, and working-class

families. Utah women formed coalitions to ease restrictions on women whether they involved anything from property to sexuality.

For instance, the job of secretary became desirable, for it not only required "male" skills such as typing, shorthand, filing, and bookkeeping, but it also placed young women in the business environment where good marriages might occur. And making a good marriage remained the epitome of success even as the flapper image celebrated the ultra-feminine, ultra-sophisticated, and sexually free woman. Mother's jobs as a bookkeeper, and her short hair and skirts, illustrated the national trends but so did her happy marriage.

Mother was luckier or pluckier than we realized growing up, for the Depression erased many of women's gains. Mother and her friends felt they could be active in both the community and the workforce without jeopardizing their future marriages. This autonomy never threatened Mother's desire for romance and partying. She still wanted to be respectable, to practice wifely skills, to be a good mother, and to be a good social companion to her husband, but saw no reason not to do it all.

During the Depression, many women who tried to work—even if their husbands were unemployed—were blamed for taking "men's jobs." Relief programs were primarily designed for men and openly discriminated against women. The key reform lay in the concept that a government should help to provide protection and relief, and this emerged partially from the earlier women's agenda. But, with the government as a substitute, the mass women's movement fell apart.

Women's organized efforts in those Depression years were mainly seen within the union movement, for they worked wherever allowed by circumstances or their community. They patched or remade old clothes, grew and bottled vegetables and fruit, and dried meat—all the old housewifely skills. I saw Mother do all these things, but she worked outside the home as well. I didn't possess the word "liberated" in those post-World War I years, but I knew how it looked and felt.

Even during the Depression, we girls learned that we could become nurses, bookkeepers, office managers, or bank tellers (a step above clerking), run a telephone switchboard, or serve food. Also, women could teach, even in colleges, but their realm was the humanities, not the sciences. (Even the women who taught gymnastics were considered a little odd.) A woman might succeed in the arts or in social work but she definitely trespassed boundaries if she pursued a career in medicine, law, or science. Most girls took a degree to become more "cultured" and to boost

their chances to marry boys on the rise; boys' careers, of course, were limited only by talent or money. Even after so many decades, this has not completely changed.

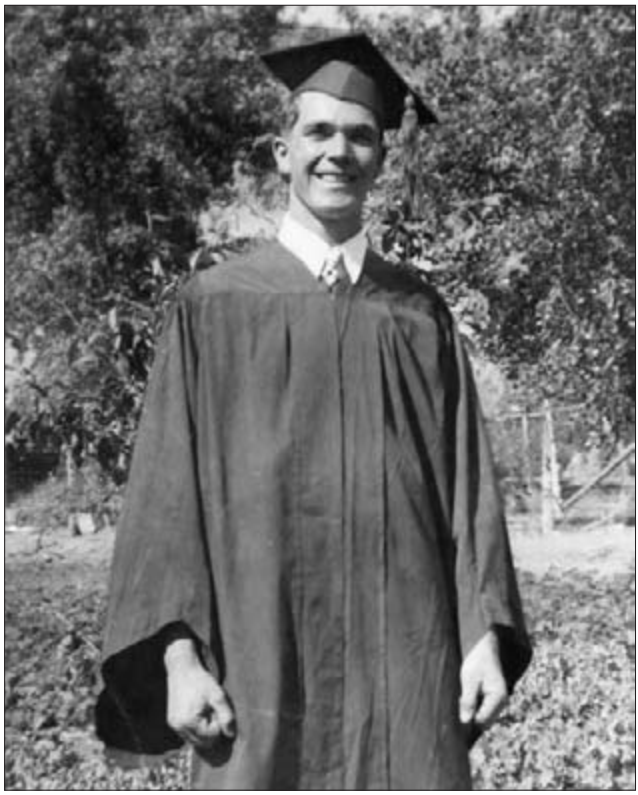
My parents encouraged each of us to develop our talents fully. One sign of their advanced thinking was apparent in telling us "the facts of life" in a straightforward, natural manner. I brought most of my girlfriends to Mother to learn these things. Their mothers would not discuss the changes occurring in their daughters' maturing bodies. We Miles kids knew the proper names for all our body parts, how each functioned, and what the consequences could be if we violated sexual standards.

The Price I grew up in was a liberal community, typical of Utah's other mining towns, and I cherished the variety among my friends. One girlfriend's mother, for instance, taught me to make spaghetti and ravioli. Our Greek friends brought us garden produce such as eggplant, zucchini squash, and artichokes long before they became staples in the mainstream diet. Basque sheepherder friends gave us a butchered spring lamb each year. The Scots, including Grandmother, cooked scones, while the English and Welsh favored Cornish pastries and roast beef, with either Yorkshire pudding or browned potatoes. Scandinavians, such as the Gundersons, specialized in fish stews.

My friends and I attended the bar mitzvah of Bob Gordon, Frieda's younger brother, and other Jewish celebrations. We went to Christmas Mass at the Catholic church and enjoyed Greek Easter festivities. Jean Gunderson invited us to the Community Church occasionally to hear their wonderful young preacher. And my friends all came with me to weekly meetings of the Mutual Improvement Association, the teenage auxiliary of the LDS Church.

When I was a junior in high school, I met Dick Westwood, who had come to Price to attend the junior college. Soon we were "going steady." The following year he attended an aircraft school in California and then worked in a San Diego defense plant. During my senior year, I dated other boys but only cared about Dick.

By the time I graduated, I had formulated most of my ideals and political philosophy. George Morgan, our debate coach and American problems teacher, insisted we find the facts behind the policies. During those years Hitler was ravaging Europe, and the horrors we saw on newsreels increased our patriotism and our devotion to democracy. Our history teacher taught us to be proud of our diverse backgrounds and heritages, to dislike bigots, and to pity and care for those who were shunned because of race, or who were poor and needed help.



Richard "Dick" Westwood.

I worked part time for the *Sun Advocate*, the town newspaper, and hung around the office to lay out our high school paper. The *Sun* featured local people and events—births, deaths, social gatherings, sports, and city council and county commission meetings. But it also ran stories on the national economy, covered the mines, businesses, government programs, farm prices, railroad and freight shipments, and union and anti-union issues. The *Sun* informed us of crimes and court procedures, and provided at least a short summary of major international and national news. The sense of impending war pervaded our lives. When war came, Carbon County changed forever. Many young people left for the army, the war plants, or schools in other states. Most came home only for occasional visits.

In September 1941, after I graduated from high school, Dick and I married at my great-aunt Marie's home in San Diego. Our families were so poor that only my dad and Dick's mother could accompany me westward on the bus. Nevertheless Mother and Dad made sure I first saw our family doctor to get a diaphragm and instructions on birth control,

as well as having the legally required blood tests. Not that this erudition did much good! I must have become pregnant on our wedding night since Rick was born one day before nine months elapsed.

When I was in high school, I longed to get out in the world. I had watched Dick struggle vainly to stay in school. Even with a scholarship, I could not afford to attend Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. My chance for higher education came later at Carbon College in Price, after we returned to Utah. As many did in the war years, I opted to get married first. I hoped to retain my own identity, to study, and to begin a serious writing career. Such dreams were not unusual for a girl from a small town, just emerging from the Depression.

We had no honeymoon since Dick worked six days a week. When I became pregnant right away, we had to move out of our first apartment because children were not allowed. Luckily we found some housing built for war workers and lived there during our four years in San Diego. I had kidney eclampsia when our son Rick was born, and he was sickly during his first few months, but then he filled out and was healthy. Two and a half years later, our daughter Beth was born.

Living in San Diego did not diminish our social life, for we got together often with our relatives and neighbors. Jean Gunderson and her parents had moved to San Diego, and Mother and Dad visited for a few weeks when our children were born. Dick's brothers and cousins worked in the war plants, and they took turns living with us. My sister Shirley attended college at San Diego State University and lived with us one year.

We sometimes attended meetings at our LDS ward and, when Dick worked swing shift, we spent many mornings on the beach. I took classes at the YWCA, and studied English and political science at a satellite of the University of California in Los Angeles. The last year of the war, Jean and I worked part time in the office of Congresswoman Helen Gahagen Douglas, folding and stuffing envelopes. (Douglas served from 1945 to 1951 in Congress but was defeated by Nixon in a run for the Senate; in return, she awarded him the long-lasting moniker, "Tricky Dick.") Equipped with a typewriter Dick bought me, plus a correspondence course in short story writing, I won a national *Writer's Digest* contest.

In order to understand the challenges of writing fiction, Dick also produced a short story, featuring a boy who dreamed of running a fur farm. A few questions, and I realized that was Dick's dream too. I found books and a monthly magazine on fur raising in the library and recognized some Utah names, so we wrote to several of them. Bruce and Peggy Hartman responded and recommended that we work on a

fox or mink ranch to see if we really liked fur farming before starting our own operation.

When the war ended, war industries began laying off employees. Dick's job continued despite a reduction in employees from sixty thousand to about three thousand. Dick decided to leave anyway, so we packed up our little family and moved back to Utah. The Hartmans helped find Dick a job on a fox and mink farm in the southwest corner of the Salt Lake Valley. My prize money, combined with a loan from Dick's brother Melvin, helped us purchase a small lot and house in West Jordan, close to the Hartmans' place. We bought two bred female mink and boarded them at the Harmans' ranch until we had pens of our own.

When we compared our finances with those of another young rancher, Gale Vernon, we realized how poor we really were. Gale worked on the Jenson ranch with Dick; he also received the full GI supplement, and his wife lived in Coalville with her parents. As a former war worker, Dick did not qualify for GI benefits, and he earned only $150 per month. Another problem trumped our inadequate income, for I began to have "female problems" with hemorrhaging. We decided we needed extra family support and moved to Price to live with my parents, renting our West Jordan property to Gale and Marguerite.

Back in Price, Dick worked five or six part-time jobs. Then his Uncle Vere decided to use his trucks to move houses up the canyon to urban areas. Homes had been built in Dragerton for coal miners during the war, and they now were selling to veterans. Before they could be moved, the houses must be split in half. In the spring Dick moved to Orem, north of Provo, where the houses were reassembled. Eventually the children and I joined Dick, settling into one of those homes set on blocks.

After we relocated to Utah County, my doctor continued my thyroid and hormone treatments until I suffered a serious hemorrhage. Then came the news that I was pregnant despite continued bleeding and treatments, not to mention using my diaphragm (far less effective than the package claimed). Back to Price I went, for bed rest and several blood transfusions per week in an attempt to save our baby. My parents cared for me as I followed this regimen from April until July.

Finally, more than halfway through gestation, Dick and I faced the choice of giving up the baby, or both the baby and I dying. (And that's the way we thought and talked about him—our baby, not a fetus.) Even a medical abortion was considered shameful, for it countered Mormon principles and endangered a doctor's reputation. However

state law decreed that if three doctors concurred that the baby probably would not survive and the mother surely would die, a pregnancy could be terminated.

Never had I felt more vulnerable, and the events that followed fueled years of nightmares. Our family doctor, so trusted throughout childhood, was now chief of staff at the local hospital; other doctors (also family friends) knew what we did not—that the chief was preoccupied by an affair with his nurse, and both of them were suspected of abusing certain available drugs. My doctor's lack of concentration seemed apparent during my last round of transfusions, for I nearly died. At that point, the necessary three doctors confronted their chief, insisted that he abort our baby, and offered to sign the necessary papers.

My doctor gave in reluctantly and ordered a spinal anesthetic, commonly used for delivery by caesarean section. So I was awake as they opened my abdomen and discussed the removal of my baby boy, who was well-developed but compromised in certain ways. I was only twenty-four, and hearing their discussion was just too much. I began screaming and heard the anesthesiologist say, "I'm going to put her under whether you like it or not." I woke up the next day.

My baby was gone, and yet I continued to hemorrhage. I was sent home, but in a few days returned for transfusions as I grew weaker and weaker. Finally the trio of doctors insisted that their chief perform a curettement and, when that didn't work, a hysterectomy to stop the bleeding. This was drastic given my young age, but at that point I just wanted to live for my husband and our two young children. Even after the purported hysterectomy, the hemorrhaging continued.

Severe headaches, a complication of the spinal anesthetic, added to my misery; yet after weeks of bleeding and hurting, my doctor sent me home. I moved into the house Dick had been building in West Jordan and saw three different doctors in Salt Lake County. Each would call my doctor in Price for background information and then conclude I was hysterical (a primary reason given for removing women's reproductive organs in earlier times).

At last a doctor in nearby Midvale tried to treat me for anemia and requested my records from the Price hospital. He learned that the records had mysteriously disappeared! Finally he got my parents to persuade one of the doctor trio to talk with him, by telephone—and off the record. A complete hysterectomy followed. By now I was twenty-six.

Post-menopausal hormone treatment was neither widely known nor available, as demonstrated by my extreme mood swings over the next few

years. I don't know how Dick and the rest of my family survived my deep depressions. Dick and I quarreled because he could not understand why the operation had not cured me. He did not "believe in" psychiatry, and I felt I needed it; we were both unaware that hormone shifts were wreaking havoc with my mood.

All this profoundly affected my thoughts regarding a woman's right to decide her medical options. My experiences also derailed my Mormon belief that a large family was a gift a woman *should* give her husband and the world—no matter the cost to her own well-being. I shuddered for the tormented women who felt forced to seek illegal abortions, and I admired the doctors who had helped me at peril of being ostracized, or worse. Meanwhile the son we lost appeared for years in my nightmares. In today's world I would not have had to carry him so close to term, but, given the current power of the Religious Right, emergency abortions may not remain legal for much longer.

Dick and I bought a larger lot in West Jordan and, over the next couple of years, we purchased surplus houses and barracks and remodeled them for sale. One barrack, when sliced open, was lined with knotty pine. We transformed it into quite a nice house, our home for the next twenty-seven years.

We also built a small mink run and moved our mink there; over time, the mink ranch expanded into a full-time operation for us both. I did the record keeping and accounting, and then donned heavy boots and gloves to take over when Dick was out of town, or during pelting. We made friends with other young ranchers and were asked to run the annual live mink show and publish a magazine. After a few years we took our own live mink to shows around the country and began to collect prizes. Our next vista was the auction house in New York. For our first few ventures, I borrowed fashionable clothes. As we improved our stock, we also became active in the national mink associations.

Years later, during a trip to Hawaii, I pondered those years. I had tried to be a full partner in our mink business, yet that was *Dick's* dream. Nontraditional students (over twenty-five) had not yet invaded college campuses in significant numbers. For years I had written a news column for a national monthly fur magazine, yet I felt that my writing talent had withered from disuse. After Dick and I became empty-nesters, I found myself frequently alone and close to tears; my flip side was grumpy and sullen. My doctor blamed it on menopause, even though I no longer owned all the relevant organs, and he prescribed hormone shots. But I really didn't think that was the whole answer.

For one thing, women of all ages were experiencing my feelings regardless of their life situations. Some could not enter the university course or the field they wanted, while others entered but could not advance. Still others had worked a few years and then married, only to discover that janitorial chores and catering to a family's needs and whims felt more like a life sentence than personal fulfillment. Many, like me, were entering middle-age; their children were grown and, sometimes, their husbands were gone. Some simply tired of the conforming role that society demanded.

I had tried hard, and mostly succeeded, in putting my nurturing self at the forefront. Because of the nature of our business, and our willingness to tackle problems together, Dick and I literally had been partners in ways uncommon during the 1950s. But it wasn't enough. Dick needed more room to be his own man and, somewhere, my individual self awaited discovery.

Repeatedly I reviewed what I *had* done purely for myself. After the war, we had moved back to Utah with such big dreams in which each would help the other but also achieve individually. It was time to rework our relationship. And time to pioneer again.

Even during my years of poor health, I had continued to write. While recuperating in Price, I won first prize in an annual contest sponsored by a state writers' association. Happily, their convention that year was in Price, and I became reacquainted with Olive Burt, the former editor of the *Tribune Jr.*, and I met many other writers. A year or two later I attended a summer writing course at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City; the following year, I participated in a writers' conference in Logan, north of Salt Lake. Next, I submitted a short story to *Harper's* magazine which awarded me a scholarship to a workshop at the University of Colorado. My sister Lee (shortened from Shirley) strongly suggested I do this and invited me to stay with her. My parents provided my train fare. Dick and I scraped up enough cash for food and incidentals, but I traveled home lacking even a dime for coffee on the train!

Each experience boosted my confidence, and I began selling articles and poems to *The Salt Lake Tribune* and its competitor, the *Deseret News*, as well as other Sunday supplements. I published several times in literary magazines (for glory among other writers rather than a paycheck). Another article received a prize in a mink farming magazine contest. Both Dick and I wrote quite frequently for fur magazines; also, for a decade, I published a monthly news column in one magazine.

Then there was my *serious* writing. I wrote one teen novel but set it aside because I thought it too autobiographical. I met James Michener

at the Colorado writers' school. He then worked as an editor but had recently published his first novel, *Tales of the South Pacific*, which became both a Broadway hit and a feature film. At the time, I was well along on a second novel and took it with me to the conference as my work-in-progress. To my delight, Michener liked it and suggested I send the manuscript to his firm. Those editors liked it too, but wanted the ending changed. I couldn't do that. In my mind, a serious writer must publish her work exactly as she wrote it!

The novel featured two sisters, one a good Mormon and one a feminist, who disagreed all the time. One was married, and the other one wanted her sister's husband. It was not a plot popular in those cautious post-war years, for I made the male character weak and the women strong. Three different publishers would have published my manuscript if I had strengthened the male character or otherwise changed the ending. But I just wouldn't do it.

Of course the protagonists were the alternate sides of my ego. I could not let either side win in print when I couldn't work out the conflict psychologically. Not long ago I found and read that manuscript and others from around the same time. They are not as good as I thought they were—but they're not bad, and they kept me aware of my developing self during those early years on the mink ranch.

The January after I moved to West Jordan, J. Bracken Lee became the Republican governor, elected in 1948. Margaret Lee, a gracious and personable woman, missed their friends in Price. She decided to bring together a group of the younger Price women who had moved into the Salt Lake Valley after the war. She invited about fifteen of us—all of us in our twenties—to the governor's mansion for lunch. We were each eager for more interest in our lives than our routines around husband, children, and church.

Margaret had been active in women's community and cultural organizations in Price. In Sale Lake City, the major women's clubs had existed for a long time, some since the early days of the struggles for statehood and women's rights. These clubs even had persisted through the 1930s, as women's other roles shrank; the clubs then undertook various community projects during World War II. However these clubs were not looking to expand and were very choosy about new members.

An active Junior League was open only to the daughters of established, wealthy Salt Lake families. Most women's groups were auxiliaries of organized men's groups—the Elks, the Rotary Club, and so on. Even if the Lady Elks, the Rotary Anns, or whoever, maintained separate agendas,

Special Collections Dept., J. Willard Marriott Library, University of Utah

Beta Sigma Phi convention 1955. Jean Westwood is the fifth woman from the right.

the prerequisite for membership was to have a husband, or occasionally a father, who belonged to the men's organization. At Mother's insistence, I had kept up my teenage membership in the American Legion Auxiliary. When Dick's mother moved near us, she wanted to attend their local meetings, so I sometimes went with her.

Margaret Lee heard about a national organization called Beta Sigma Phi, with local chapters offering young women an outlet to broaden their experience. It featured structured lessons in the social graces and various cultures, as well as guidance for community service. Meanwhile it wove a network of women with similar backgrounds and longings. Beta Sigma Phi boasted no ties to any church or race, and it espoused broad and tolerant views; still, I saw very few minority women in the Utah chapters. This society and others like it became the 1950s' equivalent for middle-class women, especially married women, of the men's organizations.

Chapters of these societies still flourish, especially in the suburbs, rural areas, and small towns, creating a tentative skeleton of an "old girl network" and acting as the necessary forerunners of more politicized women's organizations. From the end of World War II to the mid-1960s,

the country was gripped by conservatism when it came to roles for women and for racial minorities. Women were expected to return from their wartime adventures and employment to the quieter life of family. Once again, the innocuous women's clubs kept individualism alive.

Margaret Lee decided to help launch Utah's involvement in Beta Sigma Phi by sponsoring a Salt Lake chapter that drew in young women from Price, as well as some of our new Salt Lake Valley friends. Eventually there must have been fifteen chapters in the Salt Lake Valley. After a few years, Margaret became an honorary sponsor, and membership shifted as couples moved out of the valley or on to other interests.

I stayed close to women in the Salt Lake chapters even when I became active in politics. When I participated in my first national convention, someone from my group telephoned every night, wanting a report. Many Beta Sigma members were friends from Price so we shared deep roots, but I had accumulated new friends who were just as dear. One provided the flowers for our children's weddings; another came up with souvenir donkeys when I first ran as a national committeewoman. They sent roses when I was elected national chair.

Two other strands wove through my life during those days. Only a week after I moved into our West Jordan home, Melba Coons, the wife of mink rancher Clyde Coons, came calling, her arms laden with rolls and soup. Melba was active in both church and politics, and she helped me become involved too.

At Melba's prompting, the Mormon ward leaders asked if I would teach the monthly social studies lesson to an adult MIA class that met midweek. I did that for a couple of years. Then I served as speech director for the stake, comprised of eight to ten wards. True, I questioned many of the church's modern practices, and Dick hardly ever attended. But I still tried to reconcile my liberal beliefs with church tenets. Throughout our years in Utah, I taught in Mutual, Sunday school, or Relief Society, and, while our children were young, I insisted that they attend Sunday school. Yet I quite ignored the "Word of Wisdom" required of good church members. I smoked, I drank tea and coffee, and I even enjoyed an alcoholic drink now and then. My selves were still at odds, and each stayed busy.

Melba Coons also was a Democratic worker, as was another neighbor and mink rancher, Marvin Jenson. His father Hyrum Jenson was the local precinct chairman. I told Melba about my experiences working in California, and about a week later Hy Jenson put me to work within our district.

Political parties did not require party registration. In those days our workers went door to door asking party affiliation, and many folks

changed from year to year. Some wouldn't tell, so the canvas workers then asked which candidates they supported. It must have been in the early winter of 1948 that Hy first involved me in the canvas. Spring brought more than robins, for I was elected to the precinct committee at our mass meeting.

Marv Jenson, was a boxing promoter as well as a mink rancher and managed several good boxers. One boxer, Gene Fullmer, became middleweight champion in the 1950s. Laurel Brown from Tucson, Arizona, read about Marv and his mink ranch while perusing an article on boxing. Laurel came north, worked for Marv for a year to learn about mink, and later bought a mink ranch about a mile south of us. A few years later Laurel became the Democratic Party county chairman. Gradually we developed an active mink ranchers' caucus among Democrats on the southwest side of Salt Lake County.

From the time I began ringing doorbells, I kept records so I wouldn't have to redo everything annually. I also asked extra questions as I canvassed: Why did you choose a political party? Why did you vote for one candidate rather than another? How is the economy on the westside this year? How do you think we could solve a certain social problem? Soon I had all our canvas workers gathering and recording more information than the census.

In the autumn of an election year, we had our county and legislative Democratic candidates visit neighborhood gatherings, juggling times so that a candidate could drop in on a dozen homes on a given Saturday. We briefed our candidates from our door-to-door file, empowering them to intelligently address the issues relevant to various groups and even to individuals. We were rewarded by a rise in Democratic votes in our district. Before we knew it, state and national candidates were dropping in at our "coffees" (more literally translated in a Mormon community as cider and doughnuts).

Utah voting districts are small, constituting around four hundred voters. In those days six or eight voting districts, in the metropolitan areas, formed a legislative district. Four legislative districts constituted a state senatorial district. Each rural county had two or three representatives and one senator. In 1970, after the one-man/one-vote decision by the United States Supreme Court, the state districts were apportioned primarily by population.

Our gatherings and get-out-the-vote efforts proved successful. Today, our methods are considered primitive but they still work in local and legislative races. Other nearby districts asked us to teach them how to

canvas, keep records, present candidates and their literature, and get out the vote. So we did.

Another thread ran through my experience. When our son Rick first started school in West Jordan, I became a room mother. By the time Beth entered school, our neighbor Edna Bennett and I held offices in the local Parent-Teachers Association (PTA). I liked the first grade teacher each of my children had, but I didn't like the school system.

In the Jordan School District, the Bingham copper mine was the biggest employer of a racially and ethnically diverse workforce; many children spoke Spanish or another language other than English at home. The unions prized social adjustment and harmony. If academic standards were lowered due to language or cultural differences, then those children and their families felt demeaned. I felt that lowering or erasing academic standards took the wrong way around the problem. I favored smaller classes, teachers who understood the students' backgrounds, special coaching for children who were not learning well, and so on.

I talked our PTA into sending a questionnaire to the parents, asking what they wanted from the schools. The principal predicted, "Nobody will ever answer it." But an 80 percent return favored emphasis on academic essentials. Armed with that, we confronted the school board and asked for a stronger focus on basic education, but we gleaned no immediate results.

I decided to try again at a higher level. Elected to the district PTA as scholarship chair, I battled through the late 1940s and early 1950s for special education classes, remedial reading, honor societies, foreign languages taught in both grade schools and high schools, and advanced mathematics classes. In the process, I learned a lot about the problems of parents, children, teachers, and school boards.

The changes came, but too slowly for my impatient spirit. I knew that Marv Jenson felt the same way, and his family roots ran deep in the southwestern Salt Lake Valley. We marshaled a group intent on persuading Marv to run for the school board, and his campaign became the first I helped manage—from the beginning until his election. Other school boards took notice and began to listen to our views. For one thing, we felt that the elected state school board controlled too much of local school districts' priorities and activities.

So the next year I went to the Democratic county organization to insist that we recruit legislative candidates who cared about the schools; education, we decided, should rank high on our county platform. We recruited schoolteachers and devoted PTA workers, then taught them

campaign basics. I helped run those campaigns and was elated to see six of our candidates elected to the legislature.

Both the state and county Democratic parties had their headquarters in the Newhouse Hotel in downtown Salt Lake City. So, as I worked on those legislative campaigns, I began to meet politicians from all levels. My old Republican chum from Price, Governor J. Bracken Lee, was rightfully considered education's prime enemy. Brack severed funding for public schools and higher education often and without mercy. Margaret Lee was a former teacher, and we now became allies. Margaret convinced Brack that giving *better* teachers *higher* salaries was a good conservative program. So he instituted a merit study commission and asked me to serve, focusing first on the Jordan District.

Our merit study outlined a six-tier evaluation, including students, parents, teachers from a sample school, its principal, outside teachers, and business people. The process was cumbersome but it worked because teachers in several districts felt it was fair. I maintained that better teaching requires proficiency in the subject matter, as well as skill in teaching. Teachers who master both areas should be paid accordingly. A teacher's credentials are important but may indicate proficiency in one narrow field, rather than an enlightened literacy across many topics. Also, the skill level of people planning to enter trades rather than seek a university degree was not properly respected. We had received a better education in Price, where nearly every boy was destined for the coal mines, than was offered in classrooms where virtually every student was university-bound

Eventually I served in the state PTA, as well as on the Utah Women's Legislative Council during Lee's last year as governor. I then served for two years under another Republican governor, George Dewey Clyde.

I decided the Legislative Council members were spinning their metaphorical wheels, so I sought more direct action. I viewed the two-party system as the basis for organized participation and issue development. It was important to work within the party, not only to promote a single issue, run for office, or run a campaign. I became skilled at running campaigns, but my major concern was the party, always. Some candidates run their campaigns alone, giving token cooperation to their local, state, and national parties. They welcome campaign funding from special interest groups and political action committees—especially the large political action committees—and then they tailor their votes entirely too much toward those contributors. As a result, party discipline declines regarding difficult issues, such as the national deficit, the environment,

education, civil rights, a sound foreign and defense policy, equitable taxes, medical care, and so on.

My version of a Mormon upbringing instilled the right and duty to probe the affairs of others in the community. Yet in later years, I was repeatedly asked, "How could you possibly have tolerated living in Utah with those horrible anti-ERA Mormons?"

Never liberal, the Mormon leadership grew even more conservative in the last half of the twentieth century, as the Religious Right flourished. Core personal issues, such as legal abortion and homosexuality understandably cut deep for a variety of denominations, while social and economic issues also became divisive. Many women, especially those in their twenties and thirties, take for granted the gains accomplished by the most recent woman's movement; and we built on the base laid by earlier women activists. We can justifiably claim advances in sexual freedom, education, and the United States Supreme Court's support for *Roe v. Wade*, as well as civil, anti-discrimination, and political rights. In short, a woman's ability to choose her education, career, and intimate partner(s) are such tremendous gains they are often ignored. Yet too many of these gains were directed at—and accepted by—the white middle-class, and then spilled unevenly to the poor, the old, and the racial and ethnic minorities. Nevertheless my generation can only marvel at the rights so recently achieved.

TWO

POLITICAL BEGINNINGS

While my children were young, I worked politics only at the local and county levels, mostly in the summer and fall of campaign years. The pull of that domestic role was strong. I felt I had neglected my family during the years while I was ill, and now I resisted putting them aside to fulfill my political convictions. I promised Laurel Brown, and others, that when my children were older I would become more involved. Rick married right out of high school, in June 1961, while attending the University of Utah. His wife Jeneil was a local girl, and we threw a big reception for them in our backyard.

"Brownie," as Laurel was known, ran for Utah's secretary of state in 1960 and lost by a narrow margin. That fall I worked in his campaign. Despite that defeat, I did help elect Brownie as Democratic Party county chair, and I also helped Marv Jenson become a county commissioner. I next attended a political training school, at the invitation of the Democratic National Committee (DNC). I then taught those basics to Democratic workers in all the westside districts in Salt Lake County. I was elected first to the county and then to the state central committee. In addition, Dick and I began attending banquets when national speakers visited. By doing so, I learned a sad, cynical fact about politics: if you have the money to pay for the more expensive fundraisers, politicians and their campaign managers soon begin to remember your face and name.

In those days two factions split Utah's Democratic Party. The people I knew best didn't like the faction controlling the state party and tried to get me to run for county chair, state chair or vice chair, or national committeewoman. I recognized the same clique they perceived, but I thought the Republicans kept winning because the Democratic clique cared more about its power than about involving new candidates and winning elections.

I loved John Kennedy from his first appearance on the national scene. By 1960 I dreamed of being a delegate in Los Angeles, but there was no way. Utah only had thirteen delegates, and six of those seats went automatically to the top public and state party officers. The other seven went to minor party and/or public officials from outside the Salt Lake area.

I did more than dream in 1960, however; I began to work on a project for the state party. The Democrats didn't have enough elected officials in Utah's towns and counties to exert control over state politics. The party needed to recruit candidates and then help them run for city and county offices and school boards.

The state officers knew I had suggested the plan that was beginning to show results; they also knew that, in the late 1950s, I had helped our district choose and elect candidates. So, in 1961, I was asked to help draft a plan for other districts to recruit and elect *local* candidates statewide. We held meetings to find our candidates, raised local money, and then took literature door to door. On election day we used all the telephones we could find to get out the vote. By the fall of 1962, we had elected at least one person to a public office in almost every city and county.

As Dick and I increased our attendance at party activities, I remember a speech by then vice president Lyndon Johnson, featured at one banquet. He described his recent travels worldwide, during which he learned that the United States' presence during and following World War II had opened the eyes of mothers everywhere that there was a better life for their children. He said we could never put that genie back inside the bottle. I could relate to the feelings of those women in Third World poverty, as they evaluated the height and health of American servicemen.

In fall 1963, President Kennedy spoke in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. We attended not only the speech but also the reception afterward. Not long after his Utah visit, Kennedy visited Texas, where he was assassinated. Not only do I remember where I was when the tragedy occurred, but it happened on my fortieth birthday. We were in the middle of pelting mink, and thereafter the noise of the big drum in which we cleaned pelts echoed the funeral caissons rolling down the streets of Washington, D.C. Each year after that, the racket haunted us, for his death represented a personal heartbreak.

Most of my political convictions formed as I grew up in Carbon County. When I married and moved to San Diego, I found a city less tolerant to differences in race, religion, and economic background. Right then I vowed to do anything I could to change such prejudiced perceptions. Yet

I was part of the war worker influx, barely tolerated myself by longtime San Diego residents. A vast indifference met any effort I made to get involved. Dick and I both joined the union at his plant but its efforts were subdued by the war effort. My best contacts in those war years came through Jean Gunderson and her journalist boyfriend, active on the far left fringe of the Democratic Party in San Diego.

When we returned to Utah, we found that the farming town of West Jordan lay on the less fashionable west side of the Salt Lake Valley, so close to the mining communities and smelters that the area was heavily Democratic. I met many who agreed that government held the responsibility to help those who could least help themselves.

Mink ranchers were the exception both in Utah and around the country. We fed our mink through an organized feed cooperative, and we marketed their pelts through a nationwide ranchers' cooperative. Yet most ranchers were attuned to the Republican free-market philosophy. I had to learn not to voice my opinions too often or loudly, although they all knew where I stood. Since Dick did not oppose me, they presumed he agreed with me. In New York itself, the fur manufacturing community was mainly Jewish and Greek, and thus composed mostly of liberal Democrats—so I made many friends there.

While I worked on the 1962 campaign and then focused on the Utah mink show, Beth accompanied a group of high school students on a European tour, which included several weeks of study in France. When she returned, she was restless but only needed one credit, in English, to graduate. By now both my brother David and Dick's brother Clyde, taught at the LDS Church college in Laie, Hawaii. Also, Dick's brother Russell attended classes there. So they soon arranged for Beth to begin her college studies early, in Hawaii.

We visited during the Christmas season of 1963 and found that Beth loved the small school. We met a boy she was dating, Vern Davies. Beth shared housing with a Japanese girl, a Buddhist, and she enjoyed meeting students who hailed from Samoa, Tahiti, and other Pacific islands. (The college limited mainland students to only 20 percent of the student body.)

Before Christmas, we visited the main attractions on Oahu. Our group was large enough to hire our own limousine and driver. We spent part of each day on the beaches; one moonlit midnight we went swimming and then built a fire and roasted marshmallows.

Coincidentally, David's family included eleven adopted children, and Clyde was a paraplegic; they both had many friends on the faculty. They enlisted students from the Polynesian Cultural Center (part of the college)

to throw a luau for us at Clyde's beach house. All our family members met on Christmas Eve for our traditional pageant by the children.

After Christmas, we mainlanders toured the other islands, inviting along Eileen Searle, one of Beth's girlfriends who later would serve as one of her bridesmaids. We visited Maui for two days and then flew to Kauai, staying at the Hanalei Plantation where *South Pacific* had been filmed a year or so before.

On our last morning there, December 28, we were hurrying to catch a plane for the big island of Hawaii. While running down a terrazzo tile walkway outside the hotel, Dick's shoes slipped on the rain-slick tile, and he fell. His back already was bent from spinal arthritis, and his vertebrae had solidified up to the fifth vertebra in his neck. His neck jerked backward just above that vertebra.

Our hotel was forty miles from the main town, and the ambulance slow in coming. Clyde's paralysis had resulted from being moved after a fall, so we knew we should keep Dick still. We slipped a pillow beneath his neck and placed a table above him to protect him from the rain. When the medics finally arrived, they strapped him down and moved him carefully onto a stretcher. Nevertheless, by the time the ambulance reached the hospital, Dick was paralyzed.

I also was paralyzed, mentally, with fear. Our group stayed around until I encouraged everyone else to continue the trip. Only time would reveal the extent to which Dick would recover. Rick needed to return to classes at the University of Utah, and Clare and Marian had to travel to the January mink sales. But first, the New Year's Eve celebration we had planned on Oahu went on, as scheduled.

Wilcox Memorial was a small hospital, and I wasn't at all sure its medical personnel knew how to care for Dick. He had a good Chinese doctor who, at my insistence, flew in a neurologist from Oahu. After a few days the paralysis began to recede; still, the doctors wondered about permanent nerve damage. I moved to a hotel near the hospital, and Beth stayed with me until school started. Rain fell continually, darkening my mood. Late in January, the doctor decided we could fly as far as Honolulu, if Dick was lifted on and off the plane.

By then he was walking a little but remained weak, and his hands and arms had no strength at all. We moved into the Hawaiian Village hotel for another month so Dick could gather strength for the long flight to the mainland. We were thankful we had family in Hawaii. Dick and Elda Stuver, fellow mink ranchers from Pennsylvania, were visiting Honolulu for the winter, and they became a great help, too.

When we returned home in late February, we soon found that Dick's injured nerves could not endure the cold of a Northern Utah winter. His cousin, Lucille Smith, lent us a vacation house in Palm Springs, California. Dick's mother had gone to Hawaii, so we took my mother to Palm Springs with us. Fortunately the young couple who had been our first workers on the ranch, Dick and Lois Wilkes, now loved the mink business. As foreman, Dick took care of the mink when we traveled; now, they both took over, even mating the mink that March.

During those months of limbo, I erased everything from my mind. I hoped Dick would be well enough to live a somewhat normal life again but wondered if I would need to accept more ranch management. In the warm dry desert air, he felt better each day, and Beth called to tell us the happy news that she and Vern had become engaged. We finally came home, with Dick fairly well recovered, in early April.

For several years, Laurel Brown had tried to push me further into the world of politics. Now, he was dying of cancer in a Salt Lake City hospital. Soon after we returned from Palm Springs, he telephoned and asked if I would come and see him.

As I settled in at his bedside, he said, "I want you to promise me one thing before I die. Will you run for office?—or Congress or for a statewide public office? Or, if not, will you at least run for the Democratic national committeewoman from Utah? You could become involved in the national scene that way." He continued, "You need to start right away, Jean, because this is a national election year. The mass meetings are in May, county conventions will run from then through June, and then comes the state convention in July. The party needs your talents on a higher level."

I sat there considering the dreams I had nurtured in Hawaii, the shock of Dick's accident, and the future of our ranch. Finally I said, "I think I could handle any party office. But with Dick's health concerns, I'm too tied to my marriage and our business to take on a major public office. I will try for national committeewoman if you can show me enough support to make it possible."

I knew I could count on our West Jordan group, who promised to sponsor me and summon support from county chairs around the state. (I was still too naive to realize they were using me to oppose the powers that controlled the state party.) Only later, in semi-retirement, did I wonder how I ever thought I could take on the causes, projects, and positions I ended up succeeding in; I suppose that says a lot for un-sophistication!

Attorney Lucy Redd served as Utah's national committeewoman. The opposition group, mostly located in the suburbs and rural areas, did not think she represented them. They felt Redd represented the Interior Department, her law clients, the top Democratic business establishment, and maybe the University of Utah administrators and faculty, but not Utah in general. I later learned that Lucy *did* represent her clients in Washington, mainly the cattle ranchers of southeastern Utah. She pushed for pork barrel money for downtown Salt Lake City and for her clique's control of state Democratic politics. She was also a good politician on the national committee level and consistently nurtured Utah's interests. Lucy had become a lawyer when it was not easy for women to do so. Most of the women in the group supporting me were housewives playing at politics. This would not be an easy race.

In Utah, each party's national committeeman and committeewoman are elected at conventions in presidential election years. State convention delegates also choose each party's candidates for congressional and statewide offices. However, if favored candidates do not receive a majority of the party vote at the proper level, the two top candidates compete in a primary election. Several western states use this method, which I think is the best possible compromise between the interests of the party and those of the public, so we were nicely aligned with suggested party reforms.

In 1964 Ernest H. Dean, a longtime legislator from Utah County, was part of the dissident group supporting me. The only individual to serve as speaker of the state House of Representatives and president of the Senate, Dean now squared off in the gubernatorial race against attorney Calvin Rampton, backed by the old party regulars. This contest aroused intense interest among county delegates and later among delegates at the state convention. Neither Dean nor Rampton won a majority at the state convention, so they ran a bitter campaign for September's primary election, which Rampton won handily.

Each local district elected delegates for the county convention, where delegates to the state convention are chosen. In late spring and early summer, I sent a campaign letter to all the county committees. I then attended every county convention, as most candidates for state or party offices tried to do. As the incumbent, Lucy Redd did not find this necessary. She didn't think a housewife from West Jordan, with no college degree, could beat a smart attorney.

I urged the state party to help the local parties more. We needed to elect office holders at every level instead of carrying on old splits and feuds

from past primaries and elections. I believed the national committee members and state party officials should inform the counties, cities, and local districts, as well as encourage interaction. Everywhere I went, I spread this message. I was not just "talking the talk." Already I had "walked the walk," working to elect local Democrats in the previous election.

Our family remained busy. Dick traveled with me much of the time. Beth came home for the summer, staying with us for a couple of weeks before attending the summer session at BYU. Jeneil had become our daughter-in-law following her junior year in high school; since then she had attended classes part-time, and we celebrated her receiving her high school diploma that spring. Dick was still slowly recovering from his fall but vowed to attend all the activities for the fur farm organizations. We went to the Milwaukee meetings in April, and then he traveled to Montreal for some international meetings.

When Dick campaigned with me, he would rest in our hotel room while I covered the convention. We made it a practice to drive to a county seat three or four days early, learn its local history, visit parks or colleges, and talk with local and party officers. Utah has twenty-nine counties, and conventions for each party are sandwiched into May. Sevilla Reese, then state vice chair, and other candidates invited me to join their carpools on some trips. She and her husband Ray were a supportive part of our group. Tooele's Ray Pruett was running for state chair against the incumbent, D. Frank Wilkins, an attorney who would serve as a Utah Supreme Court justice between 1976 and1980.

About halfway through this circuit, it looked as if I had a chance to beat Lucy Redd, for many delegates supporting me were getting elected. But then a new candidate announced, an attractive young woman from Bountiful named Carolyn Griffee; interestingly, Carolyn espoused the same ideas I did. Party workers told me that her expenses were being paid by the Moss for Senate campaign and by certain state party officers. Their goal was to split the vote between Carolyn and myself, in aid of Lucy. Most people, of course, did not realize this. I could not prove it, and accusations would probably lose me Moss supporters. Not surprisingly, Lucy won at the convention. She did not have a majority, but that was not required for a party office. I was such a close second that it became apparent that if Carolyn hadn't entered the race, I would have won.

The national committeeman and committeewoman were chosen the first day of the 1964 state convention, followed by the election of delegates to the national convention. The state party itself usually ran a slate of potential national delegates featuring county or state public and party

officials. The incumbent national committeeman and committeewoman were automatic delegates, as were incumbent senators, governors, and congressmen. (That year, the only Democrat in Congress was Ted Moss.) But you could run on your own as a national delegate, as long as you were an elected state delegate. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson was assured of the Democratic nomination, leaching much of the intensity from the election of national delegates.

So, I ran for national delegate. I not only won, but the delegation chose me as arrangements chair for the convention. Moss and Redd chaired the delegation to Atlantic City, with Ray Pruett as transportation chair. Roberta Dempsey, a young delegate who became a dear friend, served as secretary, running our hospitality and caucus room.

At the convention in late July, Lucy became so involved with the Johnson campaign that she generally neglected her delegation, so I filled in. Other delegates, many of whom brought along spouses or children, were public and party officials. They included Elizabeth Vance, a senior state senator from Ogden; Tom Reese and David Greenwood, two party powers from Utah County; Salt Lakers Naomi Wooley, county chair, and C. W. Brady, running for county commission; state vice chair Sevilla Reese; Freda Wood from Davis County; Norman Boyd of Moab; and Beverly White, a future state senator from Tooele County.

Dick and I provided mink bow ties for the men and mink orchids for the women in the Utah delegation, and we brought along extras to give away. The delegation also donned cowboy hats with a Utah beehive symbol, and we were delighted when a *Newsweek* photographer homed in on our attire. We took along a three-foot-high beehive, owned by delegate Warwick (Rick) Lamoreaux, an attorney and state legislator. Rick filled the beehive with helium to raise high for the television cameras whenever Utah voted. In those days conventions were mainly fun and excitement. Decisions were made by the elected officials and passed down to the delegates, who usually voted as they were told. The 1964 convention was a first for me, yet I was making our group's arrangements.

We had a mink rancher friend, Paul Serdar, a Republican commissioner of racing in Illinois. He helped me gain free passage for the Utah delegation to the races in Atlantic City. What's more, Paul had a friend who was a power in the national party, held the streetcar contract in Washington, D.C., and possessed a large yacht. He invited Dick and me to a sailing party, and we had the honor of taking Senator Ted Moss and his wife Phyllis Moss with us.

On the convention floor the Utah delegation sat next to Arkansas, and Senator J. William Fulbright admired our mink bow ties. When I presented one to him, Fulbright and I fell into a deep discussion on foreign policy, as seen "from the boondocks." Since I never minded saying what I thought, Fulbright seemed to find me refreshing. We lunched with the Fulbrights one day and corresponded for some time.

Fulbright introduced me to Wilbur Mills, then chair of the House Ways and Means Committee, and I enjoyed conversing with him. Naturally I maintained those contacts and others we made that year, and each proved helpful. For example, two years later I asked Mills to speak at a luncheon for Congressman David King's reelection campaign. Later, when Dick was trying to get a bill through Congress to limit imports of foreign mink pelts, Mills helped arrange Dick's testimony before the Ways and Means Committee.

At the 1964 convention, the Minnesota delegation sat on our other side. Beneath each chair, Eugene McCarthy's campaign had stashed copies of a McCarthy biography—he was that sure he would be nominated for vice president rather than his mentor, Hubert Humphrey. So great was the 1964 rivalry between the two that McCarthy's anti-war rhetoric four years later struck me as vindictive because LBJ had put Humphrey on the ticket.

We partied every night, up and down the boardwalk. We attended every open event, including the Jackie Kennedy tea in memory of John Kennedy; the Bobby Kennedy movie of his brother (which nearly tipped the vice presidency in his direction despite Johnson's known opposition); and the big birthday bash for LBJ, starring Broadway actress Carol Channing. I put together our own state party breakfast meetings and an open house for other delegates, with the costs all donated by Utah's Democratic businesses. We also attended those put on by other delegations. Most of us did not even realize that there were more exclusive affairs underway for the big money raisers and the Washington "in" crowd. We loved feeling a part of national politics especially since delegates, alternates, and our "honored guests" (usually family) could switch badges at whim so that everyone had a chance to participate on the convention floor. We did not know it then, but 1964 proved to be the last of the old-style conventions.

The Utah delegation had asked Dick and me to arrange a jaunt to New York after the convention. After running full-bore in Atlantic City, my first twenty-four hours in New York were spent asleep! I could not get out of bed. Dick took the delegation to the fur houses and sightseeing.

The second day I joined them to see a play, and to enjoy dinner at boxer Jack Dempsey's home. The homey meal seemed a bonus since Jack's restaurant was a popular one.

Lucy Redd went to Washington from Atlantic City and stayed for several weeks. So did Ted Moss since Congress was still in session. On the plane home, the remainder of the delegation decided we were going to launch a Johnson campaign in Utah. An impromptu election quickly crowned me chair of the Utah Delegates for Johnson.

Utah hadn't seen much campaigning in recent presidential campaigns, for candidates simply figured the Republicans were going to win. The state chair, Frank Wilkins, remained in office since new county and state party officials were elected between presidential elections. So the party officers and other candidates opposed the idea of delegates organizing a rally and a presidential campaign. They were obsessed with the primary campaign between Rampton and Dean and then with the acrimonious Senate campaign that followed. Ernest Wilkinson, the arch-conservative president of Brigham Young University, ran against Moss, painting him, if not officially Red for Communist, then certainly a dark pink. Figuring that Johnson's name at the top of the ticket probably wouldn't help their own elections, the state candidates hoped to leave the presidential campaign to states that were less "hidebound," as my father would say.

The only campaign date the national party would give our delegation was October 9. We planned a big rally at the state fairgrounds, entreating cattle ranchers to donate beef, farmers to donate corn and tomatoes, bakeries to give us rolls, and Democratic women all over the state to bake cakes. The unions managed the setup and tear-down plus the actual cooking. We organized horse races in honor of Laurel Brown, boxing with the aid of Marv Jenson's fighters, and a variety of music and entertainment. We worked to find a national speaker willing to fly into a state considered a lost cause. Finally the United Mine Workers used its clout to persuade Senator Jennings Randolph, a West Virginian power in labor-related matters.

Over ten thousand people turned out to the fairgrounds rally. It was the biggest thing Utah Democrats had sponsored in a long time and it helped promote all our state candidates. As a result, Johnson and Humphrey each paid Utah a flying visit just before the election, with an airport reception and breakfast for major donors and VIPs.

As mentioned earlier, Ted Moss and especially Cal Rampton disliked me at first because they were close to Lucy Redd. But former Congressman David King asked me the day after I lost at the convention if I would

help run his campaign to return to the House of Representatives. Frank Mensel and John Preston Creer, aides who had worked for King while in Congress and during his unsuccessful Senate campaign in 1962, welcomed me aboard. I spent most of the summer and fall working for King except for the hours dedicated to the Johnson rally. I grew to love Dave and his wife Rosalie, who were willing to campaign anywhere in his district that we sent them.

On the home front, Beth had returned from Hawaii to attend BYU, amassing all the credits she could before marrying the next spring. Whenever possible Beth helped with the campaign. I gave her an engagement party, but she became so homesick for Vern that she returned to Hawaii at the end of BYU's first summer block of classes.

During the preceding winter, the state Democratic Party had held town hall meetings to hear and discuss the issues in each locale. We then built the campaign platform on that base, and Rampton ran on it for governor. By autumn both he and Moss began to include me in their strategy and fundraising meetings. The party effort had grown in Salt Lake County and, to a lesser extent, in the metropolitan areas north and south of the capital and in the rural counties. We organized a joint telephone bank to get out the vote rather than having each candidate duplicate the effort. The national AFL-CIO office sent in workers once it became apparent that—for a change—the Democrats might win in Utah.

Lyndon Johnson carried the state. Rampton became governor, ending sixteen years of Republicans in the mansion. Voters reelected Moss to the Senate, and King returned to Congress. Clyde Miller took secretary of state (a title later changed to lieutenant governor), Phil Hansen became attorney general, and Linn Baker won as treasurer. The Democrats carried both houses of the state legislature for the first time in many years. At their first session, most of the Democratic state platform was enacted into law.

By the end of 1964 political campaigns had become an integral, if hectic, part of my life, just as Laurel Brown had suggested they should. Our success in filling so many offices with Democrats encouraged me to venture even deeper into the world of party politics.

THREE

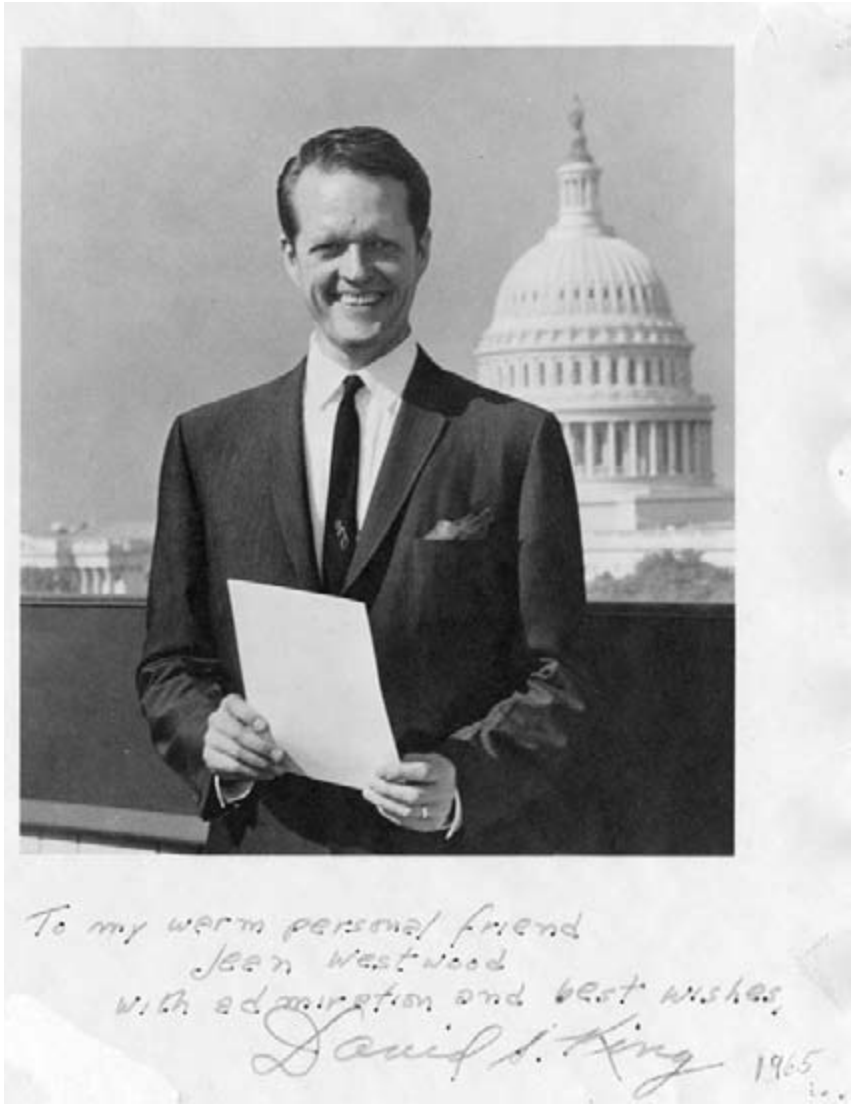
PARTY POLITICS—AND PARTIES

After the 1964 election I retired to the ranch to help Dick and our crew grade and pelt mink. During the late summer and early fall we had built a new shop and pelting building, adding modern equipment and a big office for Dick. I inherited the small office (about six by eight feet) at the end of the hall in our home, a space we previously shared. Now the mink ranch's financial records and my political and writing files could fill the *entire* filing cabinet and claim the desk.

Our Hawaiian trip over the holidays waited until February because we received an invitation to the Johnson inaugural in January, including all the main events—the Democratic gala and the swearing-in ceremony at the Capitol, box seats for the parade, and the best inaugural ball. It was all arranged by the staffs of Senator Ted Moss, Congressman David King, and Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

The New York mink industry was pleased with my political involvement. Our advertising agency arranged for Dick and me to attend a lunch at the National Press Club headquarters of the prestigious *Diplomat.* The editors had us photographed at the inaugural ball for use in their next issue. They also gave us a peek at the Press Club itself, where women still were not allowed. I vowed that someday I would return to snub that ridiculous sanction.

Dick and I sat with the King family at the inaugural ceremonies and the parade, and the Utah contingent had adjacent boxes at an inaugural ball. I was surprised to see high LDS leaders present, including both counselors in the first presidency, Elders Hugh B. Brown and N. Eldon Tanner. (They advised President David O. McKay, as he became increasingly infirm with age.) I knew Brown was close to Humphrey, and that he had been a highly visible Democrat before being called to high leadership in the LDS Church. Politics occasionally disrupted even the highest



Special Collections Dept., J. Willard Marriott Library, University of Utah

Congressman David A. King, 1965: "To my warm personal friend Jean Westwood with admiration and best wishes."

church councils, usually prompted in those days by statements from vocal anti-Communists such as former Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson (a senior member of the Council of Twelve Apostles) and BYU President Ernest L. Wilkinson. For that reason, I had not expected Brown or Tanner to reveal their Democratic preferences at an event drawing heavy television coverage. At various times in their lives, both men had

spent significant time living overseas and in Canada; perhaps that broadened their perspectives.

Before flying to Washington, Dick and I had stopped in New York City for an early dark mink sale. While there, we scooped up several full-length coats to bring to the inaugural for various celebrities to wear to the balls. After the inaugural events, we returned the coats to the manufacturers, sold our mutation mink crop, and returned home. Our next trip was to Hawaii, where we relaxed and planned Beth's wedding to Vern Davies in June.

Early in 1965, King decided to emulate Moss and use part of his appropriated staff funds for offices in Salt Lake City. In those days not many members of Congress supported home offices, but it was difficult and expensive for those west of Chicago to visit their home states often. A staffed home office really helped, especially with the cost-free 800 lines to Washington. Wayne Owens (a future congressman) served as Moss's chief Utah representative, and I became King's. He had offered me the position at the inaugural ceremonies.

I agreed to oversee his office but I didn't want to work every day, so we hired a secretary, LaRue Prisbrey. I asked for only a nominal salary and expenses, just enough to give me the title and authority, for now our mink business was prospering. I continued to do the ranch bookkeeping and to travel with Dick when he asked. His health was still under par, and he would need my help during the heavy seasons. I felt that if I took a full salary as King's aide, I ought to be in the office full time. More salient than my salary, perhaps, was the novelty of a woman holding a congressional staff position of confidence and authority. Usually women filled secondary positions, at least by title, even if they performed the major portion of the work.

King, Frank Mensel, who oversaw the entire congressional staff, and I agreed to split the funds for the Utah office. We paid Milt Saathoff, a steelworker and union official, to become King's representative to the unions. Our district included Salt Lake County and all the rural districts on the west side of the state, south to the Arizona border. We hired Beverly White as our representative in Tooele, about fifty miles southwest of Salt Lake City. Bruce Cohne staffed the office as we again geared up for the perennial two-year election cycle. Others assisted us throughout our district, and we paid their expenses when they set up events for us.

I traveled the state, dealt with the larger problems and the contributors, made speeches, and checked in with the office frequently. I arranged trips, events, and speeches for Dave, and/or for Rosalie King. As Dave's

official spokesperson, I felt lucky that we agreed on most issues and most people. I still felt that I was learning and growing, so if my perceptions differed from King's, I trusted his judgment.

Sometimes arranging events became quite complicated. I remember one in particular. Dave was trying to promote Zion Park, one of Utah's incredibly scenic areas. He flew in editors from all the major travel magazines, plus *Time*, *Life*, and *National Geographic*, as well as Park Service and Interior Department officials and a host of reporters and photographers. They were set to hike Zion Canyon and then travel down the river into the park.

Rosalie King arrived a week early, and I set up speeches at women's meetings all through the state. Sevilla Reese accompanied Rosalie, and so did Electra Clark from the state union offices. Then I drove them south to Cedar City in our new car. The sheriff's office and other local authorities assured me they could provide enough Jeeps to drive the entire visiting contingent through Cedar Breaks National Monument to the head of the river canyon.

The day that King and the Washington group arrived in Cedar City on a chartered plane, the others slept in while I met the plane and finalized arrangements. It turned out we were one Jeep short, and no one could locate another, so I ended up driving our Oldsmobile sedan over the mountain to Cedar Breaks. I then coaxed our new car, packed with reporters, photographers, and cameras, down dirt roads to the back country meadows, fording streams and jouncing over rocks. We let all the hikers out at the canyon head and then drove around to meet them later in Zion Park.

A tire blew on a rock in the first stream we forded, and the sheriff had to help me change it. We climbed to the top of the mountain above Cedar Breaks, and then another tire blew. I waited while a Jeep drove to Cedar City and returned with a new tire. Then I drove Rosalie and Sevilla around to meet the Washington group at the hike's end, whereupon we all headed into town. Fortunately our visitors were thrilled with the adventure, and their stories and photographs really promoted our beautiful park.

I soon became expert at logistics, reservations, and dealing with county and town officials and business people, as well as with party workers. Several officials called from Thiokol Chemical (a company that developed and built the elements of spacecraft), requesting help on a new contract. When they came to pick up the completed contract, they were astonished to find I was a woman. My orally ambiguous name "Jean" and my deep voice (not to mention my proficiency) had convinced them

I was a man. I also managed a congressional lunch sponsored by Utah's merchants and constituents, who not only donated the ingredients but also shipped them to Washington.

In spring 1966 the Democratic National Committee held a women's campaign conference, including a tea in the White House Rose Garden. Utah had several Democratic Women's Clubs, and I was vice president of the Salt Lake chapter. Since a number of members wanted to attend the conference, King and Moss asked me to organize the group and arrange travel. So I planned a cross-country bus trip for them, including side trips for a little sightseeing. Dick and I then flew to Milwaukee for mink meetings and went on to Washington. There, I had arranged for hotels, extra meals, and tours for our Utah women. Dave and Ted threw a joint party at Ted's suburban home.

The highlights for our group included the Rose Garden tea with Lady Bird Johnson and a speech by Esther Peterson, Utah's first woman to serve as a presidential advisor, counseling both Johnson and President Jimmy Carter. She had informed Mormon leaders that, despite her lifelong devotion, she would never cross another church threshold as long as they kept up "this foolishness about denying black members full rights." (Worthy men of African descent were granted the, lay priesthood a decade later, ending limitations on their membership.)

Rosalie King asked me early in 1966 to help her with a congressional wives' function. We put together a style show and luncheon sponsored by EMBA, their New York advertising agency, and Washington furriers, with Jane Freeman as hostess. Her husband, Orville Freeman, was then secretary of agriculture. This event involved midwestern and western mink ranchers, so Dick helped out.

The longer I worked for Dave King, the more I admired him. He was always a better congressman than he was a campaigner. He visited Utah often, at great personal expense, and was willing to campaign anywhere we sent him. But he tended to discuss important but erudite matters, such as the gross national product, the deficit, and the necessity for taxes to meet social needs. He often suffered from the "expert syndrome," forgetting that his listeners were not equally well informed and concerned about national economics.

King thought LBJ's Great Society program was the best idea since the Roosevelt era, and so did I. Rampton appointed me to a state board overseeing some of the "war on poverty" programs. I particularly remember visiting the very first Head Start program in Utah, one of the first in the nation.

One mother said to me, "I used to be the only mother in this room who really hugged and kissed her children. The kids were startled and afraid when we first tried it here. Now we all do that." Some of the children had to learn to eat with a fork, to brush their teeth and comb their hair, and to wash before eating.

King cared passionately about civil rights, another commitment I shared. We both worked hard with state legislators to enact Rampton's planks on open housing, public accommodations, equal education, an (unfunded) women's commission, and a department for economic development, but it was an uphill battle.

Even in the supposedly enlightened 1960s, a person of color, no matter how eminent, who visited Salt Lake City, for instance, would find it difficult to dine in a restaurant or to reserve a hotel room. Purchasing real estate was another nightmare for individuals of Asian, Hispanic, Indian, or African descent.

Nationally, King successfully sponsored bills that offered funds to distressed areas, modeled on the economic development that had lifted Appalachian communities during the Depression. This program aided one of our state's depressed iron and zinc mining areas, Park City, which transformed into one of the most successful ski resorts in the country. Later, the Four Corners program helped depressed areas in southeastern Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona.

King believed Johnson was right to intervene in Vietnam, citing the widely-accepted domino theory. After the Gulf of Tonkin incident, which alleged an attack on the *USS Maddox* and authorized LBJ to used armed force, I was not so sure we were hearing the full story. But then our son-in-law enlisted and was ordered to Vietnam, so I kept my misgivings to myself.

Campaigning is a constant reality for members of Congress, but in 1966 hitting the hustings had to wait for Beth's wedding in June. With only congressional and local candidates on the ballot, it was difficult to raise campaign funds. The unions were lukewarm in their support of King, for Utah had long been a "right-to-work" state and was growing even more conservative. Dave was quite liberal but caught in the middle on this issue. Opposing the right-to-work law almost certainly meant defeat, yet acceptance would aggravate his labor friends. The state AFL-CIO squeezed hard, but King held to his neutral stance and therefore received meager donations. Labor leaders were shortsighted since King voted for everything else they wanted. The election in 1966 was close—but we lost.

The major reasons had nothing to do with King's abilities or his stand on major issues. Rampton had decided to change the state election law to allow pre-election party registration. The bill passed the legislature in 1965 with bipartisan support, but voters resented having to identify their beliefs in order to vote. Republicans lay the registration change at the feet of the Democratic governor and legislature, apparently forgetting their own support. They successfully campaigned for the right to privacy, promising to restore the former law.

Infighting between the Democrats on the Salt Lake County Commission did not help. The party's two wings remained almost equal in size. In 1965, Ray Pruett, of Tooele County, had become state chair, with Sevilla Reese reelected as vice chair. Each came from the group that had helped me, but they also had supported Ernest Dean against the governor in the 1964 primaries.

Rampton made most of his appointments based on merit, favoring other lawyers or members of the business and university communities regardless of political party. This may have been best for the state but it caused resentment among Democrats. After sixteen years with Republicans in office, they hungered for "their turn" in state jobs. When Rampton pushed a state merit system bill through the legislature, it froze into place many employees from the Lee and Clyde administrations, causing further aggravation. In August 1965 a motion was raised at a state meeting to censure Rampton for ignoring the party in making appointments.

As King's representative, I tried to work with all factions, but occasionally tripped over the fissures remaining between King and Rampton. Dave felt that he had to beg for any share from the Democrats' main fundraising event, the annual governor's ball. Even the electorate sensed that the party was too preoccupied with nursing its wounds from friendly fire to campaign effectively. Republicans swept the state from top to bottom in 1966, and we watched years of party building simply vanish. Our majority in the legislature diminished to seating only five senators out of twenty-nine, and ten representatives out of sixty. We even lost contested county offices almost statewide. King ran ahead of the party in the fall election, but not far enough ahead to win.

I had enjoyed being King's representative and felt I had proven my competency. My confidence was supported by a swift climb up the ladder in terms of politics and influence. I would never penetrate Rampton's inner circle, for the split between Rampton's supporters and King's never

healed. But I now participated in all the Rampton and Moss strategy meetings regarding party and state affairs.

Instead of a West Jordan housewife, or a rather well-known mink rancher, I had somehow become a prominent Utah woman. My metamorphosis boosted the trend to include more women in politics and community affairs. I aided the Utah Historical Society and with Trust for Historic Preservation affairs, raised funds for the ballet and the theater at the University of Utah, spoke to classes at various high schools and state universities, worked with any group interested in my political or social causes, and promoted the advancement of women.

I had no time to feel at loose ends following the disastrous 1966 election. The annual routine of grading mink already was underway and pelting followed. Vern had finished his training as an infantry officer and been sent to Fort Campbell, Kentucky. As the nation's involvement in Vietnam escalated, Fort Campbell was reactivated to full status, yet no officers' housing was available. Beth and Vern found a small house near the base, but it was set up on blocks and the wind blew underneath it continually. Beth was pregnant, and in January 1967 I went to help her, while Dick flew in from the New York sales. Shanon became their firstborn, a beautiful baby. Dick didn't want them living in a chilly house, and the winter remained unseasonably cold and snowy. He found heavy plastic, nailed it over the foundation, and then piled up dirt to keep it in place.

In April, Vern received his orders for Vietnam, with a leave first. Their little family visited us and other relatives before catching a military plane to Hawaii. They hoped to find a house through Vern's mother, who sold real estate; then Beth and the baby could live there while Vern was in Vietnam. Dick and I were sick about the whole thing, but we knew they were too patriotic to ignore a call to duty.

After the 1966 election, I held no official post in the Utah Democratic Party except to serve on the state central committee. But so many special projects claimed my time that I still felt fully involved.

At the 1967 state convention Rampton successfully dumped Ray Pruett and Sevilla Reese as state officers, replacing them with Wally Sandack and Norma Thomas, who contrasted intriguingly. Wally was a Jewish lawyer, influential in politics and liberal causes, and I admired him. Norma was a Mormon from conservative Utah County. She had served in the state liquor department during Lee's administration but was not indicted when that department was investigated for bribery and other crimes. I did not know her well and, in the beginning, we were

barely cordial. I ran against her for state vice chair. I soon could see I had no chance, for Rampton asserted that, as governor and head of the party, we should choose people with whom he could work well. At that point, he did not mean me.

Over the next few years, however, I became closer to the governor, cochairing two governor's balls. The first formal ball held in many years had been for Rampton's inaugural in 1964, and I had helped in a minor way on that one. The next year the party fundraisers decided to try another governor's ball, which turned out to be such an important social event that it became an annual affair, featuring elegant food and entertainment. The Utah Symphony played during dinner and for dancing, and the ball produced enough revenue to settle our party's debts and fund the next round of campaigns.

In 1969, after I became cochair of the ball, our theme was the hundredth anniversary of the joining of the transcontinental railroad, for the golden spike was driven in western Utah at Promontory Point. We used Victorian-style decorations and invited members of antique car associations, who attended in period costumes. Entertainers performed numbers from an 1800s ball hosted by Brigham Young. We even served the same menu.

Moss sponsored a celebration at Promontory Point on the anniversary. Special trains whistled in from both directions, with private cars bearing major donors, political dignitaries, and railroad buffs from all over the nation. I not only helped with arrangements, but Dick and I attended the entire celebration as well.

Another year when I chaired the ball, we rescued paintings from the state archives and celebrated the arts. The historic Auerbach's department store lent us the crystal chandeliers and ornaments used during the holiday season, transforming the ballroom into an elegant gallery. After that success, I worked on the ball committee for as long as I lived in Utah.

In March 1967, President Johnson appointed David King as ambassador to Malagasy. Dave's father, William H. King, had served on the Utah Supreme Court and then was elected to both the United States House of Representatives and the Senate. So I asked the governor to sponsor a reception to honor Dave and Rosalie King in the gold room in the capitol. The retiring ambassador, members of the state department, and elected officials from surrounding states attended. Over five thousand guests went through the receiving line.

I chaired the reception, helped to get the food donated, drew up invitation lists, and planned the program. As usual, I welcomed the aid of

Betty McDonough, Roberta Dempsey, Argie Macris, Carolyn Miermet, Scott Bringhurst, Charles Smurthwaite's group from the Sagebrush Club, Clyde Miller's secretary of state staff, and members of the Salt Lake County Women's Democratic Club. These individuals and groups seemed always willing to assist, as were developer Kem Gardner, Kent Briggs (when he took Scott Bringhurst's place as state executive party director), and Doris Roemer, who would become executive director of the party. Several hundred individuals always rallied around, for in those days party activities really affected politics.

In October 1967, Moss decided to try to get Antelope Island, prominent amid the briny waves of the huge Great Salt Lake, designated as a national park. He invited the heads of the proper congressional committees, members of the *Smithsonian* and *National Geographic* staffs, and the top officials from the Park Service and Department of the Interior.

As we drew up plans, Moss warned, "These individuals go into the deepest part of Africa and have meals spread before them as if they were in downtown New York. I want our meal on Antelope Island set up that way."

Wayne Owens persuaded the brass at Hill Air Force Base to lend us two old army helicopters. Wayne and I immediately put one to use, scouting the island to find the best picnic sites and noting features that might interest our guests. The narrow road to Antelope Island was long and barely passable. Dick hauled all the tables, chairs, tablecloths, dishes, and silverware in our pickup truck the day before the event. The next morning he brought boxed chicken dinners, donated by Pete Harmon from the first Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise in the nation. Then, at show time, the helicopters transported the dignitaries to the picnic sites, where lunch was served.

Event after event, and minor crisis after crisis, I perceived growth in my reputation and in my capacity to cope with myriad details. Sometimes it seemed that my work sprouted naturally from my youth, when I had arranged large family gatherings and church or school affairs. I really enjoyed fitting the pieces together so that each function proceeded smoothly and finished as a success.

In April 1967, Dick ran a second time for president of the EMBA, the cooperative that marketed and advertised mutation mink in the United States. Dick had lost his effort to lead only the year before. This time he campaigned actively, and won. Albert Woodley, EMBA's advertising agent, suggested we attend the annual meetings with our suitcases packed for a trip to Europe in case Dick won. Optimistically, Dick asked

me to pack our passports along with clothing we could wear comfortably on either side of the Atlantic.

We left Milwaukee for New York City as soon as the meetings ended and spent a few days in briefings on the world fur trade. Then we flew to Frankfurt, Germany, as official hosts in the EMBA suite at the Frankfurter Hof Hotel and in the booth at the Frankfurter World Fur Fair. This event attracted an international clientele—furriers, merchants, manufacturers, and designers, plus many fashion reporters. American mink and EMBA's final show of new styles proved the biggest attractions. I found it exciting to meet designers such as Christian Dior, Norman Hartwell, Valentino, and editors of the world's fashion press.

When the fair ended we devoted a day to sightseeing. John and Ella Adkins, from Coalville, Utah, were present for the American dark mink association. Often John and Dick had opposed one another on political issues (as related to mink), and we knew the Adkinses were strict Mormons. But the associations that Dick and John represented wanted their presidents to increase European contacts and to present a united front. As it turned out, we enjoyed spending time with Ella and John.

The four of us flew to Italy to meet with furriers in Rome and Milan. Somehow we managed to see most of the major tourist attractions and historical sights in both places. In Rome, I even squeezed in lunch with a Utah friend who then worked in the American embassy. Next, our foursome went on to meet with furriers in London. We spent time at the Hudson's Bay Company, hired an Oxford student to show us historic sites, and attended a play. What a way to compensate for those hard years of illness when the callouses grew on our thumbs from squeezing pennies!

In the mink shows Dick and I ran in our early days, we carefully planned each chore and detail. We knew we couldn't manage that list ourselves, so we drafted our friends and found that most of them enjoyed participating, as long as we gave them their hard-earned credit. Instinctively in the years that followed, I adapted those methods to running campaigns and organizing events. With their success again proven in politics, I consciously continued to use those techniques.

I would plan from the desired end, back to the preliminary initiative for each event or campaign. I then drew up a timetable of tasks and deadlines and recruited as many assistants as possible, matching their talents to the tasks. I was always willing to teach someone how to perform a particular job and work with them when needed. Finally I was careful to give lavish credit in thanking everyone for their help.

Special Collections Dept., J. Willard Marriott Library, University of Utah

Mink rancher Jean Westwood models a jacket made from the Westwoods' pelts at the EMBA Style Show, Frankfurt, Germany, 1969

Dick's career in national mink affairs and mine in state politics blossomed together. Occasionally we reminisced about our last winter in San Diego, when we each promised to help the other fulfill her or his individual dream. A hole in the cash purse, poor health, family problems, and disputes over roles obscured our promise, at times. Yet we always decided to try once again. Real friendship and deep passion aided the entire process. Patience on my part and forbearance on Dick's taught us to discuss our differences after our frustration cooled; also, we made it a point to apologize when we were wrong. Those simple rules allowed us to overstep the bad times and continue on together.

I attended most of the major mink meetings and sales with Dick, enjoying our friends in the national business. Sometimes we differed from them politically, but they were bright, well read, and enjoyed plays, museums, jazz clubs, or an evening out dancing. Also, we all cared about current issues even if we disagreed. In turn, Dick accompanied me to various county political functions and conventions, whether I represented Dave King or attended for my own interest.

In late fall 1967, Lucy Redd told me that if she could land a job in the Interior Department in Washington, she intended to take it. With Ted Moss and Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall recommending her, President Johnson found her a good position. Later in the year the DNC decided to hold regional campaign conferences and selected Salt Lake City to host the western region in January 1968. As Utah's national committeeman and committeewoman, Cal Rawlings and Lucy Redd oversaw the event and asked me to handle general arrangements. John M. Bailey, the national chair of the DNC, brought an extensive staff to run workshops on campaign techniques. We invited candidates and party members from Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Nevada, and Wyoming.

I named state and county party officials to our host committee, with two of the more powerful quasi-official party figures as my main assistants—Elizabeth Vance, a former state senator from Ogden and Weber Counties, and Charles Smurthwaite, who headed the Sagebrush Club. I assigned responsibility for various functions to different counties, with the Democratic Women's Clubs handling decorations. Carolyn Miermet's group managed tickets, information packets, and secretarial work. Wayne Owens ran the press room, located underneath Moss's office. Our hospitality room lay under the union offices and the Utah Bar Association. Some of our more responsible Young Democrats acted as workshop assistants. Happily, we drew a huge attendance from both Utah and the surrounding states.

The conference ran smoothly and was deemed a resounding success. As a main speaker we slated Jim Farley, age seventy-nine, who had headed the Democratic Party and served as postmaster general under FDR. Like most of us, Farley strongly supported Johnson's Vietnam policies. Rampton spoke at a Saturday breakfast, and Sargent Shriver, the first director of the Peace Corps and the current director of the national Office of Economic Opportunity, did the honors at a luncheon. Early on Friday we learned that Vice President Hubert Humphrey, en route to a similar meeting for the Pacific states, would drop in on our conference as well. The speeches at our conference were carefully crafted to support the Johnson administration, to discount Senator Eugene McCarthy's quest for the presidential nomination, and to discourage any possibility that Senator Robert Kennedy might join the race.

Lucy Redd was unwell and did little more than put in an appearance (and then claim credit for the weekend's success, but the national committee staff and many in attendance knew better). When Lucy announced that she would submit her resignation at the concluding banquet, I immediately wrote to each member of the state central committee to say I would run to succeed Lucy for the balance of her term. I was not surprised when Carolyn Griffee ran again.

The state committee had the authority to decide who would finish Lucy's term, and I easily won the appointment. The committee met on February 23, in conjunction with the annual Jefferson-Jackson fundraising dinner. Senator Edward Kennedy, the keynote speaker, posed this question: "How can the United States send five hundred thousand men to Vietnam and ignore undeveloped highways and 'people programs' of housing, education, and workforce training here at home?" At a University of Utah mock convention earlier in the day, Kennedy had suggested a halt to the influx of soldiers and equipment flowing toward Vietnam.

McCarthy had announced his candidacy in December. A small group, primarily from the University of Utah, supported him. A much larger group opposed the war, nursing a hope that Robert Kennedy would enter the race. The state committee heard a resolution condemning the Vietnam War but, put to a vote, it failed miserably. Overall the state party affirmed its support of the Johnson administration.

But this was only January. The astonishing political conflicts of 1968 had yet to begin.

FOUR

PREPARING FOR THE 1968 CONVENTION

The Democratic National Committee met in March 1968. By then the Tet offensive launched by the North Vietnamese had revealed our military weaknesses. An uneasiness about our nation's involvement in Vietnam swept the country and was especially visible on college campuses. In the New Hampshire primary, Eugene McCarthy received 42 percent of the vote. In an abrupt turnaround, Robert F. Kennedy entered the presidential race.

Not sure what to expect, I attended my first DNC meeting. I knew that an executive committee met before the full meeting, but Lucy Redd said it simply ratified the chair's agenda and anything suggested by the resolutions committee. Lucy went with me to a reception on the evening before the full meeting and introduced me to the other committee members. She also explained the four caucuses: eastern, western, midwestern, and southern. One hundred members—one man and one woman from each state—made up the national committee, while each of the four regional caucuses selected a man and a woman to sit on the executive committee and to chair each caucus for the next two years.

Lucy also told me that when we had a Democratic president, he controlled the DNC. Even though John Bailey served as chair, treasurer John Criswell was LBJ's man and exercised considerable clout. Some national committee members, including Lucy, felt the White House did not listen to their views. The southern caucus held this view, I learned, when Lucy took me to a party late in the evening. I found it paradoxical that nearly everyone supported the Johnson-Humphrey reelection ticket and even the war policy and yet grumbled that Johnson had destroyed the national party.

When studying Utah history, I had learned that my forebears had played a more prominent role in politics than many other women of their time. For instance, Martha Hughes Cannon, a plural wife, was the first woman in the nation to be elected to a legislative assembly (in one election, she defeated her husband). She served first when Utah was a territory and again after statehood. Also, Elizabeth Cohen had first raised a female voice at a national convention in support of a candidate; in 1904 she seconded the nomination of William Jennings Bryan. Also, Cohen played a role in placing the first women on the national committee.

Another example: the first movement for equal male/female representation by election in party affairs began in 1922 under Charlotte B. Dern at the Democratic convention, where she was elected national committeewoman from Utah. (Her husband, George Henry Dern, served as Democratic governor from 1925 to 1933 and as FDR's war secretary from 1933 to 1936.) The 1928 bylaws stated that duly elected women must share office equally on all Democratic state, county, precinct, and ward committees.

Utah also instigated Democratic women's study groups, admired by first lady Eleanor Roosevelt. In 1932, Carolyn Woolf served as state Democratic vice chair and was selected as director of a women's division of the DNC. She sponsored the fifty-fifty (female-male) organization, women's study groups nationwide, and a newspaper, *The Democratic Digest,* to instruct women on winning elections.

This knowledge fueled my desire to aggressively advance women's involvement in the political decisions of the state and nation. But I was very naive about the new national women's movement, which recently had sprouted from involvement in the civil rights battles. Women in Utah, both Mormon and non-Mormon, had held public and private offices following World War II, including a varying number of legislators and Congresswoman Reva Beck Bosone. Our institutions of higher education were open to women in many fields, although faculty women's paychecks and their presence in university administrations lagged behind the national average. Post World War II, Mormon leaders encouraged women to develop themselves intellectually and said little about being subservient to their husbands. No one discussed the priesthood being reserved for boys, age twelve and over, and for men; and of course male preference was evident in the ministry of other churches. Mormon women spoke in church, taught classes in the auxiliaries, and, if they chose to, served church missions, the last becoming a virtual requirement for their brothers. However "sister missionaries" did not baptize

converts, officiate other ordinances, or preside over meetings since they did not hold the priesthood.

I responded strongly to Betty Friedan's book, *Feminine Mystique*, published in 1963. Certainly I had struggled through some of her psychic travail, but by the 1960s Dick and I had resolved most of our problems. Still, I wanted other women to feel the same independence I did. Since Utah's constitution contained an equal rights clause, I truly did not realize how different we were from other areas of the country. Beginning in 1966, the organizers of the National Organization for Women (NOW) focused their efforts on the metropolitan eastern areas and then the college campuses. The Women's Equity Action League (WEAL) formed in 1968, just as I became aware of the national scene. Its judicial actions for women's rights appealed to me, and I became involved.

Meanwhile the first order of business at my first DNC meeting was the seating of new members. Lucy asked permission to come on to the floor and introduce me. She explained that I had been elected because of her resignation and gave a short but eloquent biography of my life and political involvement. The formal session had just begun when Bailey interrupted the proceedings to announce that I had been summoned to the administrative annex at the White House.

I hope I kept my cool as I left the meeting and reported to the annex, where I found a friend plotting to boost my visibility on the Washington scene. Mike Manatos, an aide to both JFK and LBJ, was related to my Greek friends, including Argie Adondakis, who had helped me campaign for the DNC. Mike introduced me to most of the White House staff.

Coincidentally, Johnson had called the heads of the copper industry—both union and management—to the White House to settle a major strike. Mike informed me that the talks had succeeded. These negotiations included the Kennecott Copper Company, a major employer in southwest Salt Lake County. Rather than have an elected official or a negotiator announce detente, Mike asked *me* to release the terms of settlement to the press. He handed me a press release and introduced me to a roomful of reporters.

After performing this ad hoc task, I returned to the committee meeting quite transformed. I had left the floor an unknown party worker from a small state; I reentered as an instant political insider!

Theoretically the March meeting was scheduled to update plans made at a January meeting and to confirm committee chairs. But I soon deduced that the meeting's real intent was to bolster the Johnson-Humphrey

ticket. A resolution to that effect was introduced. Cal Rawlings had not attended, so I called to ask his advice. Rawlings said we must abide by our state committee's endorsement of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket. Most national committee members felt we should not involve ourselves in primary elections; since we were automatic delegates to the national convention, we should abide by decisions at the state party level. In 1968 many states had already chosen delegates, often through appointment by a governor, senator, or a state committee, and these mainly favored the Johnson administration. Rawlings sent a telegram to the chair, copied to the White House and to me, stating that we unequivocally supported Johnson, Humphrey, and the administration record. A supportive resolution passed by a large majority.

Then, two weeks later, Johnson announced that he would not run for reelection!

While at that March meeting, I tried to become better acquainted with the other western caucus members; I also tried to talk to each DNC officer and staff member to see what services might be available for Utah and whom I should call. I quickly learned that many DNC members did little active party work in their home states. These past or present public officeholders donated or raised money. Some hailed from wealthy and influential families while others represented peripheral organizations that paid their expenses, such as unions. Some had served, or were serving, on the staffs of public officeholders.

This contented passivity was not what I had expected, and I was bitterly disappointed in their minor decisions and casual attitude. I learned that the resolution we had passed in support of the administration was one of the most controversial that had come to a vote during the Kennedy-Johnson administrations.

I decided not to let my home state share my disappointment. I was determined to use my position to aid the local party offices, help in national campaigns, and keep my state's Democrats informed regarding national affairs. I spent a full day with Ted Moss, discussing his concerns and becoming better acquainted with his staff. When I returned home, I sent each county chair a report and asked to have it read at their next county meeting.

Governor Rampton and the unions headed the local Humphrey campaign, involving a large share of past delegates and public and party officeholders. Wayne Owens headed Robert Kennedy's campaign in Utah and promoted it in other western states. Kennedy had visited Utah while Dick and I were in Hawaii, and many of my liberal friends were joining

Kennedy's effort. McCarthy attracted a smaller group from our universities and colleges, headed by Robert Wolbach and Louise Hess. Before long they would head a statewide Utahns for McCarthy campaign.

Even as I completed Lucy Redd's term as national committeewoman, I needed to campaign for a full four-year term. As I attended meetings called by each group, I tried to duck the fray regarding presidential candidates. I made sure each group was furnished with complete lists of party members to contact prior to the mass meetings in May. As the round of county conventions began, I found I had no opposition in my quest for national committeewoman. Nevertheless I tried to attend each county convention, explaining at each the procedures necessary to gain seats at the national convention.

Because Utah had voted for Johnson in 1964, we received a huge bonus in delegates and alternates. In 1968 we were allowed twenty-four delegates, twenty-six alternates, thirteen guests, two pages, and one sergeant-at-arms. Other delegates included the national committee members, state chair Wally Sandack, the governor, and our senator. This contingent commanded almost double the seats it ever had been allowed.

In February I had become a member of the state executive committee; now we met and carved the state into nine regions in order to fairly distribute delegate seats. As a guide, we used the number of Democratic votes from the past two general elections. Wally asked me to oversee this process at the state convention since I was unopposed. This gave me another reason to not involve myself with any presidential campaign. Secretly I felt ashamed of my neutrality, and, in later years, I campaigned actively for the candidate I truly supported.

Rampton had no opposition in his bid to run again for governor nor did Clyde Miller as secretary of state, Sharp Larsen as treasurer, or Linn Baker as auditor. Party members also agreed on Gunn McKay to fill the first district's seat in Congress. Given the unity in these state races, the year 1968 ironically entered the history books for inflammatory rhetoric, crazy electoral politics, and national tragedy.

Rawlings did not run to be reelected national committeeman but his law partner, Wayne Black, tackled a three-way race. Black triumphed by only twenty-four votes over another attorney, Dan Berman, and former state chair Ray Pruett. A bitter three-way race also developed for the Senate nominee. Running were Milton Weilenmann, director of the Utah Department of Development Services; Attorney General Phil Hansen; and Professor J. D. Williams, who headed the Hinckley Institute of Politics at the University of Utah. Weilenmann and Hansen emerged

from convention and battled all summer for the September primary. The Democrats pitched a four-way race for attorney general, won eventually by John Preston Creer, who had worked with me in King's campaigns before his election as a Salt Lake County commissioner. The second congressional district saw Galen Ross and Grant Prisbrey rise from the fray at convention and head into the primary race.

After winning handily in 1964, the Democrats had lost many offices in the 1966 Republican landslide. As the most conservative legislature in years floated far-right measures, each Democratic wing blamed the other and claimed to possess the key to restoring the party's winning ways. Views on the Vietnam War and the national economy clashed, and rancorous platform debates on national affairs dominated the state convention.

From the mass meetings on, each of the three Democratic candidates for president captured votes, with the lion's share divided between Humphrey and Kennedy. And then, on June 6, partway through the county convention cycle, Kennedy was shot and killed in Los Angeles after winning the California primary. Two months earlier, civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had been murdered in Memphis, Tennessee, while supporting a strike by sanitation workers. These senseless assassinations stunned us all.

As the party tried to regroup, McCarthy supporters decided to bring their candidate to Salt Lake City in an effort to pick up the Kennedy delegates. Rampton introduced McCarthy at a rally in Liberty Park but made it clear that he, Rampton, supported Humphrey. He even urged McCarthy to promise, as a good Democrat, that he would support the election of the party's nominee. Just as authoritatively, McCarthy refused.

That year the Western States Democratic Conference was held in Phoenix on June 13 to 16. I arranged to take about forty party people from all over Utah to the conference. The sessions were on civil disorder and civil rights; anti-trust and foreign trade; political extremism (focused not on the far right, but on the opposition to the war in Vietnam, student riots, and the "hippie" movement); on gun control; on natural resources, with an emphasis on dams along the Colorado River, headed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; on youth; on the growing Latino population and the need to involve it in the political system; and on balancing big city budgets. Such were the concerns of western Democrats that year.

Alberta Henry and Jim Dooley, the leaders of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), came to Phoenix, as did Dr. Charles (Chuck) Nabors, a University of Utah

medical school researcher and a Kennedy delegate. Nabors was a leader among the younger and more liberal sector, and he voiced concern about inner city problems. Precinct workers and members of women's clubs comprised the remainder of that group.

Father Jerald Merrill, who had grown up in Moab with Dick, now worked to alleviate poverty, homelessness, and crime in the west/central area of Salt Lake City. He brought with him four people from his district. One evening I tagged along on their outing to a Latino celebration, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

The Democratic convention in Utah was not held until the last weekend of July, and so delegates in most states already had been elected. Discussions of how Kennedy's death would affect the election did not appear on any official agenda yet dominated virtually every conversation. When Arizona's national committeewoman Mildred Larsen introduced me at the podium, she confused my name as "Jean Eastwood."

As I adjusted the microphone, I quipped, "You can call me Eastwood, Southwood, Northwood, or any direction, as long as you don't call me Deadwood!"

In late June, Dick and I visited New York on mink ranch business, then zipped south to Washington, D. C., where Dick testified before commerce committees regarding a mink bill under consideration. I spent time at the DNC offices, firming up convention arrangements for our delegation. When we returned home, we took Mother for a few days relaxation at our cabin. She went visiting at a neighboring cabin and somehow fell and hurt her back, ending up in traction at the Cottonwood Hospital, south of Salt Lake City. Her injury seemed to heal well, yet it precipitated a series of problems as her health declined.

Since our state convention was the last held before the national Democratic convention in Chicago, I made arrangements for each almost simultaneously. Rampton invited Humphrey to give the major address, an obvious effort to clinch our delegation's votes. I had been helping Wally Sandack and Norma Thomas on logistics and credentials; now Rampton assigned me to work with Humphrey's advance team, including the Secret Service and the national press. Salt Lake attorney Byron Mock had been chosen by Humphrey as his state representative.

At the time Salt Lake City had no civic auditorium, and so we set up at the Valley Music Hall, a theater-in-the-round in Bountiful, north of Salt Lake City. The Secret Service was still smarting from the Kennedy assassination, and I remember the agents' horror when they first surveyed the round hall, with multiple aisles leading to a circular, rotating stage. We

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Photo by Dave Jonsson

Hubert Humphrey and Calvin Rampton at the 1968 Utah Democratic convention with Jean Westwood standing to their left.

finally roped off half the seats for the duration of Humphrey's address, so that all the audience faced the same direction. We issued credentials to delegates, reporters, and camera crews assigned to cover the event and then realized that the theater had only a few telephones. Luckily an executive at Mountain Bell happened to be a good Democrat. Extra telephones were quickly installed to accommodate the national press, which stopped by Salt Lake City on the way to Chicago. A large lobby also contained tables and chairs, pens and pads, coffee and ice water, and bright young hostesses. We wanted the media happy.

Even after Kennedy's death, his committed delegates could swing the convention, and Owens asked to meet with the Humphrey organizers. The meeting ended with around 40 percent of former Kennedy supporters committed to Humphrey, who easily carried the state convention. However a substantial share of the alternate delegates supported McCarthy and intended to glean both media and floor time for his platform issues.

Agreements were struck as we chose members for the various national committees. Owens and I were selected for the Platform Committee, on the general assumption that he would take the Kennedy position, and I would represent Humphrey. Nabors pulled a spot on the Rules Committee, another main arena. We provided badges and credentials for our delegation, plus thirteen guests. Rawlings retained

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Photo by Dev O'Neill

Platform Committee members Wayne Owens, Hale Boggs, and Jean Westwood, 1968.

enough pull to arrange for a good hotel and fair seating on the convention floor.

When we reached Chicago (sharing a chartered plane with the Idaho delegation), we realized that Mayor Richard Daley had packed most of the galleries with his own supporters, making it difficult for anyone else to enter. Special badges allowed members of Congress and other dignitaries into reserved sections (and I appreciated Ted Moss's courtesy in arranging for Dick to sit in the honored guest section nearly every day).

Roberta Dempsey assisted with matters at our hotel, and I prevailed upon my sister Lee to help with our delegation's activities. Lee was a strong McCarthy supporter who had not been elected a delegate, and some of my friends in the media helped her get to the floor occasionally. Reporters had to pick up their credentials separately and never had enough floor time. That was constantly a problem for the electronic media and for nearly all the print media except for well-known columnists. Most of the Utah reporters bunked with us at the hotel so they could cover our caucuses.

Over the last couple of years I had become friendly with many intelligent and kind members of the local press; from the Chicago

convention on, it seemed that during the most hectic events, a reporter or photographer would offer me an extra bowl of soup or a sandwich, or even suggest that we grab a drink or dinner, consistently including Dick when he was present.

No matter how meticulous the planning, a few surprises always arose. The first was a white stretch limousine, with a page calling my name. Daley had arranged for a limo to be at the constant disposal of DNC members and high elected officials. At first the limousine felt pretentious, but as violence erupted between Daley's police force and hundreds of war protestors, I appreciated the safe transportation. A wonderful middle-aged black man was our driver, and we corresponded with him for several years.

During the first days of the platform session, we shared rooms in the Conrad Hilton, the headquarters hotel. My roommates were Marie Eaves, from New Mexico, and Dorothy O'Brien, of DeKalb, Illinois. Dorothy proved to be a real powerhouse in the Daley administration. Hale Boggs, majority whip in the House of Representatives, chaired the Platform Committee and gave Humphrey his unqualified support.

We attended all the Humphrey briefings and parties. The liberal planks we had discussed in Phoenix and at our own convention were backed by solid majorities, including civil rights, a minimum income tax for the rich and reduced taxes for the poor, education, electoral reform, support of Israel, and opening a dialogue with China. Throughout the 1960s, liberals supported a strong national defense and law enforcement, while respecting the rights of privacy and legal dissent. But even inside the convention hall, we became increasingly aware of a melee in the streets. Daley's police battered dissenters, bystanders, and the press. On the convention floor, the Humphrey forces, the Kennedy forces that switched to supporting Senator George McGovern, and the McCarthy forces agreed on anti-violence planks, quibbling over minor rewording.

But in between sessions and every evening we realized that the Vietnam plank was the most crucial issue. When the main bodies of our delegations arrived and we moved to our own hotels, one lobby after another filled with the odor of smoke bombs and tear gas. Wayne Owens shared my car to the evening meetings and talked me into meeting with the Kennedy-McGovern forces, headed by people I much admired: Governor Phil Hoff, of Vermont; Congressman Phil Burton, of California; Kenneth O'Donnell, formerly JFK's special assistant; speech writer and author Theodore Sorenson; Eleanor Clark French, a party force from New York; and John Gilligan, an Ohioan currently running for the Senate.

As it became increasingly obvious that Humphrey was going to win the nomination by a big majority, the bitter fighting in the streets echoed within the convention and dampened party spirits. We had our own skirmish: the McCarthy forces would not pledge to support Humphrey if he won the nomination.

Many of the Kennedy delegates wanted to switch from McGovern to Humphrey if the latter would change his position on Vietnam. I finally agreed to talk to Hale Boggs, Senator Fred Harris, and DNC chair Larry O'Brien, all of them Humphrey's floor managers, to see if there was any chance he would modify his stand. If he merely would call for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam, the delegates would accept the planks on troop withdrawals and the election of a postwar government. For a time this compromise seemed viable, but LBJ nixed the deal. Later, on the floor, several of us tried to negotiate a similar compromise but with no success.

We agreed to support, as a delegation, a ban of the unit rule, which long had required certain state delegations to vote with the majority of their own delegation. This change was made at the beginning of the convention and applied immediately. With Humphrey's support, the Mississippi challenge to the racially segregated regular party won in the Credentials Committee, and the new delegates were seated. In four other southern cases—Texas, Georgia, North Carolina, and Alabama—the traditional cadre won.

Mississippi's victory was not enough. The limitations on the convention floor echoed the violence in the streets. Partially in revulsion to the overall atmosphere, the delegates passed a change for the 1972 convention. It encouraged state parties to ensure a "meaningful and timely" opportunity to participate in delegate selection. Not only would the unit rule be eliminated at every level of party activity, but the delegate selection process would become public and take place within the convention year. These proposals set the stage for reform within the Democratic Party, and I would become an active participant in seeing them fulfilled.

Meanwhile we witnessed one ugly scene after another. The convention managers tried to force debate and a vote on the Vietnam plank at two o'clock in the morning when most viewers were asleep. A McCarthy backer's motion to adjourn was ignored by Congressman Carl Albert, in violation of convention rules. At that, the delegations erupted and could not be brought to order. Finally Daley moved adjournment, and his motion passed. We reconvened at noon for three hours of televised debate on the minority plank on Vietnam.

The bitter battles eroded Humphrey's support, an obvious leakage when the administration plank won by roughly five hundred votes. On the first ballot for president Humphrey fared better with 1,759 votes, trumping 601 for McCarthy, 146½ for McGovern, and 67½ votes for Channing Phillips, a black minister from Washington, D.C. Albert used his gavel heavily on a motion to make Humphrey's nomination unanimous, despite loud boos from the floor, and then quickly adjourned the session.

The next day Humphrey chose Senator Edmund Muskie as his running mate. Before the first ballot had been counted, Albert recognized Daley to move Muskie's nomination by acclamation. With the convention growing more unruly by the moment, Daley's motion quickly passed. Yet not even the acceptance speeches and the concluding parties and ceremonies could heal the individual and intra-party wounds. For one thing, McCarthy refused to join in the usual show of unity. Weeks before the election his endorsement of the Humphrey-Muskie ticketed remained half-hearted.

On the train home we tried to bandage psychic bruises among the Utah delegation, but we could only agree on our disgust with the Chicago experience: the tear gas in our hotel hallways, our fear of walking down the streets, the rancor in the convention hall, the terrible experiences of young people and the press, and the difficulty addressing the convention floor for legitimate purposes. In Utah we tried to include anyone who wanted to join our political party; our political process climbed from the mass meetings, step by step, to the party conventions to choose delegates. The reforms we heard so much about were not really needed in Utah, but we all vowed to try to involve more people in the fall campaigns.

FIVE

THE 1968 CAMPAIGN IN UTAH

We had been home from the convention for only two weeks when I received a telephone call from a midwestern highway patrolman. He said my name had been found in the wallet of a young man killed in an automobile accident and identified as David King Jr. Dave and Rosalie King represented the United States in Malagasy, and I often acted as Dave's representative in the United States. For instance I regularly visited their other, disabled son, housed at the American Fork Training Center, and I knew that young David embodied his parents' hopes and joy. He had studied journalism at the University of Utah and worked during the summer for columnist Jack Anderson. While driving home to Utah, he apparently fell asleep at the wheel.

I had his body brought to a local mortuary and began trying to reach a ham radio operator to contact Dave and Rosalie through the space observatory station on Malagasy. I learned that Dave was paying his first state visit to the East African island of Mauritius. Finally we located a ship in the harbor that could get word to him. Upon hearing the heartbreaking news, Dave and Rosalie flew home while I finished arranging for the funeral, asking Elder Hugh B. Brown, first counselor in the LDS First Presidency, to be the main speaker. After the funeral the Kings stayed in the Salt Lake Valley for only a few days. They urged us to return to Malagasy with them, an invitation we have often regretted turning down.

At the gathering following the funeral, Governor Calvin Rampton mentioned to me and to Donald B. Holbrook, his campaign chair, that we must prepare for his reelection, as well as working for other Democratic candidates. First, we had to get past the September primaries and then hope the losers would support the winners in the main election. Richard Maughan ran for Congress from the first district; in the second district,

Galen Ross beat out Grant Prisbrey. The hot primary race was for the United States Senate, in which Phil Hansen lost to Milt Weilenmann.

In the heat of the campaign, Rampton told me, "In this state you, and Cal Rawlings before you, really oversee national party affairs and campaigns. Therefore, Jean, you should run the local Humphrey campaign."

Neither Rampton nor Holbrook mentioned Wayne Black, who had just been elected in Rawlings's place and was a member of the same law firm. I tried to involve Rawlings. He would show up for policy meetings and public affairs; he also tried to raise money, but that end of campaigning did not intrigue him.

I considered Rawlings such an interesting figure that I expected him to become a United States senator or a governor. But, like me, Cal enjoyed performing the work, with a firsthand view behind the scenes. His political influence extended nationwide and he enjoyed it. He had a reputation as a top attorney, steering through the courts major cases on water rights. In a case involving uranium, Rawlings asked the Vanadium Corporation to pay all the individual miners for the trace uranium unwittingly included in their shipments.

His idea of a Democratic National Committee chair resembled mine—not a figurehead, but someone like Jacob M. Arvey, an important political leader in Chicago, or Senator Paul Douglas, also of Illinois. They were true action people. The DNC had deteriorated to the point that no one did anything unless directly instructed by the chair—except, of course, for a few of us who just did things on our own.

In 1968 our state presidential campaign committee involved public and party officers, knowledgeable fundraisers, and candidates' staffs. The main ballroom in the old Newhouse Hotel (then under receivership, with Holbrook as administrator) was available as a headquarters.

"We'll give you the rent, campaign furniture, office supplies, and the phones," our party officials informed us. "Then you've got to raise funds for Humphrey's campaign. Be careful not to damage Rampton's race for another term as governor, or mess up any other local campaigns."

Humphrey's campaign was meant to be run completely separate from the governor's, despite Rampton's insistence in Chicago on unanimous support for the vice president. Once we returned home we hoped to avoid comparison with the nationally televised nightmare. Rampton believed that Humphrey could not win, for he was tarnished by the dissidence inside and outside the convention hall. Rampton did not want those dark images shadowing campaigns at home, including his own.

He was right in one respect: Humphrey could not win if donations did not increase. The bottom of his campaign chest shone after the convention. LBJ paid for his vice president's plane, but most people—with the exception of loyal union members—kept their hands in their pockets when it came to donations because they considered Humphrey a losing cause.

When vice-presidential candidate Edmund Muskie arrived on September 19 to officially open our Humphrey-Muskie headquarters, Rampton joined the welcoming at the airport, and then we all headed to the Newhouse Hotel for the dedication. Milt and Jane Weilenmann accompanied Muskie throughout the day, along with Ted Moss. Rampton introduced Muskie at a rally at Brigham Young University in Provo, where he was warmly welcomed. After a courtesy visit to Elder N. Eldon Tanner, second counselor in the LDS first presidency, Muskie addressed a respectable crowd of four hundred people in a ballroom at the Newhouse Hotel. A particular tension permeated these arrangements since we knew the Republican presidential candidate, Richard M. Nixon, was scheduled to speak in the Salt Lake Tabernacle only a day before Muskie arrived.

Since pioneer days major buildings in Salt Lake City had reflected a religious affiliation. The Newhouse was decidedly "gentile" (non-Mormon) although built by a Jew, Samuel Newhouse. Constructed between 1909 and 1915, the Newhouse and several other commercial buildings began competing with the Hotel Utah and other church-owned commercial buildings near Temple Square. For several decades the Newhouse had provided office space for the Democratic Party, lending a rather cosmopolitan taint.

On the evening preceding Muskie's speech, Nixon drew a cheering crowd of fourteen thousand to the Salt Lake Tabernacle, an event heavily covered by the media. Needless to say, I was relieved that Muskie's events went well and were attended by audiences of respectable size.

The off-year election in 1966 had spooked Rampton, currently running against Republican John Strike, far more than necessary. We were all sure Rampton would win, and win big, but he lacked that confidence. His political advisors met weekly. I sat on this committee and was expected to help in his headquarters, make decisions, and organize fundraisers; I could have used this kind of help to boost Humphrey's race, but it was not reciprocal.

Nevertheless a group of devoted workers gathered daily at the Newhouse Hotel to staff the telephones, reproduce our solicitation

letters, stuff and mail them, and greet voters. Our ranks included a number of University of Utah students; John Sillito, for instance, worked after classes at Auerbach's department store, a block east of the Newhouse, so he dropped in often. We also welcomed a hearty group from labor, members of Democratic women's clubs, and many other individuals. President Brown's wife, Zina B. Brown, and her sisters helped us regularly, as did Brown's nephew, attorney Ed Firmage. Meanwhile, Moss took an active role in raising funds.

Businessman Tony Hatsis, originally from Price, contributed generously to Humphrey's campaign. A multi-talented businessman, Tony knew how to unravel Utah's snarled liquor laws to his advantage. He ran the private Manhattan Club, regarded as a haven by those who enjoyed liquor with their meals, along with entertainment and dancing. Tony held a franchise to wholesale several popular brands to the state liquor stores, which then retailed them to individuals, clubs, and restaurants. Not surprisingly, Tony was a strong supporter of a former governor, J. Bracken Lee, but he also liked Hubert Humphrey. For one thing, Mike Manatos, Tony's good friend from Wyoming, had served on the Johnson-Humphrey staff and spoke favorably of the vice president.

I solicited all the business people who comprised our usual donors, saying, "You can make this contribution quietly, but you had better give us enough so we look decent nationally." Most of our donors responded. We probably raised fifty thousand dollars, which, in those days, was quite a lot of money.

We invited Jane Muskie and a group of other congressional wives to visit, then we whisked them all over the state to address women's clubs. Another Humphrey visit would reward businessman George Hatch's efforts, for George and Wayne Owens provided voter lists and postage to aid our mailings. (Actually, I probably squeezed more money out of Wayne and George than I did from anyone—except for the labor unions and Tony Hatsis.)

I began pestering Bill Reynolds in Las Vegas; he was supposed to provide campaign materials for Utah and Nevada. He didn't have anything. The national Humphrey organization was under the DNC, chaired by Lawrence O'Brien and divided into four regions, each with a coordinator. I had met all the coordinators through Mike Manatos ahead of the convention, and I would interact with them in many ways over the next eight years.

I was caught in the middle when it came to campaign supplies. Many party workers informed me that a lack of funds meant no campaign

buttons, bumper stickers, and so on. I replied, "Well, I'll manage to get some money to you." That resulted in a few materials.

Next, I told them, "You need to send me double the materials that I need. Buy them wholesale, and then I'll sell them at retail price and get the profit back to you."

I had become acquainted with the women staffing the national Democratic headquarters, and I coaxed supplies from them. We also sold from our Humphrey-Muskie Boutique such items as scarfs, hats, pins, and ties. I then talked to the right people and began to receive brochures, materials, and supplies, flooding in from J. D. Williams (a party worker, not to be confused with Professor J. D. Williams, who taught political science at the University of Utah) and from the national headquarters. We also reprinted materials and created our own posters.

When party workers in other western states called national headquarters for campaign items, the Washington staffers began saying: "We don't have anything, but maybe Jean Westwood has some supplies in Utah."

In this way I became an unofficial Humphrey supply depot for the Rocky Mountain states. As a byproduct, I expanded my knowledge of people, issues, and logistics. For instance, Glenn Bjornn, who owned *The Salt Lake Times*, supported Humphrey, and he reproduced some materials for us at a low cost. Best of all, Glenn had a union bug!—the only nearby printer we knew of who did. So we tried to send all our campaign printing to Glenn. Pretty soon we were reproducing campaign materials and selling them to surrounding states. Any leftover profit, I returned to national headquarters.

This helped everyone, but any system has flaws. A box of two thousand Humphrey buttons arrived at John Sillito's home the day before the election—rather late for effective distribution!

One thing I learned was that hard work not only attracts attention but also builds influence. My efforts caught the attention of the national Humphrey operation, and the campaign leaders agreed to have Humphrey speak in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. (For a century or so, LDS leaders allowed presidential candidates and other eminent visitors to deliver one major speech in that majestic building.) Naturally a speech by Humphrey in the tabernacle went to the top of my campaign wish list.

But Governor Rampton and many party people expressed doubts. They didn't think we could fill the huge, turtle-domed hall with enthusiastic Democrats and other interested parties. *If* Humphrey really would come, they told me, I'd better plan an event in a smaller space.

I was not so sure we should give up on the prestige of the tabernacle and spoke with Terry Sanford, a former governor of North Carolina and a regular on the Humphrey campaign plane. I suggested a foreign policy speech to Sanford and to Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma. After all, conservative but polite Utah was the perfect place to make a major impact!

George Hatch, who owned several media outlets, began to help raise funds. Oddly enough, I received more help from the ex-Kennedy people than from some of the consistent pro-Humphrey crowd. A young historian, Richard Sadler, drove south from Ogden to work long hours in the headquarters; he then organized a get-out-the-vote program in Weber County. Jack Lunt, Don Blake, and others in the University of Utah Law School—or recent graduates—gave us considerable help.

Roberta Dempsey, Bonnie and Sunday Anderson, and many club women remained loyal (recalling their great bus trip to Washington, D.C.) and contributed their spare time. These women had honored me several times, and even made me an officer in the Democratic Women's Club. Gale Boden, from KSL-Radio, came by on his off hours to improve our media savvy; also I asked my many friends in the press to help in their spare time. They would drop by to coax the latest tidbits from the campaign trail and then hang around to stuff envelopes or even knock out a press release or a flyer.

I was still promoting a speech on foreign policy. Hatch told me, "If there's any way that you can get Humphrey to move at all on Vietnam—if he will move from the position he took at convention, and where Johnson has kept him—that would be tremendous national news." He added, "I would donate our studio, our cameramen, and our tape to do a broadcast. Let the idea originate with us. We would cover the tabernacle speech as a news event, and then have Humphrey come to the station to do a nationwide news broadcast that evening, as well."

He added, "I'm on the board of the National Association of Broadcasters. I've talked to enough stations to know we can get it carried widely. We may even be able to play it up and get full national coverage. I'm willing to do that, Jean, if you can get Humphrey to move on Vietnam in any way."

So we had Humphrey slated for Salt Lake the second week of September, early in the campaign, but they sent Muskie instead. We figured that Humphrey might decide that Utah had too few votes to warrant his time. Still, we continued to discuss with Humphrey's advisors the impact of a shift in his stance on Vietnam and the possibility of a national broadcast.

Then President Johnson got word of our idea, and informed Hubert that, if he changed his stance on Vietnam, LBJ would take away his campaign plane. So Humphrey backed off, saying, "I can't come in and do that. I'll come in and give a speech, but I'll do it a little later in the campaign, so that the president doesn't worry that I'm going to disown him. Maybe by then we'll have enough money that I can make the speech that I need to make."

We changed the schedule to September 30, five weeks before the election. Four advance men arrived, headed by Boston Witt. Salt Laker Byron Mock was a coordinator for Humphrey, and of course J. D. Williams oversaw our region. Working with them, I began to organize the visit. We planned to have a morning speech, followed by party meetings, and then a fundraising dinner at the Hotel Utah. In between, we scheduled visits with LDS Church authorities and a television interview. Muriel Humphrey also planned to come, so we booked a full schedule for her, including a visit to the Shriners' Children's Hospital.

My four angels, Argie Macris, Roberta Dempsey, Carolyn Miermet, and Bonnie Anderson turned out to help, and Doris Roemer assigned extra staff at state headquarters. Some of the younger women, such as Carolyn Griffee and Marilyn Hinkins, really wanted to work with the advance men—a relatively glamorous assignment. Hank Aloia, vice president of the Hotel Utah, helped us organize a work room. Word leaked that Humphrey was going to speak at the tabernacle on foreign policy—but no one knew what he was going to say.

There were not a lot of hotels in Salt Lake City then, and a beauticians' convention monopolized the Hotel Utah that week. We decided we had to move them out. We had Humphrey supporters flooding in from other states and many national journalists, in addition to the press retinue on the campaign plane. Humphrey had begun his campaign with a large entourage, and it had just kept growing.

I approached the head of the beauticians' convention and told him (with permission from the Humphrey people) that I would get him a few private minutes with the vice president, as well as autographed photographs for all his beauticians—if only they would move to other hotels. Despite the inconvenience, they were wonderfully cooperative.

I then set up protocol: who would meet the plane, who would sit where on the tabernacle dais, who could enjoy the smaller meetings. I realized that Rampton *really* didn't even want to introduce Humphrey now that we had him scheduled for an afternoon speech. But, as the time neared, Ted Moss flew home in order to attend, and Rampton realized this would be a major event requiring his participation. That afternoon,

Rampton, Moss, and the rest of us cheerfully accompanied Humphrey to the rostrum and looked out over a fairly crowded and enthusiastic hall.

The day before he came to Salt Lake City, Humphrey spoke in Seattle and told Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson what he planned to say in Salt Lake. Predictably, I suppose, Jackson called the president, and, in between Seattle and Salt Lake City, the speech softened. Had we known *how* soft it had become, Hatch probably would have withdrawn his support.

Humphrey promised to stop bombing Vietnam, as the first step in a four-point peace program, but he made it clear that LBJ was in charge until his term ended. Nothing was likely to change before then. Yet Humphrey's hairline shift in war policy brought him additional support. Even Nixon reacted by demanding more definite answers.

The tabernacle speech was picked up by the wire services and quoted by the networks. Later that evening we went to Hatch's studio, and Humphrey gave a thirty-minute, nationally broadcast policy statement, which reached two-thirds of the stations in the United States. After that speech, Humphrey rose in the polls every day until the election when Nixon squeaked past. Had Humphrey given the speech when we first scheduled it, perhaps he would have won.

My analysis of the event went this way: I had worked with George at the national convention, so he brought the Kennedy people around. The Humphrey folks credited my one real talent—I like details. Many women do. Details abound in running a home. Organizing a vice-presidential speech was not that different from organizing a governor's ball: you tackle one task at a time, and you make sure each intersecting piece fits as it should.

Between the tabernacle speech and the election, I raised enough money to finish the party's year in good shape. Our coffers filled with many more dollars than anyone thought I could possibly raise in Utah, especially since the governor did *not* endorse Humphrey. Still, by election night, Humphrey banners fluttered in Rampton's big campaign headquarters.

When the polls closed, Rampton won and Humphrey lost, but Humphrey pulled a respectable percentage of the vote. For most of the evening it even looked as if Humphrey would win. But then the California votes were tallied, and California was the territory of our new president-elect, Richard M. Nixon.

As Rampton prepared for another term, he began to give some of the "agin-ers" a place in his administration. Dave Greenwood controlled Utah County's votes in any party election, managing an organization that might make Richard J. Daley proud. Rampton relaxed his standard

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Jean Westwood and Cal Rampton at a Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, April 19, 1969.

of appointing by merit alone and appointed Max Greenwood a state road commissioner; he placed vice chair Norma Thomas on the liquor commission. And Rampton was not the only winner at the state level. Clyde Miller won another term as secretary of state, and the Democrats gained three seats in the state Senate and eleven in the House.

Here, I must admit to a few sour grapes because Rampton never appointed me to any kind of board, except for a minor one that supervised early workforce training statewide. I suspected that his neglect had more to do with the Rampton-King split than it did with me, personally. I did sit in on Rampton's inner councils and every campaign meeting. Not many women did that. Also, Cal wrote me a complimentary letter after the 1968 election, thanking me for my work.

During the campaign I observed a dynamic that swirled not only around Nixon but later around Ronald Reagan, Orrin Hatch, John McCain, George H. W. Bush, and—to some extent—Robert Strauss, who would succeed me as chair of the DNC. Groups of western businessmen were grooming young politicians to fit their views and then supporting them for national campaigns. Once these men were

elected, the cowboy-businessmen wielded an important influence in national politics.

This phenomenon, fueled by Texas oil money, had begun with Nixon several decades back. Of course funds from the Sun Belt and from New York influenced the process, but the particular type I noted arose from western or Texas money. Bob Strauss, who later became a Washington insider, was a good example.

Nixon, too, was promoted by this group, which I felt precluded any depth of integrity. The money men even picked much of Nixon's White House staff. Nixon had a consuming passion for foreign policy, which is the only thing that ennobled his presidency, as far as I'm concerned. With the national election over, mink ranching again compelled my attention.

Actually, mink events had alternated with political events all along. Not long after the Chicago convention, Dick and I had attended national board meetings in Milwaukee. Soon after Humphrey visited in the fall, we visited Medford, Wisconsin, where I judged a "mink gown" contest before we participated in another mink show in Washington. Our family business dominated my life easily as much as politics, and ranching friends across the country remained dear to us.

Surprisingly, Humphrey's tabernacle speech gave me a national reputation, although I felt that Hatch deserved the credit. Still, we *did* manage that feat while I was running Humphrey's campaign in Utah, and I *did* set and organize the agenda. In my own mind, I remained a housewife dabbling in politics, with a knack for being in the right place at the right time.

But I had to concede that some people were seeing more in me than met my gaze every morning in my bathroom mirror.

SIX

BEGINNINGS OF REFORM

I had served on the Democratic National Committee for only a few months when I attended the spring meeting to finalize convention plans. We met again in Chicago immediately before the 1968 convention and adopted the report of the special equal rights committee, chaired by Governor Richard Hughes of New Jersey. In part, the report stated

> that a commission on party structure should study the relationship between the Democratic National Party and its constituent state Democratic parties in order that full participation of all Democrats regardless of race, color, creed or national origin may be facilitated by uniform standards for structure and operation.

We specified six anti-discrimination guidelines to help achieve that full participation. The resolution sailed through the Chicago convention soon after the sessions opened and before any other reform recommendations reached the floor. Thus we ended up in a mess regarding which commission should handle reforms between 1969 and 1972 and in what areas the DNC retained authority.

The mess occurred this way: another politician named "Hughes" also took part in the reform effort. Governor Harold Hughes, of Iowa, chaired an unofficial commission formed by a group of party liberals. The unofficial commission also took its findings to the Rules Committee. The Rules Committee then voted to establish a committee to study and codify the rules of past conventions, to investigate needed changes, and to report its findings to the DNC in time for them to be readied for the 1972 convention.

Then a minority report, sponsored by Joe Crangle of New York, gleaned enough votes to reach the floor. It required the 1972 convention call to assure that delegates were selected through a process in which all Democratic voters had a full and timely opportunity to participate.

The old unit rule of majority-takes-all was forbidden at any stage, and procedures were open to public participation in primary, convention, or committee processes, all conducted within the calendar year of the convention. The convention also mandated a minority report.

After the 1968 convention we met again. Chair John Bailey, of Connecticut, handed his gavel to the new chair, Lawrence (Larry) O'Brien, a Kennedy man from Massachusetts. The newly elected committeemen and women from all the states were formally installed. Our western caucus included Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Hawaii, Alaska, and Guam. We agreed that the coastal states and the Pacific Islands would combine to elect one member to the executive committee, and the inland Rocky Mountain states would elect the other. Ellen Healed, from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, had long served on the DNC. She was presently a member of the executive committee but rotated off that year.

Some of the former Kennedy supporters nominated Steve Reinhardt, a young attorney from Los Angeles, who was new to the committee. Several others also were nominated. Then, to my surprise, Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, nominated me. Most members knew me because of my role in the big campaign conference earlier that year, and I had been a Humphrey delegate. And so Steve and I were elected to the executive committee.

I had juggled politics with family and mink ranching for decades, and changes now brewed at home. Our son Rick wanted to leave the leased Henderson ranch and develop a ranch of his own. A few years earlier Dick and I had bought a farm in the Highland Bench area, east and south of Salt Lake City, with the idea that someday we might choose to live in a less metropolitan locale. We sold this property to Rick, on time and below market value. Since Rick wanted to be independent, we extricated him from the family partnership, giving him his share of the mink and other assets. He built a house and readied a small ranch where his bred females could birth their kits.

Our long interest in national mink ranching and marketing went international. Breeding stock sales involving Canadians had resulted in the Scandinavian countries developing their own mink industry. We never would sell them any mink but other Americans did. The Scandinavian governments backed the ranchers because pelts could be sold for outside currency. With government aid, they built a large cooperative auction house in Oslo, Norway, for all of their pelts. The Scandinavian ranchers actually owned this auction house and need not pay commissions, as we did, to Hudson's Bay or to other commercial auction companies. The

Oslo auction was said to have the most modern facilities in the world. The Scandinavians invited the officers of the two marketing associations in the United States to visit their auction house in January 1969.

John and Ella Adkins, from Coalville, Utah, and Don Gather from Anthon, Iowa, represented the dark mink association. Dick and I, along with Red Zimmerman from Wisconsin, represented the EMBA, the mutation mink association. Together we flew across the Atlantic to observe the Scandinavian industry. Once in Oslo, we were treated like state guests, enjoying a banquet at the museum where explorer Thor Heyerdahl's ship was housed, and meeting all the city and regional officials. We stayed on the square across from Parliament.

Our guide and host, who headed the Scandinavian Inter-Country Marketing Association, took a fancy to me and informed me of local customs. I learned that if somebody "skoals" you, you have to drink for as long as they gaze into your eyes. At huge smorgasbords, he kept lifting his glass of wine and skoaling me. This interplay contrasted with John and Ella Adkins's approach—wine glasses filled with apple juice and gift copies of the *Book of Mormon* for all the Scandinavian participants.

More than the short icy days complicated our visit. At home, our mink ranching associations were pushing an import control bill through Congress because the Scandinavians were flooding our market with mink pelts. They could pelt earlier than we could and thus set the market price. And now they had newer and better auction facilities! Our purpose was to learn ways to economize, improve our products, streamline our procedures, and generally see what they were up to. Their purpose in inviting us and treating us so well was to persuade us to back off that import control bill.

Over the weekend the Norwegians took us up-country to visit their mink ranches. Immediately we noted that they were bundling mink differently, gathering them in huge lots of several hundred pelts, whereas we tried to match enough pelts for one or two garments. They also prepared the mink for market in a different way. We had much to learn.

When we returned to our hotel late on Sunday night, I spotted a message in our box and thought: Oh, no, somebody's sick.

But the message read, "Jean, if it is not after midnight when you get back, please call. Hubert." The only Hubert I knew had the last name of Humphrey, and the telephone number on the message was a room number in our hotel.

Hubert informed me of a state funeral for Trygve Lie, a former secretary general to the United Nations. As one of Humphrey's last official

duties, LBJ had assigned him to represent the White House at the funeral, sending the Humphrey family on Air Force One. With his usual gregarious impulse, Humphrey had looked through the hotel register to see if he knew anyone else visiting in Oslo. Thus I attended the funeral with Hubert and Muriel the following morning while Dick toured the auction house. Then Dick and I went off to Copenhagen to tour the Danish auction house, meet the furriers and ranchers, and enjoy a performance of *The Little Mermaid* before flying back to the States.

It is an understatement to say Dick and I were both leading busy lives. These years comprised Dick's most active in the national realm of fur breeders' politics. He served as national president of the EMBA Mink Breeders' Association, marketing mutation mink pelts for the entire United States. By contrast, I was involved in Utah politics most of the time. My support of Dick headed my list, but our worlds often intermingled.

After our trip to Copenhagen, Dick stayed in New York for some pelt auction sales and a style show. I went to Washington to participate in a week of DNC meetings preceding the Nixon "inaugural" at the Republican convention. Even though Lyndon Johnson was a supreme politician, he never had been willing to open the White House for Democratic Party purposes. But during their final week in the White House, Lyndon and Lady Bird hosted a formal dinner for the DNC, an appropriate grace note as his presidency ended.

The arrival of our invitation prompted clearance by the FBI and the Secret Service. Each of us received a certain time to arrive at the outside gate of the White House complex. We were then checked through, placed in an official limousine, escorted by two Marines into the White House, and announced. I had drawn one of the earlier times, which prolonged our visit; I suspected Mike Manatos might have something to do with that. LBJ spent several minutes with each committeeman and committeewoman, one hundred of us in all.

Then we were each escorted into the library to chat and enjoy refreshments. Before long, guides led us through the family portion of the White House, which visitors seldom see, then back downstairs. The Marine Band piped the Johnsons into the dining room, where we enjoyed a state dinner. We recognized cabinet members and a contingent of Broadway stars, and of course we knew Hubert and Muriel Humphrey. Rather than return upstairs, the Johnsons said their goodbyes and entered a waiting helicopter. We witnessed their official departure from the White House.

The January 1969 DNC meeting commenced at the Mayflower Hotel, beginning with a reception in the grand ballroom, followed by two days of sessions. Looking back, I realized this event paved the way for Humphrey's choice—Senator Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma—to be elected our new chair, for Larry O'Brien already had decided not to run for another term.

During the 1968 fall campaign the Hughes ad hoc commission had fueled the reforms mandated at the convention. Now, Humphrey asked O'Brien to form a commission to study rules, and to issue a full press release to announce it. In other words, the study commission would keep the 1968 convention's mandate on track. In December, O'Brien and his counsel decided to organize two commissions, and they asked for recommendations for each. For members, they clearly favored Humphrey supporters, the old Kennedy group, and the Hughes Commission.

Since O'Brien had resigned while we and Humphrey were in Norway, now Humphrey did not beg him to stay but considered former Governor Terry Sanford, of North Carolina, as a possible replacement. But Sanford, too, was reluctant. Fred Harris promptly offered to assume the position of chair, and Hubert agreed. So rather than endorse O'Brien, our January meeting elected Harris.

Earlier I mentioned my disillusionment with the passive role played by most members of the DNC. A semi-annual meeting in Washington allowed them time to meet with elected officials from their own states; these discussions then became resolutions that were passed by the committee.

I realized that many committee members enjoyed the large, formal receptions far more than they relished tinkering with the nuts and bolts of a campaign. These were people who raised money in their states, occupied head tables at official functions, opened conventions, and cut ribbons. This was hardly the energetic role I envisioned, and I suspected my constituents in Utah would agree. I wanted to represent my state by taking positions on national issues.

I suspect I would not have been elected to the executive committee (although Frank Church might have nominated me) if everyone had known my position on reform. As a Humphrey delegate and campaigner, I was perceived as an establishment politician. Actually, 1968 had provided a shockingly graphic image of party politics, a real shove from my realm of fun and fair politics. Somewhere between the Humphrey-Kennedy-McCarthy delegate deal in Utah, followed by the Chicago

convention, the compromised platform, and the fall campaign, I had experienced my own political transformation.

Joining me on the executive committee were, from the western states, Los Angeles attorney Stephen Reinhardt and Millie Jeffrey, an Auto Workers' representative from Detroit. The United Auto Workers were not part of the AFL-CIO, and Walter Reuther was considered the dean of labor movement liberals. Millie became one of my dearest friends.

Seven other members from the regional caucuses joined us, and three alternates were chosen to substitute for any absent members. The officers were the chair, the vice chair, and the secretary, Dorothy Bush. Larry O'Brien initiated a motion to add a treasurer, Bob Short, perhaps to give him more votes to control. A member who was unable to attend the full days of meetings could give a proxy vote to another member or to an elected state official. Many state chairs began to attend the meetings to observe and try to influence their members' votes. They formed their own association and lobbied to become voting members of the DNC.

Surprisingly, perhaps, the western conference boasted the most liberals in the full DNC, with most of the fourteen states offering a reform vote by at least one member. Other reform votes emerged throughout the regional conferences: Robert Dreyfuss or Jack English and Joe Crangle from New York State proved immensely helpful. So did the Wisconsin delegates, especially Donald Peterson. George Mitchell of Maine, Robert Vance of Alabama, Dick Koster from the Panama Canal Zone, Bob Fulton and Dagmar Vidal from Iowa, Koryne Horbal from Minnesota, Jean Wallin from New Hampshire, and still others provided the essential thirty-three votes we sought, and often found.

A group of conservative Democrats had emerged from the southern conference, and this group was disturbed by the DNC's limitations. They wanted more say in the way civil rights legislation was implemented locally, and they wanted fundraising ability to sponsor specific candidates. My predecessor, Lucy Redd, had aligned herself with this group.

So, there we were with a new chair, bearing the immediate task of repaying a huge electoral debt. The DNC had grown used to largess from the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Under a Republican administration, that source of funds completely vanished. McCarthy asked to have his debt paid as well, although he later withdrew that request. At our executive committee meeting, treasurer Bob Short told us that the campaign debt amounted to at least six million dollars. Worse, Humphrey's fundraising efforts were meeting with little success.

At this point I received a telephone call from Wayne Owens, who had left Moss to work for Ted Kennedy. Wayne had Ted on the line. They reported successful fundraisers in an effort to resolve Robert Kennedy's primary debt, but their campaign still owed around five hundred thousand dollars. Wayne said they would be willing to devote more of Ted's time to speak at party fundraisers to pay off the entire debt, if the committee also would assume the debt left by Robert Kennedy's candidacy.

Already I had discussed this plan over lunch with the committee treasurer, who thought it a great idea and suggested it to Larry, who still presided. After some discussion the executive committee proposed that the party assume all debt from the 1968 campaigns, and the motion passed the full committee. (Later, a "check-off tax" would help to ease this burden.)

Since Fred Harris had served as cochair of the Humphrey campaign, he felt partly responsible for a portion of the debt, and he had another priority: LaDonna Harris, Fred's wife, was a prominent member of the Comanche Indian tribe. Thus Harris understood, almost firsthand, the frustration of racial and ethnic minorities who were virtually ignored in the political process. And finally, Fred was ambitious; he wanted to put wheels under the reform movement and someday steer his agenda into the White House. (Harris would run unsuccessfully for president in 1972 and 1976.)

Meanwhile, Harris hoped to revitalize the DNC. Nine years under Democratic presidents had allowed the committee's power to dwindle. With Nixon in the White House, Harris reasoned, only a remodeled party could recover from public disgust regarding the Vietnam War and the ugly battles in Chicago. He pushed through a resolution to merge overlapping subcommittees, He also negotiated to appoint a party structure commission, with Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, as commission chair.

Harris was easy to work with, but he had no power base in Washington. Rather than resolving debt and building the party, he ran the DNC hand-to-mouth. The wives and staff members of liberal senators volunteered to perform odd jobs; sometimes at night they were found answering mail and keeping the office in order. Fred was charged with operating the Reform Commission but had no money for staff. He felt it inappropriate to staff the office with members of the DNC because they had helped form the recommendations that needed to be reviewed and changed.

Most of us realized that reform was lost unless the DNC found the energy to enact change. Harris finally cobbled together a staff of sorts,

including Eli Segal, a young New York attorney; Ken Bode and Robert Nelson, both lured from McGovern's staff; and political activist Carol Casey. As consultants, McGovern added Dick Wade, a historian at the University of Chicago; Anne Wexler, a political activist from the original McCarthy-Hughes group; and Alexander Bickel from the Yale University Law School.

While organizing, Harris openly sought geographic, ethnic, and partisan balance. He also wanted individuals loyal to him, or at least not threatening. Harris asked the DNC to appoint a resolutions committee to recommend reforms, designate the issues worth considering, and ease the process. He hoped to deal with issues relevant in various states; for instance, he sympathized with Millie Jeffrey, who wanted resolutions pertaining to some of the major strikes.

Despite the challenges, we returned home with high hopes for the future of the DNC. However Ted Kennedy gave only three fundraising speeches before a lighthearted occasion turned tragic. As Kennedy politicians had done before, Ted threw a party for the young people who had slaved away in Robert Kennedy's campaign boiler room. Enough has been written about the tardily reported automobile accident that slightly injured Ted but cost young Mary Jo Kopechne her life. Kennedy's official punishment for driving off a narrow bridge was predictably light, but his presidential aspirations vanished. So did his ability to rebuild the Democratic Party and help to resolve its debts.

Of course we soldiered on. Among the one hundred members of the DNC, around eleven of us emerged as outspoken liberals. Between the 1968 and 1972 conventions, we reformers could depend on thirty-three votes, at most. Yet, as we analyzed the committee's make-up, we developed a strategy that miraculously transformed most of our ideas into policy.

From the outset the biggest reform was to eliminate *appointed* delegates to the convention. Nobody—whether governor or goose herder—could vote on the floor unless elected through a process that began in either a primary or a caucus. This process must be open to all party members, and candidates must be specifically identified although a slot could be reserved for local uncommitted delegates. Most of our concept was enacted, amended only to allow members of the DNC to serve as automatic delegates.

Then, a heated argument erupted. Would the winner take all a state's votes in a primary election? Or would delegations honor proportional representation, as specified at the 1968 convention? A vote on

proportional representation carried, meaning each candidate's share of delegates would be in proportion to his or her share of the public vote. Unfortunately this resolution passed in a cluster of unclear measures that well might bewilder state legislators.

Other proposed reforms included opening each state delegation to minorities—women, African Americans, Latinos, American Indians, Pacific Islanders, and youth. The quota idea to empower minorities became our strongest reform. The Civil Rights Act did not specify ways to implement civil rights, so, in the beginning, enforcement reacted to individual lawsuits brought by an aggrieved party. The Jewish community perceived the quota system differently. To them, quotas meant how many students could enroll in a university rather than opening a political process that everyone could share.

Unions opposed quotas within political parties because they accurately foresaw this practice spilling into the workplace—essentially becoming affirmative action. Ironically, given the number of women stuffing envelopes, calling voter precincts, and voting on the convention floor, we would not agree until 1976 that half of any delegation must be *female*.

Despite resistance, the concept of quotas caught fire in the 1970s. All around Washington knowledgeable conversations debated the quota system and affirmative action. Inserting the concept into delegate selection energized it for a leap into certain legislative actions. Simply by developing the concept, we accomplished many reforms.

On the home front I emerged from the ranks of the "agin-ers." As a member of the executive committee, I became part of the establishment. Of course I remained friends with my longtime group in the western part of Salt Lake County; I continued to run governor's balls, arrange conferences, attend county conventions, work with local candidates, speak to various groups, and show up at the state party office almost daily. In short, I kept doing everything I had promised to do as a national committeewoman, including a detailed report to Utah Democrats on actions of the national party through its committee. An observer might suggest I was building a broad base and network, both nationally and locally. Yet in my eyes it formed more by happenstance than design.

On November 19, 1969, the full national party structure commission met and enacted new guidelines: 1) four new guidelines replaced those inhibiting access; 2) seven new guidelines replaced those diluting influence; and 3) six new guidelines changed factors in the first two areas.

The staff still needed to complete some technical work, and the chair had not yet distributed the guidelines to state parties, but most

commission members considered their work done. Harris's fundraising efforts had vanished when he faced the resistance of organized labor and lost Kennedy's clout. Minimal funds were available to enforce compliance with our reforms.

The small staff remaining at the Reform Commission sent individual compliance letters to inform state chairs of their specific responsibilities. These included a general report for the public, which addressed strategic questions, including how and when to approach the DNC to gain further authority. The staff hunted for individual successes to use as examples and sought suggestions to encourage state parties to enact the reforms.

Then, on February 6, 1970, Fred Harris abruptly resigned, effective in two weeks. Humphrey, as the nominal party head, thought he (Humphrey) should choose a new chair. Some of the reform activists disagreed, recalling the void of effective leadership at the notorious Chicago convention. Confidently, Hubert turned to Larry O'Brien. But Larry turned him down, offering only a vague explanation.

Humphrey advisor Bill O'Connell (who long had doubted Larry's sincerity regarding reforms) now suggested Matthew E. Welsh, a former governor of Indiana who excelled at organizing machine politics. The reformers rejected Welsh and suggested Joe Crangle, county chair for Erie County, New York. At the 1968 convention Joe had introduced the Rules minority report, which instigated the entire reform episode. But Indiana's state chair, Gordon St. Angelo, decided to run as the candidate of committed party regulars and launched a full, election-style campaign. Joe Dooley, the mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, announced that he, too, was available.

The executive committee met to discuss the campaign fever raging in the commissions, the efforts to raise money, and the agenda for full committee meetings. But no real decisions were made. As his last charge to us, Fred had said, "I think you should take some hold in this. Maybe you ought to interview the candidates ahead of time and make a recommendation to the whole Democratic National Committee."

This sounded unnecessarily risky to Jake Arvey, an Illinois political boss, a friend of Mayor Daley, and an executive committee member from the Midwest conference. Uneasiness also stalked conference members from the South. But the executive committee finally decided to take Fred's advice and interview all the candidates before proceeding.

We met on a Sunday afternoon, on March 1, 1970, at the Mayflower Hotel. Humphrey attended to boost the candidacy of Matt Welsh, but the handful of competitors denied Humphrey a consensus. Neither St.

Angelo nor Dooley had any real support. Welsh had a working majority, but the balance of the committee (including me) supported Crangle, and we did not intend to give in. Both candidates intended to approach the full committee, and St. Angelo decided to do the same. By bedtime we could almost sniff the tear gas infiltrating our hotel, a sensory flashback to the Chicago convention. With nothing resolved, Millie Jeffrey and I went downstairs to find a drink, wishing that O'Brien would return; we knew many individuals from each side would accept him.

By morning nothing had changed. Millie, Steve Reinhardt, and I cornered Jake Arvey, and said, "Jake, this isn't going to work. We have an idea. We have heard that Larry O'Brien is unhappy with what Fred Harris has done with the committee. Also, Larry is not making the income he thought he would as a stockbroker for Howard Hughes. (The aeronautic hobbyist and Hollywood legend was as rich as he was eccentric and reclusive. Years later the public learned that Nixon's curiosity about O'Brien's retainer from Hughes—who regularly contributed to both political parties—was a chief motivator for the bugging of the DNC's Watergate suite. Originally the burglars attached listening devices to the secretaries' telephones, which were easily accessible. The transcripts, however, proved so trivial that Nixon's men insisted that the burglars return and place a listening device on O'Brien's telephone. On that occasion, they were caught.)

I took a breath and continued, "We wonder if there's any way we can get Larry to come back, but we reformers cannot persuade him by ourselves. If you can get Daley to back you and then call and say that Illinois will back him, maybe Larry will return."

Jake thought it over then asked, "Do you think we have the authority to do that?"

I said, "I don't know if we've had the authority in the past. But I think it's about time the executive committee started claiming some authority, and then maybe the Democratic National Committee will follow suit."

I didn't think Jake would agree, but he said, "Let me go call the mayor and see what he thinks."

In the meantime, I checked with the New Yorkers, who were lobbying for Joe Crangle. I said, "You know, Joe's not going to win. We'll be left with a big split and no chance of ever raising money. We *must* have New York, California, Illinois, Texas, Massachusetts, and Florida in agreement before we can get the Democratic National Committee on its feet."

I took another long breath and added, "Since Joe *isn't* going to win, how would New York feel about bringing O'Brien back?"

My New Yorkers mused that Larry was a Kennedy man originally. He had worked for Hubert on the campaign, and he'd be an excellent chairman. They had not figured there was any chance of getting him back. But if Joe truly had no chance, they might agree on Larry.

We convened the executive committee for a discussion and vote. Then Jake Arvey called Larry to report that we had created the consensus he needed. Larry asked for twenty-four hours to survey the political landscape. While Larry thought over our offer, we called Humphrey, who was delighted.

When Larry responded to our request, he raised one condition—he would become chair only if Lyndon Johnson would give us someone from Texas to act as treasurer and to help with fundraising.

Jake told me, "You know, Lyndon thinks a lot of you." (Really?—news to me.) "And he owes Illinois a lot," Jake continued, "because of the way we put on the Chicago convention at his behest. So I think that if you and I telephone him, maybe we can talk him into it."

We reached Lyndon's aide and explained our mission. He said, "Well, we'll have to get back to you, but I'm sure we'll find a Texas money man; and then you can tell Larry we'll back him."

I was not surprised when Lyndon suggested Robert Strauss for treasurer; he had promoted Strauss as banking commissioner, and Strauss quickly had learned LBJ-style politics. Some of us felt strongly that we could not pay our debts and raise campaign funds for 1972 if we still wandered around in the whiff of remembered tear gas.

Hearing about the O'Brien-Strauss combination, Welsh withdrew. The next morning, O'Brien called to accept and Crangle withdrew. St. Angelo stayed in, but Humphrey started working the telephones on O'Brien's behalf. Everyone closed ranks, and Larry re-assumed his seat as chair of the DNC, with all the power and freedom he might have enjoyed if he had been Humphrey's nominee.

In many ways, this was a historic event for the DNC. We created our power by this and later actions. Often O'Brien urged the executive committee to back his proposals. Objections came from those of us who favored more stringent reform. We then would lose the vote and appeal it to the floor. Sometimes we contrived extreme proposals. We knew they would lose, but we praised them in the executive committee and again on the floor. Late in the day, when many members were weary, or the next morning when they were anxious to end the meeting, we would get a middle-of-the-road committee member to propose a more moderate version (our original intent). We would agree to compromise and watch the measure slide through a vote.

Another tactic was focusing on one really hot issue, debating it, and losing. Then, as delegates unwound from the tension of the brawl, we would present a package of seemingly mild proposals. Close examination might prove some controversial, but in the metaphorical calm after the storm, they often were approved. Usually we had to get Larry to agree with these ahead of time, but a few times our proposals glided through without his prior knowledge. Among other things, these tactics curbed the power of the unions to grab more than their fair share of convention seats, and they gave young Democrats the right to run for delegate.

Since Harris's resignation in February 1970, the McGovern commission had held regional hearings around the country. The commission decided to promulgate the reform recommendations nationwide without the full approval of the DNC. Harris agreed that the 1972 convention would be the final arbiter, but he felt the commission should report to the DNC and to the states—especially if they expected the new rules to be used before the 1972 convention. The commissions wanted funding from the DNC but also wanted total independence.

Objections to the power of the executive committee arose from the floor at the DNC meeting in April; but we prevailed, and from then on we helped set the agenda and make decisions at executive sessions. O'Brien became skillful at using us for his own ends, but we reformers also honed our techniques.

In April 1970, Grant Sawyer and I chaired a Western States Democratic Conference in Salt Lake City. I even arranged a fundraiser for DNC treasurer Bob Strauss. Ed Flynn, of Kennecott Copper, underwrote a fancy dinner at the Alta Club where John Klas, our new state chair was introduced. Ed helped me bring in money men from the mining industry. Others, such as Scott Matheson (our future governor) and Sid Bascom, helped us involve utilities and railroad people. Most came from western states, especially the Rocky Mountain area. We played down California in order to introduce Strauss to Rocky Mountain donors.

We convinced everyone to pledge money and to sponsor fundraisers in their own areas. O'Brien, Strauss, or I would visit their states as speakers or sponsors. O'Brien promised an attendance by congressional staffers, committees from the Department of the Interior, and so on. I helped arrange that type of function, and then Strauss used it as a base of power. Strauss even circled close enough to the California and Texas Republicans to become President George H. W. Bush's envoy to Russia. Strauss was continually promoted by that Texas group, even living with John Connally at one point and sharing a joint law firm.

As governor of Texas, Connally had spoken at the 1968 conference in Phoenix, and my impression then was of a jovial old boy on the surface; below the surface lay ambition, for he and other Texans seemed to mind their own business before party business. I concluded that they would mix well with the eastern establishment. Entirely insensitive to the causes of women and racial and ethnic minorities, Strauss centered his attention on issues that would benefit him. People who were not in power, he just bulldozed.

One problem Strauss had within the party was an inability to raise money from liberals. After Jimmy Carter was elected president, the liberal wing came around and Strauss fared well with the labor bosses. I concluded that two types of people stood out in big labor. One was a big and brassy type, flaunting a huge salary, residing in Washington, close to the center of power, rather than close to the union membership. George Meany when head of the AFL-CIO offered an example. The other type reminded me of the United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther and the Communication Workers' Glenn Watts. They underwent truly democratic elections, kept their headquarters near the main union operation, and reported often to their members. Strauss was the Meany type, and he got along well with that group. I succeeded better with the other type.

O'Brien found his major funding in the unions. Larry had been as smooth and responsive a chair as anyone could wish during his early years. He claimed to never draw a salary, but by the 1970 and 1972 elections, he and his two main aides ran up high expenses, leasing expensive apartments in New York City and in Washington, D.C. Even more visibly, O'Brien favored custom-tailored suits and traveled in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

The truth is that the DNC required big money just to keep O'Brien comfortable. I wondered if Larry initially refused to return as chair because the new approach to fundraising might diminish his lifestyle. Gradually we realized that Larry did not really support all the reforms in our platform. On the surface he did; yet many unions opposed the reforms, and they were major donors. Donations were less regulated than they later became, especially for big labor.

Since I was definitely in the reform camp, it surprised me how well I got along, at least on the surface, with O'Brien, Strauss, and the others. Later, of course, our differences became apparent—when I went flying from my chair heading the DNC and Strauss settled in.

SEVEN

IMPLEMENTING REFORM

As the 1960s jolted rather noisily into the 1970s, my life remained varied. Remembering the years between the 1968 and 1972 conventions, I saw how national politics colored and absorbed more aspects of my time until, by 1972, the politics of our nation became my main focus.

Our reforms struggled into being at the Democratic National Committee beginning in 1969, while I tackled quite a different semi-political task at home. The American Legion and its auxiliary for women had for some years sponsored Boys' and Girls' State assemblies nationwide; these involved carefully selected high school students, who gathered for a week in the summer between their junior and senior years to learn how politics shaped local, state, and national governments, and how those governments operated. The Utah auxiliary asked me to revise the Girls' State manual and procedures and then act as chief instructor during the week-long adventure. Boys' State, which followed, adopted many of my revisions.

Meanwhile Dick's role as president of the national mink association took him out of state for meetings several times each month although the mink business had entered a slump. Our Scandinavian friends were overproducing and marketing their pelts early, thus setting the world price. More than the mink economy gave Dick aggravation, for he had never fully recovered from his fall in Hawaii. We began to seriously consider closing our mink ranching business. Already we had begun buying and building apartments, suspecting real estate might be an easier occupation for Dick to manage.

We held our usual DNC meeting after the 1969 election and considered scheduling a midterm conference to resolve the thornier issues left from the 1968 convention. The reformers claimed that currently the candidates—not the party—defined campaign issues. Unless the party took a more active

role, another debacle like the 1968 convention could occur. Some insisted that party reforms should extend beyond the convention, and this sparked vigorous discussion among liberals throughout the country.

I determined to begin by talking with individuals who were considering running for president. This time I wanted to know where each of them stood on four or five issues I considered vital. I also wanted to evaluate their campaign plans before deciding for whom I would work, and how much time I was willing to commit.

Old loyalties took me first to see Hubert Humphrey. I had kept in touch with some of his operatives, including Geri Joseph, vice chair of the DNC. Hubert said he would not run in 1972. He did not think anyone, even Ed Muskie, could defeat Nixon as an incumbent president. Humphrey had won the 1968 nomination mainly from the caucus states and under the old party rules. For the most part he had visited states in which delegates were appointed, or he had met only with a caucus and let Senators Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy run in the primary states.

Under the new rules, Humphrey said, "I'd have to go to every state and work with this new system. The party's still got my old debts to pay off, and I just don't have the money to do it."

I talked with Muskie while he was in Salt Lake City, and he asked me to come and sit down with him in Washington for further discussion. I made five appointments, and each time his staff cancelled them. (I already had heard rumors about his unhelpful staff.) Finally Muskie called and asked why I hadn't come in.

"I tried, but I was told you were busy." So we held some telephone discussions around my questions and his answers.

In April 1970 the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection released one thousand copies of its report, *Mandate for Reform*. The commission staff tried to encourage each state separately; meanwhile many state staffs were adapting to meet the letter but not the spirit of the new standards. When the commission staff pushed them for further compliance, the state staffs complained to the commission. Admittedly, the eighteen guidelines set stiff standards for delegate selection: they abolished proxy voting and the unit rule; they required that delegate selection take place within the year of the convention; and they encouraged the election of delegates who were ethnic or racial minorities, young people, or women.

That same month we hosted the Western States Democratic Conference in Salt Lake City, combining it with a regional hearing on all the proposed rules. As cochairs, Grant Sawyer and I worked well together, organizing

the dual programs and managing details. Larry O'Brien provided speakers for excellent workshops on campaigning at every level. Senator George McGovern attended to report on the reforms, and Congressman Jim O'Hara, chair of the Rules Committee, explained its recommendations. Keynoter Muskie, having lost his bid for vice president, seemed to tip his hat toward the 1972 presidential race. Altogether, it turned out to be the biggest conference held since our demoralizing losses in 1968, and it was thoroughly covered by local and national press as a huge success.

During the same period Steve Reinhardt and I acted as the western caucus representatives on the DNC and its executive committee. I also worked on Senator Ted Moss's 1970 campaign, spending at least a part of each day in his headquarters. With so many fingers plunged into various political pies, I began to *feel* an important part of these political developments nationwide. I found great satisfaction in seeing the reforms supported financially by the DNC, and the successful conference in my home state did me proud.

Before the DNC met in May, O'Brien asked the party's legal counsel, Joe Califano, for a formal opinion on whether the new guidelines were legally binding. Califano said they were binding although the 1972 convention would retain the actual power of arbitration. Those of us in the reform camp issued a great sigh of relief. But then O'Brien appointed two *new* committees from the membership of the DNC to help implement the reforms. He assured McGovern that these committees would not undo the reforms but rather cajole states into accepting them.

Reformation consisted of three distinct tasks: 1) convincing the Reform Commission, itself, to support the proposed reforms; 2) guiding parts of the reforms through the DNC; and 3) outlining the reforms to staffs in fifty states, explaining the roles each should play.

Each state had to write a plan of compliance to meet the national goals. McGovern wanted a young attorney to travel the western states and help the staffs comply. When he asked my advice, I recommended Gary Hart, an active young attorney in Denver who came highly recommended by Colorado party members. After graduating from law school, Hart had worked for Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall. When Nixon won in 1968, Hart moved to Denver, not only to practice law but also to begin building his own political base. He was enthusiastic about joining the reform process.

Since, I have reflected that this was one of a major party's times of real political change. I identified the first in 1830, with the beginning of the nominating convention; the second, in the pre-Civil War years

when the Republican Party was founded; third, the suffrage movement and the founding of the national committees; and fourth, the New Deal era when Democrats changed their party and added a female delegate from each state.

Now, it was our turn. Between 1968 and 1972, the Democratic Party opened the process so that *everybody had a chance to vote* on delegates to the national convention; that meant *everybody had chance to influence* the selection of our candidates. Allowing minorities and women entrance into the party meant little unless they wielded power by having an equal chance to participate fully.

At the May meeting, for instance, heady power struggles ensued between those who preferred the old system, in which office holders and major donors controlled the delegate process, and those who favored the reforms. But neither the old-rules nor the Reform Commission trusted the majority; in fact, each tried to bypass it in hopes of gaining approval at the next convention. Initially the liberals believed O'Brien stood with them (and the press touted O'Brien as father of the reform movement), but he was never a strong reformer. He supported candidates who seemed inevitably on the rise or candidates he could influence to maintain harmony between party factions.

Since McGovern chaired the Reform Commission, I saw him often. Visiting the reform staffers—including Bob Nelson, Eli Segal, Ken Bode, and Carol Casey—was always part of my agenda when I went to Washington. As the staff reluctantly realized they would have to move at least parts of their recommendations through the DNC in order to use them in the 1972 pre-convention process, I became more involved and grew closer to McGovern.

After McGovern began his presidential race, Don Fraser, a liberal congressman from Minnesota, became chair of the Reform Commission; Jim O'Hara's new rules commission worked more quietly and slowly than Fraser's group. By 1972, Fraser would insist that the original Reform Commission write new rules to regulate party affairs between elections. This huge investment of so many people's energy promised lively confrontations in the Credentials Committee at the 1972 Democratic convention.

By then I had completed my private evaluation of possible nominees. Fred Harris entered the race late; Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson seemed too hawkish regarding the Vietnam War; I considered George Wallace too racist; and Birch Bayh struck me as overly close to the union leaders who opposed reform. I visited Harold Hughes, governor of Iowa, before

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George and Eleanor McGovern, Black Hills, South Dakota, July 1972.

talking with McGovern. Hughes seemed rather petty about McGovern having been chosen over him to chair the Reform Commission. Also, rumors concerning Hughes's seances with his dead mother made me uneasy. I basically agreed with McGovern's stance on both the war and party reform, but I could not believe that any Democrat would beat Nixon in 1972. I figured that even a slight recession in the economy would be fixed before the election because Nixon was reserving funds that Congress had voted to use; thus he could make political capital by doling out those dollars at a propitious time.

Ultimately, I told Dick, I favored McGovern since our views were similar on issues ranging from nuclear power to the economy; from affirmative action outside of politics to education; and from foreign policy to farm issues. I did not expect McGovern to ask me to work for him in any way except on the DNC.

When McGovern called on New Year's Day, I already had devoted some time to considering my plans for the next year or two. His suggestion that I cochair his presidential campaign, along with John Douglas, seemed intriguing. Gary Hart would become field coordinator, and Frank Mankiewicz would serve as press secretary.

Privately, the idea that I would cochair a national campaign for a presidential candidate left me amazed but delighted.

In the weeks after leaving Hawaii, I reviewed my years of political experience, still a little dubious as to why someone so little known would be asked to lead a national campaign. I knew, of course, that many campaign chairs were just good friends of the candidate; they sat in on policy decisions and considered staff appointments. However they did not perform staff work. At this point McGovern was served mainly by his Senate staff, who had begun listing possible supporters and contributors. Hart geared up field organization in the early primary states. Boston attorney Rick Stearns came aboard, researching issues and collecting commitments from caucus state supporters.

Party activists were asked to organize key states: Joe Grandmaison took over his home state of New Hampshire and added Massachusetts; Gene Pokorny began in Nebraska and then moved on to Wisconsin; and Amanda Smith focused on women's issues in the Washington office. George knew he wanted Frank Mankiewicz to be political director of the overall campaign, especially handling the press, but it took a little while to get Frank involved. He was a Kennedy man, still recovering from the violent deaths of JFK and Robert Kennedy, plus the scandal surrounding Ted Kennedy. Ted Dyk, a Humphrey supporter, joined the national team and took on a broad role.

Barbara McKenzie, Rick Indefurth, and others soon joined the staff at the small headquarters a block from the capitol to organize the "boiler room," advising state staffs by telephone or mail. Some of the Reform Commission staff worked after hours. Professor Richard Wade, Blair Clark of CBS fame, and June Degman from California joined John Douglas and me on the advisory committee. Other good organizers, such as Carl Wagner and Chris Brown, shouldered state responsibilities. A particular find was Steve Robbins, who became head of scheduling and advance work; he put together his own team to travel from event to event and from state to state.

Henry Kimmelman was an old friend and admirer of McGovern. Without pay (which was true for many of us), he became finance director, later assisted by a paid deputy, Marian Pearlman, who was as tough

as anyone must be when documenting expenses. Jeff Smith wrote the first long fundraising letter, a contradiction to the conventional wisdom in asking for contributions. It worked so well it changed the way funds were raised. But the real genius in creating the main funding effort of the primary, and to a large extent the general campaign, was Morris Dees, the brilliant civil libertarian and direct mail expert from Alabama. Miles and Nancy Rubin, excellent business operators from California, were far ahead of their time in the use of computer management skills, which they shared especially in the California primary. As the campaign developed, media coverage began, first from Charles Guggenheim and his colleagues in New York, Merv Weston in New Hampshire, Stan Kaplan in North Carolina, and Liz Stevens in Washington.

My own position was never as clear as the necessity of my tasks. Early on, the campaign staff offered to pay my expenses if I would travel and organize the western states. We would combine the staff's list of political people with mine, and then gather additional names. Could I begin in early 1971 to test our core of support in the fourteen western states? Of course. The possible exception was California, where Frank Mankiewicz had a personal interest in building a political base for his successful campaigns for Congress. Next, I was asked to keep in touch with the national campaign liberals, and to bring anything they needed to the attention of the executive committee or the full committee. Finally, I would communicate policy decisions to other members of the so-called citizens' committee, the advisory chairs of the overall campaign.

All this was decided in January 1971, a year and a half ahead of the convention, when only a few candidates were evaluating the field. Dick accompanied me on my first trip, in February. We stopped in Boise, Idaho, and arranged to attend a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in March. Marjorie Moon, the state treasurer, asked me to speak, along with the main speaker, Harold Hughes. When I returned to Boise for that dinner on March 5, I met with Governor Cecil Andrus and many party regulars, including Senator Frank Church. Even that early, it was clear that Idaho's candidate choice would be McGovern or Hughes. I caught a ride home with a representative of our local Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, whose people also supported McGovern or Hughes.

In February, Dick and I went to Portland, Oregon, and stayed with Dick's brother Melvin in Corvallis and with my cousin Mildred in Portland. I started calling Democrats, beginning with the national committeeman, Blaine Whipple, who said he favored McGovern but was not ready to openly declare.

To everyone I called, I would say, "Well, do you have somebody else? Can you put me together with a union group or a black group or a liberal group?" On the first trip I listed many names and no commitments. I had the Washington office follow up with letters and calls, and a surprisingly intact organization shaped up before the year's end.

That spring my sister Lee traveled with me to Las Vegas, then on to Arizona and up through western Colorado to get those areas percolating. Of course I had pushed politicos' buttons immediately in Utah, where the state chair supported Muskie. Our national committeeman and woman decided they would accompany me to Wyoming. Many of these contacts had not voted for the reforms, but we became friendly—always the first step. In short, I began pulling together groups throughout the West. Doris Banks and Arnie Alperstein organized much of Colorado, and I convinced Mark Hogan, Colorado's lieutenant governor, to support McGovern. Each enlistee boosted my spirits and aided the overall campaign.

Arizona moved its caucuses to early January in 1972, making it an important state, but my contacts there were few. Guy Stillman, the national committeeman, supported Humphrey, no matter what. He was friendly but resigned from the Democratic Party after I became chair and McGovern won the nomination. Stillman became a Republican and then an independent. Mildred Larsen, state party vice chair, supported Muskie. Ora DeConcini was national committeewoman and the mother-in-law of Bob Strauss's son. She supported Humphrey and then Muskie but strongly opposed McGovern. Former governor Sam Goddard supported Muskie.

Despite my successes, I snared few big party people except, eventually, John Ahearn, the very liberal head of the industrial commission. The grass roots folks were more helpful, including two young attorneys and their wives, who called McGovern headquarters and offered their time while awaiting their bar exams. They were Jack and Dunny Phelps and Jim and Judy Walsh.

In 1971 I represented McGovern at a farm workers' meeting in Yuma, Arizona. Jack Phelps, the attorney for the United Farm Workers of America (UFA), drove me to the meeting where Delores Huerta and César Chavez were speaking. I did not speak Spanish, so when the microphone came to me, I did my best. I got up and said (with gusto), "*El Presidente,* George McGovern." Everyone laughed and applauded and thereafter made me welcome.

Later on, as the primary campaign became active, the UFA's leader César Chavez, initiated a fast and then led the workers on a march through

Phoenix. Later still, I discussed the UFA's concerns with McGovern, and Chavez endorsed him. That endorsement brought a lot of national press and more endorsements. But Chavez wouldn't do it unless I accompanied McGovern and made the introductions. Not that I minded—I enjoyed a friendship with César and Delores for quite a long time.

By autumn I again felt the displeasure of Governor Rampton. The New Mexico Democrats asked me to represent McGovern at their state convention, where Rampton was representing Muskie. Cal spoke first and, for some reason, his speech was singularly uninspired. Modest applause followed.

My speech was one of the best I ever wrote. Since, its versatility has allowed me to adapt it to virtually any occasion. Maybe it wasn't my speech that upset the governor. He seemed peeved that the Southwestern Democrats would invite me at all—as if I were his subordinate or should have asked his permission. Sometimes elected officials feel a deep divide between themselves and party officials who don't run for office. In any case, I gave my speech and the audience would not quit clapping. The applause just continued, on and on. Later, many in the audience visited our McGovern room.

In New Mexico, I noticed a large contingent favoring Governor George Wallace. There, the primary system required some delegates to run as Wallace supporters even if they had voted for McGovern at the national convention. I think Stewart Udall was then working with Muskie, and Muskie's representatives thought they had the convention well in hand. However, I had Rudy Ortiz, the national committeeman, on my team. He had not settled on a candidate but decided to join my team because he said we were *simpatico*.

Marie Eaves, the state vice chair, was married to Joe Eaves, an oil man from Farmington, New Mexico. They later divorced, and she became the utilities' lobbyist. In 1968 she had supported Humphrey; we shared a hotel room during the Platform Committee meeting in Chicago and became good friends. In 1972 she attended the state convention as a Wallace delegate but really supported McGovern. She helped me understand the intricacies of New Mexico's politics.

Since hosting the Western States Democratic Conference and serving on the DNC, my contacts, acquaintances, and friends had multiplied. During the 1971 state conventions, I spent much of my time visiting, calling, writing, and organizing for McGovern in all those western states. We had a regional setup with the telephone bank in Washington. We next set up a regional headquarters in Salt Lake City, allowing me

to handle both the national race and western politics. Our western headquarters settled into a large, temporarily empty house that Dick and I owned on South Temple Street, at the heart of Salt Lake City. Following the Arizona primary in January 1972, Mary Ellen Simonson, a reporter for the *Arizona Republic*, moved in and ran the headquarters when I traveled.

Herb Ely, the Arizona state chair, decided that he would literally put Arizona first in the nation to elect delegates under the reformed system. After all, Arizona held its convention in January; Iowa's primary came second, and New Hampshire was third. As part of the McGovern strategy, we decided to make a strong effort in certain areas of Arizona. We knew we probably would not win many delegates, but we decided we could exceed expectations and thus attract national press.

Over the next year I spent quite a lot of time in Arizona. As the campaign's cochair, I sometimes felt I was physically "running"—not for office, of course, but simply to manage the campaign. My post involved selecting staff, traveling, and organizing the fourteen western states. No woman had ever represented a presidential campaign party or organized a campaign with that much responsibility. Naturally I was proud to have been asked to dash like crazy over untried turf, and I was determined to do it well.

My strategy went like this: I assumed that the public knew little about McGovern except for his resistance to the Vietnam War; party people also knew that McGovern supported the reforms. So we did door-to-door and telephone campaigning, both used often in the years that followed. Later, of course, state and national campaigns depended on paid media advertisements and mass mailings. The campaign I ran for McGovern resembled the campaign I had run for legislative candidates in Utah. I admit that my success was based on the Mormon arrangement for "home teachers," who visited certain members monthly to strengthen their connections to the church; the missionaries used a similar system, seeking converts.

Two-by-two, our volunteers went door to door or telephoned. Their first words were, "I'm a volunteer." Next came, "My name is Jean Westwood, and I am working for George McGovern. I'll bet you don't know too much about him. He's a different kind of candidate.

"For one thing, he wants to know what *you* think are the important issues in this country. He does not have his mind made up on every issue, but he thinks we have gotten too far away from citizen input. That's why he wants party reforms, to give ordinary people input into politics."

If the listener did not hang up or close the door, the volunteer took a breath and continued: "George has a good Senate record that most people don't know about. He really is a middle-of-the-road Democrat with some better solutions. If you would tell us what your concerns are, what issues you think are most important, we will check his record and send it to you if he has acted on these issues in the Senate. If it's something on which he doesn't have a position, we will take your suggestions, along with other people's, and see what he can come up with. In that case we may not get back to you right away, but we promise we will eventually."

As the campaign progressed we had stacks of issue papers, run off on mimeograph machines. They were not printed in a large, glossy format, which would require union printers and considerable expense. Our technique developed as we went along. We tried to have the volunteer who made the initial contact call back, return to the home, and follow those voters through each candidate's election process. The volunteers worked nights, picking out the issue papers they recognized and signing their names. They added a little note, such as, "Here are the issues we talked about today." Or they would telephone to report McGovern's voting record on the relevant issue.

As the next step, we graded our prospective voters from five (positively for) to one (positively against). This was a new system then, and it has been used extensively since. The people rated "four" or "three," we tried to call back and invite to another rally or meeting. By election time we could first call the "fives," then the "fours," and then the "threes." We did not bother to call the "twos" and the "ones." Whenever possible, we had our volunteers call the same voters they had nurtured along.

We mapped the area so that teams could begin at an intersection and then each make a four-block circle and return to the initial intersection. We had a captain over each group; since they kept meeting up and reporting their contacts, they never felt alone.

Again I was adapting the old Mormon missionary system, having learned early that if you do the converting, you feel deeply involved. We spread this system around the country. Adults participated, as well as young people who had taken a break from a job or college to follow us from state to state. As the primary months passed, our core of support visibly increased.

We had meager funding because we did not attract the moneyed wing of the party until near the end of the primaries, when substantial donations arrived from big states such as New York and California. Both our paid and our volunteer crews hitchhiked, rode buses, or piled into old

cars to get around, and they lived on peanut butter sandwiches. When I became chair of the DNC, a manufacturer heard me describe our modus operandi and compassionately sent to the national headquarters cases of peanut butter and peanut butter candy.

We organized older people (those beyond the peanut butter and hitchhiking stage) to open their homes to our young volunteers. They cheerfully fed the youngsters and sometimes brought sandwiches and other goodies to our local headquarters. In the years since the McGovern campaign, delegates have kept in touch, and many remained the liberal core of the Democratic Party.

When we won the nomination and were joined by the other facets of the party, my style of personal contact with voters was jettisoned. I don't claim that McGovern would have beaten Nixon had we used my methods through the general election, but we would have come much closer. Larry O'Brien, Gary Hart, and Frank Mankiewicz used a general strategy of mass events and heavy media coverage; they allocated little money for registering or reaching individual voters. In the few areas where our organizers ignored directives from the national headquarters and used local money for our tactics, McGovern ran ahead of those areas in which he used the mass-media approach. During the primary campaign, the draft law changed, and so our anti-war position lost some of its appeal. But we kept our anti-war volunteers until late in the fall campaign when we lost them because they didn't feel a part of it anymore.

One of the joys in my life has been observing how many of those young men and women who campaigned with us in 1972 now hold office in their cities and counties, or serve as governors, state legislators, or in Congress. Some are party executives or campaign experts who hire out as consultants. Everywhere I go, someone says, "I trained under you in the McGovern campaign."

Jim Walsh is one example. He grew up in Chicago politics and later served in the state senate for quite a while; he really liked running campaigns. He later would run Morris Udall's 1976 presidential campaign from an Arizona office, even though Mo had an office in Washington. In 1980 Jim ran the Arizona office of the Kennedy campaign. I was his cochair, but he ran the office staff. In 1984 he directed the Phoenix office for Gary Hart's campaign, and in 1992 helped Paul Tsongas. Jim went on to be Terry Goddard's main aide in between campaigns. On the side, he practiced law.

Another example is Duane Garrett, who cochaired with me Bruce Babbitt's 1988 try for the presidency and reminded me that he ran

operations in a congressional district—and I paid him $90 per month! My sojourn in politics has been most rewarding in knowing how many good men and women are still involved in government and our political system.

In Arizona, where we first field-tested our new approach, we found primary districts divided by state law. Each was to elect delegates, who then would elect delegates for the national convention; meanwhile each candidate could run a slate of delegates in each district. It was also possible for uncommited delegates to be elected. A state convention to choose at-large delegates then topped the pre-convention process.

Arizona sent twenty-five delegates to the national convention, selected from five hundred delegates who were elected in the legislative districts to attend the state convention; each district then elected national delegates for the candidate they favored. We should have had one more delegate from Arizona. We won the northern district with a young delegate named Peterson Zah, who became president of the Navajo Nation from 1982 to 1986 and from 1991 to 1994. But it was a very close vote; Herb Ely, the Democratic state chair, ruled that this seat should go to an uncommitted delegate. Ely favored John Frank, who would vote for Humphrey. Zah gave a passionate speech against the old party structure, which excluded minorities. His speech was covered by the national press, but Ely prevailed. The National Women's Political Caucus nominated Jo Cauthorn, from Tucson, for the uncommitted vacancy, and she won easily.

As the campaign year wore on, both New York's Mayor Lindsay and Muskie dropped out, the latter, at least, a victim of Nixon's "dirty tricks" team. McGovern picked up their delegates (reportedly to the smug satisfaction of Nixon's men). By the convention, Arizona had thirteen votes for McGovern, with twelve more scattered among other candidates. This method of selection prevailed in convention-type states. In primary states the Democratic electorate would vote, either individually or by a slate, for the candidates on the party ballot.

We did not try hard to attract the media in the West. Arizona's early primary provided me with a blank slate, on which I sketched my methods. The other campaign leaders did not think we could accomplish much. However when my plan worked reasonably well, the campaign adopted my system nationwide.

The creativity involved in transforming an amorphous idea into a campaign machine, which chugged forward in state after state, proved exhilarating. Observing and tweaking that engine—my engine, really—became a personal satisfaction.

EIGHT

CALL FOR THE 1972 CONVENTION

In February 1971 the Democratic National Committee met and adopted a preliminary call for the next convention to be held in Miami on July 19, 1972. This call specified the number of delegates from each state and emphasized selecting delegates in accordance with the rule changes. Most importantly, each state had to guarantee that the unit rule had *not* been used at any stage of the delegate selection process, and that all prospective delegates were allowed a full and timely opportunity to participate.

In October 1971 we met again and adopted as temporary rules of the convention those recommended by the commission on rules. These included the procedures by which delegations could be challenged for not living up to the new guidelines; also they allowed for minority reports by a vote of 10 percent of the Credentials Committee or other such committees. They also set up temporary procedural rules, which became crucial in 1972 and at the convention itself. For instance, one contest allowed individuals whose names were included on the temporary roll to vote on all matters *except their own credentials contest*; another specified that the Rules Committee should nominate the convention chair and set the order of business. Finally, the DNC designated the makeup of the standing committees, where presidential politicking had already begun. Instead of two members on each of the standing committees (Credentials, Rules, and Platform) each state was given one spot. Ninety-five more spots were then assigned proportionately, with California and New York each receiving nine, while some states and territories received no additional spots.

The acting chair of the Credentials Committee was to be elected upon nomination from either the chair and executive committee, or by a member from the floor. The national chair was to choose the acting

chairs, subject to ratification by the executive committee. In interpreting the rules, the chair of the convention could have recourse to the rulings by chairs of previous conventions, any congressional precedents, and general parliamentary procedures.

Harold Hughes had withdrawn from the presidential race by the time we met in October, but members of the Reform Commissions wanted him to become Credentials chair to be sure the new rules were followed in seating delegates. Larry O'Brien felt the choice of that chair should be his own personal prerogative—a final chance to secure his support from labor and other big donors. He pulled together a coalition of labor and Humphrey supporters and then nominated attorney Patricia R. Harris, a former ambassador to Luxembourg.

Strategically her selection would 1) impress the media by visible reform, for she was African American; 2) highlight her undeniable eminence in civil rights and government posts; and, 3) emphasize obedience to the new rules. However we reformers felt otherwise. We suspected that anti-reform regulars planned a battle in the Credentials Committee, and that their intent had encouraged sloppiness in conforming to the pre-convention rules. In response, O'Brien enlisted Al Barkan, who directed the political arm of the AFL-CIO, to lobby for Harris.

McGovern asked me to nominate Senator Harold Hughes, of Iowa, in the committee meeting, but I had another idea. We asked Pat Harris to chair the Platform Committee, where women's issues and minority rights would be debated. Then Hughes would chair the Credentials Committee instead of Harris.

When Pat Harris declined the Credentials post, black leaders, including Shirley Chisholm, encouraged her to withdraw entirely. Endorsing Hughes (actively or secretly) were Chisholm, Fred Harris, Kennedy, McCarthy, McGovern, and Muskie. Some remained detached, including Birch Bayh, Humphrey, Jackson, Lindsay, Wallace, and Sam Yorty, the last from Los Angeles. *No one* endorsed Pat Harris as Credentials Chair.

Next, O'Brien put his personal prestige on the line, saying he would resign if he lost the vote. Accordingly, the Humphrey/labor coalition (still a power in the DNC) roused itself, and Harris won the Credentials chair with a lopsided vote. We mustered only our twenty-nine guaranteed reform votes on the other side. As far as I was concerned, this skirmish showed O'Brien's true colors regarding the new rules, which eventually would be decided in our favor in the Credentials Committee. And yet the media continued to praise O'Brien as the leader of the reform movement.

By 1972 I relied on a good chair and staff in every state. Still, I visited most states as their caucus or primary approached just to make sure that all went well. Needless to say, six months of that proved exhausting. Our staff in Washington had grown, and some came West to assist us. I sent one of them to organize the charming but impoverished ward that included Guadalupe, a town between Tempe, South Phoenix, and Ahwatukee. A devout liberal, our staffer had difficulty seeing beyond the rats, unpainted walls, and dirt floors to note the Spanish street signs, front yard shrines, and brightly-painted houses, not to mention two white churches on a gravel square. The Catholic church, one of the oldest continuously serving chapels in the nation, served Latinos. The other, nearly as tenured, blended Yaqui traditions with Christianity.

Guadalupe often sheltered Latinos who had recently crossed the border and needed to get their bearings. It lay on a Yaqui Indian reservation, which prevented its affluent neighbors from turning it into a golf course or opening a mega-church. Matters in Guadalupe also raised myriad questions of jurisdiction.

I missed spending time in Guadalupe, for I focused on drawing support from every registered voter. Many western states were still caucuses or semi-primary states, and we needed people—off the streets, if necessary—who would vote in the primary and in the election. I had to devise a method to let people know where McGovern stood on other issues than the war in Vietnam.

We put together an issues booklet, but it took so long to reproduce in an attractive format that we mostly used the single-issue sheets developed earlier. Also, I asked to send people out into whole voting districts where we probably had a strong chance. These included South Phoenix. As acres of citrus orchards disappeared on its eastern edge, an area was transforming into a *barrio.* I focused on districts with high Democratic registrations, or with minority prominence, or those located near a university where anti-war sentiment flourished.

As other candidates, we faced Muskie, Bayh, Harris, and Lindsay, for the former mayor of New York had many Arizona connections plus money to burn. Although Humphrey had not announced, an uncommitted group supported him anyway. We knew Muskie had been endorsed by the state chair and the governor, and we suspected that Raul Castro (a future governor) also favored Muskie. I finally got Bill Mahoney, a Kennedy man and former ambassador to Ghana, to resist endorsing anyone but McGovern. I felt it crucial that we lasso *some* Arizona delegates even though McGovern insisted none were available. Some staffers

thought we could get three; ever the optimist, I was hoping for six. We ended up with five, half of the ten committed delegates. Muskie kept nine delegates, and Lindsay walked away with six.

For the next few weeks I attended strategy meetings in the East, sometimes flying on the campaign plane. On those flights I grew especially fond of Bill Dougherty, the committeeman for South Dakota, who seemed one of our more level-headed advisors. While I worked Arizona, others ran New Hampshire and Iowa. Then I made a circuit of the Rocky Mountain states, including long telephone calls to Hawaii and Alaska.

Because the Arizona primary came so early, I later corralled Jim Walsh, Jack and Dunny Phelps, and others to assist in state primaries. Liberals in the state of Washington came to Portland to meet with me; another weekend, I met them in Seattle. We wanted to confront Senator Henry Jackson on some measure, and selected three districts in Washington.

I took Jim with me to Vancouver to begin organizing, enlisting, and training volunteers. Again, we used our door-to-door tactics, which worked. In a week we won that district. In Seattle we chose a black district and a liberal union district, where we had worked all year, and scooped up delegates in both. I persuaded Vancouver's young mayor, Don Bonker, to endorse McGovern and run as delegate. (Bonker later became a force in Congress.) We would lose the Washington delegates in the Credentials Committee at the convention, but of course we did not know that yet; it represented another instance of O'Brien favoring the power structure. The McGovern forces decided not to fight for those three delegates.

However, Illinois and Wisconsin were critical states, to which we dedicated March and early April. Gene Pokorny had won Nebraska and was running that region. I spent only a week in the suburbs north of Chicago because McGovern was not doing well in Illinois. My visit helped, and we eventually carried part of the area. By then Pokorny was running Wisconsin. He called and said, "I just can't handle the whole state. Jean, we are going to lose unless you come in and take over half the state."

So off I went to run the half west of Madison, where Humphrey was strong. We *had* to carry liberal Madison or we were not going to win. By the August convention, we had secured fifty-five of their sixty-one delegates. On primary night I stayed late in Madison, and then drove through a snowstorm to join the celebration in Milwaukee.

Then I came back to work in the West, mainly a caucus region, with local delegates moving on to county and state gatherings as they did in Utah. These meetings were too small for McGovern to attend, so I made

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Westwood and her candidate on the McGovern campaign plane during the 1972 primaries. The inscription reads "Best wishes to the pretty blond in the aisle from an admirer – George."

most of the speeches, with help from Frank Mankiewicz. Heavily unionized Nevada split between McGovern and Jackson, who by then was running well in the West except for in California. Shirley Chisholm took some votes, mainly in the East, a symbolic triumph for blacks and for women. In the light of history, her victory seems ironic, for McGovern lost many votes due to his support of equal rights; minority rights, including possible quotas; and privacy and choice regarding abortion.

Alaska split between McGovern and Jackson, and Hawaii gave us six and one-half delegates compared to Scoop Jackson's eight and one-half. Wyoming gave us only three and one-third, compared to six for Jackson and one and one-tenth for Chisholm. When the campaign began we had not expected to win any votes in these three states. In the other caucus states we gleaned seventeen votes in Colorado versus seven for Chisholm and one for Jackson. In Idaho, we pulled twelve and one-half,

while Chisholm took two and Jackson only one-half. We won sixteen of Montana's votes, losing one to Chisholm. In Utah, despite opposition from Governor Rampton, we ended up with fourteen McGovern votes, three for Terry Sanford, and one for Humphrey. I was grateful for the response to my recruitment of volunteers and pleased with the campaigns they had helped me run.

The other three states in my region were primary states. The Oregon primary preceded California's, offering us a barometer on the political climate in its massive neighbor to the south. Also, the victor in the Oregon primary would head into California the following week with banners flying. The Kennedy-McCarthy struggles in Oregon and California during 1968 raised the ante further. Even when other candidates backed away from campaigning there, we wanted a big vote to boost us into California. I lived in Oregon for a month, staying with Betty Roberts, a state senator who would later serve on the Oregon Supreme Court. Washington state sent nine busloads of people into Oregon to help get out the vote for the primary. The workers stayed for the whole weekend before the election. We loved seeing that kind of commitment.

By then McGovern had commandeered a campaign plane, so I hopped on and traveled with him for a dozen Oregon appearances. We kept in close touch with Gene Pokorney, Joe Grandmaison, and Carl Wagner, who were working hard in California. They consistently told McGovern that the California campaign was not going well.

"We're going to lose it," they said. "It's not being run like our other state campaigns, and we don't like it."

Thus it was that when I bumped into McGovern on the Oregon tour, he said, "You're getting on the plane, and you are going back to California."

"But I'm in the middle of this Oregon campaign."

"Well, you've got to take four days out, and go into the San Francisco and Los Angeles headquarters. Get them organized so that the materials get out. Make them run this the way you have run other states."

The difference in taking over California, of course, was wrenching it from the hands of any number of high-powered politicians and campaigners.

I flew south and met a red-haired, former Lindsay staffer who ran the mainly black community of Oakland, where Warren Widener was mayor. Our guys were right: we were absolutely losing California. The redhead in charge treated people with contempt, trying to buy their

votes. I could see it would be more difficult to reform him than to win that area, and I certainly could not do both. So I went into the headquarters, grabbed him by the back of his collar, and shoved him out the door, saying, "You're fired!" I seemed to have migrated a long way from growing up "nice" in Utah. I still don't know where I found the courage but the local politicians backed me up.

Ultimately I got that area turned around. We used the computers and, in many areas, the California politicians ran things their own way. Some were experienced and effective. When my four days elapsed, I returned to finish the Oregon primary, where we pulled thirty-four votes for McGovern, with only three going to other candidates.

Then it was back to California, which really should have been split into three regions. The Sacramento and inner valleys constituted one distinct part. I was successful in setting up these farm areas like our regular campaigns. The northern area, around San Francisco and up and down the peninsula, was another distinct region, and the campaigners in charge there were open to my suggestions.

In southern California, however, my advice fell flat. Frank Mankiewicz and Gary Hart were running the region, arm in arm with local big shots. Frank had installed many ex-Lindsay campaigners and mixed them with local VIPs. In addition to the tangled egos, his computerized campaign bogged down regularly. By the time I arrived, campaigners in the northern and southern California offices barely spoke to one another, and no one spoke to the folks in the Sacramento Valley. We didn't do as well in California as we should have. I deduced that I should have gone there earlier, but the men running things felt more than adequate.

McGovern went ill-prepared into a debate with Humphrey and Chisholm in Los Angeles, and we devoted considerable time and money on a series of Truman-style train stops, but the trip was not well organized. Meanwhile the computers that we counted on continued to jam. Once I finished in Oakland and Los Angeles, I continued south into Orange County and then Riverside. During the last two weeks, I sat in on the strategy sessions for the overall California campaign. All in all, we came close to losing to Humphrey. And Humphrey's people, who had *opposed* proportional voting throughout the reforms, now wanted their proportion of the votes in California. And we reformers, who had boosted proportional delegations, suddenly favored unit rule in order to gain all 271 delegates.

Next came the primary in New Mexico. George Wallace was so strong there that many good people ran as his delegates just to get to the convention,

where they then could switch to support other candidates. We ended up with ten votes for McGovern and eight for Wallace, under the direction of state chair Rudy Ortiz and his statewide get-out-the-vote effort.

Thus the campaign evolved, state by state. Early speakers and "name" supporters were mostly westerners and midwesterners, including Governors Frank Morrison of Nevada and Bill Dougherty of South Dakota, and representatives of the former Peace Corps and Food for Hunger groups. Also, we cultivated a crop of Hollywood stars who were antiwar, feminist, or African-American. Leonard Nimoy, of *Star Trek* fame, signed on early, as did Dennis Weaver, a strong environmentalist. Then Warren Beatty involved other stars in putting together a series of benefit concerts. Shirley MacLaine, his sister, negotiated with and advised the National Women's Political Caucus and the National Organization for Women (NOW). Nixon was a known quantity, especially in California, and so stars such as Robert Goulet, Carol Lawrence, and Alan King stepped up. Cash by the barrel appeared. Our major donors included Stewart Mott, the liberal General Motors heir, as well as a representation from Malibu Colony, including intellectual gurus such as Miles Rubin, business executive Harold Willens, and executive producer Norman Lear.

NOW had emerged in 1970, during the DNC reform, underwritten mainly by Jewish, liberal women. A year later, the National Women's Political Caucus sprang to life in Washington, D. C. Each played a vital role in the civil liberties movement and focused primarily on ratifying the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) rather than lobbying for partisan candidates. They tried to involve women from both parties in reform, as well as addressing national issues of crucial interest to women. The ERA had easily passed Congress and had been ratified by most states before archconservative groups such as the John Birch Society and the Eagle Forum joined ranks with the budding Religious Right to defeat it in one state legislature after another.

Dan Berman, a liberal Salt Lake City attorney, insisted that the congressional route was the more difficult path when it came to establishing equal rights. First, the case should be brought before the United States Supreme Court, where a decision should state that the male language in the Constitution always had included women. (Unfortunately, our foremothers had worked the same angle, and their husbands' rhetoric stained the legislative history. The Constitution clearly denied rights to women, to people of color, and even to white men who did not own property.)

Dan's approach had appeal as a retroactive embrace of everyone through the fourteenth amendment. "Then," he explained, "if you do

lose that case and have to go with an amendment, every woman in the country will back you, not just the liberals." I tried but failed to convince women's groups of this logic. Already I was regarded suspiciously by eastern liberals because I came from Utah. (What seemed snobbery then foreshadowed further suspicion of my origins after a covert and successful campaign launched against the ERA in the late 1970s and early 1980s by the Mormon hierarchy.)

The leaders of the women's groups seemed naive in thinking they could be both politically effective *and* bipartisan. I kept telling them, "You are going to be just another League of Women Voters. That's fine for supporting issues, but not to organize politically." It was like trying to explain the concept of vertical to people who only saw horizontal.

The women's movement never became as effective as it might have been had it organized two party branches. As it was, they could not force action through either political party, for bipartisanship is not the avenue to change. They tried to run women for office in both parties, but really didn't know how to go about securing delegates. The candidates had to help *them*. McGovern was the only candidate who really cared, but his campaign hadn't the flexibility to distribute special privileges. Now, as then, the stars of the women's movement want to be stars. I didn't want to be a star; I wanted to elect my male candidate in what was, admittedly, a male system. Meanwhile, Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem, and Betty Friedan unconsciously divided the women's movement into their cliques, with each of them out front. Many supported Shirley Chisholm during the primaries and at the convention.

We had won enough primaries and caucuses to convince us we would carry the convention. In June, Utah held the last of the preconvention primaries. I returned home to get myself reelected as the national committeewoman and get McGovern delegates elected. Like the national party, we were pretty well divided. We ended up with mostly McGovern delegates, but Governor Rampton still supported someone else. (Nobody was sure whom.) Salt Lake City had served as the McGovern headquarters for the western states, so this convention naturally wielded influence. McGovern wanted me to work with the Rules Committee, so I persuaded the Utah delegates to elect me to that, as well.

Then a national Anybody *but* McGovern (ABM) movement erupted. Its purpose was to combine the remaining Muskie delegates, a number of Jackson delegates, the Humphrey delegates, including an uncommitted block that would back him if doing so seemed feasible. The goal of these varied forces was to win votes in the Credentials races, agree on

one candidate, and then beat us. Fighting flared among delegates from many states over who should be seated and whether women, blacks, Hispanics, and youth each were proportionally represented. The conflict over fairness flared in many delegations and even in McGovern's campaign. What an unruly contrast to the well-choreographed Republican convention that followed!

Once again the call to the convention provided for three committees —Credentials, Rules, and Platform—to meet prior to the convention so their reports could be mailed and studied by the delegates. Grant Ivins and I flew to Washington, D.C. immediately after the Utah convention to attend Rules Committee meetings, already in session. My quick getaway was problematic in Utah because I could not remain home to organize our delegates. Before leaving I reviewed a detailed plan with Doris Roemer, who ran the state headquarters. She managed beautifully, but there was no ducking the accusation that I was absent.

A summer storm engulfed us when we changed planes in Chicago. The pilot of our plane, scheduled to land at the Washington National Airport, announced that a hurricane was closing in along the Atlantic coast. We would race it to the airport. As we neared the coast, the pilot advised us that we would circle for a while and check out alternate airports. Soon, we learned that all feasible airports were also closed. We would find the calm in the eye of the storm and descend through it.

I can still relive that white-knuckle descent to an airport lit only by emergency runway lights. Rain drenched us as we straggled down the stairs and across the pavement toward the few lights in the terminal that were powered by a standby generator.

For almost an hour I walked the concourses, trying to locate the McGovern aide assigned to meet me. Finally I got in line for a telephone and eventually reached headquarters. Hours earlier they had sent a young driver to pick me up and had not heard from him since.

I told them not to send anyone else; I would make it to a hotel when the taxis reappeared. At about three in the morning, a group of us squeezed into a cab. When I reached the hotel, I learned that the suite reserved for me had gone to Millie Jeffrey since someone else had taken her room. I moved in with Millie.

In the morning we learned that the hurricane had swept our young driver's car under a bridge, and he was in the hospital. About midday, my luggage and papers caught up with me. I tried not to see this tumultuous arrival as an omen. My experience at the 1972 Democratic national convention had begun.

NINE

CONVENTION BY COMMITTEE

Much of a political party's work takes place in committees preceding the convention. Before the elected delegates rolled into Miami with their hats and their hoopla, the most complicated issues hopefully would have been resolved in Washington by the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection in three major committees—Rules, Platform, and Credentials. Change was the food and fuel of the McGovern Reform Commission, and so we had a great deal to accomplish in Washington during that last week of June 1972.

Nobody said reform would be easy since it involved untried procedures, not to mention inexperienced participants. While I extricated myself from the state convention in Utah, Frank Mankiewicz and Gary Hart sent Anne Wexler ahead to oversee the Rules Committee. I later gathered that Wexler had announced to the press that she was Senator George McGovern's staff head on Rules. Anne loved the spotlight; actually quite a few McGovern delegates had demanded a seat on Rules, considered the vanguard of reform.

Next I realized that Wexler had involved the committee members in a lively skirmish over having a woman chair the convention; Anne had proposed Congresswoman Patsy Mink for the post. Unfortunately this action divided the Rules Committee so deeply that I doubted we could heal the wound. Many committee members had been selected early, when such candidates as Edmund Muskie, Harold Hughes, and Hubert Humphrey showed strongly in the primaries; now we had no guarantee those delegates would support our new rules and reforms. McGovern, of course, also was concerned about a strong representation on the Platform Committee, where his ideals would be synchronized with both the party and the campaign.

Earlier I had discussed with the staff the problems we could expect from the Credentials Committee. The bigwigs on the staff disagreed with

my assessment, and we filled only ten seats there. "They put Pat Harris in as chair for a reason," I reminded them.

An assertive attorney, Patricia Harris was deemed to be meticulously fair. However, I had noticed that the Anybody *but* McGovern (ABM) group had loaded Credentials with their people while our attention was elsewhere. ABM was led by big labor, which had long made its home in the Democratic Party, and our onslaught of women, minorities, and long-haired youth was already raising anxieties among traditional party members. "Something," I predicted, "is going to happen."

Hart and Mankiewicz assigned New Yorker Eli Segal, a staffer on the McGovern Reform Commission, to lead in managing eighty-three challenges. The hearing officers took testimony in thirty-two hearings, then filed their findings with Credentials. Beginning on June 25, Credentials met for ten days, hearing challenges from nineteen states. Harris ruled the Missouri and Rhode Island minority reports out of order. Hawaii, Kentucky, and Virginia settled their issues and withdrew their minority reports. Twenty states had no challenges, and another eighteen challenges were either withdrawn or compromised.

Three state challenges stood out. The South Carolina challenge was not only listed first on the agenda but had become the vanguard concern for the National Women's Political Caucus, which took issue with the proportion of women in the delegation. Credentials voted that the delegates were elected properly. The vote graciously was made unanimous, but it was clear that a minority report would be filed at the convention.

The California challenge was crucial to McGovern's nomination. He had won the California primary by 44.3 percent under the winner-takes-all rule, giving him 271 delegates. Humphrey came in next, with 39.2 percent of the vote. When the proportional reform rule was raised, California stuck with its winner-take-all, or unit, tradition; and, at first, the Humphrey forces agreed.

The mathematics within Credentials did not work in our favor, for our ten committee members could not vote on our challenge. That left 140 votes, meaning 71 comprised a majority. ABM managed to grab 72, and so the proportional rule was applied retroactively. Credentials ruled that McGovern's 44.3 percent in California would allow him only 120 delegates, too few in a tight race for the nomination.

The day we lost the California challenge in Credentials was a bad day and covered thoroughly by the media. McGovern's momentum halted as our number of delegate votes shrank by 151. The usual donations appeared in the next morning's mail, but telephone calls followed,

with the caller imploring, "Don't cash that check. We are withdrawing our support." Only ten days remained before the beginning of the Miami convention—a horrible time to watch campaign contributions drift away.

Noticing that our metaphorical ship in the Credentials Committee suddenly resembled the *Titanic*, McGovern's other leaders yanked me out of Rules and sent me to help Segal steer our way through the icebergs. We won the remainder of the Credentials challenges, including the reform decision to replace delegates who had been nominated by Mayor Richard Daley and elected by Chicagoans, with other delegates selected by a reform group. Many of our staff's highest hopes had been for a mere compromise.

And we *had* compromised on all the earlier Credentials battles. But seeing our forces mathematically mangled put us in no mood to protect Daley's favorites. We, too, had enough delegates to force a vote on a minority report, so both these matters would be heard on the convention floor.

Meanwhile, in Rules, the committee needed to consider all of Senator Jim O'Hara's rules, written in an effort for fairness but now deemed temporary. The first change was immediate. Each delegation drew for housing, hotels, and seating, rather than the chair's favorites taking the seats at the front of the hall.

The rules governing the convention also were intended to be more open and democratic. For instance, when we considered how many minutes a debater could speak on platform issues and minority reports, as few as 10 percent of the full committee supported a shortened time. (The time was increased in later years, in order to keep so many minority reports from reaching the floor.) Also, Senator O'Hara proposed rotating the visible position of convention chair between men and women. We managed to push these proposals and others through Rules, convincing some delegates to join our effort when the convention proceeded.

Next, the Rules Committee considered ways of reforming the party structure between conventions. Congressman Don Fraser, of Minnesota, headed the McGovern Reform Commission. He proposed a party charter packed with new ideas, most of which I favored. However, I doubted that we could get them all through this convention.

Among the proposals were an enlarged national committee, midterm conferences, a judicial branch to solve party disputes, and proportional representation of women, youth, and racial minorities to serve not only as delegates but also as candidates in state and local parties. Finally we

drew up a simplified charter to distribute to delegates, along with six or so minority reports. Within a week, hundreds of suggested amendments returned to us, often backed with enough signatures to stand as minority reports. This was going to be one busy agenda!

Curiosity and concern surrounded these committee hearings, which were held simultaneously. We were thrilled to observe the beginnings of reform, no matter how slow and awkward the process. And then it was time to move to Miami. We reformers on the McGovern campaign had to revise our logistics planning in major ways.

Before the loss of California delegate votes in the Credentials Committee, our valiant supporters stood firm and our mail campaign succeeded. When McGovern's chances looked bright, money flowed in from liberals countrywide. We loved knowing that our campaign truly reached the political grass roots. But losing the California challenge withered those grass roots like a dust storm during the Great Depression.

We might have been less despondent had we realized that President Richard Nixon, his campaign manager John Mitchell, and key staff in the White House were spending the last weeks of June finding ways to halt the investigation into the burglary and bugging of the DNC suite at the Watergate. On the other hand, our money problems would have seemed even worse compared to the stacks of cash in "slush funds," accumulating in the White House and at the Committee to Reelect the President.

We had no answers for reporters' questions about the burglary and little time to pore over Watergate articles in the *Washington Post.* Sometime earlier, we had reserved the Doral Hotel in Miami as our headquarters, and then reserved hotel rooms for our four hundred or so proficient workers as nearby as possible. We planned to fly airplane loads of workers in from key areas. When our donations dropped, so did our spare change for airplane fuel. We realized that our campaign plane could fly between Miami and Washington exactly twice. Immediately after the committee hearings, Gary Hart, Frank Mankiewicz, and I flew with our chief aides to Miami and settled into the Doral. Then the plane returned for McGovern and his press retinue. Bus tickets went to the remainder of our campaign workers.

Meanwhile our number-crunching media expert Rick Stearns readied an elaborate communications system, including floor and trailer components and that meant actual *trailers*. Politics in 1972 preceded the campaign finance act, which now pays convention costs. Actually this type of expense was one reason O'Brien depended so heavily on the unions; parties and candidates had to pay for the nomination show. Of course

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

The convention floor at Miami.

the host city offered facilities, but the other expenses must be met by donations and marketing. Large donors (such as the unions) literally could buy prestige and power.

Later the technology seemed primitive, but at the time it was hard to believe the elaborate telephone and public address system a national convention required. Each delegation needed two telephones. The red telephone connected with the stage to ask for recognition by the chair. The white telephone system connected delegates to one another. Other telephones were scattered among the larger delegations but not nearly enough. Close proximity to a telephone bestowed power upon the favored few; naturally we tried to seat our people beside telephones. Our big map of the convention layout marked the seating so we could appoint floor captains and manage telephone access. Each candidate was allowed twenty staff passes to the convention floor for people who were not delegates.

McGovern was still in Washington when we reached our hotel, began organizing our buses, and extolling to our young workers the virtues of sleeping bags and peanut butter. Many workers had lived by their wits and the goodwill of local McGovern supporters. In Miami some even camped on the beach, playing a night-long game of hide-and-seek with the police offers assigned to clear the beaches of vagrants.

The collapse of our original plan for comfort at the convention deflated some of our troops. Already upset over losing the California challenge, they promised themselves a chance to salve their wounds with room service and an adequate mattresses. For months they had traveled from one state to the next, living on donated meals and celebrating each small victory. They believed they were helping to reform electoral politics and end the war in Vietnam.

Between trying to fathom the intricacies of Rules and Credentials, plus directing the pre-election campaign, I was almost too busy for sympathy. Thankfully, Dick and I were not sleeping on the beach. Our room was on the top "McGovern floor," with George and Eleanor McGovern in a suite just down the hall. Our neighbors included Gary Hart, Frank Mankiewicz, Pierre Salinger, John Holum (a Senate aide who ran the Platform Committee), Rick Stearns, volunteer coordinator Jeff Smith, executive assistant Gordon Weil, and staff assistant Patricia Donovan, plus our financiers Henry Kimmelman and Marian Pearlman, and, of course, the Secret Service. Among our key people with rooms on other floors were organizers Anne Wexler, Eli Segal, Rick Indefurth, Gene Pokorny, Carl Wagner, Joe Grandmaison, Barbara McKenzie, and scheduling aide Steve Robbins.

After Dick and I unpacked, I curled up in bed. It was only early evening, but I felt I needed some rest before the next day's rush. Immediately Frank and Gary knocked on the door and said, "Do you suppose that you could come to the suite we've set up as an office? We've been talking to George, and he wants to talk to you."

"Yes, I've been wondering exactly what I was supposed to do here," I replied. "I know you two have really been running this end of the operation, but George probably has some questions regarding the Rules Committee." The two of them sort of snickered.

When we reached the office suite, I picked up one phone, and they took the other two. Already on the line, McGovern announced, "We three have been consulting. We have decided you are going to be the hero of this campaign, and you're going to save us."

I joked back, "If I'm going to be anything, I'll be the heroine."

But apparently George wasn't joking. He continued, "We have decided that whether I win or lose, this nomination hangs on overturning the Credentials decision on the California challenge. You're the best strategist and rules person we've got. The whole staff is at your command until that challenge is won or lost. Jean, you'll be behind the scenes a lot, as usual. But I want you to begin tonight to plan what we need to win the California challenge and regain those 151 delegates."

I felt that winning the California challenge was not my expertise, but it became my baby. Two days before the convention opened, our campaign headquarters issued a press release announcing that the California fight would be my responsibility. Our minority report had the 10 percent of the Credential Committee members required to take it to the floor. We requested the winner-take-all agreement under which the election had been conducted. And it seemed to me that the convention's rules, as determined by the Rules Committee, actually favored McGovern. So I began scheming.

Later author Theodore White would describe our effort in *The Making of the President 1972* this way (and I object only to his use of the word "final.") "What is about to follow is the final maneuver of the McGovern army, a virtuoso exercise in parliamentary tactic."

While inadvertently pioneering campaign responsibilities over the past eighteen months, I had benefitted from the knowledge and context gained through actively serving on the DNC. I had helped states write new rules and elect delegates, meaning I learned every rule and each state plan backward and forward. I began thinking about the Credentials Committee itself and the way in which the challenges were worded.

At first, they seemed entirely against us. Section II of the new rules stated: "Persons whose names are included on the temporary roll shall be permitted to vote on all matters before the committee until after adoption of the report of the Committee on Credentials, provided that no person shall be permitted to vote on his own credentials contest."

The way I read that rule, it meant our excluded 151 California delegates—now distributed among other camps—could not vote on their own contest. Only the 120 delegates verified by Credentials as ours could vote to include the rest.

The crux of the last eighteen months came in Section VI, paragraph E, which read: "Except as otherwise provided in these rules, all questions, including the question of nomination of candidates for president and vice president, shall be determined by a majority vote of the delegates to the convention."

That meant we needed a fraction over 1,509 votes to carry McGovern's nomination by a majority. With the loss of 151 California delegates, we likely would not make it. Not good at all.

But Section VII added that the rules should be interpreted based on general parliamentary law (*Robert's Rules of Order*), the precedents of past conventions, and precedents of the House of Representatives. That set the stage for our challenge and even suggested an opening act, at least to me.

So I began asking: What constituted a majority vote? Was it a majority of *all* the delegates seated by the Credentials Committee? Or did it only have to be a majority of those allowed to vote by the temporary rules? Clearly, delegates could not vote on their own challenge. Wouldn't this mean that our accredited 120 delegates would be the *only* Californians permitted to vote on the challenge?

If so, I wondered, how could we make sure that no minority report preceded the California challenge? The vote to win a minority ruling required fewer "ayes" than the number of seated delegates. So, if a vote was taken in a case (say, the South Carolina challenge) in which the Anybody *but* McGovern forces could challenge the rules, our lost 151 delegates, theoretically, then could vote to overturn that ruling and then vote against us when the California challenge was heard. Even if they did not vote to overturn, we could not afford to have that precedent set—at least not before the California challenge reached the floor—because it could cost us not only the California delegates but the nomination itself.

Now, we needed precedents from Congress and past conventions. This year's new rules would not be voted on until after the issues heard before the Credentials Committee were resolved. Until then, we were operating on the temporary rules contained in the original call to convention.

Senator Jim O'Hara now headed the group of convention parliamentarians. He did not favor McGovern, but he lived by the rules. If we could find sufficient precedent, he would recommend that Larry O'Brien observe them as he chaired the convention.

I asked a couple of young Washington attorneys to go over to secretary Dorothy Bush's office in the DNC suite and research rulings of past conventions. I put Anne Wexler in charge of a group of Miami lawyers, who would check past rulings of the House of Representatives.

As chair, Larry O'Brien would be key, for his union chums led the Anybody *but* McGovern contingent. They had trounced us once in Credentials. We needed to take Larry off the metaphorical hook by placing him in position merely to agree with the parliamentarians once we established the rulings and precedents.

By Friday we had a position paper stating our arguments, backed by all the various precedents. Mankiewicz and Hart (ever the front men) met with Larry and Jim O'Hara to argue the legalities and to imply that McGovern would *not* be denied the nomination by the ABM group. Leonard Woodcock, head of the United Auto Workers (based in Michigan, which O'Hara represented in Congress), invited O'Hara to a ninety-minute lunch to discuss the rules and our position. Our convention team

then met with O'Hara's full group of parliamentarians. They returned to O'Brien, telling him that we held the legal position, which he ought to support.

The ABM group tried to pack Rules by certifying a group of their own delegates based on other credentials contests. Somehow we maintained control despite a three-hour confrontation that involved some thirty points of order. After the Rules Committee adjourned, the ruling was announced at an afternoon meeting. On Sunday afternoon Joseph Califano and O'Hara concluded that we had won on the rulings. That evening they met with representatives of all the candidates to explain the technicalities. The people representing Muskie, Wallace, and Jackson all blew up. O'Hara just said, "Gentlemen, I am going to bed," and did.

When the full California delegation arrived in Miami, Frank said, "Come on. We've got to go over and meet with them or this whole strategy falls to pieces." He added, "Jean, it helps that you did such a good job, but still, these are people who have been through the parliamentary wars on Capitol Hill. They have counted votes over and over again, and they may not believe you."

When we walked into the room, Frank said, "Jean's in charge of our California challenge."

Congressman Phil Burton responded, "The hell she is. We've devised our own California challenge strategy."

I answered, "You're going to listen to this one. From your point of view, you win or lose, and only your delegation is affected. To us, the seating of your delegation means whether or not McGovern wins the nomination."

He looked me over and said, "Feisty, aren't you? But how do I know you can count votes?"

"Go through our system," I invited, "and see how we are counting the votes, and how much we are discounting."

They did. They then agreed I was in charge but asked me to keep in close consultation.

On Monday morning Muskie publicly invited McGovern to a closed meeting—presumably to discuss the California and Illinois challenges—but McGovern wisely declined.

Theodore White, on McGovern's orders had been sitting in on our strategic discussions; despite his compliments that appeared later in print, we sensed at the time that his sympathies really were not with us. A waterway led to the main auditorium, so Gary, Frank, and I

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

Jean Westwood, second from left, working the floor at Miami.

hopped into a boat and had the boatman push off before Ted could join us. That gave us a chance to make final decisions on our strategy for our floor captains.

We next recruited two dozen battle-scarred convention veterans as floor leaders, each to oversee four or five delegations. They included Senators Frank Church, Fred Harris, Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut, and Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin; Governor Patrick Lucey of Wisconsin;

Lieutenant Governor Bill Dougherty from South Dakota; Phillip Burton, John Burton, and Willie Brown, all from California; Millie Jeffrey from Michigan; and Patricia Derian, national committeewoman from Mississippi. Gary and Frank supervised them on the floor while Anne Wexler and I managed matters behind the scenes.

We had two to ten captains in each delegation, with various responsibilities. They staffed the telephone to the podium, as well as the inter-delegation telephones. Some captains rambled between delegations to give quick instructions. Still others hoisted colored placards as a fast means of communication.

We parked staff members in each hotel with friendly delegates; their assignment was to recruit new votes, retain old ones, and keep us informed of any trouble. Rick Stearns supervised the "boiler room," first at the hotel and then in a trailer. We knew every vote in every delegation. (I still do.) By Sunday afternoon we had 1,442 votes; 1,508 plus remained our goal.

We spent hours briefing our total of 250 whips, one for each six delegates. We asked all our delegates to meet in the convention hall for a final briefing two hours before the convention started. We knew the pressures they would endure. For instance, the National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC) would approach them regarding the South Carolina challenge and ask, "How can you not seat our women?"

Bella Abzug, Phyllis Segal, and NWPC's other leaders approached me to see how we were going to vote on the floor when the South Carolina challenge was raised. I reminded myself that if the coalition forming around the NWPC could overturn the chair, it also could set a precedent threatening the California challenge.

So I said, "We may have to vote against the women delegates. We do not want to, but South Carolina's case is not strong, and we can't lose the California challenge over it. It is more important in the long run for women to have a candidate like McGovern, who supports the women's movement, than it is to seat another one or two women from South Carolina."

I promised, "If you can get me the votes to win South Carolina's minority appeal by an absolute majority, we'll vote with you. I'll tell you the votes we've got so far. I'll even give you the lists. If you can come back with absolute pledges from enough delegates to win, you can have all our votes."

They were flabbergasted. They did not know how to go about securing delegate votes.

"I'll tell you how to do it," I said, "but I don't have time to do it for you." I gave them the aid of three or four vote-counting women (whom I really couldn't spare). The NWPC still could not muster enough votes because South Carolina had no clear-cut case. Once their strategy failed, they considered me a traitor to the women's movement.

We kept talking. It was not just a matter of holding the NWPC on the California vote but also explaining our strategy. If the California challenge did not lead by an absolute majority, we then could challenge O'Brien on South Carolina's issue and perhaps pick up a few more delegates.

That scenario was risky because the Anybody *But* group also could try the same tactic and our lost 151 California delegates could cost us our appeal. We knew the ABM group was prepared to abstain in order to defeat us. Perhaps others were too.

The press coverage of this credentials struggle was hopelessly confusing. Not even Walter Cronkite could sort it out. Why did the vote go one way and then suddenly reverse? Here is the answer: when the South Carolina issue arose, we tried to win the vote flat-out. Part way through the count, we could see we would land in what White called "a mystery zone" between our secure 1,496 votes and our needed 1,509 votes. If that happened, our opponents could challenge O'Brien's ruling and win on the floor.

Our actions baffled everyone except the ABM leaders, who knew exactly what we were doing. We had our people switch their votes so we would lose on South Carolina; that loss protected us from a challenge to the rules. While we baffled the media and most delegates, our communications with Rick Stearns in our trailer, and with our floor captains proved excellent. We switched exactly enough votes to *lose* the minority report in South Carolina and thus protect our challenge.

We then went on to win the California challenge, with only our 120 certified delegates voting. O'Brien was challenged, as I had feared, but we won that also. Once again we had 271 delegates from California.

Mayor Daley lost his challenge—which would have seated his chosen delegates rather than the reform group. Frank and I had tried to settle that issue in the Credentials Committee, but so much resentment remained toward the Daley machine that our delegates refused to vote favorably. When Daley went down to defeat on a floor vote, Frank muttered that this might lose us Illinois in the November election.

The challenges finally ended. We left the convention hall at two in the morning and began planning the next day's agenda. The convention

reconvened at noon, hearing Rules Committee issues. Don Fraser brought up the charter we had distributed from the McGovern Reform Commission. Its amendments already had been approved by the Rules Committee. Also under consideration was a minority report rejecting all of these amendments plus six other minority reports with more amendments. These had been submitted between the time the Rules Committee met in Washington and the start of the convention. Each requested that the Rules Committee consider them before the reform charter came to the floor.

As verbal flack flew around us, our red telephone rang. From the podium, Larry O'Brien told me, "Jean, you did this Rules Committee."

"Not I," I responded. "It's your Rules Committee. I was just the McGovern representative."

"We have this auditorium only until the end of the week," he argued. "When are we going to discuss the platform? You want your candidate to have time to make a speech. If the controversy around this charter comes to the floor, it could require several days of debate. So, what are you going to do about it? You know the people on the Rules Committee, and I think you have to straighten it out."

"I guess I'll have to start working on it," I said. (Perhaps I could achieve peace in Vietnam in my spare time!)

Already the Rules Committee had agreed to decide in Miami how and when to present the new charter, and I had convinced Don Fraser and Jim O'Hara to appoint a small committee to work this out. Now, I went to McGovern. He had not followed these maneuvers and did not understand them.

"It's part of the reform movement," I explained. "The big McGovern delegations—New York and California—are solidly behind the idea of the permanent changes in the party. So are most McGovern delegates.

"The only strategy I can see is to have the immediate debate restricted to the temporary rules written for this convention only. That should be the first order of business tomorrow. Then we will debate platform. After the presidential nomination and vote, we will try to have this charter, with its many reforms, come to the floor either before or after your speech."

I warned him that the reform charter included future convention rules, regular rules that continued through the 1976 convention, and the appointment of a continuing Reform Commission.

"It needs to be passed on the second night of the convention, and somehow resolved," I added. "If you will ask the help of Jim O'Hara,

and Don Fraser, I will try to get representatives of all the major factions together to find a way to postpone the consideration of the new charter without undoing the whole idea. After what I went through regarding the rules, I'm *convinced* we need a constitution and bylaws."

We set to work, reducing the proposed amendments into four or five groups despite some major points of controversy. The unions and the ABM people argued that we were trying to convert our republic into a European parliamentary democracy in which candidates would have to support the parties in order to get nominated rather than parties supporting candidates.

I think we started with forty people in the room and ended up with about eight doing the final negotiating. We broke only for sandwiches and major votes on the convention floor. We worked through the night and the following morning. At last we agreed to have a Charter Commission meet midterm. The reformers accepted it because they were afraid. Because we had won the California challenge, everyone knew McGovern would be the nominee, so ABM's quest became taking back the party structure from the reformers.

We knew they would try to stop the Charter Commission vote on the floor. Failing that, they would refuse to help us win in November. They were not going to hand over the party or the presidency to a rag-tag mob of "draft dodgers"—their term for youthful reformers and peace activists. They didn't bother to mention women and minorities.

We gained the Charter Commission, but the reform element insisted on having the commission appointed prior to the election (in case we lost). The DNC chair must present the party's nominees for a vote of the full committee, so the enlargement of the new national committee would take place at the convention because some states elected their new members then. States that elected prior to the convention could add new members through official state meetings.

The old guard strongly opposed three items. First, was the call for a representative group within state delegations; they called this a quota system. We won that issue on the convention floor in a separate vote.

Second, they opposed a judicial counsel to hear appeals to rulings of the convention or the DNC. We left that for the proposed Charter Commission to decide.

Third, they opposed the midterm convention to establish the platform because that introduced a parliamentary party, in their view. We argued that if our issues were known, eventually we would have a party strong enough to oppose the Republicans even when they were in office.

Members of Congress who traditionally took the role of defining issues (however ineffectively) did not want to lose that power.

The only way I could get this whole package to the floor was by getting the delegates to agree to a midterm convention in 1974. Then, the Charter Commission would be appointed, the charter proposed, and a vote taken to amend or ratify it. Actually that was my favorite arrangement of all those proposed. I felt the party needed the rule of law. Any decent organization has a constitution and by-laws. No chair should be able to make decisions without some type of checks other than committee members.

Now it was my task to sell the compromise to the present Rules Committee and to the delegates who embraced permanent reform *now*. I did so with the logical threat that McGovern could not win the presidency without getting nominated. This convention was blessedly free of the tear gas and brutality that had marked the 1968 convention yet it seemed almost as chaotic.

I can still picture the New York delegation; they just would not agree to a midterm convention. As the nomination for president and vice president languished, I argued vigorously. Finally we found a caucus room, where I recall yelling until they finally gave in. We then managed to pass the enlarged national committee, the Charter Commission, and the midterm convention. The whole thing was ready to take to the convention floor.

Ultimately the McGovern Reform Commission helped to change politics by including women, racial and ethnic minorities, workers, young people, and old people, which contrasted with the usual troop of white, elite-to-middle-class, middle-aged delegates. The campaign design I had copied from the Mormons and begun in Arizona had extended to most states where we campaigned prior to the convention. Our door-to-door visits actually had placed some people in delegate seats. Once in Miami, our diverse delegations drew media cameras intent on relieving the visual monotony of the old guard. Finally, we rewrote the rules for participation at our national conventions. I count that as probably my greatest contribution.

For me, these were real victories. I had become so involved in the McGovern campaign because I cared. On an international scale, I cared about ending the war in Vietnam and trying to end the nuclear threat of the Cold War with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. On a national scale, I cared about improving the equality of our political system so that all of us would have an equal chance to participate in government processes.

I had not anticipated that supporting those ideals would feel like climbing the mountains and fording the streams so prominent in the tales of my cultural heritage. Yet my efforts to move along the Democratic Party felt almost like the pioneers' challenges. Instead of pushing a handcart, I shaped at least one woman's place within our political process.

TEN

THE NOMINEE—AND A NEW CHAIR

As the convention progressed, I remember one more meeting of Senator George McGovern with the women's movement leaders who wanted him to endorse abortion. I said no, he could not do that, so they went to actress Shirley MacLaine.

Shirley came to me and said, "We've got to at least have McGovern meet with them just to calm them down." So we pulled McGovern into the most argumentative meeting ever. The women wanted him to talk about abortion rights in his acceptance speech. And they wanted to choose his vice president. We had managed to keep McGovern out of most such meetings by having Gary Hart, Frank Mankiewicz, or myself step in. Our focus thus far had concentrated on individual rules and planks in the platform before they came to the floor. Despite McGovern's support of the women's movement, we were not pleasing the feminist groups.

The fractious meeting eventually ended, and on Wednesday, McGovern was nominated, along with George Wallace, Terry Sanford, Shirley Chisholm, and Henry (Scoop) Jackson. When the voting began, we saw sentimental support for both Hubert Humphrey and Ed Muskie. Some states kept changing their votes or passing. The Democrats would have a candidate when someone gained 1,508 votes plus a fraction.

At last, a roll call showed McGovern with 1,864.95 votes. more than three hundred over the necessary majority. Wallace still had 377.50 and Jackson 486.65. Those votes were so hard core that Larry O'Brien did not even ask for a unanimous vote. With relief, the session adjourned at 12:35 in the morning.

The first item raised on Thursday evening was a resolution condemning the United States Justice Department for arresting Vietnam

veterans protesting against the war. Then we debated a special order of business from the Rules Committee to accept the recommendation Don Fraser and I had negotiated to change the structure of the DNC; to postpone the vote on the full national charter by having a Charter Commission work out intra-party differences; and, finally, to hold a midterm convention to adopt or amend these recommendations. We had worked hard with many of the state delegations to gain their support. Now we realized we had converted too many delegates too deeply to reform—they wanted to vote on the reforms immediately! Two hours and a zillion caucuses later, we passed the resolution to postpone the reform votes for the special convention.

Next came the choice of a vice president. Following the preceding session, we had returned to the hotel to discuss this question through the wee hours of the morning. McGovern wanted Ted Kennedy as his vice president. Ted had supported McGovern throughout and had let him know, early on, that he would seriously consider joining him on the ticket.

Now, McGovern called Ted, and Ted said no. He added, "If this were going to be a nice, easy election we could do that. But adding me to the troubles you already have would never work."

Of course we had listed prospective candidates and performed some early vetting. Our list included around twenty people, and we had until three o'clock in the afternoon—roughly twelve hours—before McGovern had to announce his choice.

Riding high on accomplishing the reform deal, Gary Hart said, "Well, we've got some idea who we want, but we'd better get suggestions from all our major groups. So we will meet at seven this morning with the women's caucus, then with the blacks, then with the Latinos, then with the teachers, and finally with the friendly unions. We'll get all their input and then decide." On real time, this plan allowed half an hour per meeting—a limit that upset everyone.

After a few hours sleep, the morning began with an omen. We could not traverse the stairs because anti-war kids were sitting in. The gay lobby also was demonstrating because they felt slighted—once in the platform and again because we did not meet separately with them. Shortly after noon, with just three hours to go, six of us met with McGovern to pare down the list. We began calling potential nominees. Each said no.

In winning the nomination, McGovern had not realized how much opposition remained. He had assumed the delegates would rally around and support their party's candidate. Although he doubted that either

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Edmund Muskie, Henry "Scoop" Jackson, and Hubert Humphrey, 1972.

man wanted to be vice president, he decided he should offer the spot to Hubert Humphrey and Ed Muskie.

When he called Humphrey and asked if he wanted to run as his vice president, Hubert said "Not again."

Then Muskie said no.

Some people supported Larry O'Brien. Chairing the convention had given him a great deal of time on national television. Also, he came from the circle of old Boston politics, which still translated as "Kennedy" for many delegates. However many of us on McGovern's staff vigorously opposed Larry, so he was not asked.

McGovern moved the discussion to Senator Abe Ribicoff, an early supporter from Connecticut, a liberal, metropolitan state. But Ribicoff recently had become a widower and felt that his personal stresses precluded a national campaign.

Next, McGovern suggested Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota. Mondale seriously considered accepting, holding us in limbo for two hours or so. His problem was that he was running for reelection in the Senate and, under Minnesota law, could not run for both offices simultaneously. He decided to keep the "bird in the hand."

We thought Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, would accept the nomination but, like McGovern, he hailed from a small western state. Senator Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri, had been recommended by a number of

his peers as a moderate who projected youth and vigor and maintained an excellent reputation in the Senate. We also considered Ken Gibson, mayor of Newark, New Jersey; however we did not feel we could push the party or the country far enough to endorse a black vice president. Also on the list was Kevin White, the mayor of Boston. Gary and I both favored him. He had beautifully handled the difficult issue of busing schoolchildren and was then considered the top big city mayor.

At one point McGovern suggested that I become his running mate. I said, "No way! Nor can we choose any other woman at this point. We can't go that far."

So McGovern decided that maybe Gary and I were right and Kevin White was the best prospect. He had promised Kennedy to confer with him before settling the issue. First, he called Kevin and asked him if he would be interested in the vice-presidential slot. White said yes.

"But," added McGovern, "it's only good protocol to check with other factions, and I'd better call Ted to be sure it's okay. I'm sure it will be because he turned it down."

McGovern called Kennedy, who said, "If you take Kevin White, I will not work a day for you this fall." Apparently Kennedy did not want to strengthen rival politicians in his native land of Massachusetts.

We had to call Kevin back and say,"We've decided that we need the other kind of balance."

So now where did we go? Eagleton remained on the list but we had heard rumors that he had an alcohol problem after his first campaign for the Senate. Reportedly, he had been hospitalized for a week, dried out, and had no problem since then.

Frank Mankiewicz was told to call Eagleton. I was in the room when Frank asked, "Is there anything that could hurt us? You know the kind of problems this campaign has had. We've done what investigating we could, and we were told that you had this slight alcohol problem after your one campaign. Is that problem completely cleared up, whatever it was?"

Eagleton said yes.

Frank asked, "Is there *anything* in your past—did you even assault a little girl in the third grade and get caught? Is there *anything* in your past that, if it got brought up, could embarrass us?"

And the answer was, "Absolutely no."

So, after the rules vote, Larry asked for nominations for vice president, and nominations started popping up all over the floor. The NWPC nominated Frances (Sissy) Farenthold of Texas. The Wallace people nominated

Congressman George (Mickey) Leland, also of Texas. A whole group of ABM folks nominated Walter Cronkite. No one suggested Eagleton. I think they suspected we would run a losing campaign, so why not offer a moment of glory by nominating someone on national television?

Finally Governor Frank Morrison, of Nebraska, asked to suspend the rules and nominate Eagleton by acclamation. Farenthold seconded the motion, as did some of the other vice-presidential nominees. It carried on a voice vote.

Larry presented Bob Strauss for a vote of thanks. He announced that we would leave the convention with all our bills paid, which I soon learned was not true. We also thanked Dorothy Bush and Mary Lou Berg as DNC officers. Then Larry introduced Tom Eagleton.

Following Eagleton's acceptance speech, Kennedy introduced McGovern as the Democratic nominee for president. McGovern quipped that his turn at the podium was part of a sunrise service. He was not far wrong. Only night owls heard him speak, and the session adjourned at three forty-five in the morning. Despite the ridiculous hour the whole convention started singing, "We Shall Overcome" and "Camelot." For the length of those two songs, everyone harmonized in the spirit of the moment.

We held several parties for major contributors, workers, and the press. A new guard at the door refused to let me enter the press party with the group. I was so exhausted, I didn't care. I said good night, turned around, and headed back to my room. As I was preparing for bed, Frank knocked on the door.

He said, "I think you'd better come up to the party a few minutes, and then you'd better come back and go to bed because in the morning you've got to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?"

"That's why you'd better come upstairs because McGovern's finally going to tell you that you're going to be chair of the party."

We went to the party but McGovern was not straightforward. He said, "I think I want you to be chair but the matter has to be handled delicately. I can't aggravate Larry by appearing to push him aside. I promised Larry I'd talk to him in the morning, first thing."

He then outlined the schedule. "First, there is a press breakfast, where Larry will announce that he is resigning. Then we will tell the press that we will present your name to the Democratic National Committee. That allows the journalists to begin to get their background together for the afternoon, when you will be elected. Then we will meet with all the big

contributors to the party. At that point, Bob Strauss will resign as party treasurer, and we'll put in my choice."

"Who's that going to be?" I thought he would answer with Henry Kimmelman, who had managed our campaign fundraisers.

but McGovern said, "Donald Petrie."

"Who's Donald Petrie?"

Someone said, "He's from Lazard-Frere."

McGovern said, "I told Larry about a week ago that I didn't think he was right for me, and after the Credentials challenge, I was sure he wasn't. I talked to him, and he said he did not want to stay. He ran the convention well, but I already had decided it would be you."

"How about Pierre Salinger?"

"Well, the way we're going to do that is, Pierre will be cochair. You'll run the committee, and he'll do the press and the public speaking and public appearances."

I wondered how that could possibly work. Someone else would be visible and audible while I worked behind the scenes—again? But I figured that if I were appointed chair, I could resolve the problem. I wasn't sure whether I could work with Pierre or not.

Clearly, George was trying to appease everybody. He said, "I did tell Larry I would meet with him this morning before the breakfast. I think he is supposed to turn in his resignation to me then. So you and Frank and Pierre go on over to the press breakfast, and I'll come with Larry. And then Don Petrie will be at the second breakfast."

After the convention I hung a photograph on my wall at home of Pierre, Frank, and me at the press breakfast, which dragged on and on and on. Larry O'Brien did not appear. George McGovern did not show up. So we just sat there at the head table unable to announce anything. Kirby Jones, Frank's assistant, tried to fill in by discussing strategy. Finally Frank said a few words, and Gary thanked the press for coming. He ended with, "Well, we have to move on to the next breakfast."

The reporters knew something was screwy. There I sat, and already word had leaked that I would be named chair. What was going on?

Sleep-deprived as usual, we stumbled over to the fundraisers' breakfast. McGovern was present but O'Brien was not. McGovern said, "I can announce Petrie to them, but Larry still hasn't resigned."

After introducing Petrie as the new treasurer, McGovern told the donors, "I believe Jean Westwood will be my new chair, but I'd just as soon you didn't go out and tell the press that. Larry O'Brien is meeting with the Democratic National Committee. He has to formally resign,

and then we'll announce it. So you're getting the inside scoop but please don't let it out."

We then trailed back to the Doral Hotel and waited for Larry to call. Finally McGovern placed a call to the meeting and asked, "Would you mind telling me where Larry O'Brien is?"

"He's up on the podium."

George said, "Would you pass up word to him that George McGovern would like to talk to him?"

O'Brien sent back a note that said, "When we break for lunch I'll come over and talk to you." He installed new members and handed out the new procedures and rules. Everyone knew they needed to choose a new chair. Friends on the committee later told me they thought Larry was doing his usual routine of building to a climax, but then he dismissed everyone for lunch, saying, "We'll resume meeting at one o'clock." Naturally reporters were milling around outside the meeting hall.

Larry returned to the Doral Hotel and became closeted with McGovern. I went back to my room to rest until I knew something. Again, Gary and Frank came to get me.

Gary said, "McGovern asked us what we'd think if he left Larry in. We told him, no way! He promised it to you."

"Who do *you* want?"

Frank said, "We want you. We don't want Larry."

"Well, maybe it would bring back the old party for Larry to continue."

And they said, "The hell it would." Then Gary grinned as he added, "We told George he couldn't disappoint you."

"Well, I don't want it on that basis."

I had no idea what was going on with McGovern and O'Brien, but apparently Larry wanted to remain chair. Finally McGovern came out and said to me, "You're going to be chair."

"I don't want it unless you really want me."

He said, "I really want you to have it, with Pierre as cochair. Let's go on over."

When the committee reconvened, Larry announced his resignation. The murmurs around the room expressed mixed emotions. However the new members supported McGovern, and the tenured committee members all knew me—the main reason, I think, that I was McGovern's choice. He told me I was going to run *all* the Democratic campaigns, including his, out of the Democratic National Committee. But then he told Gary that he (Gary) would run the national McGovern campaign.

Meanwhile, McGovern had told Larry, when he finally got him to resign, that he would bring him back to run the fall campaign. I realized even then that McGovern was not really sure what he wanted. But he believed that, if he brought Larry back in, that would heal all the breaches in the party.

Literally overnight he had realized that people were not calling him and crushing around him in the way presidential candidates usually experienced. Worse, he could not even reach key people, such as big labor's Al Barkan or George Meany. The people in that faction would not even return his calls.

Already the Anyone *but* McGovern group was meeting to plan ways to use their funds against him as the nominee and me as the chair. They wanted to take over the party. This group included labor leaders, people formerly on Humphrey's or Jackson's staffs, conservatives, Southerners, and some state chairs. The *old* establishment. (One of my dear friends was present at this discussion and later gave me the full scoop.)

At the DNC meeting, McGovern nominated me to be party chairman. As was traditional, the vote was unanimous. Then a young woman, known for her strong support for the Equal Rights Amendment, popped up and said, "Mr. McGovern, you're our candidate and already you're going backwards."

He asked, "What's that about?"

"You can't call Jean 'chairman.' She's got to be 'chairperson.'"

Then one of the old federation club women stood up and said, "Well, she's right. Jean is the first woman to be elected, and you can't call her 'chairman' but the title must be more dignified than 'chairperson.' She should be 'chairwoman'."

My husband Dick happened to be near some reporters when he muttered, "It doesn't matter what they call her. She'll always be 'chairbroad' to me."

(Of course that created a headline: "Chairbroad Gets It."

Scoop Jackson called me two or three weeks later to say, "I have a complaint, Madame Chairbroad. My staff thinks they ought to have a chairbroad, too."

At the next meeting, I began by asking the members, "Just call me 'Madame Chair.'")

After the quibbling over my title, McGovern announced, "For vice chair, I would like to propose Pierre Salinger." Thus far the vice chair had always been a woman, who really didn't have any authority.

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

Jean Westwood at the convention podium.

Aaron Henry, of the Mississippi delegation, had served on the executive committee with me. He jumped up and said, "In the spirit of reform we have a nomination from the floor for vice chair. We have a woman chair, and we think we should have a black vice chair. I would like to propose Basil Paterson, who has been lieutenant governor of New York, to be the vice chair with Mrs. Westwood."

I had met Basil a few times as a new member of the DNC. Aaron added, "We will expect Basil to have almost equal authority. They will make joint decisions in the spirit of the times."

I thought, this is going to be even harder to deal with than Pierre.

Pierre was shocked almost to tears. He thought he had the vice chair position all sewed up. He had sat beside me all morning, writing quotes (which tended to extol him above me) for reporters. But he put a good face on it. He stood and said, "Well, I think this is right. I'd like to withdraw in favor of Basil."

McGovern turned to him and quipped, "Well, you're still going to have to do the press office."

Actually losing his chance at vice chair hurt Pierre deeply. He went to Paris, saying he would return to help run the press office in the fall. When he came back, he brought along a press report from the Vietnamese about negotiations to settle the war. This got the whole campaign in

trouble because it was not our official position. At any rate, Pierre settled in on the sixth floor and worked for the citizen groups—Lawyers for McGovern, Doctors for McGovern, Architects for McGovern, and so on.

Back to the convention: McGovern liked to clear his choices with significant people, as he had with Kennedy. Now I asked him if he would mind me checking my position as chair with Governor Rampton and Senator Moss.

McGovern replied, "You don't have to. I've already talked to them."

Actually he had talked to Moss, but he had *not* talked with Rampton. And the governor never forgave me for the fact that he first heard, on the floor of convention, that I was going to be chair. I had not been available for him to check out early rumors. Then, when he finally did ask me in the late afternoon, I had to say, "I don't know, Cal, because he's not definitely told me." How lame, on the last day of the convention!

Rampton said, "Ted Moss says you are."

McGovern and Moss were quite good friends. But Moss, not McGovern, had told the governor. Rampton had voted against McGovern until the last opportunity. As a state, Utah cast fourteen votes for McGovern, one for Jackson, one for Humphrey, and three—including Rampton's—for Terry Sanford. So I suppose McGovern did not want to call Rampton, but he should have told me that.

With the convention over, Dick and I headed for our cabin near the Strawberry Reservoir in our home state's Uinta Mountains. I felt exhausted but upbeat. On the opening night of convention we had enjoyed the first John Y. Brown Telethon, which looked marvelous and brought an extremely positive response. Between that and Strauss's announcement that the party was debt free, I felt we would begin the campaign in excellent financial shape. So I welcomed a resting place with no telephone or television. I was pretty sure McGovern would not know how to reach Camp Strawberry—but he did know how to reach the Forest Service.

We had relaxed for two days when there came a knock at the door, and a ranger said, "Would you please come down? The presidential candidate is on the phone for you."

I learned that I needed to go to Washington immediately to meet with Don Petrie and the staff, and then fly west to the Black Hills of South Dakota, where we would hold strategy sessions. Then I would need to head east again to get the DNC fully ready to function. For one thing, reports of the break-in and burglary of our Watergate office were blossoming in the media. With Pierre in Paris, I needed to handle our response.

As we drove down the canyons, I realized that being chair was no part time commitment. No woman had held this position before, so I was pioneering again. Dick said he understood that my national duties came first; perhaps he would find an apartment in Washington—and I could stop by home whenever the campaign came west.

I flew to Washington and took a temporary hotel room at the Watergate. Larry had stripped his office, but he had a young, black secretary named Marie Cunningham. We had become quite friendly over several years. Before Larry returned from Miami, Marie had the presence of mind to cache or copy the records she considered vital in running the party.

Bob Strauss had tallied the pledges from the telethon and other donations. He told me, "I had to raise too much money to support Larry's lifestyle rather than spend the funds on campaigning and services to the party. Larry's guards didn't even have me listed to get into the convention. I could have run it better."

Bob then announced that he could run the DNC better than I. In fact he would oppose me after the campaign. "You can't win the election," he said. "I think I can pull this party back together, and you can't. I have a plan that will get me in when you're through."

He took over the Senate campaign committee and fed the conservative and union money to certain candidates in return for their support when he ran for party chair. I soon could see what was happening, but there was little I could do about it with my main focus on the presidential campaign.

We were so broke that we had to tell the old staff we did not know whether we would be able to keep them on. We pledged to pay their next two-weeks salary while we looked over the finances, and asked that they keep the office open and answer queries to their departments in their usual way. While we met in the Black Hills, some of them told reporters they expected to lose their jobs, saying, "We're out. They're putting in only McGovernites." This was not true. We kept most of the staff in their current positions.

Meanwhile I returned to the Black Hills, where we did plenty of planning and organizing. Fifteen or twenty reporters turned up also—those assigned to cover the presidential campaign.

The night I arrived, Frank Mankiewicz asked me to come over to his cabin. Fred Dutton, our chief policy strategist, told me they had been informed by Doug Bennett, Eagleton's main aide, that Eagleton had suffered a mild case of exhaustion after one campaign, so mild that Eagleton could explain it away on *Face the Nation*, if necessary. But

an anonymous caller informed our main campaign office that Eagleton had been hospitalized three times with clinical depression and received electroshock therapy.

Still in Washington, Frank and Gary met again with Doug, and with Eagleton. Tom admitted the anonymous caller's information was true and said that he still took medicine to keep him stable. Frank and Gary asked for a full copy of all his medical reports for us to review. Eagleton agreed to have the files sent to South Dakota, but when I got there, they still had not arrived. Gary broke this development to McGovern on the flight to South Dakota.

Eagleton was due in on Monday night to meet with McGovern, but rumor had it that the press already had the story. While we were talking in Frank's cabin, two reporters from the Knight newspaper chain knocked on the door. They agreed to hold the story until McGovern could meet personally with Eagleton.

Over breakfast, Eagleton detailed his mental health history, apologized to McGovern for not telling us before, and insisted he was completely well. He said that if his being on the ticket caused us trouble he would immediately resign. However, he felt it would make us look better to accept that anybody could have such an illness and still be a great senator or vice president. If we backed him, he said, most people would understand.

McGovern agreed. "It would be against my principles, the kind of compassion I stand for, not to be that way."

So we held a press conference, and Eagleton revealed his medical history. McGovern stated that, if he had known these things, Eagleton still would have been his choice for vice president. Immediately calls came in, supportive or damning. Morris Dees, who had run our mail fundraising campaign, left in disgust for his Alabama home, and we assumed he had quit. Our two main fundraisers, Henry Kimmelman and Miles Rubin, said we could not finance the campaign with Eagleton on the ticket.

Frank, Gary, and I felt we had just suffered the last crippling blow. In 1972 any type of mental illness, let alone electroshock therapy, carried a heavy, if unjust, stigma. There was no possibility that many voters would accept a vice president with mental instability in his past. If elected, Eagleton would sit a heartbeat away from the presidency and all the mental strain inherent in the position. As far as the campaign went, we had taken too many blows.

We understood this much earlier than did McGovern. Yet reality gradually seeped into his awareness that we could not achieve party unity

with Eagleton on the ticket. Yet if McGovern admitted to himself that he couldn't win despite Eagleton's illness, how could he withstand a grueling campaign in the fall?

Meanwhile we continued to plan, dividing the country into regions and making assignments. We could not possibly house the entire campaign staff and equipment in the Watergate suite or in our old headquarters, so we set up separate offices a few blocks apart.

We understood that the DNC had to preserve party functions and try to win elections at every level yet the split in the party seemed insurmountable. In an attempt to overcome the split in our own campaign, McGovern announced in a national press release the following: "Jean is the overall head. The campaign will be under the national committee's direction. Jean is to do both: give our campaign direction and keep the Democratic National Committee going because all the campaigns need to be tied together." He added that Gary Hart would run the presidential campaign, hands-on.

McGovern saw no conflict in this but Gary did. And when it came right down to it, McGovern would not order Hart to be subordinate to me. Instead, a few weeks later, he invited O'Brien to return as a campaign director, sharing an office with Gary and Frank. At that point, McGovern not only had a problematic running mate. He also had three campaign heads, each believing that she—or he—held the top authority: Gary, Larry, and me.

ELEVEN

THE HATCHET AND THE RACE

After Senator Tom Eagleton left his meeting with presidential nominee George McGovern, in the Black Hills, he denied any serious health problem, saying, "George McGovern knows I don't have a problem. He's backing me one thousand percent."

I, too, proceeded more on bravado than substance; my task was to cobble a staff in Washington—with no money. Gary Hart and Frank Mankiewicz wanted to assemble all our best people at the DNC headquarters and then stack up the holdover invoices from the 1968 campaign, the incoming bills from the 1972 convention, and our current expenses, including overhead in the Watergate Office Building.

At that point our focus was threefold: get out in front of Eagleton's troubles, build the DNC, and organize the campaign staff. Below our determinedly serene surface lurked monsters we had not yet fathomed. We did not want to discuss the burglary and bugging of our headquarters (for one thing, Larry O'Brien claimed the topic as entirely his turf). Yet, as we returned to the suite, the evidence of surveillance equipment spooked us, partly because the reason for the break-in was as obscure to us as it was to everyone else. Why *would* four men dress in suits, stuff their pockets full of cash, and then set forth to commit crimes in a cushy high rise? The answer was a long time coming.

Meanwhile we shelved our new paranoia regarding Republican burglars next to our tenured paranoia regarding the Anybody *but* McGovern (ABM) group and settled down to business. I found a reasonably priced, furnished apartment in a new building close to Capitol Hill and then set about buying linens, dishes, and pans. Dick soon flew in some of my personal belongings. I kept the low-numbered license plate Larry had used, allowing me to park at the Capitol, but I rented a midsize car. Bill McKay, one of our volunteers, became my driver so I could work between appointments.

Basil Paterson insisted that his staff must equal mine. Strauss suggested, "There's one black girl here who really knows her way around, and she'd be good for Basil to have." Her name was Azie Morton. As far as I could tell, her chief talent was informing Strauss of our every decision and action.

That first week, I began to staff my own office. My first major appointee was Bill Dodds, a lobbyist for the United Auto Workers, who now became our executive director. He helped us reassemble our labor backing and helped me learn the names of the Washington crowd. Dodds and several union leaders called a meeting of those with dovish tendencies, those who reflected their workers' feelings, those who hired minority union members, or those who had cracked their company's doors open to women. The last group included Glenn Watts, of the Communication Workers, and Jerry Wurf, president, and Bill Lucy, executive director, of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). Not only did my roots in Carbon County ease my conversations with miners, but my familiarity with Hill Air Force Base proved helpful. Located near Ogden, Utah, the base contracted with an impressive number of government entities.

We were surprised to find that a main opponent of McGovern-flavored reform turned out to be Evelyn Dubrow, of the International Ladies Garment Workers. Still, I was learning that my many friends in the fur workers' unions wielded considerable clout. The New York Garment Workers endorsed McGovern, and later in the campaign, they held a huge street rally—one of our more moving campaign activities.

Other unions that aided our effort included the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, with Jacob Potursky, president, and Howard Samuels, vice president; the New York branch of the AFSCME, headed by John Corcoran and Victor Gotham; the Textile Workers, under Bill Duchesi; the International Machinists and Aerospace Workers, with Bill Holater; plus the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen; the Printing Pressmen's Union; and the Federation of Technical Engineers. We had to love a guy like Charles Perlik, president of the American Newspaper Guild, who had announced his support of McGovern *during* the convention!

A blow fell on July 19 when the executive council of the AFL-CIO voted twenty-seven to three not to endorse Nixon *or* McGovern. Certain other labor leaders followed suit, including Al Grospiron, of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers; Jerry Wurf; and Paul Jennings of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers.

One particularly emotional telephone call reached me toward the end of August. The heads of the Geneva Steel union branch called from Las Vegas to let me know they could not offer Geneva's support. The original Geneva steelworks had been built in Utah County by the Utah Construction Company during World War II, and Geneva's roots cross-hatched my own in professional and personal ways.

"We lost," they wept over the telephone. "We thought for sure we could persuade them. We tried because of you. You've been such a strong supporter, and we lost. But our local union is going to work for you anyway."

Already the McGovern campaign was in trouble. Thirty-four unions endorsed us, probably a third of the AFL-CIO plus the auto workers. Worse, the union leaders in the ABM group had met in Miami soon after the convention to discuss how to retake the party and how to disseminate their financial resources. They had promised Strauss the party chairmanship in exchange for his cooperation. But not even this news could distract me from my first task; I wasn't the only person working the campaign with poor job security.

Throughout those post-convention weeks, we were flooded with telephone calls concerning Eagleton. A few were sympathetic but most demanded we remove him from the ticket. The calls came from individuals or groups we had thought secure—state chairs, congressional candidates, and heads of minority or ethnic groups. Day after day, McGovern and Eagleton were prevented from addressing the Democratic platform or discussing any issue. Apparently the only public concern was Eagleton's place on the ticket and his mental health problems in the past.

Some said McGovern backpedaled regarding his vice-presidential choice but it was more of a ballet. Eagleton would make a speech, and then McGovern would praise him—but not quite as strongly as before. Then Eagleton would say, "He's still backing me one thousand percent." And McGovern would not quite demur.

Meanwhile the ring of my telephone began sounding as hoarse as I did. Calls continued relentlessly even as I tried to rebuild communications within the party. Virtually every caller had the same message: the election was lost with Eagleton on the ticket. To prove it, no campaign money was coming in. We were getting some into the DNC coffers, mostly from members. But little came to the McGovern campaign, hardly enough to operate. Funding evaporated, reminiscent of the days following our loss of the California challenge in the Credentials Committee. Later that fall the campaign reform act passed, but the dollar kick-off did not go into

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Photo by Reni Newsphotos.

Meet the Press with Jean Westwood and Basil A. Paterson, July 30, 1972.

effect until the 1973 returns. For now, there was no federal money for presidential campaigns.

Then journalist Jack Anderson broke an untrue story about Eagleton having an alcohol problem. McGovern consulted a prominent psychiatrist who said Eagleton might completely break down before the election, but removing him from the ticket could be equally devastating. Eagleton was slated to appear on *Face the Nation* on Sunday, July 30, and I was scheduled for *Meet the Press*. McGovern, realizing our lack of support from the old guard and the worsening controversy around Eagleton, reacted by informing the press I was in overall charge of all the campaigns.

George and I held some long telephone conversations. The way I remember it, on the Saturday evening before my date with *Meet the Press*, McGovern said, "I think we've got to give Eagleton a nudge."

"Well, I'm not eager to play the heroine martyr again, but if I have to do it, I have to do it. Will you let me know in the morning exactly what you want?"

"Maybe Basil ought to go with you," he suggested, "so that it's the two of you together." I called the producer to say that Basil really wanted to be on the show too; they reluctantly agreed.

In the morning we were ready to go but had not heard from McGovern. I called him and said, "What do you want me to do?"

He said, "Make Tom the hero but get him off the ticket. We have to make him the hero to save him from bad mental health consequences."

On my way to the station, I composed a sentence and practiced it on Basil: "The noble thing for Tom Eagleton to do, to give any chance of George McGovern becoming president, is to take himself out of the campaign."

McGovern later wrote that, in each of his conversations with Eagleton, Tom insisted he should stay on the ticket—that in the long run, the Democrats and the public needed him as vice president more than they needed him to step down. After my fateful words on national television, McGovern and Eagleton met again.

According to Eagleton's notes, their conversation went like this: "George complimented me on my *Face the Nation* performance. I complimented him on Jean Westwood's hatchet job—and I used just those words—on *Meet the Press*…

"To this McGovern rejoined, 'Tom, believe me, I had no idea what she was going to say…'"

"'Don't shit me, George,' I said."

And then Tom did the noble thing and resigned.

It was a heart-wrenching thing we did to Tom. I didn't know I was that tough, to tell the truth. Tactically his resignation over the airwaves was the least of it. Who knew how to replace a vice-presidential candidate after the convention?

Just in case, I had begun poring over the DNC rules. Next, I consulted attorneys Joe Califano and Edward Bennett Williams. I concluded that we needed to follow exactly the new rules of the DNC, which specified, in Section VII, that a candidate could be replaced "in the event of death, resignation, or disability." The DNC needed a full vote of each delegation at the convention to do so.

That meant we needed to convene the full DNC. Each state's members would vote in proportion to their convention votes. A one hundred-member committee wasn't so bad, but the composition of the DNC had changed. Some members were included by virtue of their elected or appointed positions but had not been elected by the new delegate section rules. Furthermore, Califano said the majority must agree and the unit rule still applied. But we had changed the unit rule; it had been outlawed at our last convention.

Finally we decided that, politically, we must include *all* members and let them divide proportionately their state allotment of delegates. But

first, we needed someone to bring a resolution amending the rules to allow this. We needed to compile the DNC rules, including any changes made at the convention. The delegates must vote on these amended rules before we had the new nomination and vote.

No DNC member understood this. No one wanted to come to Washington for a meeting when campaigns were underway. But replacing Eagleton had to be done quickly. The campaign leaders decided we had better choose a vice-presidential candidate rather than take nominations from the floor. Ever the idealist, McGovern believed that almost anybody would rescue him at this point, to save the party and other candidates' campaigns.

He said, "Then it will be up to you, Jean, to put on such a show for television that it will match the convention."

I pondered this: a great show produced with limited funds and with Eagleton's metaphorical blood still on the floor.

We decided on an evening session—prime time offered the best national news coverage—to vote on the new candidate. And the candidate had to be someone the delegates all would accept. I began hunting a hall in Washington large enough to accommodate our needs. Next, I would convince every party VIP to sit with us on the dais in silent endorsement of the new nominee.

When McGovern realized how serious this was, he reacted by inviting Larry O'Brien back into the campaign. He remained convinced that Larry would bring with him the labor and other party regulars we were missing. What George did not understand was that those people believed Larry had sold them out at the recent convention. True, Larry could not have opposed his parliamentarians; but from the day he made the ruling that let us win the California challenge, Larry was anathema to the old elements of the party. They hated *him* worse than they hated us!

Gary Hart and I both knew it. Frank Mankiwicz knew it. but McGovern didn't know. He told Larry and Gary to divide the presidential campaign between them. Why not return to our former campaign style?—so successful in the past.

The divided authority caused innumerable problems. I began getting calls from people like Gene Pokorny and Joe Grandmaison, who were running the biggest states, saying, "Who do we get our orders from? Larry, you, or Gary?"

I said, "Not from me."

"They've got to come from you," Gene or Joe would say. "Nobody else understands that the only way we can win this is with our guerrilla

tactics. We need to get down under these people that are against us to reach the people we can turn around and get back."

But Gary would give them a command, and Larry would countermand it. I needed to stay somewhat detached that first month to organize the August meeting.

While reviewing the rules, I realized that I had the authority to appoint the new delegate selection review committee if I did so within sixty days after the convention. The Charter Commission had to be appointed before January 1, 1973. Both these matters could be delayed. However, I needed to appoint an executive committee of twenty-five members, and then add as many at-large members as soon as possible.

I knew, too, that the ABM folk*s* would do their best to make me look bad at any DNC meeting, so we had to work carefully. We finally made the argument that some states had not yet picked their extra members, so it was not fair or timely to elect all the members at this meeting. We proposed a sixteen-member executive committee, composed of the officers, governors, Senate and House leaders, the president of the state chair organization, and a man and woman from each of the four regions, to be elected in the caucuses. I then would propose nine additional members, in consultation with the executive committee, but they would not be elected until the first meeting *after* the election.

As we organized, McGovern set about finding another running mate. He called Humphrey. Humphrey again said no.

McGovern called Muskie. Muskie said no.

Senator Mike Mansfield, Governor Reuben Askew of Florida, and Ted Kennedy each said no.

Lyndon Johnson then suggested Sargent Shriver, whose accomplishments included marrying Eunice Kennedy and serving as the first director of the Peace Corps. Ted Kennedy agreed that his brother-in-law would be an excellent choice. And, fortunately, Shriver said he would be delighted.

Four days before the DNC meeting in August, the anti-reformers brought in a full-scale operation. They rented two-thirds of the rooms in the hotel and threw cocktail parties for the new committee members.

That August meeting was the most difficult imaginable. I met often with the ABM people, and both sides made concessions. But it was ever more obvious how determined they were to see McGovern lose and how fervently they planned to regain control of the party. In the daytime sessions, when the media was not paying much attention, they exposed their ugly teeth as they opposed me on every issue, no matter how small.

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

As Larry O'Brian, Jean Westwood, and Eunice Kennedy Shriver look on, Sargent Shriver accepts his nomination for vice president, August 1972.

Their threat of future consequences glowered until the news cameras turned on in the evening. More obviously, the new DNC was divided between those who previously held seats and those who had been added by various factions.

Even though I had organized the August meeting, O'Brien tried to convince McGovern that, while I could manage the bitter daytime sessions, I suffered temporary amnesia in the evening. Also, I might not be as skillful a parliamentarian as Larry. So when the cameras turned on, he said, I ought to introduce him. Then he would run the meeting.

As chair, I could simply say no. I had invited the delegates, made the arrangements, and prepared the agenda. Important party people sat on the stand to show unity. However Larry literally tugged at my skirt so often that I did muff a few names. Larry conducted a few sessions while I resisted humming, "Home on the Ranch"–the mink ranch, that is.

Right after the August meeting, I was booked for a big fundraiser put on by the Texas liberals. McGovern had been trying to get LBJ to endorse him, or at least meet with him. When Wynne Griffiths and I got off the plane, we found a large car waiting and a lot of press. The reporters asked if I was going to see Johnson. I didn't really know. I had tried to call him but had no answer back from his staff.

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Photo by Dev Neill.

George McGovern addresses a DNC evening meeting, August 1972.

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

Members of the Kennedy and Shriver families on stage at the Sargent Shriver nomination.

Our driver said, "We are to go to Lady Bird's station facilities." When we arrived, they handed me a phone and said, "Please call this number." LBJ was on the other end of the line, roaming his ranch with a cell phone. He said he had admired me ever since the Utah days, and that he would support the party and meet with McGovern, which he did.

Meanwhile we moved Shriver's staff into the DNC headquarters and sent him on the road; but he found the campaign's divided authority and lack of funding a major frustration. Eunice Shriver would come to my office to complain, and I would call Gary Hart, or Steve Robbins at scheduling, to try to put Sarge where he could really help us.

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George Wallace and Jean Westwood, Alabama, October 1972.

I eventually got through to talk with former president Harry Truman. He said that, while he would make a press statement supporting me and the party, he would not endorse McGovern.

Later in the campaign, George Wallace called me to say that he was a Democrat too, and we were neglecting the South. Indeed, McGovern had pretty well written off the whole region. Wallace demanded that I come to see him. McGovern said that if there was any chance Wallace would endorse us, he would welcome votes he had thought were lost. Wallace said he would keep the press away from our meeting, and I also could book some Democratic Party events.

As Dick and I were driven to the capitol, reporters from CBS, NBC, *The New York Times*, and the *Washington Post* filled its steps. They demanded to know if I was visiting Wallace to ask for an endorsement. No comment.

Once inside, Dick found a chair by Wallace's wheelchair and began discussing treatments his paraplegic brother Clyde was trying. I could see Wallace soften under Dick's kindness and optimism. Wallace waved away the press and said we were going to talk privately. When his office door closed, Wallace told me, "Jean, I'm not going to endorse McGovern."

"I wasn't even going to ask you to do so," I replied. "I want you to pick one of your people to serve on the delegate selection commission, and I'd like you to tell me how the national party can aid Alabama."

When we left the meeting, Wallace told the media, "Jean did not ask me to support George McGovern but to support and help the party. I will be a good Democrat." He gave me a name as his choice for the new reform committee.

After we settled down to "normal" campaigning, I became used to flying to Washington on Sunday, spending Monday, Tuesday, and sometimes Wednesday in the office or at speaking appointments nearby. Speaking requests were rare for a DNC chair, but as the first woman in the post, I was an oddity, and requests came frequently. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday I tried to cover much of the rest of the country, checking on our campaign headquarters, trying to bolster our workers' spirits, and campaigning for local candidates, as well as for McGovern-Shriver. During that period, I visited twenty-three states, some of them three or four times.

Even as I traveled, I kept the national party sticky-taped together. I suspected that McGovern was considering turning his whole campaign over to O'Brien. After the August meeting, the campaign had proceeded to fall apart. McGovern didn't know who to go to or what to do. Perhaps he wished he had gone with Larry all the time. At any rate, he installed Larry upstairs in his campaign office. The only change, it seemed to me, was that Larry made a lot of speeches about how poorly the campaign was going, and he and Gary Hart fought continually.

As he traveled and talked with local campaign offices, McGovern continued to hear that we were disorganized. Stories about infighting even appeared in the press. When Theodore White came to interview me for his book, I said, "I'm not discussing the infighting in this campaign."

He said, "Well, everybody else is doing interviews on it. Why aren't you?"

Soon after that, McGovern called and said, "We're going to have a meeting Saturday night. I'm going to give the campaign authority to you entirely because Gary and Larry are never going to settle their disputes. By Saturday night, please come up with a plan describing where the money ought to be spent, what the lines of authority ought to be, and what we ought to be doing out in the field."

Somehow Gary Hart learned of the long memo I delivered to George on Saturday morning. Gary called and ripped me up one side and down the other.

I said, "Gary, I am just doing what George asked me to do. I care about whether he wins. I don't care whether you run the campaign, or I run it, or Larry runs it, but I think this arrangement is an absolute disaster."

He said, "You're not going to take this away from me. I'm going to see McGovern now."

I didn't hear anything all day. I brought copies of my memo to the evening meeting but was never asked to present my plan. Instead McGovern announced that Gary would run his campaign.

I sat there, holding my memos, knowing that everyone knew what George had asked me to do. To top it off, some snide remarks appeared in the press the next day about Jean Westwood making a power play to take over the campaign.

The odd part was that I *wanted* Gary to run the campaign. If McGovern had given him a clear line of authority, we probably would not have experienced so many problems. Sure, Gary had a big ego by then; he was the guy who had pulled all this off. Gary was the one who was there, day in and day out, beginning before McGovern first announced. I still believed George's ideas were right and that he had picked a lot of good people. Even so, dealing with the new reform system and inexperienced reformers, his would have been a tough campaign to win no matter who ran it.

When I was not on the road, I set up a secluded office at one end of the sixth floor. One aspect of the campaign was especially gratifying. We had always planned for women's issues to be a major concern, but we had not been able to accomplish much at the convention. A longtime Humphrey worker, Dorothy Lyons, walked into my office to volunteer. About an hour later, Gary called, so I told him this good news.

Hart said, "Well, of course she's a spy. I'm not ever going to confide in you again if you keep Dorothy on staff."

"Gary, you're crazy."

I was not as naive as Gary assumed. Another woman from the Humphrey group also volunteered. Several times during the primary campaign, we suspected her husband had people follow Frank Mankiewicz and me to find out what we were doing. I put the second woman to work in the citizens' operation but never trusted her for a day.

On the other hand, Dorothy was assigned to the women's office. First, I called her in and said, "I want you to know what some people are saying so you'll be prepared for the infighting that will go on."

She immediately confessed to attending the anti-McGovern meeting in Miami. She named the people involved and detailed their plans, then added, "I told them I was walking out. I would not have any part

of that." Currently her husband was president of the Washington bar. Dorothy became a loyal worker, and for years I stayed at her home when I went to Washington.

Ted Moss sent Kem Gardner, one of his aides, to work with me part time. I added Alan Baron, from Iowa, who had worked for Mayor John Lindsay. He had developed an amazing comic sense and used this talent skillfully to make his point without offending anyone. Alan also carried encyclopedic knowledge of the Democratic Party and its local politics in various states. I assigned him to work with the state and party people. New York attorney Eli Segal also worked closely with Alan.

Eli's wife, Phyllis, had been among those women who became furious at me during the convention. Now, she came to help set up the women's office. Harriet Cipriani, the aide already on board, mainly had worked with the old line Democratic women's clubs, but she was anxious to expand and use women more aggressively.

Other talented women volunteered their time and abilities. For instance, Anne Martindell had helped run Eugene McCarthy's campaign in 1968; she later became an ambassador under Jimmy Carter. We also were fortunate in gaining the services of Millie Jeffrey and Edith Van Winkle, who mainly worked in Michigan and other labor states. Before long we had in place an excellent women's organization.

Wynne Griffiths, from California, became my traveling press secretary. At first our press office became overwhelmed, but Blair Clark, formerly head of CBS, came in as communications director, donating his services. My staff also included Nick Kostopulos, who had worked for the three previous chairs as head of the speakers' bureau. Andy Volachek headed our nationalities division; Scott Lilly and Jim Keller headed the campaign division; Max Factor and Anne Wexler worked voter registration; and Joe Gephardt and Bob Weiner filled in as general assistants. Marie Cunningham led a group of secretaries, including Monica Barkowski, Fran Miller, and Susan Eisner.

Basil Paterson had an office on the other side of the building and traveled to New York a couple of days a week. He probably would have liked to do more on the road, but we felt he was crucial in organizing voter registration and working with African Americans in New York, Philadelphia, New Jersey, and other major metropolitan areas. In addition to Azie Morton, Basil depended on Carolyn Barnett, a secretary, and on Jack English, the national committeeman from New York, as special counsel.

Dorothy Bush was elected to remain as head of the secretaries' office. She called the roll at every convention until 1992, the year of her death. Congressman Frank Thompson, of New Jersey, handled voter registration. He had run the Kennedy registration effort in 1960. Steve Robbins served as the advance man for McGovern's campaign, and he often requested a speaker from the citizens' group. Sometimes I went, but mainly, I just trusted Pierre to do a good job, and he did.

Spencer Oliver headed a Spanish-speaking office, which also looked out for the interests of American Indians and women. Polly Baca Berrigan and Ricardo Besoma worked with Latino voters. Peter McDonald, chair of the Navajo Nation, sent me, free, a "Begay boy" (a common surname on the reservation), who required only minimum comforts. We had radio and television divisions under the press office, and a large switchboard operation. Our research division helped state campaigns do issue research, including searching out negative records of Republican opponents.

Early on, we realized that the members of the DNC could be individually liable for debts incurred in the past. Several big companies were threatening to sue to recover the old Humphrey debt. Our legal counsels, Andy Shea and Joe Califano, drew up a document to incorporate the DNC so that only officers could be held liable. Don Petrie and Howard Weingrow brought in Eric Jaffe, as comptroller, and a fairly large mail solicitation staff, again headed by Morris Dees. Henry Kimmelman moved into the main campaign finance and budget office. We were extra careful to make sure we sent McGovern donations to his campaign and kept separate the checks for the DNC. As Don Petrie arranged speaking engagements for me all over the country, Alan Baron called party people, and Bill Dodds kept up with our "good" unions. Between us, we managed to resolve all the current party debts and sustain ourselves.

So many people contributed to the wild ride taken by both the Democratic Party and the McGovern campaign during the summer and autumn of 1972. The challenges and experiences surrounded me too vividly to process at the time; but they provided a rich store of friendships, memories, and knowledge that I have relied on ever since.

TWELVE

TO CHAIR OR NOT

One obvious issue for George McGovern's campaign was the break-in and burglary at the Democratic National Headquarters in the Watergate Office Building. Oddly enough, we could not spark any widespread media coverage or any real investigation. Since Larry O'Brien was presumed to be the target (a true assumption, we later learned) he made speeches on it, but he became upset if I even mentioned it.

One logistically typical day that autumn went like this. I flew to New York from Washington to have breakfast in the mansion with Mayor Lindsay and one group of supporters and then visited campaign headquarters with Bob Wagner, our New York chair. I explained to the staff the primary methods that had proved so successful. I then gave three press interviews and did a radio show. Then I went to the New York Democratic Luncheon Club and addressed around seven hundred people. After that, I squeezed in another three press interviews. Then I went down to the fur district to visit various furriers, did another radio show, and finally headed to the airport.

Alan Baron surprised me as I checked the flight information for Seattle. Once aboard, he confided, "I was hoping the press didn't get here first. We found another bug in the suite today."

Supposedly the FBI was sweeping our Washington offices for listening devices every week or two. He said, "Spencer Oliver has been suspicious, and he decided we ought to unscrew the phones today. There was a bug in his phone."

Among other things, Spencer was the liaison for the state chairs. We never knew whether the FBI failed to search thoroughly or if that bug had been placed there later. Possibly by the Anybody *but* McGovern people, we speculated, or by the Nixon campaign.

Alan added, "We didn't know what to do. We haven't released it to the press yet. We were waiting until you were on the plane, but the FBI, is in there checking. We have observers with them."

"Are you sure it's a bug?" I asked.

"We are sure it is a bug in Spencer's phone."

"Did you call the McGovern campaign and tell them what had happened?"

"No, we decided we'd wait until you could talk to George at the same time, or at least before Larry does."

Once again the listening device had been found in DNC headquarters, and I happened to be chair. When I reached Seattle, I held a press conference on this discovery without leveling any accusations. Of course, Larry was upset all over again.

The Washington state campaign committee had organized a one-thousand dollar dinner for eight o'clock Pacific time, followed by a cocktail party that let out at eleven o'clock (two in the morning by my body's clock). Then I learned that I would spend the night with a large contributor who helped put the Good Ship Hope project together. A major art collector, he had invited a few people to join us at a midnight supper. By the time I got to bed, it was five o'clock in the morning by my time. However I was well fed and rejoicing over the promise of a large check.

When I awoke in Seattle, I caught a plane for breakfast in Portland and a press conference. I then flew to San Francisco for a luncheon, followed by a staff meeting at our headquarters there. I then flew to Los Angeles for a fundraising cocktail party in Hollywood. Knowing I enjoyed playing bridge, Alan Baron asked former world champion Albert Sheinwold to set up at bridge party that evening. We played from ten until one in the morning. The next morning I caught an early flight back to Washington, D.C.

On another trip, I stopped in Chicago to meet with Mayor Daley. I gave an airport speech in Colorado; it ran so late that I had to switch planes and thus found no one to meet me when I debarked in Las Vegas. I made my way to a cocktail party for major contributors and the party hierarchy. The next morning included a breakfast with labor leaders followed by a speech at noon. Next I flew to Los Angeles and addressed thousands of people at the Disneyland auditorium.

The next day I visited the Imperial Valley to support a Hispanic congressional candidate and then traveled south to San Diego. Then we went on down to San Diego where real estate developer Larry Lawrence had gathered party leaders and donors for a banquet at his Hotel Del

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Charles Nabors, Shirley MacLaine, Jean Westwood, and Wayne Owens at a campaign event, September 1972.

Coronado. Next, a longtime friend from Price, Paulette Bertot, threw a fundraising cocktail party for her liberal crowd. Then I was off to Santa Fe to give a speech before traveling north to Farmington, New Mexico, to attend Dick's two-day family reunion. Finally, Dick, Beth, and I drove to the Salt Lake Valley for another fundraiser, with Shirley MacLaine as the honored guest. Beth and Vern had returned to Provo while he worked on a master's degree in accounting at Brigham Young University.

Within the leadership of the Democratic Party, we called this whirl of campaign activity "Jean's course"—saving the party as opposed to simply promoting McGovern's campaign. My head swam from the continual round of activity.

Bella Abzug and certain other members of the women's caucus believed I should keep them posted on all my activities, especially those targeted toward the advancement of women. On the day after the Shriver nomination I had arranged for them to meet with McGovern and then with me. I did the same for the leadership of various groups, ranging from the Young Democrats to African Americans, and from party officials to the varied Latino population. Each became a formal caucus within the party,

and many survived beyond the 1972 election. Unfortunately, some later became quite divisive within the party structure due to their treatment by succeeding DNC chairs.

I, also encouraged a group of young computer experts to help McGovern. My experience with Ted Moss's campaign, using the University of Utah computer to compile party lists, now proved valuable. I asked them to arrange the 1970 census data into a form that could be easily used by political campaigns. No one had ever done this before.

This group included both students and graduate students with access to computers. They compiled a breakdown of fourteen variables by congressional district, and within congressional district in four-block districts. These then could be used to tailor literature and to plan door-to-door and telephone calls to bring out the vote. We gave a copy to each congressional representative and each governor. As a result, in 1972 we elected more new congressional members than had been elected by Democrats for a long time. Of course another big group followed the Watergate scandal in 1974. Many officeholders told me that this information made the difference in winning their elections. Although Bob Strauss tossed the information when he became chair, Dorothy Lynch sent her copy to a polling firm.

All in all, we did some very good things despite the difficulties of the 1972 presidential campaign. I tried to create ways for the DNC to better serve state parties even as I campaigned, raised funds, and answered questions. Increasingly, questions about the Watergate burglary increased, yet President Nixon and his aides rode above the suspicion. Indicted were James McCord, security chief for the Committee to Reelect the President (and formerly an employee of the Central Intelligence Agency); CRP attorney Gordon Liddy; Howard Hunt, a recent White House consultant and a former CIA employee; and four men of Cuban descent.

As he sent "the Watergate seven" off to jail, Judge John J. Sirica seemed as unhappy as we were about all the unanswered questions. Senator Ralph Yarbrough, of Texas, tried to bring the scandal to the floor of the Senate, but his motion became stymied in committee. Pre-election polls showed that most Americans neither knew nor cared about Watergate, and Nixon declared an extensive investigation at an end.

On the positive side, Godfrey Sperling of the *Christian Science Monitor*, hosted an off-the-record press breakfast in Washington, pulling in the top twenty or thirty reporters. They asked what was going on in the campaign—when would I appoint a new delegate selection commission? When would the executive committee meet? As chair, what were my plans? Some favorable responses resulted from that breakfast.

In fact, the National Press Club asked me to speak at their opening fall lunch—the first woman ever accorded this honor! Not even female reporters and editors breached the club in those days. I wrote a draft for that male bastion, and then Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird Johnson's former press secretary, polished it. I had some serious things to say, but Liz turned them lighthearted. Amid the laughter, they coughed up a Press Club tie, printed with old telegraph keys. In anticipation I wore a white shirt with a mannish tie. I even asked Dick to teach me how to tie the symbol of male dominance so I could don it expertly. The luncheon turned out to be great fun. Understandably the press women were furious that, despite my incursion, they remained banned from the National Press Club's annual roast. That evening they threw their own dinner, and I took part in that too.

Amid all this I needed to name the next Reform Commission, within sixty days of the convention, and the Charter Commission before the end of the year. I knew the opposition was gunning for me and trying to place its own people on these committees. Bill Dodds and Alan Baron worked on identifying good prospects, and I persuaded Leonard Woodcock, of the United Auto Workers, to cochair the Reform Commission. The unions wanted him back in the AFL-CIO, so I figured they would have a hard time opposing him as chair. I asked Barbara Mikulski from Baltimore (a future senator from Maryland, but then utterly unknown except within her tough, urban area) to serve as cochair.

The way I saw it, the only person in the entire country that all factions would accept to head the Charter Commission was Duke University President Terry Sanford. Formerly a governor of North Carolina, Sanford had authored a book that discussed the balance between state and federal government, and he had been a minor presidential candidate. I figured that he had the right credentials and held my breath as I dialed his number.

"I'll do it," he said. (I think he was flattered.) "But," he added, "I have to get permission from Duke, and then I want two things from you."

"What are those?"

"If you don't stay as DNC chair, will you serve on the Charter Commission?"

"If I lose this chair, I may not have a way to be on the Charter Commission."

"Well, I'll threaten to resign if you are not, so I think you'll stay on. I may run for the presidency again in 1976. Will you give me, in writing, a commitment to manage my campaign?"

I didn't think he knew I would have promised my left eye to have him chair the Charter Commission. We were not yet friends, but I had admired him ever since he pulled in Humphrey to speak in Salt Lake City.

Because balance mattered to me personally, and to the future of the party, I did not try to load these bodies with liberals. Within the sixty days mandated, I named the required fifty members of the delegate selection committee; they were as diverse as Ken Bode, a member of the earlier commission, Jane Byrne, Mayor Daley's aide and—surprise!—his successor. I appointed members who were old and young, men and women, racial minorities, liberals, conservatives, and new reformers. Maybe it was a mistake but I named nearly as many individuals who wanted to oust me as chair as those who wanted me to stay.

In mid-September I sent a detailed report of the DNC's activities and departments. I held an executive committee meeting to decide on procedures and timing for filling all the executive committee seats, including the election of twenty-five members-at-large. We set a date for the next DNC meeting, required before the year's end. I assigned staff to call every significant Democrat to solicit names for the Charter Commission. I then asked each staff member to write goals for the next four years. I knew, of course, that if we lost the election, the proverbial wolves would slaver around me as DNC chair.

All autumn McGovern held to a brutal campaign schedule; at one time or another, Kennedy, Humphrey, and Muskie hitched a ride in his plane, as did a variety of speech writers, celebrities, and the candidates' personal and traveling staff. The issues were barely mentioned by televised news analysts, and Nixon held only one press conference—and then he mainly attacked McGovern. Even the investigative Watergate stories in the gutsy *Washington Post* seemed to stall.

We knew we lagged behind Nixon. McGovern decided to hold a fireside chat on October 9, the fourth anniversary of Nixon's pledge to end the war during his first administration. McGovern explained, point by point, how he would end the war. His speech raised $1.5 million, and the campaign found its wheels. McGovern also gave two thirty-minute television speeches, one on the economy and the other on Watergate and corruption. He also presented the latter speech to the editors of the United Press International (UPI).

Incurable optimists all, we believed we still had a chance—until Secretary of State Henry Kissinger gave his televised speech, "Peace Is at Hand." With it, he erased our fervent issues of corruption and needless war from many viewers' and voters' minds.

In the last few weeks of the campaign, I traveled to Maine, at Senator George Mitchell's request, to support Muskie's Senate campaign against Margaret Chase Smith. We flew in a small plane from one small town on the St. Lawrence River to the next along the Canadian border. Four or five cars met us, along with a marching band from the United States and another from Canada. We paraded into town and entered the high school gym for the speech and a barbecue. So successful was the short parade that we had to repeat it—twice!

On election night most of the staff traveled to South Dakota to be with the McGoverns. However each political party traditionally hosted a big reception in a Washington hotel, not only for the public and the press, but also to honor congressional staffs and the DNC. Sargent and Eunice Shriver opted to play host with me. Our telephone and database system resembled those the networks used a decade later, so we tracked the presidential and state races all night. It became increasingly difficult to keep a cheerful face as McGovern lost state after state, but we cheered other races. Both Sarge and I made speeches off and on all night, including final concession speeches.

I had agreed to appear on the *Today* show, with Douglas Kiker, first thing the following morning. The studio was a mess from the night before, but the technicians led us to a single shiny desk. Then came hard questions about where the campaign went wrong, as well as predictions for the party's future. Would I stay on as chair? Did I have a chance to hold my position? If so, what would I do with the party in the next four years?

Only two days after we lost the election Morton Kondrake, of the *Chicago Sun Times,* announced an organized fight to remove me as DNC chair and to elect Bob Strauss in my place. During that same week, Bob asked me out to lunch. He told me he was going to run for my position and asked me to voluntarily resign.

I already knew I would have to fight to stay as chair. There had been times in the past when chairs served only through the campaign and then voluntarily resigned. There had been times when no meeting was held until March or April, and then the chair voluntarily resigned, was reelected, or fought to stay on.

Paul Butler (my model as DNC chair) had waged such a fight. No one, in my opinion, had done more to make the party effective and responsive to state and local parties. When Adlai Stevenson lost to Dwight Eisenhower, a huge effort arose to oust Butler—intellectuals were out, war heroes in. But a group who could see that the party would fare better if Butler stayed on organized a campaign and kept him in.

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Photo by Dev O'Neill.

Jean Westwood speaks to the press on election night, November 1972.

Earlier, I had mentioned this to Paul Ziffren, becoming known as a "king-maker" in California. Paul called to say, "We know all the forces you've got against you, but we'll raise some money to try to help you stay in."

Once the election was over, I was so exhausted that I wanted a quick resolution, so the next DNC meeting was slated for December 9. First, Dick and I flew to Orlando, Florida, to relax at the home of a friend and spend some time on the golf course. Even there, registered at the club house under pseudonyms, I was recognized. The power of television was truly incredible. After five lovely days, we returned to Washington and my campaign to remain DNC chair.

With the help of my main staff, I sent out a set of proposals for post-election operation *if I stayed in.* I met with the congressional campaign committees, majority leaders, and so on. Dick went home for a while and then returned with his sister Dorothy, who wanted to do a little sightseeing.

Some campaign staff left, of course, but a group of young men and women came from all areas of the country and found lodging. They

began to telephone every DNC member, and they began counting votes. Bill Dodds called "good" labor individuals to encourage the effort. Millie Jeffrey had a group calling "good" women members, we called the "good" African Americans, and so on. I have never forgotten the generosity of their hard work.

The rest of the country seemed to pause. The trial for the Watergate seven had been postponed until after the inaugural, and so the media focused on my fight to remain DNC chair. George McGovern remained silent, offering no help at all. Indeed he was not even paying much attention to what was going on. Gary Hart was so distraught over McGovern's loss that he had trouble focusing on anything else. Frank Mankiewicz was interested, and Eli Segal came from New York to work with Alan Baron. A press strike was on, so I didn't dare cross the picket lines. Several union heads escorted Strauss through the lines while I contemplated what a good Republican Strauss theoretically might make! Wishful thinking. By the first of December it was evident that the vote for DNC chair was going to be close.

Then the determination wavered among my supporters. Folks on congressional staffs really liked me, they said, but they wanted to ease the pressure they felt from the other side. A plan was proposed by Andy Manatos, who worked in the congressional post office committee (and was the son of Mike Manatos, who had called me out of my first DNC meeting).

Andy even asked, "Would you consider being cochair with Bob Strauss?"

"What would that mean?"

"You'd divide the authority."

"Who would be the first?"

"Oh, Strauss would be the first. You would be the second one."

Perhaps I should have accepted this offer for second voice, second vote. But I did not believe that my opposition would allow me any power once things settled down. The reformers would say I had deserted our reform program. So, I turned the idea down.

Next, some of my own staff—especially Alan Baron and Eli Segal—floated another plan. Perhaps I would lose, and then our reforms might also be lost. Maybe we should run someone who was more neutral but who favored the reforms.

"Whom do you have in mind?"

They suggested either Senator George Mitchell from Maine or Charles Manett (a future DNC chair) from California. I crunched the numbers

with my youthful staff, and it appeared I would win over either—but by a narrow margin.

We choreographed the first DNC meeting like a play. The first motion would be an up and down vote on whether I should vacate the chair. Frank Mankiewicz wanted me to focus on winning that motion. We discussed running Sargent Shriver against Strauss, if I could not win. Already I could see that our thinking up alternatives was softening my support. Even my staff members were beginning to visualize life after Westwood.

Next, the southern governors, under the leadership of Jimmy Carter, announced they were backing Strauss—and Cal Rampton was joining them.

So I called Cal to see if this was true.

"I don't approve of all you have done," he said, "but I can't do that to you." He released a statement saying that he would play no part in the "dump Westwood" camp.

The Democratic governors slated a full meeting, in St. Louis, Missouri, on December 3, just six days before the DNC meeting. The governors invited Strauss but did not invite me. At this point, my staff suggested that I offer to resign if Strauss also would back down. More positively, perhaps, my staff further suggested that I fly to St. Louis and crash the governors' party.

Some tough ex-Humphrey guards followed us everywhere, and rumors flew that they would try to rough me up. Hubert, of course, did not condone any of this. He had gone abroad to avoid a different fray. When I established a committee to consider better ways to choose a vice president, I asked Hubert to be chair—a move our opponents resisted. Muskie stated publicly that the DNC should not dump me, and a lot of moderates stayed with me, or at least stayed out of the fight. But our opponents put immense pressure on elected officials, promising funds for their next elections.

To prepare for battle, Dorothy Lyons and I went shopping. I selected a fashionable, bright green sheath dress and had my hair arranged by Washington's fanciest hairdresser. Then we boarded a plane. As we flew, Wynne wrote a press release and a speech to be given at the governors' meeting.

When I crashed the governors' meeting, I did not get a promising reception. They allowed me to speak, and I explained why I felt they would completely finish destroying the party if they inflamed the bitter wounds. For one thing, ousting me immediately after the election

meant rejecting the half of the party who had worked and voted for McGovern. I reminded them that I had worked with all of them in winning other elections.

Senator John Glenn, the astronaut from Ohio, led a vanguard in my favor. But Governor Rampton stayed silent. I later learned that he did not speak against me, but neither did he speak *for* me, which would have made an immense difference. In any event, the governors did not vote to support me.

Val Boothe, the state vice chair from Brigham City, told me that between the governors' meeting and the DNC meeting she was pressured by officeholders—except for Ted Moss and Wayne Owens—to vote against me. She lost her own office by supporting me. Wayne Black and John Klas not only voted against me, they campaigned against me in other states. The visible reality that my home state did not unite in my favor did real damage.

Yet some good news filtered in of unexpected support. For instance, Jane Byrne told me that Mayor Daley had decided their large membership would support me because they thought they could work with me. They were rejecting McGovern and the reforms, so apparently some rejection I felt was not directed toward me personally. Two days before the meeting, McGovern spoke up. He did not call me the hero of the Democratic convention. He said the reforms were the most important thing.

"What does that mean?" I asked Frank, Alan, and Eli.

Eli said, "Well, maybe we ought to start looking. If you don't have the votes, who should we run instead?" Again the names of Mitchell and Manett were raised. Eli posed the question, "Who could we count on to save the reforms, if you can't win?"

"Well, if you start that kind of thinking, I already have lost," I said. "You are looking for symbols. You are essentially saying that you don't think I can win and, therefore, you're adopting a second position. The people you mentioned are all McGovernites."

"Yeah, but they're male," he said, "and they have more position within their own states. California, particularly, is a big state, and they want to run Manett. They may mount their own campaign if we don't support them."

"How about if we run Sarge Shriver," Frank Mankiewicz said—again.

So I could see the erosion.

The day before the full meeting was busy. Slated were a large number of votes on at-large nominees, the executive committee, and so on. Both

sides, their backers, and the media turned up in force. My staff and I ran all the meetings, made all the hotel arrangements, and so forth. Everyone seemed to have become a lobbyist. Old labor had packed the hotel with caucuses against me. African Americans clustered, and so did Latino women, liberal unions, and various reform groups.

I heard that Lucy Redd, who preceded me as Utah's national committeewoman, now was lobbying against me, especially among southern women. They were rejecting McGovern and his reforms—and I was McGovern's person (although you wouldn't know it by his long silence followed by his nonendorsement). In an odd way, I again tried to convince myself, this was not exactly a rejection of *me.* Dorothy Bush, the national secretary, had a vote, and she would cast it for me. By my calculations, I would win by about twenty votes.

Nick Kostopulos had served as an aide to national chairs since the time of John Bailey. He supported the chair, whoever she—or he—might be. Nick couldn't vote, but he said, "You can win this if you tough it out, and I'm going to help you." He made many calls, learned what our opponents were doing, and reported back. "It is killing you to have your own McGovern people call around to ask what to do if we lose."

He was soon proven right. About nine o'clock that night, Jane Byrne came to my suite. She said, "I've got to call the mayor. If I find out that your own people are out hunting other people to run if you lose, I don't know if I can hold the mayor." She added, "I want to support you, but you know him. If you aren't tough enough to hold it yourself, we can't stay with you."

So I went in and talked to the McGovern group, and asked, "Do you know what you are doing?" They backed off for the rest of that night, but they had already finished me off by wavering—by not being solidly behind me.

Still, I had an absolute count after talking personally to every delegate. I knew those I couldn't count on sticking. I also ran nine checks of my figures from different directions.

Bill Dodds's calculations differed. He came in and said, "All right. We still have it by four votes, but you have a real problem. The black caucus knows that Illinois is hesitating. You've got to go to the black caucus and talk to them because one of the major black caucus figures has been promised all the money in the world for his next campaign if he moves his vote. If he moves, you probably have two others who also are going to move."

So I lost three votes. While some might abstain on the first vote to measure my strength, the vote really would be absolutely even. We were

supposed to have 303 members casting 234 votes. Of these, 150 were apportioned by the same formula as convention committees under the new rules, a combination of population and democratic votes. There had been a great deal of argument and hard feeling over this attempt to make the DNC a little closer to the one-man/one-vote ruling instead of the traditional one-man/one-woman from each state.

For example, New York and California each had ten people casting ten votes, Pennsylvania seven, Illinois six, Michigan and Texas five, and Massachusetts four. Most other states had two votes, a man and a woman, who were the closest thing to the old committeeman and committeewoman. In a few cases, they shared one vote.

There was a second category of fifty-two votes from states and territories, plus the party chair and vice chair each had a half vote. Then there were seven votes allocated to elected officials (this group has increased over the years). Finally there were to be twenty-five at-large members elected to provide balanced representation where it was lacking. However, this election had been put off until after the election of the chair. Of the 209 votes available for the chair, there were a few abstentions. I did not plan to vote. If Bill had counted right, I had 103.5 votes and Strauss had 99.5. If I lost those black votes, I could vote, as chair, to break the tie but it would be a political disaster.

As Bill Dodds urged, I went to talk with the black caucus. They said, "Listen, we're not going to let you know for a couple of hours. We're going to have a black caucus meeting." Within it some people spoke passionately on my behalf, saying, "We made her a member of the black caucus. She brought us all this power and accountability."

The whole matter resolved into a terrible offer: I could win by three votes, so that I didn't have to step down in shame, *if* I would then turn around and resign. I called my reform staffers together and said, "Do I take this offer, or do I just lose?"

They said, "Go ahead and run the vote through. Win by the three votes. Everybody will know the traitors because we'll make sure they know. We can't win, but this is the best we can give our people." Bill was crying.

Nick disagreed. "You will have resigned when you didn't need to."

Regardless, I had to continue running the meeting until it was time for the vote, and then I handed the gavel to Basil Paterson. He couldn't get the African Americans to change. Also, I lost some votes because Strauss offered Carolyn Wilkins, of Oregon, the office of vice chair. He even said he would make her a cochair if Oregon voted for him.

I won the vote to keep the chair; and then I resigned.

My honor was about all I had left because the reform movement could not sustain me in office. McGovern had vanished. His supporters were discouraged and trailing every which way. Basil continued to run the meeting.

I refused to run again and went upstairs. The reformers nominated too many people, including Manett, Mitchell, and O'Brien, splitting the reform vote until Strauss won. They tried to have a reform candidate bow out so they could run a single candidate against Strauss, but no one would. Ironically Strauss was elected by fewer votes than I gleaned to stay put. Some people left or abstained. Still, in the end, he won.

With the committee members distracted, Strauss bent the rules far enough to add members to both the commissions. Later in the day, word came to me in my room that he had added me to the Charter Commission. I wasn't lonely. My room felt a little like Grand Central Station, with committee members wanting to express their support and reporters wanting to interview me. But I was completely exhausted. And completely devastated.

Finally, at about seven o'clock, Marie and Nick said, "You know, if you are going to do anything in the future, you'd better get over to the committee offices and start packing your papers."

We worked until well after midnight. We didn't even have boxes available. I really thought they were panicking; why not come in the morning? Bob would be gracious and let me in to collect my files. But when we returned at eight in the morning, the doors had new locks and nobody was around to unlock them.

About three days later, I regained access to my office. Many of my papers were gone, and I couldn't check any other office. I sent boxes of key campaign papers to the National Archives, and we shipped home personal papers, including my name files.

After it all, we went home, but the tumult continued. Calls came from all over the country, both for and against my resignation. In Utah, I felt truly rejected—not by the group that included Chuck Nabors, the McGovernites, and Wayne Owens, but by the party officials whom I had supported with hard work. I had lost the position of DNC chair on a simple premise: "If your own people aren't for you, how can we resist the pressure in our states to vote for you?"

After Christmas with the family, Dick and I went to Acapulco. As the elevator doors closed in our hotel, someone said, "Oh, are you Jean Westwood? Why are you down here? Getting away from it all?"

I needed to go home and pick up my life. A life without politics. Without a mink ranch. Without a center.

But I was still a member of the DNC and at the center of the reform coalition. Strauss soon found he could not get anything through the committee. We reformers maintained a slight majority because people Strauss had pressured later snapped back to their original position. But Strauss argued that my executive committee was only an interim committee, and so a new executive committee should be chosen. I had lists ready, and we reelected most of them, but he made some changes. My list for the Charter Commission was elected, as well, but Strauss added members to it. Finally, he added officers to the executive committee. Altogether this gave him swing votes when needed.

We only had set general principles regarding delegate selection to give the states flexibility. Armed with his extra members, Strauss tried to work with the new Reform Commission under Barbara Mikulski. He had the votes to either change the rules or make them so onerous that the states would rebel.

His strategy fell flat. The commission just solidified the 1972 rules. So he put in an extra compliance committee to oversee them for the 1974 and 1976 conventions. He distributed forty pages of additional rules. Mark Siegal, who had originally worked on the Reform Commission *before* 1972, became one of the shrewdest tacticians in the Anybody *but* McGovern coalition. Mark oversaw the new rule making and enforcement. I wrote plans for both Arizona and Utah under these more onerous conditions; they proved extremely difficult to satisfy.

All in all, Strauss had a hard time controlling the DNC. Yes, I had lost the chair, but on subsequent issues I often pulled more votes than could Strauss. The reformers could win if we really worked together. So Strauss ended up having to negotiate with me, as much as he hated it, to keep the DNC functioning during the next four years.

THIRTEEN

CONCEIVING A CHARTER

I thought, when we returned to Utah late in 1972, that I would settle down to being a wife and state politician. I brought all our accounts up to date, and then we visited Beth and Vern on Kauai, where Vern worked as an accountant on a sugar plantation.

On our return, I continued to do a great deal of public speaking but not for a specific candidate. Alan Walker, of Program Corporation of America, called before we left Washington but after I resigned as chair.

He said, "You know, you're still a heroine to a lot of people. We have a demand for you, particularly among college students, but also among a lot of others who would like to hear your opinions and experiences. Would you like to go on the lecture tour?"

I thought it over and decided I would. They paid well for the 1970s—one thousand dollars per speech plus expenses—though far lower than the astronomical fees that came later. Except for Hollywood stars and authors, the only women on the lecture tour were a few top feminists such as Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan.

I could have insisted on a higher fee, but I still cared about politics. Oddly enough the party recognized the demand for me to give speeches to raise funds for political reform and to discuss the advancement of women. I reserved the right to waive a speech, or to just take expenses if it was a purely political speech and I did not want the party to have to pay the fee. Before long I considered running for office, so I prioritized my opportunities to speak in Utah. Once again, I was fitting pieces together.

Since our ranch house was being remodeled, I usually stayed with Chuck and Joanne Nabors on my Utah trips. Or, fairly often, Hank Aloia would give me a room at the Hotel Utah if there were meetings going on right down town. I flew to Salt Lake City about once a month for almost four years. The Western Airlines pilots came to know me rather well.

Usually I addressed the future of politics in general or the reforms in the Democratic Party. Sometimes I discussed the unfolding story of Watergate and its relevancy to the Nixon administration, which had begun to show signs of strain. The Equal Rights Amendment also was an important topic, as ratification in the states began, and the Religious Right and arch-conservative groups entered the fray.

One early speech was slated for the New School for Social Research in New York. I gave another at Columbia University and then seemed to hopscotch through the New York state university system. Following a speech on Long Island, I crossed over to New Jersey and met Anne Martindell and Blair Clark, who invited me to stay in their capacious home near campus. I spoke at Princeton and then went to Connecticut to speak at Yale.

Naturally I accepted speeches that would bring me to Washington for meetings of the DNC and the charter committee. I also spoke often at Utah universities and at the Utah Vote Conference. Of course I addressed the Hinckley Institute of Politics at the University of Utah, and I received an honorary degree from the College of Eastern Utah in Price. I even deviated from the state university system to fulfill a request from Brigham Young University. Once I had to take a midnight flight back home from a Charter Commission meeting in order to attend a "West Jordan Day for Jean Westwood!" I also went to Los Angeles to join Abigail McCarthy in addressing an "American Women in Public Life" conference held by the University of California in Los Angeles.

During the summer I tried to stay close to home, but my speaking schedule continued. I addressed the Utah State Bar Convention, the Taft Seminar at the University of Utah, and the Federal Credit Union. I continued to attend county conventions and put on Girls' State. Thoughts of running for office arose again when I heard that Senator Wallace Bennett would retire. At that time, there were no women serving in the United States Senate.

That autumn I addressed both the opening meeting of the Women's State Legislative Council and the state AFL-CIO convention. Then the National Order of Women Legislators met in Salt Lake City, and I gave the keynote speech. The Municipal League, the Utah City and County Officers Convention, and the Utah Education Association lined up next.

In Los Angeles a Western States Democratic Conference held hearings on charter proposals, so I attended that. In the autumn Dick and I traveled to Phoenix for a week. I had been invited to speak at Arizona State

University, attend a women's caucus reception that night, and then travel south to Tucson to speak there. Since I had announced that I was seriously considering running for the Senate, some of the old McGovernites held fundraisers for me. One was organized by Ken and Anne Tollackson, who recently had married. Dick met Ken that night, and they hit it off immediately. We became a close and frequent foursome.

What fun it was to again open a campaign office in a home we still owned in downtown Salt Lake City. This campaign was mine! Soon we had two volunteers working almost full time. Washington sources promised me impressive funding, so I felt optimistic as I launched a campaign for an office few women had tried.

When we returned home from Arizona, we realized that Dick's mother had a tree full of apples no one had been willing—and able—to pick for her. Dick found a long ladder and undertook the task. He had nearly finished, but while reaching for the last feasible apple, the ladder slipped and Dick fell. His mother screamed for me. Luckily I remembered the drill from his previous injury in Hawaii. We slid a pillow under his head, and I called the ambulance. Once again he was paralyzed.

As soon as I knew he would survive and that eventually he would regain at least some use of his legs, I wrote a press release dropping out of the Senate race. The best press coverage I ever received from the Mormon-owned *Deseret News* was an editorial praising me for placing my husband's welfare ahead of my own ambition. Already I had agreed to give nine speeches, so I postponed them until Dick became well enough for me to fill those commitments. There was no longer any rush to burnish my campaign image.

After three weeks Dick began pool therapy at the University of Utah Hospital. He attempted to come home for Thanksgiving, but could not bear the cold in our half-remodeled home. During the next ten days, while he returned to the hospital, I gave all the speeches I could and took the opportunity to visit our friends, the Zimmermans, in Wisconsin. When I returned, the doctors told me that Dick could be released to a therapy center in a locale that was warm in the winter. His nerves that detected temperature were so damaged that he could not endure trips from home to therapy sessions during the coming winter.

The doctors recommended Phoenix or Los Angeles. We felt a connection to Dr. Sam Colachis, in Phoenix. My friend Argie Macris, who had helped me in so many campaigns, was a goddaughter to Sam's mother-in-law, who had grown up in Price with my mother. Practically family! So we went to Phoenix.

Sam and Mary Colachis met us at the plane, helped us find a house to rent, and invited us to dinner on the first Sunday after we arrived. They also invited Bruce and Dorothy Whitney, introducing them with, "Here are a couple of old Carbon County people. They'll help you not feel so lonesome down here." Bruce and Dorothy proved marvelous during that year, helping to care for Dick when I was gone. Bruce also took Dick out to try one or two holes of golf when he felt well enough. Bruce had been mining superintendent at Globe Miami, and they had just retired to Scottsdale. Dorothy was a very active Democrat. We also appreciated neighbors such as Jane Wesch and Walter, her new husband, as well as retired New York attorney Fred Rich and his wife, Flora.

We already were friends with Jim and Judy Walsh, who had worked on the McGovern campaign, along with Jack and Dunny Phelps. Years before, Mary Ellen Simonson had helped me run the Salt Lake City office; she moved to Phoenix during the McGovern years and worked for the attorney general. She married a young attorney from Washington, D.C., Bruce Meyerson, who became the first director for the Center for Law in the Public Interest in Arizona. Mary Ellen worked in Bruce Babbitt's successful campaign for governor, and then worked in the governor's office. After getting her law degree, she joined the largest law firm in Arizona.

We also became friends with Bob and Danielle Haygood. Bob once had roomed with Chuck Nabors—better known as Dr. Charles Nabors on the faculty of the University of Utah Medical School. Chuck had aided every campaign and party reform in Utah. Bob taught psychology at Arizona State University in nearby Tempe.

Once Dick was able to drive himself to the hospital for therapy, Mother came to stay with him so that I could continue my speaking tour and return to Utah for state political meetings. As Dick improved over the next year, he sometimes traveled with me. We drove from Phoenix to Las Vegas for the convention of the Petroleum Retailers Association. There he could play cards while I spoke!

While in Utah, I helped form a new association for the study of outlaws and lawmen in the West. John Stewart, a cousin, and Robert Redford personally invited me to join in. Who could refuse Robert Redford? Besides, I was genuinely interested in Utah history, so I joined the founding board as treasurer and helped raise their initial funding.

I also developed a popular speech about the Equal Rights Amendment, the history of suffrage, and the existence of a clause almost identical to the ERA in the Utah Constitution. Sentiment for equal rights for women was repressed for a time after the nineteenth amendment, passed in

1920, granted suffrage. Then in 1972, twenty-two states ratified the ERA as soon as it passed Congress. When I spoke in 1974, I did not foresee all the resistance that would arise by the decade's end.

I spoke at a university in Kansas City and then granted media interviews. By the time I broke away, I had missed my plane to Chicago and had to take the next flight to Washington, D.C., for meetings of the DNC and the Charter Commission. When I again missed my connection in Chicago, I faced a four-hour wait. As I strolled down the concourse I came upon Jane Byrne, the longtime aide to Mayor Richard Daley. (In 1979 she would be elected mayor.)

Jane said, "Oh, are you on your way to the meeting?"

"Yes, but I have a four-hour wait." I explained my missed connections.

"Well, I think the plane you originally were going to take has been delayed. At least I'm on one to Washington that leaves in about fifteen minutes. Come on."

I laughed and said, "What can you accomplish in fifteen minutes?"

"They're still boarding a few passengers. You rest your feet for a minute. I'm going to talk to the desk agent."

In about three minutes the ticket agent asked, "Is there a Mrs. Westwood waiting to get on this plane?"

I introduced myself, and he said, "We have your seat."

"But my luggage is on the other plane, I'm sure."

"Oh, we'll get it delivered to the hotel," said Jane. "Come on."

Off I went to the first class section, and there sat Eunice Shriver. The flight attendants shifted passengers around so that we could all sit together. Eunice was returning from Wisconsin, where she had visited her sister Rosemary in a care center.

Between 1972 and 1976 I remained Utah's committeewoman and worked with all the various reform groups we had put in place. I was elected vice president of Americans for Democratic Action, joined the oversight national committee for the National Women's Political Caucus, and participated in the separate women's caucus we organized within the DNC. I also sat on the board of the Women's Educational Action League and various other reform groups. I flew home to Arizona two or three times each month during the winter and then moved Dick to Utah so I could assist with state Democratic affairs.

During the first winter following Dick's injury, we rented a home in Scottsdale, then purchased a small condominium to serve as a winter home. Dick felt he could live in Washington, D.C., and so I still hoped

to run for Congress. When Wayne Owens decided to run for the Senate seat I first had my eye on, that meant his House seat would be vacant. We kept open my campaign office in downtown Salt Lake City. When the remodeling on our ranch house was complete, we settled in and I began to campaign for a seat in Congress.

In late May we drove to the Uinta Basin, where I addressed two county conventions. On the way home we stopped at our mountain cabin, and Rick and Jeneil drove up to join us. I was sitting in an old rocking chair when my two little grandchildren, Neal and Dodi, both jumped on my lap at once. The chair rocked back so far that I hit my head against the window sill. I had a terrific headache, but I had felt rather flu-ish beforehand, so I laid it to that. The next day we drove to Heber, where I made another speech. We then hurried home because pollster Patrick Caddell was arriving the next day to meet with Wayne Owens and me and bringing along the results of a joint poll.

My headache continued to the point I could hardly see, but I drove to the airport to meet Pat. He later said I was not even coherent. We decided he would catch a cab into the city to meet with Wayne while I drove home. The road seemed to narrow by the minute. I had to pull over three or four times before I finally drove into our garage. Somehow I got out of the car and into our breezeway, but as I started up the steps into the house I passed out. I bumped against the door and then collapsed on the concrete steps.

I ended up in the hospital with a double concussion, drifting in and out of consciousness for the next several weeks, only to learn I must spend at least a month in bed at home, with full time help and therapy. I was forbidden any stressful work, including politics, for at least two years.

Between Dick's accident and mine, it seemed that God was telling me I wasn't supposed to run for office. I threw all my support, including my staff and research, to an ardent young supporter whom I really liked, Allen Howe. A couple of weeks after I left the hospital, I breached my doctor's orders to attend the 1974 state nominating convention to urge support for Wayne and for Allen. And then I spent most of that summer and fall resting, as I had been told to do. This gave me plenty of time to ponder events since my defeat as the DNC chair.

For the last two years I had worked hard with the Charter Commission, which Bob Strauss had enlarged by fifteen members. Terry Sanford served as chair, and I had strongly encouraged as vice chair a young attorney, Yvonne Braithwaite Burke, from California, the first black woman elected to the state legislature.

Then Sanford called me in West Jordan and said, "Strauss is never going to give any money to our commission—he may not even staff it well, although he'll pretend to. We need you to become treasurer and do fundraising."

"I'm not a fundraiser, Terry. Don Petrie did all my fundraising." Ironically, I thought Terry would be a good fundraiser, but he wasn't. He said, "You've got to do it, and we've got to call a meeting of the commission pretty quick."

Since this conversation occurred soon after I lost my position as chair, I didn't feel that I held much influence. But people kept calling and writing, saying "You didn't really lose, you know. In spite of all the pressures the vote was really a tie. Please don't let the reforms die."

Terry said, "Becoming treasurer would be the most visible position that you could have for the next several years, while the Charter Commission is working. You are the one who put together the coalition to pass the amendment that created this commission, and you talked me into being chair. I don't want to finish appointing the executive committee until I meet with you. We may be able to undo some of Strauss's maneuvering if we get the right executive committee." Terry favored appointing all liberals.

I said, "If you do, we'll lose votes when we go to the full commission. Let's pick the right people to help us reach the moderates in the other group."

I met with Strauss and said, "Okay, what does it mean to be treasurer of the Charter Commission? The national convention ruled that the DNC is to support the charter. I will take it to the full committee if you don't start giving us that support."

I decided to accept the position of treasurer. Bob publicly agreed to finance us but kept withholding funds. We drew up a detailed budget for staff and hearings and then submitted it to Eric Jaffe, the DNC's comptroller. We were required to keep exact expense accounts yet waited endlessly to be reimbursed. I spent a lot of time calling my liberal friends to raise enough money to keep the staff paid.

We held two organizing meetings in Washington to discuss the charter. Then we held hearings around the country by region and sometimes by state, with the nearby Charter Commission members presiding and recording the discussion in Iowa, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Vermont, and Maine. In July we met in Colorado for a regional hearing, where we voted on our recommendation to the DNC on the size, composition, and manner of electing delegations to the 1974 charter convention. In

each of these hearings state and local party people and officers expressed their views regarding the Democratic Party. They covered the rules guiding state and national party affairs, ways to handle issues and fundraising, and the specific help state parties needed. No party rules existed on either side of the ticket. We also began our preliminary discussions on the terms of the charter.

Many voted to turn our party system into a quasi-parliamentary system even though the Constitution didn't call for it. This group wanted the party chair of the losing presidential candidate to speak for the party. The party would choose the issues and the candidates, leaning toward the parliamentary, European style. Either interim conferences, or the DNC, would choose candidates who supported the party's views. I was amazed at the frequency with which this parliamentary perspective was raised.

The other extreme, which included most of the industrial unions, wanted to return to the pre-1968 system, when elected and party officials appointed delegates to the national convention. They wanted the DNC to avoid issues except when elected officials directed the committee to lend support. They did not favor a charter at all; since one had been imposed, they suggested making the DNC function as a support in research, fundraising, and technical advice for the candidates. The DNC chair would work with office holders and major donors, with elected officials speaking for the party when necessary.

The commission decided it needed an executive and a drafting committee. We were bound by the convention to begin with the Fraser proposals, and we struggled for two years through myriad meetings. I became a negotiator along with a couple of members on the opposite side. We met to discuss a proposed plank and took recesses almost by consent. During a recess the reformers would cluster in one room while the Strauss people gathered in another. The moderates sometimes met with one group, sometimes with the other. The reformers and the Strauss group were nearly equal in power, so there was always the threat that a prevailing view might later lose at the full convention.

I would try to get the ardent liberals to modify our position. I then met with Tom Foley, later the House majority leader, and/or Jake Clayman from the AFL-CIO, or Helmuth Kern from the Amalgamated Meat Cutters. Often I was accompanied by Chuck Manett from California or Bob Dreyfuss from New York or Hodding Carter from Mississippi. When asked, I also met with journalists.

After a year of hearings and meetings we had compiled a tentative charter for a drafting committee. I felt there were still two things wrong

with our charter, which contained individual articles but no coherent theme. We needed a preamble to state the general purposes of the party. I wrote one but wasn't satisfied with it. Hodding Carter took my ideas and wrote a stirring preamble, which we adopted.

Then came: "The Democratic Party of the United States shall nominate and assist in the election of candidates and adopt and promote statements of policy." We argued over the wording because some felt the party should be the policy voice while others believed the party to be a technical apparatus. Next, the party "should support candidates and assist state and local Democratic organization. It should establish standards and rules of procedure, criteria for participation in the party, raise and disperse moneys, and work with Democratic public officials at all levels."

Major disagreements still raged over the remainder of the articles. We scheduled a meeting in August for a final vote on the draft we would present to the December charter convention. Some members resigned, and Strauss appointed new members who would favor his recommendations. We didn't think he legally could do that, but he did. Meanwhile, our committee worked on its tentative draft.

My concussion occurred in June, so I was not present at the August meeting. I felt that the reformers lost ground. At the convention we had decided on at least one mid-term conference in 1974, in order to ratify the charter and to discuss other policy matters.

In late September, I filled a few speaking commitments. Slowly I began participating in ways still banned by my doctor.

The members of the executive committee of the Charter Commission had voted themselves to be the rules committee for that convention. We tried to change a few things in the preceding weeks. For one thing, we tried to bring the selection of delegates to the Charter Commission under the reform rules. That way there would be more party people involved instead of those who were candidates. A full two-thirds had to come from local precincts or county parties, with the other third from state parties or elected officials. We ended up with almost every member of Congress wanting to participate. We met in mid-December in Kansas City, Missouri.

In many ways Strauss showed his bias against me at this convention. The printed program did not list me as a member of the executive committee or the Charter Commission. A number of times I was denied the microphone and even entrance to the VIP room. Cal Rampton finally began getting the microphone and handing it to me. He also escorted

me into the VIP room. The situation became so blatantly ridiculous that finally Rampton, Ted Moss, and Wayne Owens approached Strauss. They reminded him that I was treasurer of the Charter Commission, a DNC member, and a past national chair. After that, Strauss eased up a little.

The executive committee, which was renamed the Committee on Amendments and Rules, had met practically around the clock for five days before the convention started. We still ended up with six minority reports to be voted on by the full convention.

The night before the convention opened, a reception was held at the Harry Truman Library. Members of Congress and members of the Charter Commission were invited. I didn't get out of our rules meeting until most of our people had left for the reception. I had arranged to ride with Ted and Cal, but they became impatient and went without me. Wayne Owens stayed back to drive over with me.

I hadn't managed to eat anything all day, so I definitely looked forward to the buffet. Wayne and I noted the museum exhibits as we started down the hallway toward the reception. Scoop Jackson came along, surrounded by reporters. He threw his arms around me and said, "Next time Jean is going to work for me." I said I hadn't decided where I would be.

We continued down the hallway and met George and Cornelia Wallace. He said, "How about leaning over and giving me a big kiss, Jean." I offered to shake hands, and did. Little things like this kept occurring, and reporters began to follow me, sensing controversy. Someone tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Mrs. Westwood."

I whirled around and snapped, "What?"

He said, "Oh, I'm the curator at the library, and Mrs. Truman is in the back room here. She didn't want to come out in the crowds, but there are a few people she expressed a wish to visit with. She'd very much like to see you for a few minutes."

Of course I went to visit with her, which was a thrill. The curator gave me a permanent pass to the research part of the library, and I loaned it to Wayne the next day. He spent the day researching in papers that were restricted from the general public.

Most of our priorities made it into the charter at that meeting despite Strauss's efforts. We got the judicial council, although it was somewhat weakened. We added midterm conferences, but a DNC vote would restrict what they could cover. I insisted on the writing of bylaws and then managed to shunt many of Strauss's issues into those. If the party climate ever changed, we could change the bylaws by a DNC vote, with

thirty-days notice to members. The charter also could be amended by the DNC, but that required a two-thirds vote, or a majority vote at the convention. The charter has been amended several times.

The Charter Commission met later to summarize our accomplishments. Terry Sanford said, "As far as I'm concerned, my work on the charter is over. I'm planning to run for president in 1976. When I took this position of chair, I conned Jean into promising to help that effort, and I expect her to live up to that promise."

"I will help," I promised again, "but I don't know in what capacity."

I then dropped the subject and went home to Phoenix.

FOURTEEN

THE SANFORD CAMPAIGN

Our instant circle of close friends in Phoenix also formed a cohesive group eager to work in liberal Democratic politics. Despite our ties to Utah, Dick and I focused on becoming "snowbirds" in Arizona—the local term for winter residents. My current political ties already were proving interesting. I had placed Sam Goddard, a former governor of Arizona, on the Charter Commission despite resistance from other Arizonans. Ora DeConcini, currently the national committeewoman, had a daughter married to Bob Strauss, as well as two sons active in Democratic politics.

Charles Pine, the state chair, had voted against me as DNC chair, mostly because the unions leaned the other way. Mildred Larsen, a new DNC member, had voted against me too. But Sam Goddard, the new national committeeman and a major donor, had voted for me despite his support of Humphrey and Muskie and a close friendship with Rampton. When he tried to help me stay in as chair, Sam could not know that Dick and I would end up in Arizona. But he and his wife Judy became dear friends, as did John and Irene Ahearn and Bill and Alice Mahoney, who all had helped me in 1972. John headed the state industrial commission and Bill had filled an ambassadorship in Africa under JFK. He then opened a law practice in Phoenix and remained close to all the Kennedys.

Pine was not about to neglect the opportunity of having a national committeewoman and past national chair available to address state lunches and fundraisers. I immediately joined the women's political clubs and the women's caucus. I also became involved with liberal groups interested in issues.

Yet I continued to perform my main political activities from a Utah, not Arizona, base and sometimes enjoyed social events there too. I

attended a 1941 class reunion in 1975 and was thrilled to see my friend Jean Gunderson and her mother. More than 200 of the 240 graduates gathered, and we enjoyed a wonderful day. On the flip side of my activities, the Utah delegation elected me to the Rules Committee, and I accompanied them to the 1976 national convention.

During the winters, I belonged to Arizona. In 1974 Fred Duvall and Chris Hammell, still college students, had launched Bruce Babbitt's campaign for attorney general from his garage. They were both native Arizonans who had worked for the McGovern campaign in Arizona and then in California and New Mexico. They wanted me to help with the campaign. Bruce had helped a little in the McGovern campaign, so I attended some of their meetings at Bruce's home and tried to assist the campaign whenever I was there in the fall.

Meanwhile Utah's Democrats were trying to decide who ought to run for governor since Rampton would not run for a fourth term in 1976. I sat in on those meetings, including one when Wally Sandack took a couple of us out to the hallway and said, "Why don't we ask Scott Matheson if he would run, if we could draft him."

Scott, an attorney, was late to the meeting that day. Don Holbrook, a logical candidate, had battled Wayne Owens in the previous year, sustaining debt and causing a major split in the party. Perhaps Scott, who had never run for office, could run as a nonpolitician and pull the party together. We were happy when he agreed to consider tossing in his hat.

John Klas, the Democratic chair, announced the I needed to complete the Utah delegate rules so that all the comments would be collected before the 1976 mass meetings began. I told him then that I would not run again as national committeewoman although I had many kind letters asking me to stay in office. For nearly four years I had kept that office while living in Phoenix during the winters. Four years was enough. (True to my word, in 1976 Dick and I changed our voter registration and become official residents of Arizona.)

I also needed to decide how involved I should become in Terry Sanford's presidential campaign. His volunteer group paid political consultant Matt Reese for a leadership survey to assess Terry's support. In February 1975 I took part in a steering committee meeting of the tentative Terry Sanford committee to look at a campaign plan Matt had created. I knew most of the people present. Terry's chair was a former governor of West Virginia, Hulett Smith. Barbara Morgan, a young black DNC member from Washington, was treasurer; Phil Hoff, a former governor of Vermont, signed on as campaign coordinator beginning in mid-April;

Joseph Cole, of Ohio, was finance chairman, and my position was called delegate chair. The Washington office would include Smith, Hoff, me, Tony Harrington as legal counsel, and Julian Scheer as media coordinator. Sam Poole, a long time assistant to Terry, would work with him in North Carolina and coordinate with Washington. All of us, except for Phil, would work part time for expenses only, or for free. My job was assembling the lists of names, deciding on state priorities, and trying to gather name lists from other campaigns. We agreed to meet again to define our issues.

As usual, a DNC executive committee meeting preceded the full DNC meeting. Among matters to be discussed were a compliance review commission being put together by Strauss to be sure all the previous mandates were implemented. The liberals held a meeting in Chicago to discuss the charter and how they needed to defend it and make sure Strauss lived up to it. I was asked to speak at the liberal meeting. I was no longer a member of the DNC executive committee. However, I sat in on their meeting, when we reached Washington, and passed notes to Arnie Alperstein, Colorado's national committeeman; George Mitchell, of Maine; and other reformers who remained on the executive committee.

At this point we began to battle the Compliance Review Commission (CRC) regulations. At the full committee meeting a few days later, I moved that those CRC regulations were illegal, that they were properly proposals to send to the bylaws committee (which had not yet been appointed) and return to the full national committee for a vote. My motion passed unanimously. Fred Furth, of California, followed up by getting Strauss to agree to insert in the preliminary call the words "if adopted" in regard to the CRC regulations. Mark Siegal, Strauss's man in the CRC, announced he intended to keep enforcing those rules, anyway.

Those several hundred rules, on every specific in the delegate selection process, were designed to make it so difficult for state parties that they would give up the reforms and vote at the next convention to return to the old system. This did not work, but it certainly caused lots of resentment among the states. At an executive committee meeting, the Bylaws Committee Strauss had appointed told the CRC to operate as if their proposals had been adopted. I had circulated a copy of a letter to Strauss, detailing the CRC violations, but he just went merrily on his way.

Terry Sanford sat in on most of these meetings due to his work on the charter. If he was going to run for president, all these regulations would make it much harder to organize a campaign. The day the DNC

meeting adjourned, Terry asked me to join a meeting, including Hodding Carter and Pat Derian from Mississippi; Wally Alberson, Paula Seigal, and Chuck Manett from California; the North Carolina members; Jane Byrne from Chicago; Richard Koster, author and the national committeeman representing the Panama Canal Zone; and others. The topic was the possibility of Terry running for president. Nearly all of those gave him tentative support, depending on who else would run in 1976 and the campaign he put together. They agreed to talk to their people in their own states and see what they could get going.

Terry then said to me, "I definitely want you to help run this."

I answered, "I'm not going to run anything for anybody for free. If I'm going to help in this campaign, I want a decent salary. Dick no longer has the mink ranch and its income. Also, I want to know what my position is going to be and how much authority I'll have."

Hodding Carter and Pat Derian later confided to me that Terry could never put a campaign together. They loved him, but he couldn't say no to anyone. They predicted that he would end up with a disjointed campaign because he wouldn't give full authority to anybody, which is what happened. Before the actual primary season started, they would switch to support Jimmy Carter. They really pushed Carter on foreign policy and on human rights, and both of them ended up in the State Department.

Richard Koster wrote an article for *Harper's* on why Terry Sanford would be the best president among those running but also why he could never be elected. Mayor Daley, who had been represented by Jane Byrne at the meeting, and most of the others remained undecided.

Sanford called me and said, "Would you come back into a meeting of those I want to actually run the campaign, with Hulett as chair, Phil as the national coordinator, and you as the campaign manager?"

I said, "What's the difference?"

He said, "I want Phil to go out to the elected officials, the governors, and that part of the party that you may not be able to reach and work with them. I want you to get the liberals involved, but I also want you to do the campaign planning and actual hiring of staff. Phil can be full time in the Washington office. At least to begin with, you can come in and out. I want Barbara Morgan for treasurer."

By then I knew Carter was planning to run out of Atlanta. I said, "Are you sure you want a Washington office?"

He said, "Oh, yes. You can't have a national campaign without running it out of Washington." So we ended up with a Durham office and a Washington office, which meant divided authority.

I suggested he hire Dorothy Lyons to run operations at the Washington office. Matt had put together a campaign that was based mostly on local demographics and using phone banks. "You've got to have the demographic information if we actually get down to a late campaign, but you're designing an election campaign, not a primary campaign."

By now everybody was looking back at 1972, wanting to repeat McGovern's strategy of winning primaries in Iowa and New Hampshire. I told Matt, "There will probably be ten or twelve candidates in this race. The first thing that you could do, Matt, is go back and get the state records of who voted in the 1972 caucuses and the primaries. And then let's look demographically to see what kind of appeal will move voters. But it's already my opinion that we've got to be based in North Carolina, not part of the Washington establishment, because everybody is disillusioned over Watergate and Vietnam. So we've got to run an anti-establishment campaign."

I went home to Phoenix and designed a campaign with Terry as a listening, people's candidate. When I returned, Terry hired me at what was then a fair amount of money, two thousand dollars per month plus expenses. (I was paid fourteen thousand before the campaign folded, and then not until we received matching funds. I did get dribs and drabs for expenses.) Most of us willingly postponed receiving salaries except for the really young people who needed a living income. We needed a budget and a time line, so I returned to Phoenix and put together a time line.

In June, I moved in with Dorothy Lyons until I could judge whether the campaign would really work. By this time there were numerous candidates, including Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia, Congressman Morris Udall from Arizona, Muskie, Senator Lloyd Bentsen from Texas, Harold Hughes of Iowa, Governor Jerry Brown of California, Senator Birch Bayh from Indiana, and Senator Fred Harris from Oklahoma. Kennedy had not decided, nor had George Wallace.

Matt Reese said, "Terry's got an idea toward making him an issue-oriented candidate. He wants to have, for the day of his announcement, a huge national assembly called a 'Day on Issues.'"

I said, "You can't begin a campaign with so many candidates and expect to gather that many people. The idea of town halls or assemblies, where he puts himself across as an issue-oriented candidate, is great. A national assembly like that might be good at the end the campaign, just before convention. But it can not happen at the beginning."

Terry said, "You don't think I'm well enough known to attract everybody to that?"

"Frankly no, Terry. You didn't get that far in 1972. You might get a bunch of university types, but it won't do you that much good. And you'll only get them if you can raise the money to pay their way, some way or another."

I had put together a tentative timeline as to when we had to officially open the Washington office, when we needed to begin organizing, and when we needed to rouse support from people in certain states. I also had begun a budget.

I adapted the original national assembly idea to holding local citizen assemblies without imposing our preconceived issues. Terry needed to reconcile the two sectors of the party in order to win the primaries plus attract many other voters to win a general election. I wanted him to come in as a listener, experienced and open minded. He understood how local problems could be matched with federal issues, but first he would listen to the local concerns.

The other campaign heads really liked that idea. (It also benefitted Carter's town halls later on, as Hodding Carter, Pat Derian, and Morris Dees began with us and then switched to Carter. My complete plans, about two hundred pages of them, ended up with the Carter staff.) Matt Reese began working on this idea, but Terry had not paid him for the work he already had performed. Matt began to say, "If Terry isn't going to pay me, I won't be around anymore."

I told Terry, "If you're going to stay in the race, you'd better use the contacts you have through Duke and raise enough money to get us going." He did manage to raise enough to open a headquarters and pay Matt through the end of June. After that, Matt left for the National Education Association (NEA), which helped our campaign a great deal. I had helped them while I was chair, and they supported Terry for president due to his excellent record on education. Hugh Cannon, the NEA's parliamentarian, was one of Terry's best friends and served as parliamentarian for the Charter Commission. Cannon also volunteered his time.

This was the first year that campaigns had to raise five thousand dollars in twenty states to qualify for matching money during the primaries. There were five or six states where almost any candidate could get the five thousand dollars by simply asking a someone to throw a party. That held true in New York, California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Texas. However when ten or twelve candidates each needed to raise five thousand in each of twenty states, it became more difficult. One of our biggest sources became local NEA

groups. Others used the unions, the bar, the utilities, the oil companies, or another organized group to sponsor a campaign in each state.

The NEA also helped us organize in Wisconsin, Illinois, and several other states. The media tracked this money raising to identify viable candidates. In beginning Terry's campaign, we focused on trying to be the first to qualify for matching funds. The press said Terry never could do it, but we beat everybody else by two months in qualifying our candidate. However the matching funds did not arrive until October or November even though we began in May.

We also concentrated on the idea of assemblies. We decided to do three or four trial assemblies during the summer months. We would begin with the smaller states to see if the idea was viable. Phil Hoff suggested either Vermont or Maine because he had connections in those states. We settled on Maine. We decided to also try Iowa and, toward the end of the summer, New Mexico because its former governor was close to Terry. That would give us a western state. Finally, we would focus on New Hampshire, which held the first major primary.

Meanwhile I tried to organize a full campaign. In May we hired Paul Vick from Terry's university staff in Durham. Phil ended up working back and forth between Durham and Washington. Then Terry said, "I'm not going to resign from Duke. I'm going to take a leave of absence for a year. I'm not going to start my leave until the first of December, which will give me from then through the election. I can come back if I lose."

We just all threw up our hands in horror and said, "How are you going to run a primary campaign and be president of Duke at the same time?"

He said, "Oh, I can do it. I can do it. They're going to be very lenient with me."

Well, of course they weren't *that* lenient. Also, air connections out of Durham were terrible. Trying to fly Terry to various places and back proved expensive. But he said, "I have to have a Durham office so I can work out of it."

I said, "Then let's move the whole thing down there."

He responded, "Oh no. We do that and the Washington press will decide we don't have a national campaign. I want the national campaign run out of Washington. I just want a coordinating office in Durham." So he placed his political cronies from North Carolina in the Durham office, including Sam Poole, who was probably a good southern organizer but who gave us trouble elsewhere.

Now I was trying to staff two offices and I was still not sure who was in charge—Phil Hoff, Hulett Smith, Sam Poole, or me. Phil said, "Why

don't you just take charge, Jean. Except when Terry insists that I do things, I will take your direction out of the Washington office."

Despite this campaign madness, we received a major personal benefit. Since Dick's injury, he had suffered allergies that had developed into giant hives. He went through the clinic at the University of Utah and three or four allergists in Phoenix without finding any relief. I mentioned this to Terry, when Dick was coming to stay with me in October 1975.

Terry said, "I'm taking Margaret Rose with me when I give a series of speeches. You and Dick are to come and stay in the university president's house. Let's put Dick through the Duke clinic and see if they can solve this hive problem."

We spent the week in Durham, but Dick moved to a refurbished Ramada Inn. The first two stories were a clinic, and the rest was filled with patient rooms. Dick wore a wrist band and rode a shuttle bus to the hospital. They did not discover the cause of the allergy, but they did find a medicine that helped for several years. When the hives returned, Ken Tollackson (a child allergist) arranged for Dick to see an adult allergist who tried every obscure cause imaginable. He discovered that Dick was allergic to additives and dyes.

All through the summer of 1975 I had worked hard trying to make Terry's campaign go. I spent a week in New York, raising money and organizing. I wondered later about my ventures into Harlem, at night, and to Bellevue, the old hospital that was located amid slums. At the time, I figured that hospital workers voted and so did some of their patients. By contrast, one of our New York supporters held an interest in the elegant Hotel Pierre and allowed me a suite for that week. I filled a delegate slate of well-known New Yorkers. I reasoned that it would give us a boost during the December meeting when each campaign announced its delegate slate and tried to attract additional support.

Luckily, Joe Crangle was the national committeeman from New York, state chair, and a supporter. He helped gather upstate supporters while I concentrated on Manhattan. Mo Udall stole a few delegates from our slate because, by December, our campaign appeared to be falling apart. In fact, Terry did not even show up for the meeting. He had too much work to complete at the university before taking a leave.

This surprised me, for during the autumn Terry had campaigned all over the country. His effort was apparent. But during December, he proposed going to only Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and North Carolina. I should have realized then that his double life was affecting his health.

I had spent time in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Utah, New Mexico, California, Massachusetts, and Colorado, among others. As Terry's energy visibly waned, I decided to go home. The campaign was still underfunded for a primary year, and the Washington crew had been paid only a minimum to reimburse expenses. Over Thanksgiving, Dick said, "I'll give you one more round trip, and I think you should use it to resign."

Dick had a point. I, too, was leading a double life since I still accepted speaking engagements through the Program Corporation of America. Once the campaign began to feel too partisan, I told Alan Walker I had better stop. However the New Democratic Forum sent me all over the country. I also spoke at the national convention of the Young Democrats. During the autumn, I spent a lot of time writing an article on the political status of women, published by the University of Wisconsin. Also, I had attended Reform Commission meetings and worked against Strauss's CRC. I remained Utah's national committeewoman, and that, too, demanded time.

As John Klas, the state chair, put it, "Goddamn it, Jean, you put these rules in, and now here is all this CRC stuff on top of it. The only one who can write rules that Utah could live up to, is you."

Rampton took an interest in the Sanford campaign but also insisted that I keep the rules from interfering with campaigns in the state. We didn't want to lose the governorship over whoever was elected president plus all the turmoil around the rules. I worked between a Washington apartment, our condo in Arizona, and our home in Utah.

When I returned to Washington after Thanksgiving, I told Terry and the staff that I was resigning. He said, "Please don't. Please go home and stay until the first of the year without resigning. You'll kill the campaign if you resign before we get into the active campaign. Let Dennis Shaul and Dorothy run things, and you take a good long rest and then see if you can come back."

Dennis was a good political operator from Ohio, recruited by our finance chair, Joseph Cole. We brought into the national headquarters Dunny Phelps, Vicki Hagerty as my secretary, Vicki Bagley to raise money, Bill Riggs, Paul Sullivan, John Schoo, my nephew Chris Gates, Larry Hart, Debbie Goldberg to help with press, Jim Goff, Ernie Kessler, Bob Wise, and many others. We also depended on Weyman Walker in Texas, Ron Steinhoff for Illinois and Wisconsin, Richard Cummings in New York, Wally Alberson and Paula Seigel in California, Jack Campbell in New Mexico, and Frank Mensel and Dave King in Washington, D.C. So many had worked hard all summer and fall, and I weakened when Terry begged me.

On the other hand, in this second year after my concussion, I was not supposed to be doing anything to cause brain strain. Not surprisingly, I was experiencing terrible headaches. So I packed most of my papers in the Washington office, and Dorothy said she would ship them to me if I did not return. She also promised to stay on; she and Dennis would keep the campaign operating. I spoke at two forums in Louisville, Kentucky, in early December, and then flew home. I did not resign, but I stayed away during the holidays.

Meanwhile Terry Sanford took his leave the first of January and campaigned in Maine and Massachusetts. He was slated for caucuses and a citizen assembly in Iowa; in fact, we had set up a full campaign staff there. Paul Sullivan worked in New England, urging people from the Kennedy school to lend support.

Reluctantly, they said, "We will put together some events for you. We're going to do it for Mo Udall, too. At this point we're divided between the two of you."

Ken Curtis, the governor of Maine, remained supportive. (Later he switched to Carter and became DNC chair after Carter was elected.) Phil Hoff focused on Vermont. I received telephone reports every day, and it seemed that the campaign might find its wheels. Maybe I even would rejoin it.

Terry campaigned for four days in Maine and then went to Massachusetts for a three-day tour. On the second evening, during a fundraising cocktail party the Kennedys helped organize, Terry collapsed. Paramedics rushed him to a Boston hospital. He remained there four days, and then went home to Durham. He had suffered a mild heart attack.

Terry called and said, "I want you to come back to Washington to help close up the campaign because I just cannot do it. I've been trying to hide my exhaustion from you all autumn. Margaret Rose has been asking me to get out since November. But I still wanted to be president; I wanted to try. I think, on issues, I have lots to offer this country, but I don't have the stamina to be a full time campaigner; that's all there is to it."

I felt guilty for two reasons. I had been pushing him to campaign and pointing out his mistakes. I sensed that my personality had changed since the concussion. I had less patience with our campaign workers, although the workers denied this. Sometimes I would go home and cry after a long day because the campaign was going so poorly. In 1972 I had never become upset or discouraged. This time, I told myself, maybe I had been too critical; maybe I had selfishly wanted the authority rather than to divide it. I should have been able to work with the divided authority

better than I did. Still, almost everybody that helped let me know that they would work in any campaign I managed again. They wrote me marvelous letters and kept calling me.

I felt differently about Sanford than McGovern. I came into this campaign out of obligation. But I felt that he would make a marvelous president because he was neither a liberal or a conservative, but a moderate. He really understood the relationship between the state and federal governments. People were beginning to worry about the national deficit and wanting a little more balance between the responsibilities of the federal government and the states. Terry would have been excellent in those areas. Despite the messy campaign, he had shown his executive ability at Duke University, and he welcomed creative tension between staff members.

I went back to help Dorothy close the offices. I asked staff members where they wanted to move and then called to place them in other campaigns, with Birch Bayh, Mo Udall, or Jerry Brown. Carter's staff did not answer our calls, but a few staff members migrated to his campaign.

Carter picked up many of our state organizations as he appeared at town halls and ran as a Washington outsider. While campaigning, Terry had stayed in people's homes, and Carter did the same. Ironically, we were ahead of Carter on money and state organization, and Terry gave better speeches. I thought the race would divide between Carter and Udall—the old party and the new. Instead Carter captured the middle.

I gave Birch Bayh and Fred Harris each a day of analysis and then flew home to Phoenix. On our way to and from Hawaii, I gave Jerry Brown my time, and he hired my nephew Chris Gates to work on his campaign. Every campaign except Carter's asked me to come aboard, but I declined. I could see that bad feelings remained from 1972 when Carter led the southern governors' campaign to remove me as DNC chair. I ended up giving more time to Mo Udall than to any other candidate.

Like Sanford, Udall ran a divided campaign, with Jim Walsh in charge of the Phoenix office and Mo's brother Stewart overseeing the campaign in Washington. Stu Udall and the young politicians wanted to go different ways. I felt that was why Mo came as close as he did without winning the nomination. When I went to Washington for a meeting just before the 1976 convention, I attended a party at which some of the younger campaign workers accidentally-on-purpose bumped Stu into a swimming pool. They were that frustrated over the final preparations for the convention.

I might have guessed as much at the Rules Committee meeting ahead of the 1976 convention. We talked then about Strauss introducing rules

that would help Carter. Mo Udall and other liberals tried to fight them, but Stu gave in regarding certain rules. Many of Mo's supporters had worked with me on the McGovern campaign, but Mo was not adept at fundraising. He thought that he and his brother were so prominent that funds would come in. But the big money groups were going with Strauss and Carter. Also Mo entered the race late and was not prepared to move beyond the primaries. Carter was better prepared. I never thought Carter was politically smart enough to change party rules, but Strauss and others did that. Strauss loved to party with congressional representatives and senators, the good old boys.

The Utah delegation split between Udall and Carter. By the time of the convention, the unions supported Carter. In 1976, when I chose not to run as a committeewomen but to attend the convention with the Utah delegation, my election as a delegate was challenged. It didn't matter whether I was an official delegate; I was still a member of the Rules Committee and simply sat with the delegation, where I could influence votes. I tried to get Carter to modify some of his stands, and, always, I worked for women's advancement.

Our visit to Hawaii in 1975 included the wedding of Paul and Karen Sullivan. He was Irish, she was Chinese, and both were Catholic. They held the wedding in a small chapel, followed by a big reception at a yacht club on the island of Hawaii. The reception featured a roast pig plus the traditional Irish and Chinese wedding foods. We visited in Kauai with our children and then returned to Phoenix, where I had several talks scheduled.

After we celebrated the new year, we returned to our winter home in Arizona. I became increasingly active in the Democratic Party there, wrote their rules for the next convention, ran as a delegate, and cochaired our delegation with Bill Mahoney. But I was not invited to the inaugural events, once Carter was elected, except the public ones. It became clear that I was neither welcome nor influential in Washington.

I did attend the International Women's Year convention in Texas, as a national delegate-at-large. It was a bewildering experience as I worked with delegates from Utah who had come prepared to oppose the ERA, abortion rights, and everything else. I convinced them to vote for planks to aid elderly women, promote job equality and equal education, and even gave my speech about being a Mormon who supported the ERA.

I also worked with the Arizona delegation. One Arizona delegate was a young Apache named Judy McCarthy. Her name in the Apache language was Tall Wing. She was pregnant at the time and later named her baby ERA. Judy was a talented artist married to an old trader. I

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Bill Mahoney, Susan Sanders, Rick DeGraw, and Jean Westwood, Arizona chairs for Ted Kennedy, at the 1980 New York City Democratic Convention.

helped her leave welfare benefits and begin art studies in college. She earned high grades and a college degree; she then became a well-known Southwestern artist, and I purchased three of her paintings.

The Democrats were in power in Arizona for the first time in a number of years, with Raul Castro as governor, Bruce Babbitt as attorney general, Wesley Bolin as secretary of state, Carolyn Warner as state superintendent of public instruction, Mo Udall as a congressman, and Dennis DeConcini soon to enter the United States Senate. They were all doing a good job. In 1977 Jimmy Carter asked Castro to become ambassador to Argentina, so Wesley Bolin became governor and his assistant, Rose Mofford, became secretary of state.

We experienced serious flooding the next spring. When Bolin went in the state's small plane to assess the damage, he suffered a heart attack and died. Since only elected secretaries of state could succeed to the governor's office, Attorney General Bruce Babbitt became governor for the balance of the term. Around that time, I was invited to a presidential dinner in honor of Hubert Humphrey, in December, so I went to Washington to try to line up some support for Bruce's 1978 campaign.

Ted Kennedy asked me to join his national campaign for president, but I felt that would put me in the same position Larry O'Brien took

when he entered the McGovern campaign. I was afraid it would cause resentment. Wayne Owens was running the western states for Kennedy, so I attended a Denver meeting and gave him some help in several states. I also cochaired the Arizona delegation to the 1980 convention in New York. The Kennedy delegates from Arizona outnumbered Carter delegates by seventeen delegates to twelve.

After Carter made Strauss an ambassador and named John White as DNC chair, John wrote to request a photograph because mine had vanished from the entrance wall to the DNC headquarters. He also invited me to come to convention as an honored guest and stay at the headquarters hotel. I took that room. Since Dick was not going with me, I asked Lorraine Frank, the new Arizona national committeewoman, to share. Dunny Phelps had gone on her own, and she also stayed with me a couple of nights. But I soon moved over with the Arizona delegation since they seemed to need me continually.

Rick DeGraw had been the paid Kennedy staffer in Arizona and wanted to boss the Arizona delegation, but Bill Mahoney and I wanted Arizona's Carter delegates to either vote with us or let Kennedy alternates vote on the minority reports on rules and platform. We did not want to upset them, and we prevailed. I also worked with other delegations on some of the minority reports on rules changes, spending time with delegations from Utah, California, Nevada, New Mexico, and New York. I attended some of the receptions and meetings, if I could bring along Arizona delegates. I didn't realize that this would be my last convention.

The National Women's Political Caucus put out a history of women at Democratic national conventions, and it included material on me. Then the National Federation of Democratic Women held a gala buffet reception for women who had succeeded either in the party or in elected office. They honored me, among others. I bought a new dress, and they asked Governor Bruce Babbitt to present me. Most of the delegation went to the reception, but Bruce never did show up. Senator Dennis DeConcini did, and so did Governor Scott Matheson. *They* presented me. Bruce had found more important people to spend time with. I worked on his campaign and stayed on the committees, but it took awhile before I felt close to him again.

That November, Jimmy Carter suffered the worst defeat a sitting president had ever experienced. This was partly due to his failed efforts in recovering American hostages from Iran but also because he had never built a real constituency. I should have felt gratified, but I hated to see the Democrats back down again after just one term in the White House.

FIFTEEN

ROUNDING OUT A CAREER

Arizona truly had become our home by 1980, and I spent a great deal of my time working on Bruce Babbitt's campaign to become governor. In 1982, he won an easy victory. Soon after Bruce settled into the governor's office, an *Arizona Republic* reporter, Joel Nielson, called and asked for an interview. Bruce had told him that he consulted an informal "Kitchen Cabinet" after the fashion of President Franklin Roosevelt. Babbitt expected his unpaid advisors to tell him what he was doing right or wrong and offer help.

This group included seven men, two of them Republican, and me. Robert Allen was a young attorney who had headed the national Young Democrats when I was DNC chair. Earl de Berge was a professional pollster. Paul Eckstein was a successful attorney devoted to civil rights who aided many Democratic campaigns. Ron Warnicke had attended Harvard Law School with Bruce, and they remained close friends. Republican Richard (Dick) Mallery offered a bridge to the business community, as a member of the Phoenix Forty, a powerful group of local developers and leaders. William (Bill) Reilly, a conservative Republican, had served as a chief aide to Wesley Bolin; he then served Bruce in the same capacity before entering the Kitchen Cabinet. Last came young Fred Duval, who had run the Tucson campaign to elect Bruce attorney general and then finished law school. Fred would eventually end up on Bruce's full-time staff along with Ronnie Lopez and Chris Hamel.

In the early years we either met as a group or individually with Bruce, depending on his schedule. I particularly helped on political matters in and out of the state, rewriting speeches, helping decide on appointees, and appearing as Bruce's spokesperson. With time, Bruce used us less as his confidence increased.

In August of 1979 we held the initial meeting of a group called the advisory board to the Arizona Office of Economic Planning and Development.

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Jean Westwood (left center) meeting with Peterson Zah (back to camera) and his supporters to plan his campaign, at the Westwood home in Scottsdale, Arizona.

This was the only office over which the governor had complete control. By law, the department was to ensure the economic health of the state, particularly the rural areas. The board included a member from each county plus three at-large members, all selected by the governor. During the years that Bruce was governor, we met in every area of the state to evaluate local problems. Eventually it became apparent that most small communities could not grow or attract new business on their own, so we recommended that communities, and even two or three counties, band together to promote regional development. This idea met a lot of resistance but eventually was successful.

The advisory board's successes lengthened its reach. I headed a Mexico trade subcommittee for awhile and was *too* successful. (Ronnie Lopez thought he should be Bruce's only advisor to deal with Mexico.) We worked especially well with computer and other technical groups. Eventually the legislature grew jealous and passed laws to turn us into a full-fledged Department of Commerce—under its control. At that point, I stepped down as chair. The board did not believe the legislature would accept any woman as chair, so I became a member of the board, which survived within the department.

In the fall of 1981, I became a major consultant on the campaign of Peterson Zah, running for Navajo tribal chair against the incumbent,

Peterson Zah

Peter McDonald. After meeting with Pete and his wife Roz, and then with a group of his close supporters, I helped devise an effective campaign. McDonald and his advisors dressed like Wall Street financiers and traveled about the reservation in planes and fancy cars. McDonald felt that the tribe needed to learn and use "white man's ways," including education and jobs both on and off the reservation.

By way of contrast, we advised Pete Zah to wear traditional clothes and travel in his familiar pickup, visiting every chapter he could possibly reach that winter. Beyond being widely observed as a "true" Navajo, these trips gave Pete and Roz the opportunity to build local allegiances by reaching out to relatives, friends, and new acquaintances. In warmer weather they visited gatherings under shades to enjoy fry bread and mutton stew.

Each supporter was encouraged to contact others, building a network throughout the reservation. Family ties were emphasized, and clans formed the basis for our get-out-the-vote drive. Despite McDonald's promises of money and big veterans benefits, Zah won. In January we attended his inauguration, and I wrote an article for a national magazine, *Campaigns and Elections*, describing his campaign. I also acted as a liaison between the office of the tribal chair and the state governor. Pete thought he could run his second campaign by himself and lost, but he won several subsequent races in which I again acted as an advisor.

The state Democratic Party asked me to update the delegate selection rules for the 1982 midterm convention. I also helped run the selection

process but decided at the last minute, in the summer of 1982, to let my alternate attend in my place. I had helped with Bruce's reelection campaign, served as a member of the state executive committee, and aided the campaigns of Dennis DeConcini and Rose Mofford.

We spent the summer of 1982 at our summer home, a development called Pinewood, located in northern Arizona near Flagstaff. Since I was involved in various campaigns, we promised to move back to Phoenix by mid-September. Over Labor Day weekend, we drove up to Lake Powell, just over the border into Utah. We spent three lovely lazy days amid the red rock cliffs, with Dick's sister Dorothy and her husband, Howard Huff. Oddly enough, my left leg felt heavy as I tried to get in and out of the boat. We decided it just had never completely healed following some back problems.

Late on a September afternoon we headed back to Phoenix. I planned to keep an appointment for a haircut and a manicure and began the next morning before Dick awoke. I felt a little lightheaded so I drank a bigger glass than usual of orange juice.

Two hours later I was heading back home, feeling beautiful and also a little giddy. I decided to rest after I finished unpacking. I was almost home when the car seemed to swerve. I tried to straighten it, as bright lights flashed through my head. Somehow I yanked the car through the light, turning left into our development. I still do not know if the traffic gave way to me, or I was lucky and hit it all just right.

I also don't know how long I remained unconscious. I came to, sitting in my car at the side of the road halfway up a small rise, with the motor running and in gear. I struggled to think. I could see the area of grass just ahead of our home and considered getting out to lie down there for awhile. But I could not make my left leg or arm move to get the car open. Finally, I decided that if I went slowly, I could drive with my right arm and leg. I steered through the subdivision and down the street to our house.

Neighbors later said I was weaving all over the road; they wondered if I had taken up drinking over the summer! When I reached the house, I honked the horn, but Dick did not hear me. After what seemed like ages, I inched over to the right side of the front seat. I tried over and over until I got that car door open. I turned sideways, dragging my left leg, and somehow got out of the car. I reached our kitchen door, but I could not get it open.

I leaned against the wall awhile. I tried the knob again and again with my right hand until it finally turned. As soon as I was inside I croaked

out, "Dick, Dick," glad to know that my voice, at least still worked, and then collapsed. I had suffered a stroke, but the paralysis on my left side began to gradually go away after the first forty-eight hours. I soon began physical therapy. Of course, I was out of the political scene.

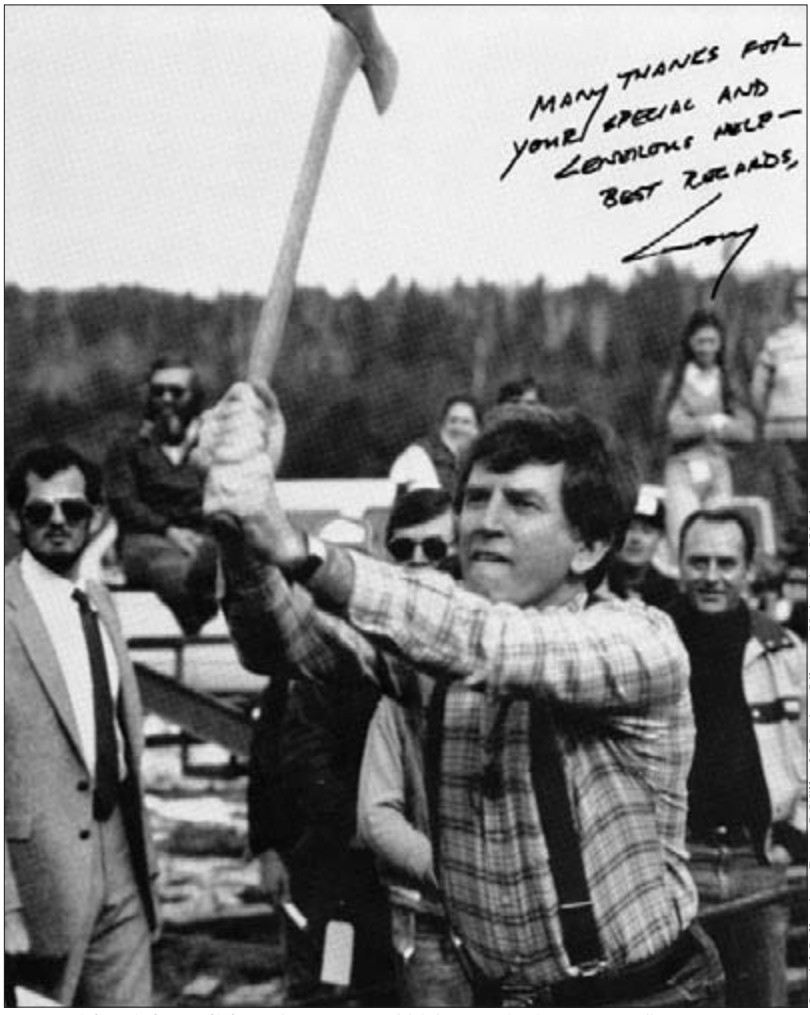
I expected that, as had happened with other serious illnesses, I would bounce back quickly. I did improve as the winter went on. Dick did the nicest possible thing in purchasing a computer for me because I found it so difficult to write letters or dial numbers in the proper sequence. My brain kept mixing them up. I might have to type a letter fifteen or twenty times, full of white-outs, and it still would not look right. The computer's ability to repair this brought back a lot of my self-confidence.

We went to Pinewood again for the summer, and I took my computer along. I wrote a historical article about Dick's grandfather, which eventually was published in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*. As always, I read voraciously. All year I kept having momentary blackouts. I researched strokes and the brain, trying to understand what had happened and how I might help myself get well.

In Scottsdale we joined a group called Westerners, which held dinner meetings to study western history. I hired Ann Amacker to help me with housework and drive me where I needed to go. Soon, she also was revising my computer drafts. She became a dear friend. After I suffered a second stroke and discovered Dr. Catherine O'Connell, I used medication and relaxation exercises to fully heal.

Already I had promised to help in Gary Hart's Arizona campaign for the 1984 presidential nomination, and I had committed to a man named Bob Schuster, who wanted to run for an "impossible" congressional seat against Bob Stump. I helped set up Gary's primary campaign in Arizona, acting as treasurer and chief fundraiser. My computer database aided me and other campaign workers. Many of the state party workers were backing Walter Mondale. After Gary's extramarital episode in Florida, his national campaign began to atrophy. We already had a good Arizona contingent about to choose at-large delegates. I knew I would be nominated—but then suffered another blackout. I returned to my senses in time to decline the nomination. I did not even attend the convention. Dick Mahoney, who served as Gary's campaign manager, had organized a party in San Francisco, during the convention, to honor me and Mo Udall. When I could not attend, many of my old friends called to visit over the telephone.

Bob Schuster started out in a very enthusiastic way, but when the campaign turned out to be a lot of everyday hard work and I could not be



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Presidential candidate Gary Hart, 1984. Inscription states, "Many thanks for your special and generous help – Best Regards, Gary."

there to help him, he was not as up to it as he needed to be. I had written his campaign manual to use throughout the whole period, and he began very well. But it was an almost impossible task to beat the incumbent, Bob Stump, and he didn't.

Until 1976, we just kept our house in West Jordan. It stood vacant in the winter, but we used it in the summer. But after 1976 our main focus was Arizona, not Utah. From then on we only went to Utah for a couple of weeks at a time. In 1976 we bought a bigger townhouse in Scottsdale and moved down our better furniture and all the office materials we

wanted to keep in one room we used as an office. Eventually we had to also make the guest bedroom into a combined bedroom and second office. We had already sold off all our mink interests and gradually sold the early apartments we had bought in Utah, and now we sold on time the one big set of apartments we had built and still were operating in West Jordan. A few years later we went in with Dick's brother Blake to build another set of apartments in Midvale, which we now have also sold on time.

As Dick was feeling better we started looking for some investments in Arizona and bought a piano store in downtown Phoenix which we later turned into a golf store and then sold to the renter. We bought that store through a man named Joe Worth and then he found us an apartment complex to buy that he would manage for us. He and his wife, Helen, became good friends.

Pinewood was a country club and family resort at Munds Park, seventeen miles south of Flagstaff but in that high cool country. We bought a condominium there the summer after we moved Mother into Scottsdale Village Square. It was only a two-hour drive up or back, and there was an airport nearby as well. The heat really bothered me, and we could get back down to see Mother every couple of weeks or even take her up to Pinewood for a week now and then.

So we were pretty well able to live a near normal life. We put five hundred dollars a month together with money from Mother's insurance and a hundred dollars from each of my brothers and sisters, to finance her room and care at Scottsdale Village Square. Eventually her money ran out and her costs went up and Dick and I made up the difference for the rest of her life.

Bruce Babbitt had decided not to run again in 1986. A hearty primary ensued in the Democratic party between Carolyn Warner, who had been superintendent of schools and had never supported any school program Bruce proposed, and a young attorney who had been a good party supporter, Tony Mason. Because we were visiting in Utah and then at Pinewood during the summer months I did not get very involved in either September primary. Carolyn won in a very close race. Businessman Bill Schulz had been gathering support for years and was initially a shoo-in for the Democratic nod. Then for personal reasons (his daughter's health), he had given up the chase. He did not like Carolyn or her policies and decided to reenter as an independent in the fall election. He initially was in the lead, but got untracked in the last weeks and finished third.

Meanwhile, Evan Mecham, a very right winger who had served in the state legislature in the early 1960s and who had opposed Senator Carl Hayden in 1962, had again set his sights on the governor's office. Starting in 1964, he had sought it four or five times. Now, in 1986, he entered the race against everybody's favorite, Burton Barr, and won the Republican nomination. As a result, in the three-way race, Mecham won.

Babbitt had tried to put the best qualified people in the state on his boards and in his office. Mecham immediately dumped most of them and put in his close friends, many of whom knew nothing about the jobs they were taking on. That was true not only of our economic board but of his personal staff as well.

In 1984 we had thoroughly enjoyed the biggest part of the summer, spent at Pinewood where we had come to know much of the community. We decided to stay up through the fall as long as the club was open. As a result we were there when word started going around that the developer, Jay Greene, had an offer from a Canadian corporation and was going to sell the club. We were pretty upset as we had already had two golf clubs sold out from under us, and in this case the main reason we had bought a home there was to be assured of a summer golf club. Frank Middleton was trying to put together a group to buy it and had an agreement with Jay Greene that if they could put together enough money within three months to make a big down payment, they could buy the club for $2,500,000, $500,000 less than the Canadians were offering Jay. The purchase would include the golf course, clubhouse, teen and youth centers, swimming pool, tennis courts, playground, pro shop, and maintenance shop; all the surrounding grounds considered part of the country club, including such interest as the old company had in the small adjoining lake, Lake O'Dell; the golf carts; and the personal property such as furniture, amenities, and equipment. There were no golf memberships but a social membership had been required of the original owners as they bought lots, and all of these were to be transferred to the new owners, along with the required yearly dues, which had increased each year as new lots were sold.

All this was contingent on the potential buyers, all of whom had to be residents at Pinewood and therefore automatically members, coming up with a down payment of at least seven hundred thousand dollars, with the balance due in annual payments with interest at 12 percent. They were given three months to put a deal together, as that was how long Jay Greene could get an extension of his Canadian offer.

The group which was putting this together thought the whole operation could be run more efficiently and that payments could be made out of

the social dues and by selling golf memberships. But they had to get the money that fall, and a lot of people had gone home. Some of our neighbors and friends were buying in. They wanted to find fifty people with $20,000 each to put up the money. Dick and I decided we had the extra money to invest, so we bought in with the group. The initial directors who were putting this together were Frank Middleton, who had held most of the state insurance under governor Jack Williams; George W. Podd, who was a CPA and owner of a bakery company; Richard (Dick) Grey, who also had been an original owner at Munds Park and had developed and helped operate a number of golf courses; and Neil Smith, an accountant who was doing the Pinewood books and in whose firm Jay Greene had his Pinewood Phoenix office.

So a sale was consummated by president Frank Middleton and secretary George Carter on December 21, 1984. Articles of incorporation for the new country club had been filed on December 5 with the Arizona Corporation Commission, authorizing up to two thousand shares in a no par common stock corporation. On January 3 Frank Middleton as president granted an easement to Pinewood Sewer Company, still owned by Jay Greene, to allow operation of sewer lines across and under the property and allow effluent to be located in our lakes in accordance with applicable laws and regulations. Greene was to repair and replace the sewer lines as needed. The new shareholders had a short meeting in December and decided we could not afford to buy the sewer plant but needed the treated water for the golf course, so obtained a three-year option in which to buy it if we chose.

The four incorporators were to be the initial directors until the first annual meeting, which was held on November 12, 1985, at the Phoenix Country Club. The main order of business then was to approve the bylaws, which had already been drafted by the board of directors. A number of changes were proposed and all but one, which would have allowed the board of directors to mortgage or dispose of the property with the permission of only 51 percent of the stockholders, passed, and then the bylaws were approved. They were amended again in 1986, twice in 1987, amended and restated by our attorneys in 1988 and amended and restated again in a special meeting in 1990 after we had a stormy series of meetings over our board's right to deny the use of the clubhouse for church services.

The financial status of the club was reviewed at the 1986 November meeting and shocked most of the shareholders, as nearly all the $300,000 surplus above the down payment had been depleted in the eleven

months since the sale. Several motions followed but did not pass, such as adding more capital stock, changing the prices of golf and social memberships and cart rental fees, some of which were prohibited under our purchase contract. Finally a measure was passed authorizing the board of directors to determine the price of a new stock offering, file proper documents, and submit the proposed sale to the stockholders either by mail or in a special meeting.

The new bylaws called for the election of a nine-member board of directors and they had a nominating committee report ready with proposed directors Frank Middleton, Neil Smith, Dick Grey, and George Carter and adding Rex Prisbrey, William Griffin, John Gaffney, Tom Treiber, and me. George Carter, head of that committee, had asked first Dick and then, when he refused, asked me to run. We had enough money invested and it looked like it was run so badly that I agreed. Women were hardly ever then asked to serve on corporate boards, and I had been working with WEAL to change that, so I welcomed an opportunity to break the country club sex barrier. I was elected but not given any office. Frank Middleton was put back in as president, and he decided on the other officers. But John Gaffney did not enjoy being secretary and asked in mid-December that I take over that job. I immediately used a tape recorder and wrote long minutes to pinpoint what was right and wrong at the club.

We had interviewed two managers, but Frank Middleton, on his own, felt that the one who seemed most qualified, Bill Bellone, wanted too much money and he could not work with him, so he told him no. The whole board was upset at his highhanded manner. George Carter moved and it was passed eight to one that no board member should expect any compensation (since he felt Frank Middleton was paying himself), including freebies such as golf, meals, or drinks.

Tom Trieber said he would prepare a spread sheet for a budget committee. We decided to advertise for a general manager and I made a motion, which passed unanimously, that we reregister and sell additional stock at $22,000 per share, up $2,000 from the original stock price. Another motion was passed to raise prices on drinks. We tried to pass a motion requiring two signatures on all checks. Middelton objected, and the motion failed. Altogether it was a contentious meeting, with Frank Middleton drawing much fire.

Thus I began what turned out to be another new career, pioneering again in a field where there was not much experience from women to draw on. George Carter resigned when he could not get Frank Middleton

to change his ways and Kay Hafen succeeded him. When Rex Prisbrey and I reviewed the final financial statement of the year we found that instead of the $30,000 loss that had been reported by Middleton, we had lost $176,000 on just current expenses, plus an outlay of $145,000 for capital expenditures. At this rate we would soon be out of business. How could we raise more money?

We found that we could not legally raise the dues of current homeowners without them agreeing in a vote at a special meeting at Pinewood. Desperate, we immediately began PR work on that and held a special meeting to get an agreement for a stock sale at $22,000, but no one wanted to buy at that figure. After working all summer, we lost a vote to raise the dues and had half the owners mad at us. Frank Middleton resigned, Neal Smith moved up to president, and we put Paul Busch on the board in Frank's place.

Our problems went beyond the directors. Our staff was weak. We hired a manager who had run a small club in Iowa, but we found after one year that he could not handle our 2,800 members. We had done a spread sheet and made out a budget and got club expenses under control. One member of our board, Bill Griffin, had just retired from a management position, and he and his wife Noreen agreed to take over as managers. They stayed until the end of 1992. They studied our situation and decided that, since our season was the summer time, not year round, that our best bet on a good chef was to share one with a winter-only club. So we hired Dan Martin, the chef from the country club at Wickenburg, who stayed with us until the Griffins left us in 1992. I sent newsletters explaining our problems and solutions to both stockholders and other members. Through all my years as secretary, and later as president, I sent a spring and fall newsletter not only to stockholders but to the entire 2,800 members.

In spite of these measures we were strapped to meet the annual mortgage payments. Our interest (12 percent) and principal payments were so high we could never come out without additional money paid down on the principal. We needed to reduce the principal in order to cut down the interest. Rex Prisbrey found us a good attorney with experience in the field, Fred Schafer. With his help we came back at the end of the summer to the stockholders, proposing to try to get an agreement from the Corporation Commission to register as an Arizona corporation, split our original stock four for one and sell additional shares at $5,500.

The Corporation Commission was leery of a country club selling stock. They required us to put a stockbroker on our board. Our sale was limited to six months and only to Pinewood residents. Out of it we were

able to pay down another million dollars on the mortgage, and finally we began to have more revenue than expenditures.

Neil Smith had a heart attack and resigned as president in the middle of the stock sale and the board voted to make me president—another accidental pioneering change in my life. I was reelected to that board and as president every year until last year, 1994, when I decided the club was in good shape and my health was not, so I did not rerun.

We set up a system where each director oversaw the day by day operations of one department or system—golf course, pro shop, clubhouse, accounting, insurance, legal, sewer system problems, capital expenditures, and dues collections. We all worked on the budget and I served with the director in charge on each committee and oversaw it all, answered members' complaints, put out newsletters, worked with Jan Newman in our Phoenix office. I would average about three hours a day in the winter and more in the summer. We bought, sold, and leased equipment. We had an old club and were constantly buying new golf course equipment or upgrading the club. There had never been formal contracts or benefits for employees, but we instituted both.

With all our early financial problems we had let our option to buy the Pinewood Sewer Company lapse, So Jay Greene sold it to someone else. We had continual legal struggles with the company which had bought the sewer system, successfully fought off its attempts to quadruple the rates for homeowners, and, finally helped the homeowners put together an improvement district to buy the system. It now seems that the much-needed repairs and upgrading of that system to meet EPA and state standards will happen.

Besides the stock sale, I found, with the help of our attorneys, some loopholes in the sales agreement. These allowed us to raise social dues on members who did not pay until after the grace period each year and on those who bought homes or lots from previous owners. We also discovered ways to penalize members who got two years behind in dues (actually we could have done this after five months but would have caused too many hard feelings). So gradually we got the average dues up from $150 to $300. Current dues for all those classes who can be raised are now at $425. We also steadily raised golf fees, and gave stockholders preferred tee times and a small discount in the dining room.

With stockholder consent, we have never paid a dividend but have tried instead to pay down an extra $100,000 each year on our mortgage. The exception was 1990, following a big drought in the summer of 1989 when we almost lost all the golf course. There was not much water in our

lake from spring floods and almost no rain. Banks at that time wanted 14 percent plus points. So I went to the stockholders and asked if they would buy $5,000 unsecured notes at 11 percent to drill a deep well into the Coconino aquifer, which would insure a good supply of water for the course. The stockholders agreed and we sold enough to drill the well and replant the whole golf course. We redeemed all of the notes in two years, but the whole operation left us with little profit because the course was simultaneously being renovated and was playable only part of the time, so golf fees fell off dramatically. Each year except that one we made some profit and were able to reduce the old debt from the Middleton days, and finally in 1993, we retired the last of those debts and began to make a taxable profit.

Meanwhile, in 1991 I had commenced action on another front. Interest rates had fallen all over the country but we were still paying 12 percent on our contract balance and could not find lower refinancing. I knew our members were looking for better investments than the current low rates on certificates of deposit. So I proposed that they buy five-year notes at prime rate, to be adjusted each quarter on the prime rate. We would offer them in $5,000 increments and go through all the stockholders once and then start over alphabetically on the list again until we had sold all they would take or if possible enough to pay off the mortgage. Whatever we could pay down would save us at that point 6 percent on interest, but we could give no guarantees. The stockholders not only accepted the proposal but bought up enough to pay off the whole $500,000 we still owed. Since then we have paid back over $100,000 each year to stockholders, and the final notes were paid off in 1995.

It was a real challenge and I learned to deal with a whole new world of state and federal regulatory agencies and their rules, with homeowners and club members, some of whom grew to hate me but most of whom begged me to stay on again in 1994. We had several long involved struggles during my tenure as president, first over trying to raise the dues, then with the sewer company itself and the state and federal regulatory agencies. It was almost a full-time position during the season and quite demanding the rest of the year. In February of 1994 I chose to not rerun as a director for Pinewood. By the end, it was too tiring for me, but I left it satisfied that I had done a good job in a new field.

I still worked with the Office of Economic Planning and Development until Evan Mecham dismissed us all after he was elected. In December of 1986 a corporation we had formed under this, the Arizona Enterprise Development Corporation, asked me to become a member of their

committee to oversee and approve 504 loans, and I stayed on that committee until Fife Symington became governor in 1990.

Not long after Evan Mecham became governor there were rumblings he had broken the campaign laws along with all his poor governorship. Finally it got to the stage where he was the subject of a recall hearing by the state legislature and was indicted January 8, 1988, on felony charges for intentionally hiding and misusing a campaign loan. He was impeached after several months of hearings on April 4, 1988, and dismissed from office. Rose Mofford moved up from secretary of state to become governor. It looked at first like we would have to have a recall election and I was asked by Tony Mason to be one of the three heads of the committee to run that. We found an office and raised some money but at the same time went to court, and the court decided we did not need an election, that Rose was in office legally. She ran for governor at the end of that short term and won a full four-year term in 1990. Michael Hawkins and Lorraine Frank headed that campaign. I served on the finance committee but did not take a day-by-day role because of my health problems. After she had been in office a few months she asked if I felt I could serve on a board and put me on the state Environmental Commission. I stayed there until Fife Symington became governor and did not reappoint me. I am still on their advisory committee. I also served two years on a special committee on the environment and education.

One of the best experiences during those years was the first Eleanor Roosevelt international caucus of women political leaders at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, where Eleanor Roosevelt had worked to get the United Nations approved. This caucus was held in March 1987. There were women leaders from all over the world gathered together to get help in bringing their countries up to standard. Most of the United States women, as I was, were observers and helpers, with no official votes, but acted as experts to help in all the sessions. It was utterly wonderful. Many of my old friends were there, and I made new ones in every country.

The new national chairmen of the Democratic party—first Duane Garrett, then Charles Manett, Paul Kirk, and Ron Brown—all recognized what I had done in the past and invited me as an honorary guest to committee meetings and conventions but never did ask me to take any official position except in the alumni council of the committee. Because of the health problems I had begun to experience, I did not very often go to Washington.

I was quite active in Terry Goddard's first campaign for mayor of Phoenix and did some advisory work in his losing campaign for governor

in 1990. I also advised Richard Mahoney's campaign for secretary of state, which was successful, and did the same for his campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1994 and for Terry's rerun for governor, which were not. In none of these have I spent full time.

I did get heavily involved in one more campaign. When Bruce Babbitt decided to run for the Democratic presidential nomination for the 1988 elections he asked if I would help. I said yes but then did not get a call to do anything specific for four or five months. We had a couple of meetings to discuss where he should begin. I felt that he should emphasize the southern states as he was more in tune with their philosophy. But his staff, Fred Duvall, Chris Hamel, and Ronnie Lopez, felt that beginning with the McGovern campaign, the only successful way to go had become to begin in the two early states, Iowa and New Hampshire. So he took his family and a few aides and spent the summer of 1986 biking through Iowa, with a little of the same in New Hampshire.

When I was finally called in to really participate they had opened a campaign office just about five miles away on Camelback Street. Bruce asked if I would become national cochair of the campaign with Duane Garrett of San Francisco, and I agreed. He had already sent Chris Hamel to open an Iowa office and Carolyn Rausch to New Hampshire. Fred Duval was campaign manager, and Fred had hired Elaine Kaymark as deputy campaign manager to run an office in Washington. Ronnie Lopez was treasurer and Bob Woolf, the best fundraiser in Arizona, was fundraising coordinator. Along in the summer or fall sometime Fred had hired two sets of consultants in Washington, both of whom I considered okay but nowhere near the top. Fred felt they were the best he could get. One was Bendixen and Law, the other Hamilton, Frederick and Schneiders. Soon he added two press people, then young and unknown but who because of that campaign are now considered, rightly so in my opinion, top press aides, Mike McCurry and Vada Manager.

Dick and I had gone to San Diego to a Western Writers of America convention and then stopped in Palm Springs to visit our old mink rancher friends, Red and Ila Zimmerman, in January, since I seemed not to be too involved with the campaign yet except to feed fundraising names to Bob Woolf. When we got back we found that Bruce had plans well along for a big fundraising dinner at the Hyatt Regency on February 15 with people invited in from other states as well as Arizona. It was completely formal. I had a new dress made, as he had Dick and I, Duane, Fred and Elaine, and Ronnie and Chris and spouses all at the head table. The next morning each of us helped in a workshop on the campaign for about fifty

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Television interview with Jean Westwood in late 1980s.

people who would either be raising money or heading the campaign in a number of states.

I soon found out that the main thing they wanted from me was my name, which apparently still was worth quite a bit around the country. In March I went with the main staff on the announcement airplane tour, where Bruce made appearances to announce his campaign on *Meet the Press*, in New York City, Boston, Manchester, Des Moines, and Atlanta, ending up in Washington, D.C., before flying back to Phoenix. I spent a big share of the trip with members of the national press and made arrangements to spend more time with them when Bruce went to Texas to be on a national television panel with the other major candidates.

I then started going down to headquarters. I did not have an office at first but was soon given one and asked by Fred to start checking each department and how they were doing. All I found was a lot of resentment and not much planning or coordination for other states except Iowa and New Hampshire. After a few weeks I quit going down every day and spent a couple of weeks writing an extensive memo to Bruce with a copy to Fred of what I thought needed to be done.

I then made an appearance in California with Bruce and some of my old political friends. Fred asked if I could get Bruce in the Americans for Democratic Action national convention in June and I agreed to go and introduce him. I seemed to be exhausted all the time so Dr. Dippe,

my endocrinologist, changed some of my medicines and my neurologist decided it was time to push up my annual cat scan a little and have it in late May before going to Washington.

Dick did not go with me; I flew in and Bruce came down from New Hampshire. We were supposed to go on to New York two days later. Bruce was to speak at noon on Sunday and I spent the two days before renewing all my old Washington contacts. But while he was speaking I was told I had a message to call home. Dick said Dr. Christenson wanted me home immediately. The cat scan had shown that all of a sudden my pituitary tumor had grown about ten times and it was so close to my eye I could be blind if it wasn't taken out in the next week or two.

I had to change planes twice to get to Phoenix by Monday afternoon and went for more tests beginning Tuesday. They scheduled the operation for the next Monday. But that night I fell getting out of our deep shower and I started bleeding from my bladder. So they did some xrays of that, which showed that I had some kind of growth on my kidneys. It was like a nightmare. They decided the most urgent was the pituitary tumor. They had to go in through my mouth and cut it open instead of going through your skull and I had to sleep sitting up for three weeks so it would drain properly. As soon as it was far enough along, five weeks later, they did the kidney operation, taking out my right kidney where a tumor which had originated in my adrenal glands had grown into the kidney. It was a type of tumor they had never seen before, like a melanoma, which does not usually grow internally. They sent the samples all over the country to labs and never did decide if it was or was not cancer, but they had done a new procedure so they were sure it wouldn't spread.

But I never started to feel better and three weeks later I was back in the hospital again with some kind of infection they could not pin down. It dragged on all fall before they finally let me come home and then in January I got pneumonia. So Bruce started his real primary campaign without me and he came out of Iowa and New Hampshire just as I had predicted, one of the pack of seven dwarfs who all looked and talked alike and tried to win by attacking Reagan and not getting specific themselves. By spring I got disgusted and wrote him a letter asking him why he didn't stand up and stand for some changes. He then made a speech when he did actually stand up and where he used specifics. The press loved it and him, but it was just too late. Walter Mondale won the nomination and handily lost the election.

In the early spring I had spent some time in the campaign again but I never got feeling well enough to go to convention. I could serve on the

state committees and as president at Pinewood but kept getting tired a little more easily. Dick was trying to write a book about river runners on the Colorado on which I was helping with research, and I started on this book. We took a summer trip to Utah and then I got pneumonia again and was in the Flagstaff hospital several weeks. I dragged around all fall and in January was back again in the Scottsdale hospital with a bad case of pneumonia. They were trying to do a blood check in a vein and gave me some zylocaine and my heart stopped. They got it going again but had me in intensive care for a few days, then put me back down in the regular wards for a few more days.

Meanwhile Mother had had one blocked bowel in the summer and had been in the hospital with it. After that she never really recovered and knew who she was and where. In January she got another blocked bowel, and they put her in the hospital on the floor above me. They finally told me that I could go up and see her the next morning, but she died during the night so I never did get to say goodbye.

Instead I got out of bed and started making arrangements, and we took her back to Price for a funeral where her friends and family could all be there, and they were. My brothers and I made the main speeches. I was not quite "with it" yet. I woke up in the motel room in the middle of the night feeling she was there with me. She told me that I had forgotten to get her a gravestone, and it was true. The next morning we went and arranged to have a new joint headstone made for Mother and Dad together. She had shaped my life, along with my Dad, being far advanced for their time.

EPILOGUE

In about 1990 we took on an abnormal lifestyle—very few commitments of a political, business or social nature. I guess for most people, one could say we began a normal life. Dick finished his book. I kept on at Pinewood but never had my old zip. In 1991 an MRI cat scan showed my tumor, which I thought was gone, had started to grow again, so I had to stay in Phoenix most of the summer and have radiation every day. Then I was hit with lots of pain in my upper ribs, which turned out to be a gallbladder infection so they operated and removed that. I felt like a guinea pig, but I would never give in. I still support and work in women's causes and state campaigns. I had to cut down to nine holes of golf and then last year I got so I could not even walk that far. I have something called steroid myelopathy which means one loses muscle strength because of taking too many steroids. But the doctors say I must take steroids, thyroid, a drug called calan which balances my heart and blood pressure, sinemet (a variation of eldopa), and hormones—all because I have no pituitary gland anymore. I am doing an exercise regime to help regain some muscle strength or at least not lose any more. But my brain and mind are as good as they ever were.

Dick and I started going to church again and I found I could reconcile my women's beliefs with the current attitudes of the Mormon church. We took instructions and for our fiftieth anniversary we were remarried in the Salt Lake City Mormon temple. I have had a wonderful life with a man who allowed me to be a complete woman in days when men did not do that, and I loved him enough to want to be with him forever, as he did me.

After Bill Clinton was elected president we were invited to all the inaugural events but did not go. I have not been asked to do anything for Clinton and do not expect to. Bruce Babbitt is now secretary of the interior and I still write him letters telling him what I think is wrong or right.

I am no longer a pioneer, but instead a settler—one of those like I knew as a child who had come into Utah in the early days but were now

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Jean and Dick Westwood on a cruise sometime in the 1980s.

just a respected part of the landscape. I go back to those sessions with my dear friend Dr. O'Connell, and I can see in my life the nurturing traits she said I had. I love all my large family, husband, two children, fifteen grandchildren and all their husbands and wives and seventeen great-grandchildren and I can see that they love me as deeply.

But I have also had the independence of thought, the questioning and rebellion against settled ways that I thought needed changing. Undoubtedly the conflicts between the two led to many of the physical problems I have had.

But I wouldn't change my life. I was a pioneer, even if it was accidental much of the time. I did help change the world for women and often make it better politically for everyone.

Let me conclude with a fervent wish: I hope that some of you, my readers, whether male or female, will in either small or great ways become the pioneers we still need in our ever changing world.

Index

Illustrated matter is indicated by italics.

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HISTORY / United States / 20th Century and
POLITICAL SCIENCE / Political Process / Political Parties

Jean Miles Westwood was the first American woman to chair a national political party. Nineteen seventy-two may be remembered best as the year Nixon's plumbers burglarized Democratic national headquarters at the Watergate. It was also a year of inclusive political reform, in which civil rights, antiwar, and women's rights activists achieved unprecedented power in the Democratic Party. George McGovern was their candidate, and Jean Westwood was his choice to run his campaign and then chair the Democratic National Committee. Although she had achieved that position due to her ability to organize and campaign effectively, largely by outworking the opposition, neither she nor anyone else could overcome the barriers McGovern's campaign faced and created for itself. In *Madame Chair*, Westwood tells a political insider's story of that fateful year in America and recounts how a Mormon woman from small-town Utah rose to the apex of liberal politics, becoming a visible symbol in an era of feminist struggle and achievement.

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