Julia Butler Hansen

A trailblazing Washington politician

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Secretary of State
Kim Wyman

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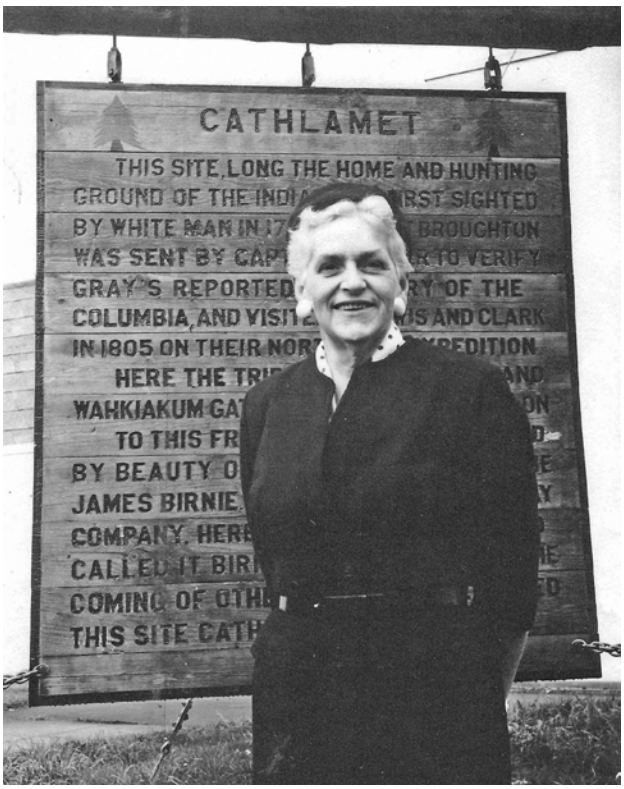

Julia poses at the historic site sign outside the Wahkiakum County Courthouse in 1960. *Alan Thompson photo*

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Preface

"Like Money in the Bank"

Washington's new congresswoman arrived early and unaccompanied for a forum with student leaders at Grays Harbor College in Aberdeen, the self-proclaimed "Gateway to the Olympics" and ex-officio capital of the 2-by-4 world. She plopped down in the chair next to me, eyeing the package of cigarettes at my elbow. It was the fall of 1961. I was a 17-year-old reporter for the student newspaper. Hoping to seem more sophisticated, I had just started smoking. I offered her one of my Pall Malls. She tapped the unfiltered cigarette on her watch crystal, leaned in for a light from my Zippo and inhaled deeply. Then, with a luminous smile, she reached over to shake my hand. "I'm Julia Butler Hansen," she said. "What's your name, young man?"

"John Hughes, congresswoman. You've met my mother. She decided to vote for you after you spoke at a Zonta Club meeting."

"Wonderful!" she said. "Thank her for me."

Between puffs, she said her original goal was to become a reporter. She loved writing, especially figuring out how to tell the story: the lead paragraph, the adjectives, which quotes to use. Grays Harbor always felt like home, she said, because she grew up surrounded by loggers, sawmill workers and fishermen in tiny Wahkiakum County along the Columbia River. She remembered how exciting it was to come to Aberdeen—then the state's seventh-largest city—in 1936 as a Young Democrat to attend the party's raucous state convention. It featured a platform battle between left-wingers from Seattle and "country mice" centrists like her.

Just as she was launching into a story about the day she met President Roosevelt, we were interrupted. The student body president arrived with a corsage and the leader of the Political Science Club, a Barry Goldwater disciple who surveyed her with unconcealed suspicion. I remember thinking how much fun it would have been to just let her reminisce rather than proceed to the student center for a speech about "youth involvement." I'd never met a politician like Julia Butler Hansen, although she was by no means my first. My mother, aunts and union-leader uncles were all politically active.

Five years later, when I became a reporter for *The Aberdeen Daily World*, State Senator Bob Bailey, Julia's congressional district representative, worked at the

newspaper as a Linotype operator when the Legislature wasn't in session. He told amazing Julia stories—about how she humbled arrogant men, loathed unctuous lobbyists and became fast friends with Lyndon B. Johnson, even though she admired the Kennedys.

I talked with her often in the years to come. There was the memorable day in 1971 when she and U.S. Senator Warren Magnuson dedicated an experimental fish protein concentrate plant at the mouth of the Wishkah River in Aberdeen. If large-scale production of protein-rich hake meal proved economical, millions of people around the world wouldn't have to go to bed hungry, Julia said. She told of her recent visit to South America where she saw starving children cadging coins from tourists. If they had one meager meal a day, they counted themselves lucky. "When there is food for all, will there be as many wars?" she asked.

Julia greets a constituent at the dedication of a fish protein concentrate plant in Aberdeen in 1971. *John Hughes photo*

When it came time to sample cookies and cakes featuring fish protein concentrate, Julia warily eyed the platters. She nudged me and another reporter to go first. Dutifully, we took tentative bites. She read the look on our faces. "It can't be that bad," she said. "You're teasing." With that, she broke a cookie in two and popped one half into her mouth. She all but gagged, spit what she could into a napkin and whispered, "Tastes like crap!" Just then, one of the organizers strolled over. "What do you think, congresswoman?" "Delicious!" Julia declared, parodying a gulp. We all laughed.

JULIA BUTLER HANSEN crashed head-first through a whole series of glass ceilings during her half century in politics. Famously, she could cuss like a logger. She was also a skilled practitioner of personal persuasion. Above all, like Lyndon Johnson, she understood political power. Woe betide anyone who tried to derail one of her bills. She was headstrong, shrewd, a holder of grudges, yet also a forgiver—a self-described "woman with a temper, sensitive to hurt and pain, a tumultuous soul." She was a poet, an accomplished historian, a master gardener, and a wonderful cook. Her pies were

sublime, with crusts as flaky as a croissant.

She didn't like being telephoned at home, especially on weekends with a pie in the oven. In 1973, after Nixon's infamous "Saturday Night Massacre" accelerated the Watergate investigation, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reporter Joel Connelly called Julia for her reaction to the chain-reaction resignations. "Young man, do you want my pie to burn?" she demanded. "*Well, do you now?*" Finally, testily, she said, "We should not string this man up without a trial," adding that the House of Representatives should launch its own investigation—immediately.

Connelly, though chastened, got more than I did. My call must have come on the heels of his because I could tell she was steamed. The minute I heard "pie in the oven" I begged forgiveness and said I'd call the next day. Julia would later say that "all those intrusive" nighttime calls were one of the reasons she decided to retire from Congress.

Julia with a supporter at a campaign event in Longview in 1972. *Longview Daily News*

WHILE HER DEGREE from the University of Washington was in Home Economics, crews at the State Department of Highways were confident she could run a road grader. Columnists and editorial writers dubbed her "The Duchess of Cathlamet," "The Sage of Wahkiakum County," "The Little Old Lady in Logging Boots" and "Mrs. Highways." To her friends "and those who knew her well enough to get away with it," as one fellow legislator put it, she was affectionately known as "Madame Queen." After a while, her campaign buttons said "Julia"—nothing more. Headline writers around her sprawling district often used just her first name. She didn't mind. Far from it. Being a household name in her district was "like money in the bank," she said. Joe Carter, who worked for her on Capitol Hill, remembers her saying she didn't care about "any newspaper farther east than the White Salmon *Enterprise,*" a weekly in the Columbia River Gorge.

She was always "Mrs. Hansen" to young staffers. But she encouraged her

constituents to call her "Julia." This intimate biography will largely honor that wish.* "Hansen" is too bland for a larger-than-life woman who ascended to the "College of Cardinals" overseeing appropriations in the United States House of Representatives.

Though Julia Butler Hansen died in 1988, her legacy as an equal rights trailblazer is more relevant than ever. A study conducted by the National Women's History Museum in 2019 revealed that accomplished women are shockingly under-represented in K-through-12 social studies curricula. The 2020 centennial of the ratification of the 19th Amendment seems a fine time, then, for a fresh look at the life of a suffragist's daughter who became one of the most honest and effective lawmakers in the history of either Washington.

John C. Hughes
Olympia, September 2020

* Northwest historian Marie Barovic Rosenberg, a former professor at Eastern Washington University, interviewed Julia, her family members, staff and constituents in the 1970s. "Everyone whom I interviewed or met during the course of this research who had known her for any significant period of time always referred to her (and greeted her) as Julia, with the sometimes exceptions of situations where formal introductions were in order," she wrote.

Introduction

"Julia who?"

Alaska Governor Walter J. "Wally" Hickel, President Nixon's controversial pick for Secretary of the Interior, was perplexed when reporters cornered him at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport and asked what he thought of Julia Butler Hansen's views on fisheries, parks and public timberlands.

"Julia who?" he asked.

Hickel paled when informed that the Democrat from Washington headed the congressional subcommittee overseeing two-billion dollars in appropriations for the Interior Department.

The story made headlines from Anchorage to Atlanta in the next day's papers—the 1969 equivalent of "going viral." Everyone who was anyone in Washington, D.C., knew who Julia Butler Hansen was. At 61, she was "a master of the legislative process," the *Los Angeles Times* said, adding, "No Secretary of the Interior in his right mind would want to antagonize her."

Walter Hickel, the new Secretary of the Interior, famously asked, "Julia who?" *AP*

Julia was already skeptical about Hickel, whose enthusiasm for oil extraction at Prudhoe Bay was well documented. "You can't let nature run wild" was one of his famous "Hickelisms."

Hickel was rebuffed when he tried to schedule an appointment to make amends. The congresswoman was "too busy." After several more calls yielded the same brushoff, he arrived unannounced one morning and begged to be heard. Julia relented.

"I want you to know how embarrassed I am," he said.

Julia smiled thinly. "I am a member of a minority," she said, "the so-called woman's minority. We're accustomed to being discriminated against." She proceeded to inform him it would be unconscionable if the Nixon administration failed to allocate more money for fisheries and the Forest Service. U.S. lumber imports stood at 13

percent, yet budget cuts had limited tree planting. "It's stupid—false economy. In order to have sufficient lumber by the year 2000, the trees must be in the ground now," she said. There were rumors, too, about plans to transfer functions of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to another agency. He'd better put a stop to that, she warned.

Secretary Hickel dutifully appeared before her subcommittee's next hearing. At the end of the morning session, however, he informed the chairwoman he had finished his testimony and did not plan to return after the lunch break. "The last man who left before he had given us a full day didn't get any money for his office," Julia said.

Hickel was in attendance all afternoon. By the end of his first year at Interior, they had forged not just an understanding but a friendship.

WHEN JULIA BUTLER HANSEN took office in 1960, she joined 16 other women in the 437-member U.S. House of Representatives. In 2020, there were a record 101. Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi and most of the other 88 female Democrats wore white at the 2019 State of the Union Address in honor of the suffragists who risked ridicule, even jail, a century earlier to demand their rights as American citizens. Julia's grandmother and mother were in the trenches when Washington women won the vote in 1910, a decade ahead of the 19th Amendment. Their victory reinvigorated the national movement.

Congresswoman Catherine May of Wenatchee, center, hosts a luncheon at the Capitol in 1961 to welcome Julia and Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon to the 87th Congress. May and Hansen had been housemates in Olympia during a legislative session. *Washington State Archives*

Julia grew up believing "girls can do anything," even though she was from a town of scarcely 500 people. It's possible that no town smaller than Cathlamet, Washington, has ever sent someone to Congress. Julia always said she "was raised with one fundamental belief—that you should serve your country." Her mother was a county school superintendent at 23, her father the Wahkiakum County sheriff.

Julia's rapid rise to power on Capitol Hill came as no surprise to those who had followed her storied political career. Overcoming male chauvinism with her competence and charisma, she was the first

woman to serve on the Cathlamet Town Council; the first woman to head the Education and Roads & Bridges committees in the Washington State House of Representatives; the first female chairman of the 11-state Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy; the first female speaker pro-tempore of the Washington State House; the second Washington woman elected to Congress; the first woman to head a congressional appropriations subcommittee. And, in the twilight of her political career, the first woman to head the Washington State Transportation Commission. She was largely responsible for creating its predecessor, the State Highway Commission. During her final term in Congress, she headed a committee that brokered the first overhaul of the House committee structure since 1946. Proud to be a published author and historian, she helped secure funds for the first purpose-built Washington State Library. She was also a trustee of the Washington State Historical Society. Never the token woman, she retired from politics in 1975, undefeated in 42 consecutive elections. "No one ever represented her people better than Julia Butler Hansen," said Senator Magnuson, her friend since their days as Young Democrats in the 1930s.

JULIA WAS A SELF-DESCRIBED "complicated daydreamer," an award-winning writer who grew up listening to her pioneer grandmother's tales of their Colonial and Revolutionary War ancestors. Whenever the grownups' talk turned to politics the spunky girl listened intently, often asking questions—good ones, too. At 9, she declared her political independence by handing out campaign buttons and flyers for President Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat who was running for re-election in 1916. Her grandmother, a steadfast Republican, thought it was "disgraceful" and tossed Julia's tiny fistful of Wilson handbills in the stove.

Julia's retail political skills were off the charts early on. "She would drive a hundred miles to meet with a dozen people, and there were no freeways then," her sister-in-law, Willena Butler, said in 1972.

> She'd see a farmer out in his field. She'd stop the car, pull on some overshoes, and climb right through a barbed wire fence or blackberry vines. … When she'd come back and we'd worry about the scratches, she'd say, "It'll heal" as she'd wipe off the blood and the mud. "He's an old friend" or "He's got problems I should know about."

For Julia, every day was Election Day. The voters in the lunch-bucket 3rd Congressional District loved it when she told stories about her husband's days as a logging camp blacksmith. She could be a model of tea-sipping, corsage-wearing decorum at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a smoke-break

storyteller at the Longshore Hall, with the guys gathered around her. But there was not an ounce of artifice in Julia the shapeshifter, making her way in a man's world. Lyndon Baines Johnson adored her for her intuition and authenticity. There's a photo that shows the President—proudly clutching his toddler grandson—making a beeline for Julia in a crowded room. He chortled when she told him she had got the best of George Mahon, the tight-fisted Texan who chaired the House Appropriations Committee. Mahon had informed her she must trim $2.5 million from one of her bills. A few days later, she reported she had complied. "Julia, that's wonderful," Mahon declared. "Where did you find the money?" "From your district, Mr. Chairman."

Gregory Peck, whom Julia hugely admired for his Academy Award-winning portrayal of Atticus Finch in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, came to Longview in 1968 to honor Julia for her work to expand the Arts and Humanities Act. Peck told State Senator Bob Bailey, her district aide, she had such "a presence" that she could have been an actress. "I should have said she *was* an actress," Bailey recalled with a wry smile.

EQUAL RIGHTS, education, timber supply, tribal self-governance and highways were her passions. Wahkiakum County's "roads" mostly were the Columbia River until 1930. She understood transportation issues at the most basic level. During World War II, when the Wahkiakum County engineer was called up for government service, she took over as acting engineer. The country road crews loved her. She'd pull up a chair in the lunch room, light a Chesterfield and want to know how things were going. She knew all their names, their wives' names and most of their kids' names.

As Education Committee chairman in the Washington State House in the 1940s, she enacted a landmark package of education measures: raises and contract protection for teachers; wartime nursery care for the children of working mothers; hot lunches; aid to handicapped children and support for the state's fledgling community colleges. When Governor Monrad Wallgren, a fellow Democrat, vetoed her plan to improve the school employees' pension plan, she denounced it as a "cruel" act wrapped in a "smoke screen" of false economy. His apologists tried to purge her from the party. She was re-elected. Wallgren was not.

Dan Evans, Washington's three-term Republican governor and former U.S. senator, discovered Julia was "someone special" in 1957, his first year in the state House of Representatives. He was surprised and thrilled to be asked to serve on her Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges, a plum assignment. "I was a civil engineer. Julia wanted someone with expertise. But it was a Republican slot. And the Republican leader protested that a prestigious seat like that should not go to a freshman. 'Appoint him!' Julia ordered. He did. There was no arguing with Julia. I quickly developed enormous respect for this savvy, disarmingly plain-spoken

woman who was an expert on highway legislation." During her 11 years as chairman of legislative highway committees, Julia helped plan the state's network of modern roads, highways and bridges. As governor, Evans repaid the favor two decades later, appointing Julia to the State Highway Commission and Toll Bridge Authority.

What most people didn't know was that Julia, deep-down, was a sensitive romantic. She loved poetry and was happiest reading a storybook to a child or tending her immaculate English garden with its rose bushes and boxwood hedges. She was also a prayerful Christian Scientist, her son David notes, adding dryly, "except you're not supposed to smoke, drink or curse."*

He readily admits there were times growing up when he was "terrified" of her, putting it this way: "Mother had high expectations and low patience. She was a combination of General Patton and John Wayne"—a disciplinarian whose tongue lashings were worse than spankings. When he was around 6, David balked at a bowl of cold cereal. In an instant, his mother picked up the bowl and lobbed it at him. "I ducked and it hit the floor," he remembers with a chuckle. "Mother had a quick temper. I had a temper, too. But she was also compassionate and wonderfully witty." Absent their standoffs, they were kindred souls, reading voraciously and exploring the family's compelling genealogy, which dates to the first census of England in the 11th century. When Julia was elected to Congress, mother and son spent weekends combing the Virginia countryside for antiques, visiting historic sites. David became a historian.

YOU COULD PRACTICALLY WRITE Julia Butler Hansen's life story with anecdotes. Most are verifiably true. The rest plausible.

Bob Bailey was talking with her on the steps of the U.S. Capitol in the 1960s when a lobbyist butted in, draping an arm over her shoulders. "Get your goddamn meat hooks off me!" she declared, slapping away his arm. "I'm not for sale!" It was Bailey who first quipped, "Julia never wore a mini-skirt because she didn't want her balls to show."

In the middle of an oral history interview for the State Archives in the 1980s, she scolded a hovering photographer: "Now, let's stop the picture taking so I can have a smoke and be peaceful. I don't have to suffer for two hours, do I? …I don't care if the whole world knows I smoke, but the goddamn PTA's and so on will have a conniption fit. … I'm very outspoken, you see. It's probably one of the faults I have, but it's also probably one of the things that elected me."

Probably an understatement.

During her 14 years in Congress, Julia flew home frequently, always taking the

* Raised in the faith, David Kimball Hansen is a graduate of Principia College, a Christian Science school in Illinois. He went on to receive a master's degree in history at the University of Washington and become the curator at the Fort Vancouver National Historic site.

family cat, Caesar. "He was the most traveled cat in America," David Hansen says. "One time they loaded him on the wrong plane, and he was headed for Tokyo. Mother called Ronald McVicker, a vice president at Northwest Airlines, and said, 'You'd better get my cat back or that's the end of your airline!' "

Julia's kindnesses and wry sense of humor are also well remembered. Working for her was often another story. She had a sharp tongue and found it difficult to say "I'm sorry." Her style was to let things blow over, then offer an unexpected compliment to salve the wound. She worked late frequently, with the expectation that no one left until she did. She also hated to eat or drink alone, which meant someone had to accompany her to multiple-martini lunch breaks at the legendary Monocle restaurant on Capitol Hill.* Her successor in Congress, Don Bonker, remembers her wagging a swizzle stick as she schooled him on the nuances of Southwest Washington politics. Alan Thompson, the newspaperman who became her first Administrative Assistant when she was elected to Congress, remembers her talking "a hundred miles a minute, drinking a martini, eating french fries and smoking at the same time. *She was intense*."

Then there's the legendary story about what happened when a male lawmaker insulted her after she rose to offer an opinion during the opening days of the 1939 legislative session at Olympia. She was "just a woman," he scoffed; a freshman woman no less. Eyes shimmering with anger, Julia confronted him after adjournment. "You'd better apologize or take your glasses off," she warned, "because I'm going to hit you." "She proceeded to deck the guy," according to David Hansen.

Julia also told Thompson she once "smacked" a guy on the Courthouse lawn at Cathlamet. And in an oral history interview in 1981, she admitted to having "slapped a few men's faces." Sid Snyder, the former state Senate Majority Leader who spent a half century at the Capitol, believed the stories "are all probably true because I've seen that look in her eyes when she was angry. And even if it never happened it *could* have. You'd have to be just plain stupid or naïve to pick a fight with Julia."

As Walter Hickel learned early on.

PASSIONATE ABOUT EQUAL RIGHTS, Julia always said a woman had to work "twice as hard as a man to get accepted. You can't be an incompetent woman. If you are, the men will laugh you down the drain." Women were also "sick of being a bug on the end of a pin," she said, weary of the notion "that we should be something completely and startlingly different because we're women. *We're not.* We're citizens. …But don't try to get elected and just say, 'Well, I'm a woman'—'Vote for me because I'm a woman; I have

* "Julia's martinis were a ritual of sorts," Alan Thompson said. "Three was her limit. And, boy, could she hold her liquor. I never saw her intoxicated." David Hansen remembers that one day, in a mischievous mood, she tried to feed a martini to Caesar the cat.

a special kind of intuition' or this, that or something else. That's stupid. …"

Early on, however, when she emerged as a power on the Cathlamet Town Council, she was disturbed to discover that "women have a fatalistic capacity of being extremely jealous of other women." Decades later she was frustrated by the performance of Washington's first female governor, the mercurial Dixy Lee Ray. "But I would never, in all my public days, have said one word against Governor Ray," she said. At least for the record. "She's an amateur," Julia told her friend Henry Soike, the general manager of the Port of Grays Harbor, in 1980 when Governor Ray picked an ill-advised fight with Senator Magnuson. Dan Evans believes Julia would have been a first-rate governor, though she always said she couldn't imagine it. She liked being a legislator. "I'm a creature of the House," she always said.

In the 1940s at Olympia, when Julia campaigned to be become chairman of the House Roads & Bridges Committee, she confronted a lawmaker from Seattle who insisted he ought to have the job:

"Can't I do the job?" she asked, staring him down.

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think I'll be a good chairman?"

"Oh, yes, [but] I'm a man. …You're a woman and you're not from King County."

"To hell with that! …You and I are both elected representatives and I've had more experience in the road and highway field—eight years in an engineer's office."

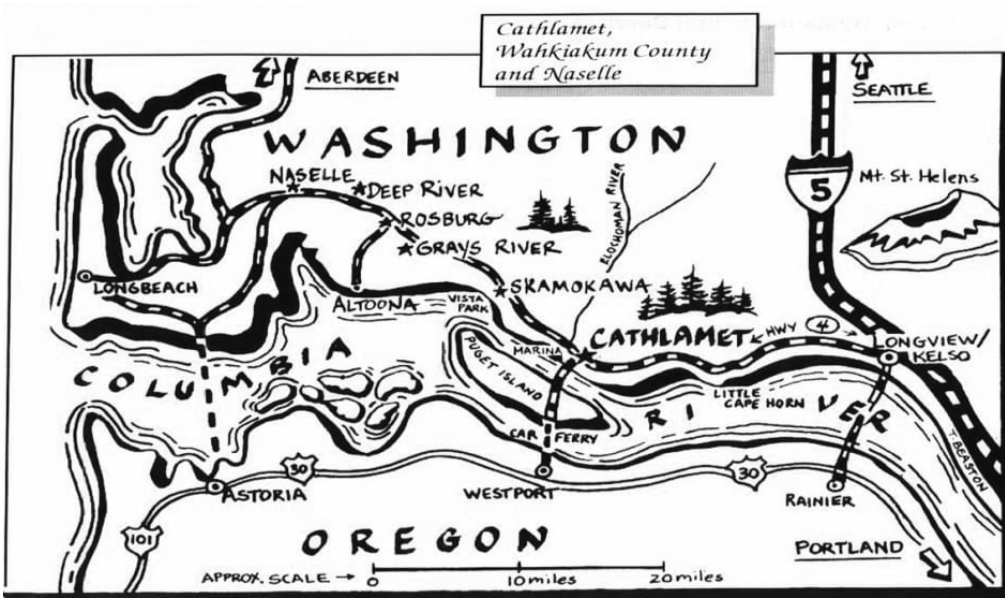
The Speaker of the House said they'd have to battle it out.

"I don't intend to give up," Julia promised.

She got the job. As usual.

Chapter One

"Just Plain Me"



Map of the historic Cathlamet area. *Washington State Archives*

When you arrive in Cathlamet as it emerges from the morning mist on a drizzly day it's like discovering Brigadoon. The town overlooks the Columbia River at a place where a broad green island bisects the channel. Cathlamet's sleepy Main Street seems stuck in time. The Courthouse hasn't changed much since 1921, the year it opened. The Doumit Brothers dry goods and grocery store building looks pretty much the same as it did in 1907, the year Cathlamet's most famous citizen, Julia Butler Hansen, was born. The congresswoman's former home a few blocks west has been in the family since 1885. Cathlamet's population—around 550 today—hasn't changed much either. Cathlamet is 22 seagull miles upriver from Astoria, where the Columbia flows into the great gray Pacific. The tourists who bother to stop in Cathlamet coming

Julia, right, in a nurse's uniform, with two similarly outfitted neighborhood girls and her brothers, who portrayed soldiers in a play Julia wrote to raise money for the Red Cross in 1918. *Hansen Family Collection*

or going to the coast encounter a place where history is palpable. The 17-room Hotel Cathlamet, built in 1926, is open again after a renovation. A minuscule ferry offers a charming way to cross from Washington to Oregon.

As her eventful life wound down, memories of her girlhood in Cathlamet were so vivid that Julia half expected to peer through the curtains and see her artistic mother, watercolor brush in hand, contemplating the tulips and daffodils in their lovely garden.

In her diaries and other reminiscences, Julia remembered the patriotic parade down Main Street in 1917 when America entered "the Great War." The precocious 10-year-old wrote and directed a play featuring her two brothers and all their friends. Admission cost a penny. Julia, wearing a nurse's outfit, donated the box office receipts to the Red Cross.

When Julia retired from Congress, every day along the Columbia was punctuated with flashbacks, more so after Henry Hansen, the love of her life, died in 1981. How she missed the handsome old blacksmith. When she won election to Congress in 1960, Julia was temporarily peeved at her friend, U.S. Senator "Scoop" Jackson, for suggesting that Henry—24 years her senior—might embarrass her in Georgetown society "because of his crippled back." He needn't have worried, she told her diary. Henry was whip-smart. Over dinner one night, Henry reported he'd spent the afternoon chatting with an interesting fellow named Dean Acheson, oblivious to the fact that their neighbor was President Truman's patrician former Secretary of State. "What did you talk about?" Julia inquired, tempering her bemusement. "Logging," said Henry.

Julia thought about Henry often in the course of every day, especially in springtime when her violet lilacs greeted her as she opened the garden door. Her volume of Walt Whitman poems was bookmarked at a verse that filled her with thoughts "of him I love":

> *When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,*
> *And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,*
> *I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring. …*

Julia Butler Hansen's sometimes flinty façade disguised a sensitive soul. In her teens, she began keeping a diary filled with secret longings, confessions and observations on the passing scene. She had an eye for detail and an ear for dialogue. Her bookcases were filled with histories, biographies, travelogues and poetry. Her son David, an accomplished historian, smiles when he conjures up the sounds of his mother pecking away at her Royal typewriter. She always proudly stated her profession as "writer." File cabinets at the historic Hansen home are filled with manuscripts.

On a "cold and icy" day along the banks of the Columbia at the dawn of 1984, Julia reminisced in her diary about the day 24 years earlier when she arrived in Washington, D.C., to take her seat in Congress. As the Baltimore & Ohio passenger train chugged "past the frozen sumac bushes along the tracks," she saw the Capitol "outlined against the cold winter sky. Feelings of amazement, challenge, humility, responsibility. I almost had to pinch myself. …That moment would never come again. Life would never be the same. …"

Sometimes, Julia told her diary, she was filled with a feeling of accomplishment—yet "never in the measure I wanted because I was a woman & because I had been raised in a town beside a river in a family that spoke a Victorian language." One day, after tidying up her desk and cleaning the refrigerator, she had a compulsion "to get busy writing" again. Should she tell her story like a novel or a memoir? "Maybe I can piece it all together. It might make possible some other girl's success, for I didn't come from wealth or guaranteed place. I was just plain me." In truth, she was just plain extraordinary. How else to explain her rise from the Cathlamet Town Council to chairwoman of a powerful congressional appropriations committee—a first for a woman?

Julia's fearless pioneer grandmother and suffragist mother—elected county school superintendent at the age of 23—were everything a purposeful girl could wish for in role models. When his mother was speaking, David Hansen says, it was like hearing the great-grandmother he never knew. "It reminds me of the mystic chords of memory that Lincoln spoke of, because my great-grandmother grew up talking with people who had been alive during the American Revolution." His mother was steeped in history, and a sense of place. In the beginning, and the end, there was Cathlamet.

CATHLAMET'S FIRST PERMANENT white settlers were Scotsman James Birnie, his wife Charlot and their 12 children. In 1846, the former Hudson's Bay Company clerk opened a trading post, "Birnie's Retreat," overlooking the river. Charlot Birnie—half Kootenai and half French Canadian—was also conversational in Chinookan languages. "Renowned for her hospitality and her influence on the Lower Columbia," Charlot was the progenitor of Wahkiakum County's long tradition of female leadership. Her sister-in-law, Rose Birnie, was the county's first schoolteacher.

The trappers, homesteaders, fishermen, sawmill men and loggers who settled in Wahkiakum County were a diverse lot: Scots, Scandinavians, Croatians, New Englanders and, by the 1880 Census, 533 Chinese cannery workers. Norwegians colonized Puget Island just across the Cathlamet channel. The men who worked in the logging camps or crewed fishing vessels were gone a lot, which meant the womenfolk were on their own, running farms, chopping wood, cooking, sewing and schooling the children.

When the Birnies arrived, the area's indigenous people were in sharp decline. In the days of Chief Wahkiakum, Cathlamet was one of the largest Native American settlements west of the Cascades, with perhaps as many as a thousand inhabitants. The Europeans who traded beads and chisels for valuable furs, brought smallpox, malaria, measles, tuberculosis and other diseases for which the natives had no immunity. The white man's whiskey would prove destructive as well. In 1854, when Wahkiakum was one of the eight new counties created by the Territorial Legislature, a white official counted only 46 Native Americans in the area—11 men, 14 women, 15 slaves acquired from other tribes and six children. They were "continually shifting their residence up and down the river," Governor Isaac Stevens was told. They posed "no hindrance to white settlement, only requiring from the government assurances that they be permitted to live and die where they were."

Historian Thomas Nelson Strong's tales of early-day Cathlamet lit the wick of history in Julia Butler Hansen's imagination when she was a little girl longing for adventure. Her lively blue-gray eyes seemed to sparkle as she imagined herself in Charlot Birnie's huge canoe, "one of the wonders of the lower river." Radiating "fire and energy," Charlot set out with as many as 30 Indian paddlers on her annual expedition to Shoalwater Bay to hunt elk, dig clams and harvest cranberries. After a few weeks, the party would return by the same route. "Disposing of her gatherings and scattering her party, Mrs. Birnie would doff her Indian character and again assume her role as the grand dame of Birnie hall," Strong wrote.

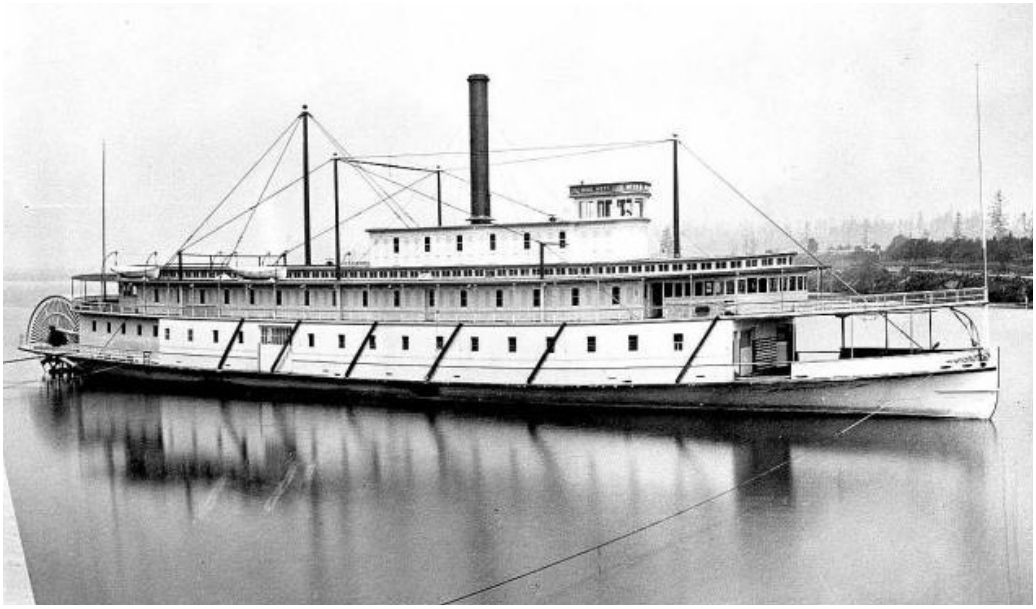
Long before her election to Congress in 1960, Julia demonstrated great respect and empathy for Native Americans, championing their rights and celebrating their culture in her books, poems, plays and pageants. Around the house, she wore moccasins instead of slippers. A pair of tiny moccasins was the first gift recorded in her Baby Book in 1907.

Julia Ann Blood and James Freeman Kimball, Julia's maternal grandparents. *Hansen Family Collection*

JULIA'S MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS, who came to Cathlamet in 1882, were an odd match. Julia never knew her grandfather, but she knew all about him—and her girlhood was brightened by the presence of her formidable grandmother, for whom she was named.

James Freeman Kimball, her grandfather, was a handsome widower when he met Julia Ann Blood in New Hampshire in 1873. He was 17 years her senior, a lumberman by trade. The Civil War veteran sported a rakish mustache and a bristly, six-inch beard. Julia Ann Blood was a self-disciplined young woman, as "strong, sturdy and unswerving as the granite of New Hampshire," her granddaughter would write. She called him "Freem"; he nicknamed her "Judy." When word filtered east that the evergreen forests of the Northwest were immense, Kimball convinced his young wife opportunity beckoned. Carefully packing their belongings into two trunks, she would prove resourceful in the travails to come.

They crossed the country by rail in the spring of 1877 and made their way from San Francisco to Astoria by steamer. For the last leg of the 3,000-mile trek, they took the stage coach from Tenino to Mud Bay on Eld Inlet west of Olympia, the territorial capital. James Kimball had secured a logging camp superintendent's job with the Puget Mill Company, the forerunner of Pope & Talbot. Kimball, 45, knew how to run things.



The sternwheeler *Wide West* on the Columbia around 1880. *Maxwell Collection Salem Public Library*

Fluent in French, he'd been the boss of a crew moving timber along the Saint Lawrence River as logging boomed from Nova Scotia to the Great Lakes. He liked his liquor and had an "eye for the ladies," according to family lore, but was also "kind-hearted" and generous.

The Kimballs also operated a restaurant in Olympia for a few months in 1879 until the economy took a downturn. They moved to Portland where their daughter, Maude Eliza, was born in 1880. Next stop was a logging camp near White Salmon in the Columbia River Gorge.

ON A CHILLY DAY IN NOVEMBER OF 1882, the three Kimballs boarded the elegant sternwheeler *Wide West* at Portland. The captain tipped his hat and asked where they were going.

"To Cathlamet," Mrs. Kimball said.

"To Cathlamet!" he sputtered. "To the hell hole of the Columbia?"

Her response is unrecorded. She might have chuckled. At 33, Julia Butler Hansen's maternal grandmother relished a change of scenery and "yet another challenge." At Mud Bay early on, there were times when life was so bereft of civilization that "she never knew whether her bed was wet from her tears or from the fir boughs."

To the riverboat captain, Cathlamet was a backwater with barely a hundred settlers, a saloon, and a cannery. Astoria, in contrast, was a cosmopolitan city of nearly 3,000. The Kimballs saw Cathlamet as "a beautifully located" village overlooking the Columbia. In any case, they were on their way to the woods a few miles from town. James was the new superintendent of Ordway & Weidler's logging camp. His employer owned 4,000 acres of great-girthed timber.

His wife, wise to his weaknesses, usually accompanied him on business trips to Portland "to help avoid embarrassing incidents."

The Kimballs lived in the lower Elochoman Valley in a clapboard house that doubled as James' logging headquarters and the camp cookhouse. Mrs. Kimball's day began at sunup. She had a toddler to care for in addition to myriad other tasks. An excellent shot, she grabbed her husband's Civil War pistol whenever hawks menaced her chickens. She planted an orchard and garden to supply the camp with fruits and vegetables, chopped wood, cooked and baked. "There was no doctor nearer than Astoria, and men injured in the camps, unless too seriously, were brought to her" to be patched up, her daughter recalled. She also may have been the first woman bookkeeper in the history of territorial logging.

When the Portland-based timber company that employed James Kimball was bought out by Simon Benson, who famously bundled his logs into cigar-shaped rafts, the congresswoman's grandfather ran his own logging operation around the valley.

The Julia Butler Hansen home at the west end of Main Street in Cathlamet. The house was constructed in 1867. James Kimball, Julia's maternal grandfather, purchased it for $250 in gold in 1885. *John Hughes photo*

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS 1885, James Kimball bought the historic 1867 Fitzpatrick-Roberts House for $250 in gold. The family moved into town, such as it was. His wife was pleased. She had hoped 5-year-old Maude could attend school. "My grandmother had one goal: Everybody should have an education," the congresswoman remembered. " 'You are not going to marry until you have a skill,' my grandmother used to say when I was a little tiny girl. And my mother always said, 'Get your education, because you never know when you are going to need it. …' "

Unfortunately, Mrs. Kimball soon discovered that the Cathlamet School was "a crude one-room affair" that operated five months a year at the most. Her daughter, who loved to draw and paint, would become an accomplished watercolorist and star pupil.

Both Kimballs were active in the Republican Party. Mrs. Kimball, an avid supporter of women's suffrage, immersed herself in community betterment and educational activities. She always told her granddaughter that a good citizen had a responsibility to "become involved." When Washington's Territorial Supreme Court

revoked suffrage in 1888, overruling the Legislature for the second time, Mrs. Kimball was outraged. "Here I am, a literate woman who …knows what the government is all about," her granddaughter remembered her saying. Mrs. Kimball was "completely exasperated" that she couldn't vote, while illiterate men were "prancing down to vote on Election Day" after being plied with alcohol by political hacks and told how to cast their ballots. " 'They couldn't even read or write, but they could vote!' " Julia remembered her grandmother fuming. "She was highly indignant."

Julia Ann Kimball was a robust woman, given to stockiness. Her daughter and namesake granddaughter—a chubby, bookish girl with a fine-featured face—were practically doppelgangers.

Drawing on Birnie family reminiscences and ephemera, including traditional songs and her own poems, Julia helped celebrate Cathlamet's Centennial in 1946 by writing and directing a play dedicated to Cathlamet's pioneers. She reprised it for special occasions over the years, and often wrote "Birnie's Retreat" below her signature when she autographed copies of *Singing Paddles*, the award-winning children's book she wrote in 1934. Yet there were days when Cathlamet felt more "like a noose tightening around the neck" than a retreat, she confessed to her diary. Would the rain—and the gossiping—ever stop?

Chapter Two

"Quite a bit of gumption"

Julia Butler Hansen's remarkable mother, Maude Kimball Butler, deserves a biography of her own. Elected Wahkiakum County school superintendent at 23, she was an inspirational teacher, prolific writer, gifted artist and enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the League of Women Voters. Julia always credited her feminist mother as the inspiration for her rise from the Cathlamet Town Council to the U.S. Congress. Maude faced widowhood and the loss of a child with unwavering courage. "She was the most tolerant, adventurous and happy human being I have ever known," Julia wrote.

Maude's role model for resilience was Julia's grandmother, Julia Ann Kimball. The two women, always close, became inseparable after Maude's 60-year-old father died in the downstairs bedroom in 1893, a month before her 13th birthday. Her mother took in boarders to supplement the $8-a-month pension accorded the widow of a Civil War veteran.

Julia's mother, Maude Kimball, around the age of 20. She began her teaching career at 16. *Hansen Family Collection*

The Kimballs had done their best to elevate the Cathlamet School to respectability, James as a member of the school board. Exasperated by the school's mediocre curriculum for older students and lack of accreditation, the widowed Mrs. Kimball found a job in Portland in 1895 and enrolled Maude in a high school that was modern for its day. Maude was thrilled to discover the curriculum included an art class. Her talent was already evident. She squeezed in "as many courses as possible" during one golden semester before the lingering effects of the Panic of 1893, a national depression, cost her mother her job. They returned to Cathlamet where a local lawyer with an extensive library befriended the bright girl and introduced her to the classics. Mrs. Kimball likely

was the go-between.

At 16, Maude Kimball easily passed the state test for a teaching certificate. The county school superintendent was impressed by her maturity. He was also short on teachers. He granted her a waiver from the requirement that teachers be at least 17. In 1897, Maude packed one bag and boarded the steamboat for Skamokawa ("ska-MOCK-away"), a booming settlement seven miles northwest of Cathlamet. In those days, and well into the 20th century, the river was the only highway.

For $30 a month, Miss Kimball taught 13 barefoot children at the town's impressive new Queen Anne-style schoolhouse. After a challenging year—dealing with a head lice epidemic by day and sleeping in a lean-to at the rear of a log cabin every night—she secured a teaching job back in Cathlamet. By boarding at home with her mother, Maude saved enough money for a year's tuition at the teacher's college near Salem, Oregon. Financial realities sent her back to tiny Wahkiakum County and several more stints in one-room, cannery-town schools along the sloughs of the winding Columbia. Now more than ever, however, she saw education as her calling. An article Maude wrote for *Oregon Teachers Monthly* in 1900 radiated passion:

> We are not working for glory, honor or money. We are working because we feel ours is the noblest profession. On us depends the fate of our country! Our names may be "unhonored and unsung" but our work lives forever.

MAUDE'S MOTHER and an expanding circle of friends and admirers urged her to run for county school superintendent in 1903. Campaigning as a Republican in a staunchly Republican county, she won—a first for a woman in Wahkiakum County. The galling irony was that neither she nor any other woman in the county—or anywhere else in the state—could cast a vote that year. Northwest suffragists had been skirmishing with lawmakers, judges and the all-male electorate since 1854 when Seattle pioneer Arthur A. Denny proposed to the Territorial Assembly that "all white females over the age of 18" be allowed to vote. His amendment was defeated by one vote. In the decades that followed, the territory's Supreme Court twice revoked suffrage, and constitutional amendments were soundly rejected by the

Maude Kimball and Don Carlos Butler's wedding photo in 1905. *Hansen Family Collection*

voters in 1889 and 1898.

In 1905, Maude Kimball married a handsome Kentuckian with a Wyatt Earp mustache. There were notches on his revolver. Don Carlos Butler was 40, she 25. He was a dashing yet soft-spoken carpenter who had served in the Spanish-American War. Working his way west, Butler arrived in Cathlamet in 1891 to bid on the courthouse construction project. He won the contract and found lodging with the Kimballs. "Maude apparently had her eye on him—or vice versa—for some time," as historian Frank Chesley put it.

The new Mrs. Butler was in her second term as school superintendent in 1906 when she became pregnant. Bluenoses in the county pressured her to resign, viewing it as unseemly for a public official to be great with child. She refused. The voters had elected her to do a job; she believed it was her obligation to them—and all future female office holders—to complete her term. "That took quite a bit of gumption," Julia always said.

Baby Julia with her father. *Hansen Family Collection*

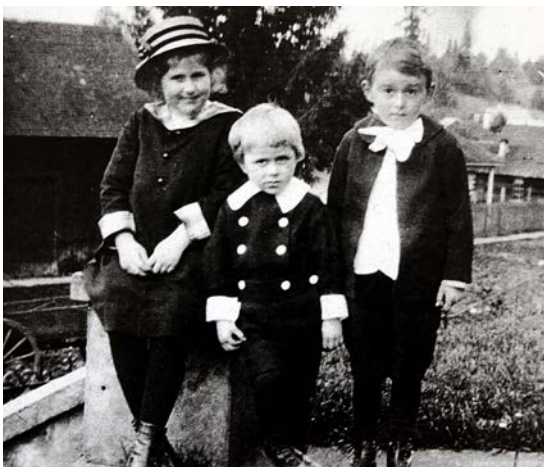
Julia Carrie Butler was born in Portland on June 14, 1907, her parents having insisted on a delivery at a modern hospital. She was a plump, fair-skinned baby with lovely blue-gray eyes. "Julia" was in honor of her maternal grandmother, Julia Ann Kimball. "Carrie" was a diminutive of Caroline, the given name of her paternal grandmother, Caroline Brownlee Butler. In college, however, Julia decided "Carrie" sounded too girlish, so she changed her middle name to "Carolyn," never bothering to make the change legal. Then in the 1930s, when she entered politics, she decided it should be "Caroline." "That was classic Mother," David Hansen says. "She just did things."

Julia's brother James was born in 1908, their sibling Donald in 1911. Mrs. Butler was now Cathlamet's most exuberant young mother. She taught Sunday School at the Congregational Church, served on the County Board of Education, "crocheted beautiful needlework, painted, gardened, and baked prize-winning cakes for the county fair." Her husband was elected sheriff and served on the Town Council, spearheading a new water supply system. He was also active in the Masonic lodge. It was a godsend for the whole family to have a live-in grandma. Julia Ann Kimball was like a second mother to a trio of bright, inquisitive children who helped raise the family's chickens and ducks.

Julia was particularly close to her "Grammy." She learned how to bake ginger

snaps and pies, which she loved, and took sewing lessons, which she "detested." Meal times were intensely interesting because the grownups had devoured the *Oregonian* newspaper, which arrived from Portland on the noon steamboat. They talked about politics and the outside world—"fascinating, exciting, controversial things." Her grandmother and mother liked to tease Julia's great-uncle, Edwin Augustus Blood, a logger adamantly opposed to women's suffrage. In 1910 when nearly 64 percent of the state's male voters approved an amendment to the state constitution granting most women the right to vote, Uncle Ed misunderstood the wording of the ballot proposition and accidentally voted in favor. When he realized his error he "stomped out of the house" and didn't return for days. They never let him forget it. Uncle Ed, moreover, "was one of the eight or nine Democrats in Cathlamet," Julia remembered, but "they were a strange group of confederates," squabbling all the time. Julia's parents and grandmother were ardent Republicans. Uncle Ed grew red-faced whenever Sheriff Butler started talking about how much he admired Abraham Lincoln.

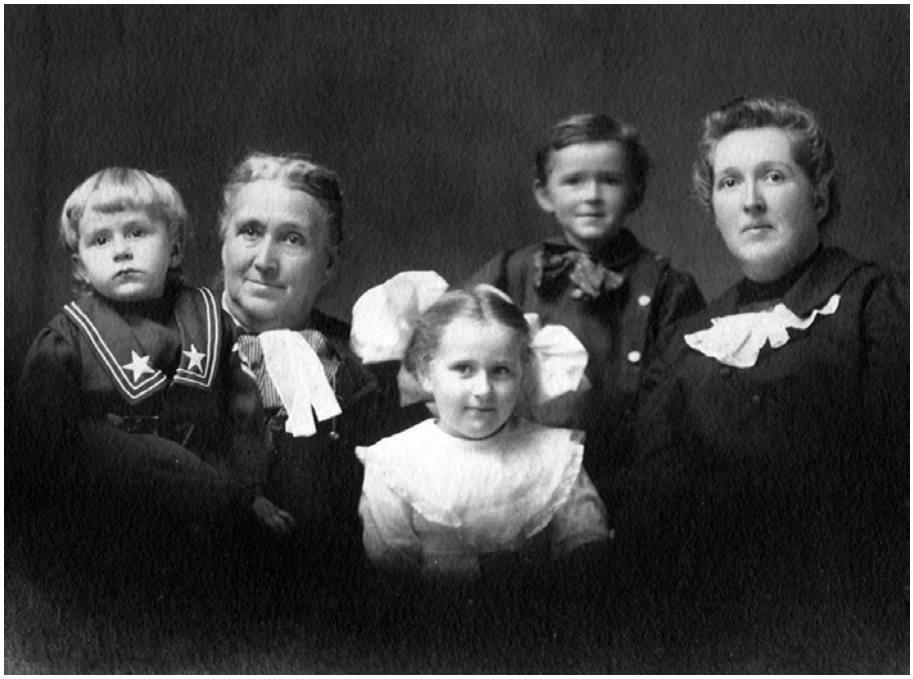
The Butler home often had overnight visitors: the visiting Pacific County Superior Court judge from South Bend, politicians, and educators, including the state's new Superintendent of Public Instruction, Maude's friend Josephine Corliss Preston. She was the first female statewide elected official in Washington state history.



Julia and her brothers outside the family home in Cathlamet in 1914. *Hansen Family Collection*

Julia and her brothers were homeschooled for several years. When Julia was 6, the Cathlamet School Board told her parents she must attend school. Maude, whose efforts to promote construction of a new school had been thwarted during her years as superintendent, shot back: "I am not going to send a child of mine into that fire trap building, nor should anyone else. We are going to have a new school. …" When a new school opened in 1916, the Butlers agreed their children would attend. When Julia entered the third grade, it was immediately clear to the teacher that she was far ahead of the other pupils.

CATHLAMET WAS A LIVELY, close-knit community that loved holidays, especially the Fourth of July. One of Maude Kimball Butler's much-admired watercolors captures a gala parade in the 1890s with children scurrying alongside a horse-drawn float. There were



Julia and her siblings, Donald, left, and James, with their mother, Maude Kimball Butler, and grandmother, Julia Ann Blood Kimball, in 1913.
Hansen Family Collection

baseball games, band concerts and a regatta on the river, followed by fireworks and an "all-night" dance. People came to town from miles around, up and down the river.

For a child, everyday life along the Columbia was punctuated with entertainment. Brothers in tow, Julia loved to watch the riverboats nuzzle up to the docks to deposit freight and passengers. It was exciting when delegations of local officials and political supporters assembled to greet dignitaries like Congressman Albert Johnson, the elbow-twisting newspaperman from Grays Harbor. "Uncle Joe" Megler, an enterprising local cannery man, was Speaker of the Washington State House of Representatives in 1905, a testament to tiny Wahkiakum County's tradition of outsized influence. The town's revolving cast of characters included wrinkly old Indians, farmers, fishermen and snoose-chewing loggers. Lawyers headed for the courthouse wore jaunty straw hats in the summertime.

Julia absorbed it all. She was a round-faced girl with an alabaster complexion and bows in her hair. She had her grandmother's sizing-things-up smile and her mother's striking eyes. With a cat purring on her lap, Julia loved to read in front of the fireplace, especially on a rainy day. She was also an athletic tomboy: "When the boys played

baseball on the block, I played baseball—hardball. When the boys played football on the block, I played football. …If I was supposed to wear a lace petticoat, it didn't stop me from going through the rose bushes or climbing a tree." She smacked two boys who had been picking on her brothers, according to family lore.

Julia also knew when to mind her manners. Her parents and grandmother taught her to always "remember you're a lady first—to be thoughtful and kind to other people …to put them first [instead of yourself], and to be courteous." She also learned the importance of punctuality. Patience would prove elusive.

"When you grew up in my day …in a small town, you were part and parcel of its life," Julia fondly remembered when she was 74 years old. Wahkiakum County was a miniature melting pot. Some of her best friends were Indian children, unsurprising given her fascination with Charlot Birnie and Sacagawea, the Lewis and Clark expedition's Shoshone interpreter. One of their neighbors was French; another an Italian fisherman. A paper hanger from Belgium lived down the block. There were "lots of Chinese cannery workers," Julia recalled, and Scandinavians "all over the place." John and Helen Doumit, who owned the big dry goods store at the east end of Main Street, were Lebanese immigrants. "Everybody knew everybody," Julia said.

Main Street in Cathlamet in the 1930s. The landmark Doumit & Sons store is at right.
Washington State Archives

Chapter Three

Grief compounded

Julia lost her father, grandmother and a brother within the space of three years. Equally heartbreaking, Maude Butler lost her husband, mother and a son. Always close, mother and daughter became even closer in their shared grief. Her mother's resilience was an indelible influence on Julia. "I think women shouldn't be afraid to face the future, no matter what their circumstances," Julia said 70 years later.

Maude Butler and her children in the book-lined parlor of the family home in 1916. *Hansen Family Collection*

Don Carlos Butler, Julia's father, died of complications from diabetes at the age of 50 on February 10, 1916. Though sadly debilitated, he was still on duty as sheriff two days before his passing. "His word was as good as his bond," the *Columbia River Sun* said, "and his honesty beyond reproach." Such a man "cannot be replaced."

Maude was eligible for a $17-a-month widow's pension from her husband's military and government service. There was a life insurance policy, too. And likely a nest egg secreted somewhere in the house, Julia once confided to her son David. It couldn't have lasted long.

The second blow came when Maude's mother, Grammy Julia, succumbed seven months later at the age of at 67. She too was irreplaceable.

Maude returned to teaching and earned some extra income as a correspondent for *The Daily Astorian* and weekly newspapers in Southwest Washington. Julia and her brothers helped tend their vegetable garden and didn't complain that their school clothes were hand-sewn by their mother, a capable seamstress.

Julia's practically lifelong inclination to keep a diary was inspired by her mother. Maude Butler found her own journal therapeutic in the spring of 1917 when America entered the war to make the world "safe for democracy," as Woodrow Wilson put it. Maude wrote that the president "should have taken a firmer, decisive hand a long time ago," adding that the town's trio of Berlin-born immigrants had been crowing that "the Fatherland is always right." Exasperated, Maude asked why they didn't stay there. The loudest of the boasters, oblivious to the irony, shrugged that they came to America because they "couldn't make a living" in the old country. Maude lamented that "the influence of Pro-Germans and pacifists has prevented us from strengthening our army and navy. We shall have to send our boys through those sub-infested waters, and I am sure every mother is terrified to think of it."

10-year-old Julia outside school. *Hansen Family Collection*

Maude wrote that the Fourth of July that year was the most patriotic since her childhood when she remembered crawling out of bed "at daybreak to help fire off the old shotgun." In 1917, the wartime food shortage had yet to reach the wilds of Wahkiakum County, "and everyone kept saying, 'I wish some poor Belgian kid had this piece of chicken. …' " Maude summed up the day with mixed emotions: "I am mother enough to be glad that my boys are not old enough to go but this will be the first war since King Phillip's that no member of the family has not fought in. If it were not for the children, I would go overseas on canteen duty."

Patriotic furor ran so high in America at the outbreak of World War I that even Cathlamet Republicans wore "United Behind the President" buttons. Julia, her brothers and their playmates found it all exciting. Julia played Red Cross nurse, looking "so cute in her little white apron with one of her dad's hankies tied around her head and a paper red cross planted on her forehead," her mother wrote.

Maude and the county agent's wife oversaw a 4-H canning club, filling hundreds of jars with peaches and pears. She chaperoned five girls to a Junior Red Cross fundraising contest in Yakima. Before long, Maude was named a federal food supply administrator by the nation's "food czar," future president Herbert Hoover. She was one of only two women in the state to hold the post. By the fall of 1917, she was also once again county school superintendent, as well as a member of the Grange and the Order of the Eastern Star, a Masonic group. "However, I never leave until I have read a story to the children,

tucked them in bed and heard their prayers," Maude wrote.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Mitchell Doumit, the eldest of John and Helen Doumit's nine children, was old enough by Wahkiakum County standards to drive the Doumit Brothers' Model-T Ford delivery truck. "Mitch" was a bright, athletic boy, a natural-born leader with slicked-back black hair. The Doumits, Kimballs and Butlers were good friends. Mitch's kid brother, Eli, was a playmate of Julia's 7-year-old brother, Donald.

Donald Butler, the "likable little chap." *Hansen Family Collection*

On the afternoon of April 15, 1919, Donald Butler dashed out of the house when he saw the bread man pull up across the street. He grabbed the two loaves his mother had ordered and darted from behind the delivery car right into Doumit's path. "Before young Doumit could stop the machine it had passed over the victim, but fortunately he fell clear of the rear wheels," the *Columbia River Sun* reported. Dr. George Pierrot, who divided his time between Cathlamet and Skamokawa, happened to be nearby. Though the boy was "much bruised," the doctor concluded there were no broken bones or internal injuries. The whole town rejoiced, especially Mitch Doumit. Though blameless, he felt terrible.

For the next two weeks, Donald Butler appeared to be on the mend—until the morning he awoke in terrible pain. John Doumit, Mitchell's father, urged Mrs. Butler to have the boy transported to the hospital at Astoria. On April 28, Donald died there on the operating table. He had sustained multiple internal injuries. Doctors in Astoria said Donald might have survived had he remained at home, according to family lore. Maude and Julia became Christian Scientists, trusting that the power of prayer could heal physical ailments. Julia often said her brother's death was one of the reasons she became interested in good roads and traffic safety.

The death of "the likable little chap," the first traffic fatality in Wahkiakum County history, was front page news in the weekly *Sun*. Eli Doumit, 9, and three other Cathlamet boys were the pallbearers, carrying "a little white casket deluged with beautiful flowers of variegated colors."*

* One of Eli's sons, Thomas Doumit, would become an intern in Congresswoman Hansen's office in 1973. Another, Mark Doumit, would represent Wahkiakum County in the Washington House of Representatives and state Senate.

Just before the casket was closed, Mrs. Butler clipped a lock of her boy's golden hair. She kept it with sympathy cards from Cathlamet school children and a letter from a local Christian Science practitioner, who wrote: "Good thoughts are an impervious armor. Try to rise above the belief of fleshly relationships. Donald always—as a spiritual idea—belonged to God and not to Maude Butler. Matter was never conceived, never born, never matured, never decayed. No death." "Save this," Maude wrote on the envelope.

"There were never any hard feelings between the two families. My grandmother was never vengeful at all," David Hansen says. Rose Doumit, Mitch's 11-year-old sister, remained Julia's "dearest friend in Cathlamet." Nor did the tragedy dampen Mitchell Doumit's bright prospects. He went on to graduate from the University of Washington and became a sought-after attorney and civic activist, heading the Cathlamet volunteer fire department and serving as town attorney while Julia was a member of the Town Council.

The Butlers acquired a second-hand Ford that ran "peachy." *Hansen Family Collection*

IN 1920, MAUDE BUTLER found herself at odds with the school board over her employment contract. After the serial heartbreaks of the previous four years, she decided a change of scenery would be a tonic for the whole family. She secured a $135-a-month teaching position in the Pierce County town of Orting, likely with a letter of recommendation from her friend, Josephine Corliss Preston, the state Superintendent of Public Instruction. She rented out her home in Cathlamet and told her children they were off on a new adventure. No complaints from Julia, 13, or her year-younger brother, James.

Two years later, Maude became the first female principal of Wickersham Grade School at Buckley, some 12 miles east of Orting. With majestic Mount Rainier as a backdrop, Buckley was a charming town of 1,200. It boasted an accredited high school. And Seattle was only 50 miles away.

Chapter Four

"Oh! Dear Diary"

Buckley High School was all Julia had hoped for and more. "I am a Sophomore and am having the time of my life," she wrote on Thanksgiving Day 1922. It was the first entry in a new journal, a present from her mother.

There would be three volumes in all during the next five formative years. Julia struggled with her faith, boys with wandering hands, and an annoying red-headed roommate. She took up smoking, bounced back and forth between college in Corvallis, Oregon, and Seattle; fell "just about" in love with a dashing Russian, and discovered that sorority sisters could be duplicitous.

Julia's eighth grade graduation photo at Buckley in 1921. *Hansen Family Collection*

During her eventful sophomore year at Buckley, she played volleyball and basketball, swam four times a week, helped organize dances, had a role in a play and was elected humor editor of the yearbook. She was taking six subjects: Journalism, Spanish, Domestic Science, Geometry, English and General Science, plus gym and music. "I love all of them but Geometry," she wrote. "Report cards came out yesterday and I had 4 A's." Her friends and teachers marveled at her ability to read so quickly and retain facts.*

Unfortunately, one thing hadn't changed: The boys in Buckley were as much a "nuisance" as the ones in Orting and Cathlamet. That included her brother James, a freshman "who thinks he owns the world and then some." A budding star on the forensics team and avid thespian, James had a smarty-pants streak. He teased Julia about her weight, a very sensitive subject. Her new year's resolution was to "eat no more pie, cake and cookies." Her sweet tooth won that battle. She was 5-foot-6, fast on her feet and

* "Mother could remember, verbatim, conversations with my great-grandmother from the time she was 4 years old," David Hansen says. "My grandmother confirmed they were true recollections."

a strong swimmer, but hated to step on the scales. Mother and daughter commiserated on that score. Though Julia never saw herself as "ever being pretty," photos of her at around 14 reveal a lovely girl with curly, golden-brown hair, a flawless complexion and full lips.

IN THE SPRING OF 1923, the Butlers gained exciting new mobility in the form of a second-hand Ford. It ran "peachy," Julia wrote, "and the entire family drives like a whirlwind." She'd had "one smashup" that "didn't set me back much." Her mother acquired the nickname "Toad"—the name of the madcap motoring frog in the children's book *The Wind in the Willows*—because she loved to drive.

The big news that year was that Julia had been cleared by the faculty to skip her junior year.

The family spent the summer in Bellingham where Mrs. Butler was taking courses at the Washington State Normal School, a teacher's college, to complete requirements for a four-year teaching degree. Julia turned 16 that June. Friends from Cathlamet visited. The weeks flew by, filled with tennis, swimming and reading—five books at a time from the library, including Tolstoy's "War and Peace." She began work on a short story and declared, "I love to write and plan to be a newspaper woman."

With an eye for detail and drama, Julia chronicled the events of a nation in mourning on August 3, 1923. She was making pies when a housemate looked out the window and remarked that flags up and down the street were at half-staff. President Harding, who had visited Seattle a few days earlier, had died in San Francisco at the age of 60. Three divisions of the Pacific Fleet—eight battleships and 41 destroyers—were at anchor in Bellingham Bay. Calvin Coolidge was the new president, Julia wrote, sworn in by his father by the light of a kerosene lamp in a Vermont farmhouse. The officers from the ships in the Harbor wore mourning armbands. Even the hilts of their swords were wrapped in black silk knots. Thousands lined the streets of Bellingham on the day the president was laid to rest. "Marines in their spotless regalia …marched wonderfully," followed by a sea of sailors in bell-bottom whites. Next came the Elks Band, its drums "muffled" to a mournful thrum.

Julia as a Buckley High School senior in 1924. *Hansen Family Collection*

Her mother's college graduation was a red-letter day. Nevertheless, "it was grand to be back" at

Buckley for the beginning of her senior year, especially since she was now the editor of the *Bucklanian*, the school paper, and a student correspondent for *The Tacoma Ledger*. She was also president of the Forum literary society and a pep leader. As the year progressed, her career plans evolved. She decided she would attend Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, the precursor of Oregon State University, and major in Home Economics. "After a great deal of thought we at last gave up my plan of taking up Journalism. There are so many things against it." The use of "we" is telling. (Quoting Mark Twain, Julia once quipped to a newspaper editorial board that it should be "reserved for kings, editors and people with tapeworms.") In this case, "we" must have meant she and her mother had decided that even the brightest female journalists faced tough sledding in a male-dominated profession.

May 23, 1924, Commencement Day, "was one of the events of life. My High School days are done."

JULIA ARRIVED IN CORVALLIS that September and was pleased to discover her roommate was also a Christian Scientist and "awfully nice." As a member of the freshman girls' basketball team that won the intramural championship, Julia earned a hundred points toward a letter. She enjoyed all her classes. But on April 21, 1925, she closed out the first volume of her journal with this P.S.: "Next year I'm going to the U. of W. I decided that at home." Corvallis was 300 miles from Buckley. She missed her mother. Out-of-state tuition probably also played a role in the decision. Her mother helped with tuition as much as she could on a school principal's salary. Julia's brother was about to start college, too.

Julia at Oregon Agricultural College in 1925. *Hansen Family Collection*

Julia spent the summer cooking for Mr. and Mrs. Philip Grossmayer, a wealthy Portland couple with "lovely" manners. She accompanied them to their summer home on the Oregon coast and had a wonderful time.

At the University of Washington that fall, Julia was recruited by two sororities. However, she followed her mother's advice and decided to live at the house maintained by the Daughters of the American Revolution. "Mother is simply wonderful to me," Julia wrote. "I wonder if I can ever appreciate her enough." Even with a full course load, including Chemistry, History and Psychology, she found time for tennis and turned out for the women's field hockey team. "I'm simply crazy over sports anyway."

Julia bobbed her hair and shortened her skirts, but didn't feel like a Flapper. Those girls were too frivolous. The "Settlement Work" she was doing off campus, helping immigrants and other disadvantaged people, especially women and children, appealed to her sense of "making a difference in the world." The Education Center sponsored by the Seattle Section of the National Council of Jewish Women operated on the model of social worker Jane Addams' famous Hull House in Chicago. It offered sewing classes, English lessons, a medical clinic and an employment bureau, as well as social events such as dances, sing-alongs and plays. On Saturdays, Julia's job was to oversee recreational activities for immigrant children, "nearly all" of whom were from Jewish families.

Satisfying as the work was, Julia was growing disenchanted with the University of Washington for unspecified reasons, and by New Year's 1926 was inclined to return to Corvallis for her junior year. "Where will I be a year from tonight? Only our Divine Father can tell. Well, all comes out right, Diary."

The entry for January 17, 1926, is one of the most revealing and lyrical passages Julia wrote during her conflicted college days:

> Just between you and me, Diary, I do wish some of the boys on this campus would call up once in a while. Also since this is just for us, I wish I liked the House better and I wish I could write for publication. I just love to write stories and yet I am scared (shall I say that) to really sit down and plot out and write a story. Oh! I do wish I were a better [Christian] Scientist. But I guess we all start humbly and our Maker really will rescue us, perfect or not, and help us for God is a loving Father and forgiveth all.
>
> Now, Diary, this is just for us—sometimes I do like to write down what's at the very bottom of my heart—it helps heaps. … Some day I hope I may travel—Oh! The magic of the Orient, the lure of East Indo China, Singapore in a green jaded light as its mystic evening sets in—its atmosphere—oriental, ancient, cruel—almost, enshrouds me. I see the sensual, full-lipped women slinking low in the dives of sailors—a Carmen in her dark glory. Then on into Russia—a peasant throng, the Mounted Cossacks, terror of Northern Steppes, fly by on steeds as fiery as their vodka and their scary [Vladimir] Lenin, for all modernism has not displaced … the age-old customs. …Europe, half western, half eastern, modern, Oh! so modern in its post war frenzy to forget the 4 awful years made up of terror-stricken days.
>
> Back again I'd come to my "land of the free" my dream fulfilled—a life more rich—oh! The magic in travel.

> This is just for us Diary and only because I feel like writing something beautiful!

In April 1926, she bounced back to Oregon Agricultural College. "It was surely glorious to get back. …There is a world of differences in colleges. Everyone is so friendly here …while up at the U no one seemed to be your friend except your own house sisters. …Here goes for a grand time here at O.A.C. because I do love my Alma Mater."

Come June, she was back with the Grossmayers at their Gearhart summer home, riding ponies on the beach and playing Croquet. "And oh! Diary a confession for just you and I—I smoke and really enjoy it. Of course, it's a habit not to follow up, but at least I can indulge once in a while." She was dating a boy named Teddy, whose wandering hands left her wracked with guilt: "You know the more I think of petting the more I hate it. Sunday nite I had to let him pet me but tonite I had read [Christian] Science for a while. …Divine love came to my rescue and gave me the help and comfort it always does. Diary, dear, I will never pet again as long as I live. …" Friends were becoming engaged. Julia mused she surely would be "the only one of the gang to be sensibly unmarried!"

After five months tucked in the nightstand, Julia's journal emerged on April 4, 1927: "Back at UW: I changed to Washington to help myself financially—a promise of house manager at the D.A.R. house. Well, Roseanne has double crossed me. So I'm disappointed and disillusioned with women. Damn 'em." Happily, she met "a lot" of gentlemanly new men who read books and were interested in world affairs—including a "darling" Russian named Nicholas, "who I like a lot—better than most men. Oh! God help me to reflect more love!"

Nicholas took her to the prom and to Pig 'n Whistle for dinner. But things were moving too quickly. After two months of increasingly close encounters, she confided that he was "far too sensual and has only one object to his attentions."

JULIA WAS BACK with the Grossmayers for the summer of 1927, earning money to pay for college. With two children at the university, Maude Butler was having financial troubles.

At Gearhart on the coast Julia met a "peach" of a guy named Linus who didn't seem to mind that she smoked. There were other guy friends, too. But her diary went abruptly blank from June 1 to Sept. 17, 1927. By then, she was back in Buckley, trying to figure out what to do next and confessing some sort of sinful conduct:

> A lot has happened since I've written in this book. The beach was quiet. I had a good time—but am paying for them now in this anguish of my soul and body! Oh! God forgive me. If Christ our

loving Master can forgive I'll live as one of his perfect children should live!

The next 16 pages are blank, followed by four partly-scissored pages—the equivalent of hitting the delete button. It would be several years before she resumed confiding her innermost thoughts to a diary. However, she carefully preserved the three bound volumes spanning those formative years between 15 and 20 and left them to her son and grandchildren. Clearly they were among her treasures.

JULIA'S FINAL YEAR OF COLLEGE was on hold. Her cooking skills and glowing references from the Grossmayers generated steady work in Portland and Seattle. She was employed for a while by a former British Army major once stationed in India. His wife was accustomed to summoning servants by clapping her hands. "I am not your Indian servant!" Julia bristled the first time the woman tried that on her.

Julia on graduation day at the University of Washington, June 16, 1930. *Hansen Family Collection*

The summer of 1929 found Julia at Robbinswold Girl Scout Camp on Hood Canal below the Olympic Mountains. She was the camp dietitian and swim instructor. Her caramel apples were the hit of campfire sing-alongs.

That fall, she was ready to return to the University of Washington. She graduated on June 16, 1930, receiving a degree in home economics. Her timing was as bad as Herbert Hoover's. It was said that a rose placed in the president's hand would have wilted. He had predicted the fallout from the stock market crash of October 29, 1929, would be short-lived. Six months later, 4 million Americans were jobless.

Julia became a Democrat. Her mother held out a little longer, seeking the Republican nomination for Pierce County superintendent of schools in the summer of 1930. Julia wrote press releases for the campaign and hitched a ride from the Girl Scout camp to Tacoma to represent her mother at a political rally. Maude Butler was the disappointed runner-up in the primary.

WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT of her instructors at the UW, Julia launched a cafe and catering business in Bellingham. The Mount Baker Tea Room, situated next door to a popular theater, opened on October 2, 1930. "Miss Julia Butler, a graduate of the Home Economics Department of the University of Washington, is owner, manager

and chef," the *Bellingham Herald* announced, noting that everyone on her staff was a university graduate. A deluxe 45-cent luncheon included "Cheese and Crab Delights," soup, hot homemade muffins, apple pie and coffee. A tea-leaf reader was an added attraction several afternoons a week, and the "Gondolier" trio provided music for dancing Wednesday and Friday nights. Julia wrote her own clever newspaper ads in the form of pseudo-short stories focusing on the problems of a bride living in a tiny apartment. The newlywed's entertaining worries were now over, thanks to the Mount Baker Tea Room, where the proprietor was "a wonder" at hosting parties, even sharing her recipes. "You'll be in good hands when you let Julia Butler entertain for you."

Julia didn't need a tea-leaf reader to recognize that happy days were not just around the corner. "Two weeks after I went into business, every sawmill in Bellingham shut down," she recalled. A desperate Harvard Law School graduate applied for a dishwashing job.

> And I had a waitress who said to me, "Miss Butler, there's a woman who wants whatever bones we have left." She kept coming in at night to get the bones, using the excuse that they were for the dog. And finally I said to the waitress, "Will you find out if those bones are for a dog, or are they feeding their family?" They were feeding their family.

From then on, Julia fed hungry families every night when the café closed. She "became convinced" that the government had to do something. Hoover, the "great humanitarian" of the refugee crisis in World War I, kept insisting that no "legislative action or executive pronouncement" could cure an economic depression. "We were very close to a revolution," Julia remembered. "I saw the bread lines. I saw unemployment so high that five or six blocks of people [were lined up] after one or two jobs in Seattle." The unemployment rate would peak at 24.9 percent in 1933 when nearly 13 million Americans were without work. Homeless encampments dubbed "Hoovervilles" sprang up across the nation. One of the largest was the ragtag village of tin and scrap-lumber shanties south of Seattle's Pioneer Square.

When the tea room folded, Julia moved back to Buckley and began work on a children's book about pioneer days in Cathlamet. Julia and her mother became active in the D.A.R. and the Order of the Eastern Star. At the behest of Superintendent Preston, Maude had been employed for a year on a special project for the Office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Now she was back in the classroom. She also finally resolved to become a Democrat. "When she came home to announce it, she looked as if she had just jumped over a cliff," Julia wrote.

On November 8, 1932, Julia, Maude and nearly 23 million other voters swept Franklin Delano Roosevelt into the White House. Listening to his Inaugural Address on the radio, Julia remembered "how thrilling and reassuring" it was to hear the determination in FDR's cultured baritone when he declared, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." He "gave us hope," she said. For the time being, however, it was her typewriter that offered the promise of remuneration. After a long day of researching and writing, Julia told one of her brother's friends they ought to drive to Olympia to see what the newly convened 1933 Legislature was doing to jumpstart employment. In 1931, there had been only nine Democrats in the Washington State Legislature; now there were 95.

"We stood there in the House gallery," Julia remembered, and "all of sudden, I said, 'You know, I think I'll sit here someday.' "

THE SO-CALLED FEDERAL "Economy Act" of 1932 cost Maude Butler her job with the Buckley School District. Julia wrote letters of outrage to their new congressman, Seattle Democrat Marion Zioncheck, and their new U.S. Senator, former Republican Homer T. Bone of Tacoma. She also began attending Democratic precinct committee meetings.

Maude secured a teaching job at Ashford, a tiny community near the main entrance to Mount Rainier National Park. Julia remained at Buckley, working on her book.

In 1935, they decided to move back to Cathlamet. Julia's brother James was now teaching speech and drama classes at nearby Kelso, the Cowlitz County seat. After years as a rental, their historic old house needed major repairs. The roof leaked; the floors sagged. The garden where Maude and Julia learned how to prune roses was a mess of weeds. But the memories were intact.

Temporarily "retired," Maude set up her easel and began painting scenes from her childhood in 1890s Cathlamet. Her colorful, animated canvases depicted Chinese workers flying kites; couples sashaying to a fiddler, and the day's last riverboat from Astoria docking by lantern light. She got busy all over again with the Girl Scouts and D.A.R.

Julia found a job at Doumit's general store. Their old friends, John and Helen and Mitchell and Elizabeth Doumit, were pleased to have them back.* Before long Julia

* When Maude and Julia had visited from Buckley they stayed above Doumit's store and took their meals with the family. In keeping with old-country tradition, the men and guests ate first. Mrs. Doumit and her daughters were often relegated to leftovers. Maude, ever the feminist, put a stop to that: "Now, John," she said, "Helen is going to eat with us! This is America and she's not a second-class citizen." From then on, the female Doumits joined everyone else at the table, Julia remembered.

was hired by the County Engineer's Office, and elected president of the newly organized Young Democrat Club of Wahkiakum County. That snowy winter she frequently went skiing in the Cascades with friends from Buckley and Longview. Julia had fallen "very much in love" with an attentive young man named Louis, according to her mother's diary. They apparently met in Buckley. Louis visited often and they attended political events together. Observing their frequent spats, Maude was skeptical they were a compatible pair, wondering, "Oh, what does Julia see about him?" Louis was beginning to win her over around the time the pair broke up. Maude acknowledged that her daughter was a handful, telling her diary, "Very queer girl is Julia."

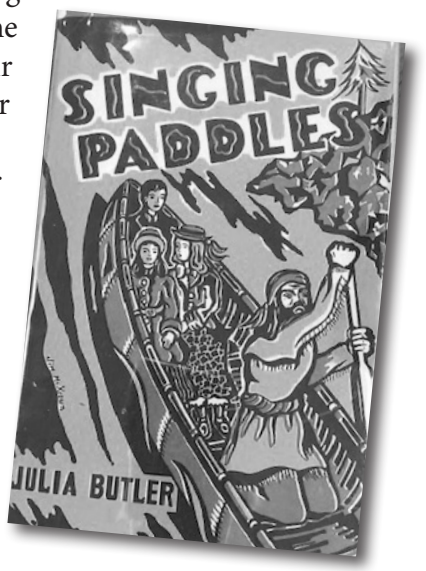
Yet undeniably a very talented girl. Julia was now an award-winning author.

Chapter Five

Paddling into politics

The lead canoe, "its paddles flashing silver, swung into sight, its Hudson's Bay flag at the prow, and the Cross of Saint George at the stern. … Canoes—two, three, four abreast—flew down the river. A long line of them, their paddlers dipping forty strokes to the minute." They were singing, too—at the tops of their lungs. "The fortress cannon boomed. Cheers rang over the water into the forest. …"

The mail was arriving at Fort Vancouver along the Columbia on a sparkling July day in 1844. The French Canadian couriers doffed their cocked hats as they made "low sweeping bows" to Dr. John McLoughlin, the tall, white-haired chief factor (superintendent) for the Hudson's Bay Company. "In a moment the bank swarmed with men and women." The *voyageurs* in their deerskin leggings and brilliant red sashes wore bright kerchiefs over their black hair, "which hung loose to their shoulders." They ran toward their Indian wives and children, "who wore their best and brightest calicoes, neckerchiefs and beaded moccasins." There would be wine and singing around the campfires that night.



Singing Paddles in its unique third-edition dust jacket. *Washington State Library*

Proud of her prose, Julia loved to read that passage at book-signing events. Every ounce of the pioneer lore she absorbed in girlhood went into *Singing Paddles*, her children's book about a Kentucky family traversing the Oregon Trail to Cathlamet in 1843.

When *Singing Paddles* was named by the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation as one of 1935's top six works of juvenile fiction, Julia won $200—around $3,500 in 2020—and something she counted as priceless: standing as a professional writer. Her high-school dreams of "writing for publication" had come true.

Suttonhouse, Ltd., a publisher with offices in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco, published *Singing Paddles* in a hardcover edition, with illustrations by Southern California artist Dorothea Cooke. Suttonhouse promoted the prize-winners with sizable ads in major metropolitan newspapers, including *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *The Los Angeles Times*, Portland's *Oregonian* and *The Seattle Daily Times*. Reviewers for *The New York Times*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The Los Angeles Times* praised its pace and authenticity. Sally and David Blair, the child protagonists of *Singing Paddles*, "got to know more about the geography of their country than the [text] books had ever told," the *L.A. Times* reviewer wrote. "And the young reader, thrilled by the stories of hardships, risks and Indians, will absorb a lot of history as he goes." The reviewer pronounced it "A good American story of brave days and stout pioneers." Some of the "hush, child, the Injuns are nearby" dialogue in *Singing Paddles* is dated, especially for Internet-era children. Julia was a stickler for historical context. (The settlers really did say "Injuns.") Her skills as a narrator are on full display in the scene quoted above and in passages where the wagon train crosses "the endless lonely tracts of the sagebrush plains" to reach the Oregon Country.

Julia appeared at book-signing events and author talks throughout the Northwest over the next two years, including a well-attended event at Meier & Frank's flagship department store in downtown Portland. Her book was also spotlighted at the 1936 National Book Fair at the Los Angeles Public Library.

Singing Paddles was republished in 1937 by Henry Holt & Company of New York. By 1940, 15,000 copies had been sold. In 1952, Binfords & Mort of Portland, the leading Northwest book publisher, produced a reissue. With *Singing Paddles* selling for $1.50 to $5 over the years, Julia's royalties never amounted to much. (A mint condition signed first edition can now command $150.) However, the celebrity she acquired as a prize-winning author advanced her budding interest in a political career.

IN 1936, WITH FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT seeking re-election, Julia was active statewide with the Young Democrats. Her mother joined her at a rousing Portland rally for Roosevelt "nominators."

That spring, Julia attended the tumultuous Washington State Democratic Convention in Aberdeen, the timber port on Grays Harbor, aligning with centrists in a platform battle with members of the leftist Washington Commonwealth Federation. A dedicated New Dealer, Julia supported collective bargaining, social security, public utility districts, and massive federal projects like the Grand Coulee Dam and the Tennessee Valley Authority. She was troubled, however, by the Communist-Socialist underpinnings of the Washington Commonwealth Federation. It endorsed an initiative that called for state-owned factories, farms and banks, socialized medicine, even state-

owned electric power.

The convention's keynoter was Warren G. Magnuson, the handsome young King County Prosecutor. "A bird needs two wings to fly," Magnuson said, gazing at a throng of dueling armbands—"yellow for conservatives, orange for lefties." The future U.S. senator brokered a back-room compromise that avoided internecine chaos in an election year. Julia and "Maggie" would become good friends. At Aberdeen, she also met another future ally, Don Abel, a state Democratic committeeman who would soon become state director for the Works Progress Administration, the New Deal's public works program.

Julia began exchanging letters with party notables, including Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley, Governor Clarence Martin, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins (the first female member of a presidential cabinet), and FDR's daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, who had arrived in Seattle with her husband John to work at William Randolph Hearst's morning *Post-Intelligencer.*

On August 21, Governor Martin visited the Butler home. Congressman and Mrs. Martin F. Smith of Hoquiam came for dinner the next night. Julia's mother was impressed.

It was a Democratic landslide, though Wahkiakum County still had a strong bloc of diehard Republicans. Julia's Young Democrats helped FDR carry the county nearly three to one over Alf Landon. Roosevelt carried 46 states, winning 66 percent of the vote in Washington. Governor Martin, a New Dealer noted for his integrity, was re-elected even more handily. Wahkiakum County gave the Democrats' three successful 18th District legislative nominees substantial support. Graybeard Democrats remembered the days when a good turnout for a Cathlamet caucus was 9 or 10. Jim Farley sent Julia a letter of congratulations. She was promptly elected Wahkiakum County Democratic chairman and a state committeewoman, thrilled to attend her first State Democratic Central Committee meeting in Spokane. Governor Martin's secretary, Dick Hamilton, hailed her as "Civic Asset No. One."

That December, Silas R. Holcomb (aka "Sly Si"), the Chief Clerk of the Washington State House of Representatives, notified Julia that "several influential people" had spoken to him about her desire to secure a job in legislative support services during the 1937 session. (Julia had noted she was proficient in shorthand and typing.) "If I am re-elected Chief Clerk, you will have a position in the House," Holcomb promised. He was, and she reported for work with the steno pool on January 11. They would be smoke-break buddies for most of the next 24 years.

A man she met on the campaign trail was on the staff of the State Senate's Taxation and Revenue Committee. During her second week in Olympia, "He came

trotting downstairs one day and said, 'How would you like to go up to the bill drafting [room]?' And I said, 'I'd love it.' " Julia always said that her knowledge of bill drafting was a key factor in her success as a legislator.

The grandeur of Washington's new Capitol made an indelible impression on Julia. It was completed only nine years earlier, in 1928. She loved to tell visitors there are 42 steps leading to the Legislative Building's main entrance because Washington was the 42nd state admitted to the union. And every time she entered the building she paused in the Rotunda to admire the magnificent, 10,000-pound Tiffany Studios chandelier suspended from its soaring dome.

IN JUNE OF 1937, when the triumphant Washington State Young Democrats met in Yakima for their state convention, they elected Julia Butler their vice president. She turned 30 a few days later. That September, she shook hands with President Roosevelt when he dedicated Bonneville Dam and Timberline Lodge, the Works Progress Administration landmark on Mount Hood.

Early on, Julia acquired helpful admirers in John M. McClelland Sr., the editor and publisher of the increasingly influential *Daily News* in nearby Longview, and his brilliant son, John Jr., who would become the newspaper's editor at 25 in 1940.

Julia established her labor union bona fides by cultivating friendships among the leadership of the newly formed International Woodworkers of America, which affiliated with the staunchly New Deal Congress of Industrial Organizations, CIO for short. (Later, however, when the union's "Red bloc" opposed Roosevelt's re-election, she was incensed.) She fondly recalled her visits to the Cathlamet camp operated by the Civilian Conservation Corps, another popular New Deal program. The young men who enlisted in Roosevelt's "Tree Army" were earning $30 per month, planting trees, thinning undergrowth and building roads and trails.

ON DECEMBER 7, 1937, Julia became the first woman ever elected to the Cathlamet Town Council. During the next 35 years, she would win 41 more elections.* At Congressional delegation meetings in the 1960s, Julia, Warren Magnuson and Scoop Jackson kibitzed over who had the best electoral batting average. Julia always reminded the senators that she had been running every two years, "and you guys are in for six."

The results of that first Town Council election are elusive. The weekly *Columbia River Sun* reported that "a total of 92 votes were cast" for a Democratic-Republican

* Julia's 42 ballot-box victories include primary elections. She was elected to five two-year terms on the Cathlamet Town Council, but did not serve out the final term. She was elected to 11 two-year terms in the Legislature, starting in 1938, and seven two-year terms in Congress, starting in 1960 after Congressman Russell V. Mack died in office. She was elected to serve the final two months of his term, as well as to a two-year term in her own right.

fusion ticket headed by the candidates for mayor and town treasurer. "Little opposition appeared, although there was some street talk of a sticker campaign (write-in ballots) against the two candidates for the council"—Julia, and Melvin Coates, the *Sun* said. Whatever enthusiasm there was for a write-in campaign apparently fizzled.

Julia said she ran for the Town Council "because we needed things done in this town and they weren't getting done." For example, "the sewage from an apartment house was running right out into the street and into this woman's property. I told the owner—the local banker—to put in a sewer line. He refused. I threatened to report him to the state health people. He said he didn't think I'd do that to him. But he put in the line."

The new councilwoman promptly organized a cleanup week and lobbied for compulsory garbage collection, assured by Town Attorney Mitchell Doumit that the municipality had such powers. She sent letters by the dozen to federal officials and met with WPA Administrator Don Abel, hoping to snag funding to improve Cathlamet's thin infrastructure. The town docks, streets and water system all needed attention; sidewalks were scarce.

By 1938, the WPA was employing 49,000 workers in the state. Work was already under way on a project Wahkiakum County's Young Democrats avidly supported, a bridge connecting Cathlamet to its pastoral next-door neighbor, Puget Island. Three miles wide, 7 miles long, with thousands of acres of fertile farm land protected by a network of dikes, the island "lies low, flat and green in the lolling Columbia River like a lily pad on a frog pond," as Richard Seven, a *Seattle Times* reporter, once put it so gracefully. Back then—as now—a ferry on the south side carried vehicles and passengers to Westport, Oregon. Before the bridge was built, another ferry connected the island to Cathlamet. The island boasted a population of 800. Its farmers stood to benefit from easy access to Cathlamet.

BETWEEN HER WORK in the County Engineer's Office, the Town Council and Democratic Party duties, Julia had a lot of plates spinning on broomsticks. She had joined the Business & Professional Women's Club and was angling for a job with U.S. Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach, presumably on his in-state staff.

And the governor was urging her to run for the Legislature.

Chapter Six

Smart enough, too

A geezer was lounging on a porch at Toutle, a settlement in the shadow of Mount St. Helens, when a fellow he knew approached with a young woman in tow. "This is Julia Butler from Cathlamet," the man said. "She's our candidate for the Legislature." Julia smiled and extended her hand. The old-timer looked her over, spat reflectively and declared, "She doesn't look old enough, but she sure is fat enough!"

Julia always laughed—masking her self-consciousness—when she told that story. "He just told the truth: I *was* fat. …You can't be too thin-skinned." She had no inkling that "a very grand man" would love her just the way she was.

FOUR DEMOCRATS and a Republican were running for the 18th District's two seats in the Washington State House of Representatives in the summer of 1938. Julia was the only woman in the race. Under Washington's new "blanket primary" law, voters could vote for whomever they chose. They were not required to "register" a party affiliation.

Campaigning in every outpost of the largely rural district, Julia emerged early on as the frontrunner, with favorable coverage in the *Longview Daily News*, the district's most influential newspaper. Her leading challenger was 30-year-old John K. Van Buskirk, a pulp mill worker from Kelso. They were pretty much philosophical peas in a pod. Van Buskirk had the advantage of being from Cowlitz, the more populous county. The lone Republican was Wendell H. Judd, an office supplies salesman from Longview recently elected president of the State Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Julia's campaign sign in her first race for the Washington House of Representatives in 1938. *Hansen Family Collection*

To her enormous relief—she had a bad case of the pre-election jitters—Julia easily outpolled Van Buskirk in the primary, even carrying Cowlitz County. Judd was a

distant third. The three of them advanced to the general election. Left-wingers in the district were now warning they would support Judd unless she stopped sounding so conservative. The conservatives were saying she was too liberal. "All party lines seem to be down. …Oh my God, what a day," Julia confided to a new journal on October 24, lamenting "the despicable smallness of people." Autumn was usually "a lovely time—hillsides gold and scarlet, a fire snapping on the hearth. …Not so this. Votes, votes, votes. Left wing, right wing. … The more I see of men the more certain I think 'women's rights forever' will dominate our American scene. Keen and clean, loyal to principles—the finest of [women] are so fine, their very lives are tributes" to perseverance.

Truth be told, she relished grass-roots campaigning, "going into Mr. Citizen's home and trying to understand his life, then fit him into the uncut pattern of our dreams and ideals. Those who would serve him must know him." Together with her friend Josephine Bollinger, "one of the finest campaign managers I ever knew," she visited every union hall, barbershop, beauty parlor, coffee shop, filling station and newspaper office in the district, from Deep River to Castle Rock. The lingering recession that began in 1937 was a serious setback for the New Deal.

In October, as she dipped into her puny savings to pay for brochures and bumper strips, she received a royalty check for *Singing Paddles,* grousing in her journal, "It does not pay to be a writer."

U.S. Senator Homer T. Bone, who had been "more than lovely" throughout the campaign, invited Julia to an election-night victory party at his Tacoma home. She begged off, sending a telegram that morning that she simply had to be in her own county "on a night like this will be." She was feeling confident at last, and with good reason. On November 8, 1938, she was elected to the Washington State House of Representatives with 39 percent of the vote. Van Buskirk, with a thousand fewer votes, claimed the district's second seat. Julia and "Johnny," as she called him, would represent the district for eight years.

Julia's satisfaction—and relief that the slog was over—was tempered by her distress over events in Europe and Asia. The Nazis, giddy at having extracted an appeasement pact from British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, were brutalizing the Jews and cranking out warplanes and tanks. Mussolini, Hitler's Fascist co-conspirator, invaded Ethiopia; Imperial Japan raped the Chinese capital of Nanjing. Julia and her mother, avid anglophiles, agreed with Winston Churchill that England trusted Hitler only at its peril. "There can never be friendship between the British democracy and the Nazi power, which spurns Christian ethics, vaunts the spirit of aggression and conquest, and derives strength and perverted pleasure from persecution," Churchill warned Parliament.

On November 11, Julia reflected that 20 years earlier, on the day an armistice ended the wholesale savagery of World War I, she and her brothers had their noses

pressed against the window panes. "A bed stood in the living room, for we had all had the flu. …"* The townspeople of Cathlamet, cheering and waving flags, were parading past the picket fence along the walk beneath their birch tree. Julia remembered thinking that the neighbor boys who had gone off to war would be home soon. "I knew battle after battle & what a casualty list meant." Was it going to happen all over again?

IN JANUARY, WHEN THE 1939 legislative session convened, Democrats had a 73-26 majority in the House and a 40-6 hold on the state Senate. The Republicans had staged a modest resurgence, gaining 20 House seats. Women remained a distinct minority. "When I arrived in Olympia there were 99 members [of the House] and only four women …and 95 of those men would just as soon seen you pitched out," Julia recalled. All told, there were eight women in the Legislature. Sisterhood was complicated by the Democrats' three factions—left, center and right—as well as generational issues.

The only female Republican was the widely respected Representative Ella Wintler of Vancouver. She leaned liberal, notably as a supporter of public utility districts. Representative Agnes Kehoe of Spokane, a 65-year-old freshman, was a centrist Democrat. Representative Kathryn Fogg, a Seattle housewife, was elected with the backing of the leftist Washington Commonwealth Federation.

Julia takes her seat in the House Chamber in 1939. *Hansen Family Collection*

Senator Mary Farquharson, another Seattleite, was "an idealistic but pragmatic liberal" who resigned from the Commonwealth Federation when the Communist ties of its leadership became clear. The other female Democrats in the Senate were Kathryn Malstrom, a PTA stalwart from Tacoma; Kitsap County's Lulu Haddon, a strong supporter of public education, and the unshakeable Pearl A. Wanamaker from Snohomish County, who was elected state Superintendent of Public Instruction the following year. Wanamaker and Julia's mother were old friends. Julia always said her female legislative role models were Wanamaker

* The Butler children were lucky to be recovering. The "Spanish flu" would prove more deadly than the world war. The virus claimed an estimated 675,000 Americans and perhaps 100 million worldwide as the pandemic raged into the winter of 1919-20.

and the new Secretary of State, Belle Reeves, a 5-foot-tall force of nature who had served in the House for 16 years. Nimble parliamentarians, Wanamaker and Reeves inspired bipartisan respect. Julia especially admired Wanamaker's "resourcefulness, and forcefulness. I often suspect it was this forcefulness that caused the men to rather shudder at Pearl," she said, "but they never failed to come through with the votes when she needed them for education." In the years to come the same would be said of Julia. She and Wanamaker became powerful allies.

JULIA WAS ANNOYED by pesky lobbyists and disdainful of legislators who viewed them as "pigeons" good for free drinks and dinners. Lawmakers' compensation consisted of $5 per day while the legislature was in session, plus mileage for one round trip per session between their homes and the capital. The "pay" hadn't changed since statehood in 1889. A "decent" hotel room in Olympia cost at least $3.50 per day. In any case, there weren't many of those. Finding accommodations in rooming houses and private homes was a crapshoot.

The 1939 freshman class in the State Senate included future governor Albert D. Rosellini, a 29-year-old Seattle lawyer. Julia and the ebullient Rosellini—"Call me Al"—lived in the same $8.50-a-week rooming house during the session. They became great friends. "She was smart, honest and fun," Rosellini recalled with a chuckle in 2009, memory still sharp at 99. "She won over most of the men pretty quick, including the Republicans. She always kept her word."

Julia emerged as an agile moderate in the first week of the session. She backed John N. "Jack" Sylvester, a young Seattle lawyer, for Speaker of the House over the left-wingers' candidate and watched him win the gavel with the votes of all 26 Republicans. Wahkiakum and Cowlitz counties were "being treated like royalty" by the grateful Speaker, Julia wrote in a gossipy column for the *Longview Daily News.* He had granted her the committee assignments she most wanted, Education and Roads & Bridges. Those committees would be her abiding interests for the next 20 years.

By mid-session Julia was the acknowledged leader of the centrist Democrats. She and Van Buskirk burnished their labor union credentials by pushing creation of a Washington State Labor Relations Board, similar to the national NLRB, to ensure workers' collective bargaining rights. Julia was also busy promoting road projects throughout the district. To her satisfaction, the ban on fish traps along the Washington side of the Columbia was not eased, as the governor had proposed. The traps were "machines of destruction," she said, disputing the notion that fish trappers had been forced on welfare by the passage of a 1934 initiative banning their use. "That is not so in my district. They all own hotels and spend the winter in California, but if this bill is enacted the gillnetters certainly will be forced on WPA," Julia said in a reference to the

Gov. Clarence Martin signs Julia's "50-50 Act" in 1939. Still in force today, the law stipulates that the chairman and vice-chairman of each political party's county and state central committees must be of the opposite gender. The legislation was a bipartisan triumph for women, not to mention a freshman lawmaker. Looking on, from left, are Senator Kathryn Malstrom, Secretary of State Belle Reeves (seated), Sen. Pearl Wanamaker, Rep. Julia Butler, Rep. Kathryn Fogg, Sen. Lulu Haddon, Sen. Mary Farquharson (seated), Rep. Agnes Kehoe and Rep. Ella Wintler. *Washington State Archives*

New Deal's Work Progress Administration program for jobless workers.

In March, with an assist from Senator Malstrom, Julia scored a bipartisan triumph for women, not to mention for a freshman lawmaker. With all eight female legislators and Secretary Reeves looking on, Governor Martin signed into law her "50-50 Act" to give women a fairer share of political party leadership. The act, still in force today, stipulated that the chairman and vice-chairman of each political party's county and state central committees had to be of the opposite gender. "Some of you dandies have always claimed you had the women's vote in your pocket," Julia told their male colleagues. "Now's your chance to prove your earnestness."

The Capitol press corps liked everything about 32-year-old Julia Butler. She was candid and quotable, shared her Chesterfields, understood deadlines and loved a good joke. That was the fascinating thing about Julia: The lady who could cuss with authenticity was never a tramp. They styled her as a "small-town lady legislator" who was going places. In the years to come, she often held court on the Capitol's circular third-floor balcony, which was lined with long, pew-like benches, phone booths, shoeshine stands, newspaper racks and soft-drink machines.

The Julia Butler Hansen Bridge connects Cathlamet to Puget Island. *John Hughes photo*

In the waning days of 1939's combative 60-day session, Julia secured $60,000 in state funds to cover cost overruns on the $500,000 Puget Island Bridge. To advance her measure she had enlisted the support of Majority Floor Leader Edward J. "Fresh Water" Reilly. The former Speaker of the House was busy collecting IOUs for a comeback.*

That summer, Julia played the lead role in organizing a two-day celebration for the dedication of the bridge, the culmination of a 40-year effort to link Puget Island's 800 residents to Cathlamet. Her masterstroke, literally and figuratively, was inviting President Roosevelt to kick off the event by pressing a "golden telegraph key" at the White House. She also linked the event to the state's Golden Jubilee.

On Saturday, August 26, 1939, Governor Martin, U.S. Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach, 3rd District Congressman Martin F. Smith, Highways Director Lacey V. Murrow and 4,000 Southwest Washington residents gathered at Cathlamet for the festivities. The throng lining Main Street fell in behind a parade, replete with marching bands and floats, and proceeded to the deck of the 2,433-foot-long span, where the congressman cut the ribbon. With that, the celebrants crossed to Puget Island where the Grange hosted more speechmaking and a picnic. Julia was the master of ceremonies.

* Edward F. Riley of King County, who served in both the House and Senate, was dubbed "Salt Water" to avoid confusion between the two.

The weekly *Cathlamet Eagle* issued a 47-page special edition. "The occasion was perhaps the proudest moment in the history of Cathlamet," *The Oregonian* wrote. The bridge dedication was a turning point in Julia's political career. In 1990 the graceful span was designated the Julia Butler Hansen Bridge.

One of the most important events in her private life had occurred in secret six weeks earlier. Julia had eloped with a man who banished her loneliness and insecurities and gave her days she wanted to "wrap in silk and lavender and keep forever."

JULIA HAD KNOWN HENRY HANSEN practically all her life. Twenty-four years her senior, Henry was a rangy logging camp blacksmith. His father once worked for Julia's grandfather, James Kimball, in the Elochoman Valley west of Cathlamet. The lives of the Hansens and Kimballs had been intertwined since the 1880s. Henry Hansen and Julia's mother had attended school together in Cathlamet. In 1912, when Julia was 4 years old, she attended Henry's marriage to Ethel Below at Cathlamet's Congregational Church. His mother, Anna Hansen, lived in Portland when Julia was attending Oregon Agricultural College. She often stayed with them.

Henry was widowed in 1938. The following spring, he came to see Julia. She was struck by his gentle manner, despite his size. He was 6 feet 2 inches, with large, strong hands. He seemed younger than 56, but "so much older" all the same. They spent the afternoon planting flowers in the garden—pink and yellow snapdragons, wild iris and painted daisies. Julia cut an armful of red tulips and gave half to Henry's oldest sister. He returned to his job across the river in Oregon. The letters began flying between them. She punctuated her journal with luminous, Emily Dickinson-like poems. This one is masterful:

Julia and Henry Hansen in the garden at Cathlamet not long after their marriage in 1939. *Hansen Family Collection*

Slim fingers of a finer
Craftsman than I
Drew the lines of a woman's
Life and designed her way
with cunning eyes …

Fifteen days after their outing, she confessed to her journal, "I am missing him more than I can say. I have never loved so completely before."

On July 15, 1939, they were married in Vancouver by an Episcopal rector. Their only attendants were Julia's close friend Elwood Caples, the state Democratic Central Committee chairman, his wife Martha and another couple. Julia kept her marriage a secret from even her mother for a few weeks. She and Henry couldn't afford a big wedding, Julia said, especially after her campaign for the Legislature. "I had no idea when I married Henry whether he had 10 cents, and I'm sure he had no idea what I could earn," she told her journal. "We had little of worldly possessions or much of anything else but we had enough."

The son of a Danish immigrant, Henry had dropped out of school after the 8th grade to work in the woods for the famous Benson Timber Company. He was a voracious reader with a first-rate intellect, though grammar was not his strong suit. That he often used double negatives irritated Julia no end. It irked her even more, however, when "supposedly sophisticated" people in political circles viewed her husband as a rustic. Henry could strike up a conversation with anyone from a U.S. senator to a gillnetter, Julia noted. All things considered, it was a classic case of "opposites attract." She had a quick temper and a sharp tongue. He was tranquil and patient. The honeymoon ended when day-to-day realities set in. But their love endured.

JULIA WORKED FOR the Wahkiakum County Engineer's Office, doubling as a deputy in the County Clerk's Office. She kept her seat on the Town Council. Her role in the State Democratic Party was increasing. Henry's job was in Vernonia, Oregon, a timber town 45 miles south of Cathlamet. Commuting would have been impossible. Also, he and the other employees of the Oregon-American Lumber Corporation were agitating for better wages and benefits. That September, Julia told her journal:

> Marriage is a comfortable institution until some problem confronts us. … I know I must go on wage-earning in order to give us a living. Shall I leave the security of this place? But I do want to be with my husband oftener. I want less weekend marriage and more comradeship. Shall I live on in my mother's home? I am very confused & I realize I have never been an adult before. Henry may be out on strike next Monday. …They may not work again all winter. … Marriage is building a new me—joint ownership of life is a strange possession for me to have and I know I am partially responsible for its success.

Julia's mother was busy, too. Maude K. Butler was once again county superintendent of schools, 36 years after she was first elected to the post. She assured the

newlyweds that they were welcome to share her historic home. Her new son-in-law was only three years younger than she, but she had always liked him. Henry Hansen was a very good man. And he was kind and patient with her short-fused daughter, who could be a pill when she got wound up. Maude's diary entries during the mid-1930s mention Julia's periodic "odd spells." After one, she wrote, "Wish I had a house all by myself." After another, it was a terse, "Two generations shouldn't live together." Most of the time, however, they had "lovely" days, especially gardening together. Maude's pride in Julia's accomplishments was evident, especially when she accompanied her daughter to events. A group of Girl Scouts in Longview listened raptly as Julia read from *Singing Paddles*. The Kelso Kiwanis Club gave her a rousing welcome. The next day, they attended a D.A.R. potluck luncheon in Cathlamet.

Julia insisted that she and Henry would pay $15 a month in rent. They began refurbishing a suite of rooms upstairs to create an "apartment" of their own. They acquired a cat they named Tweedles, spent every weekend working in the garden or reading by the fire and called one another "Puss." Julia resumed work on a sequel to *Singing Paddles*. The joy of being in love was clouded by a growing anxiety over the news from Europe. On September 29, 1939, Julia wrote: "Henry and I are curled up here in bed. …I like being married, particularly at night. Warsaw fell day before yesterday."

Chapter Seven

Hopelessly disgusted

Julia could barely bring herself to read the newspapers. Some 20 years after the war that was supposed to "end all wars," Western Europe and China were hemorrhaging. Hitler was on the front page, posing beneath the Eiffel Tower. Having humbled the French, he began pounding England. Boxcar loads of Jews were being shipped to Auschwitz, yet anti-Semites and isolationists maintained the stories were being exaggerated by influential Jews in the media and government. Rome, Berlin and Tokyo had formed an "Axis." America was fearful and polarized. The world seemed possessed by "a savage madness," Julia wrote. Unchecked, she believed it might be "humanity's destruction."

It was also an election year—one of the most eventful in American history.

Roosevelt and Governor Clarence Martin were each seeking unprecedented third terms. Julia was "swamped with Red Cross war relief work," including clothing drives for refugees and "Bundles for Britain." Her garden was a refuge: "There was peace under my walnut tree and across the delphinium border—a peace like God walked in the garden, too—and evening came down warm & still & soft."

Julia was re-elected without opposition to her fifth year as county Democratic chairman and attended the 1940 Democratic State Convention in Yakima, serving as chairman of the Rules Committee. It was tedious business. "I utterly hate & despise politics," she told her journal:

> Shall not file for office. The cost of public service financially & spiritually is too high. Organized labor & the ordinary people urge & urge, but I am not sure that I should sacrifice my present peace for glory. …
>
> Mother is running anyway & that always complicates a picture. No, damn it, still I wouldn't. I want my garden & hearth fire.

Four days later, Maude K. Butler withdrew her candidacy for re-election as Wahkiakum County Superintendent of Schools, "no doubt …a surprise and

disappointment to her many friends throughout the county," the weekly newspaper wrote. Maude had also made more than a few enemies over the years as she pushed to improve the county's schools. Her decision to step aside might have been part of her conviction that Julia should seek re-election to the Legislature. Julia filed her declaration of candidacy the same day that Maude bowed out. Henry apparently was not pleased at this development, or at least was perplexed at sharing a home with two such complicated women. Julia wrote:

> Tonite my marriage died forever. My ill health—my very tiredness—my keeping going in my work that one might live had brought what? Emptiness—for there, he says is the reason there is nothing left—

A few days later, however, there's this:

> Well, marriage didn't die.
>
> It apparently has the vitality of a cat. Perhaps some quality of youth went out of me & some illusion died. But I gather that one replaces illusion with poise & wisdom.

JULIA AND J.K. VAN BUSKIRK, her legislative teammate, had a pair of Republican challengers. Democrats were worried that anxiety over Roosevelt's support for rearmament and a military draft, coupled with Wendell Willkie's charismatic "no third term" campaign, could produce a GOP resurgence. Governor Martin faced an intraparty challenge from former U.S. Senator Clarence Dill of Spokane, and a strong Republican opponent in Seattle's upstanding young mayor, Arthur B. Langlie.

Julia's friend, Congressman Martin F. Smith of Hoquiam—accused of being soft on communism—was being challenged by two other Democrats, four Republicans, and a Communist. Russell V. Mack, the editor and publisher of Hoquiam's morning *Washingtonian,* emerged immediately as the frontrunner for the GOP nomination in the 3rd Congressional District. Smith sent an S.O.S. to a 32-year-old Texas congressman, Lyndon B. Johnson, who was doling out cash as a freelancer with the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

Julia and Van Buskirk ran a tandem re-election ad. *Hansen Family Collection*

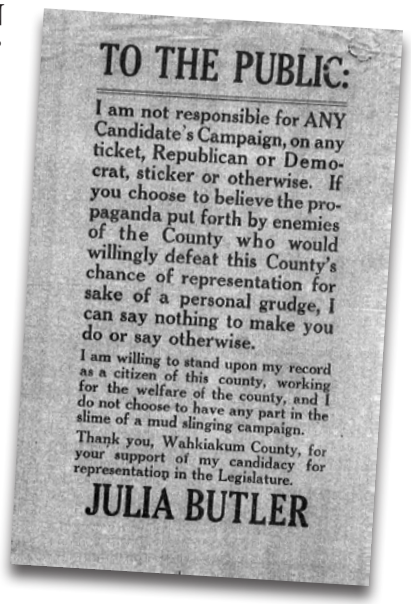
Smith said his "only hope was to increase his planned advertising in the district's 42 newspapers, and to reserve radio time—and he didn't have enough money to do either." Three checks totaling $1,200 were quickly in the mail. When Julia heard that story from the grateful Smith she had no inkling Lyndon Johnson one day would be her benefactor and friend, let alone become President of the United States.

Julia had her detractors among Wahkiakum County Democrats, none more vocal than Joe Maughan, a Puget Island peppermint farmer. It was an on-again, off-again relationship. In 1936, he was her vice-chairman on the County Democratic Central Committee. Hot debates over priorities ensued. That same year, the Associated Press took note of another of Maughan's run-ins:

> Joe Maughan, 64, number one Democrat of Puget Island, Wash., was severely bitten on the fingers by one of the two donkeys he keeps on his farm. Now Joe is wondering whether an elephant would bite the hand that feeds him.

With Joe, you never knew whether it would be a love fest or "a real scrap," Julia said.

The gloves were off on September 5, 1940, when he paid for a large ad in the Cathlamet *Eagle*. It said: "Vote for JOE MAUGHAN for County Commissioner—If Elected He Will 'Kick' JULIA BUTLER HANSEN Clear Out of the Court House." Maughan said he remembered "only too well Mrs. Hansen's erstwhile positive stand against married women holding public office. In view of that fact, I am at a loss to understand why she continued to hold down [her job with the County Engineer's Office] when she took unto herself a husband. …It is a flagrant example of using political influence to feather one's own nest."


TO THE PUBLIC:

I am not responsible for ANY Candidate's Campaign, on any ticket, Republican or Democrat, sticker or otherwise. If you choose to believe the propaganda put forth by enemies of the County who would willingly defeat this County's chance of representation for sake of a personal grudge, I can say nothing to make you do or say otherwise.

I am willing to stand upon my record as a citizen of this county, working for the welfare of the county, and I do not choose to have any part in the slime of a mud slinging campaign.

Thank you, Wahkiakum County, for your support of my candidacy for representation in the Legislature.

JULIA BUTLER

Julia's response to Joe Maughan's 1940 campaign ad. *Washington State Library*

It would have been unlike Julia to ever say she opposed married women holding public office. That would have flown in the face of her mother's decision to stay on as school superintendent after she was married in 1906—and even while she was pregnant with Julia. Perhaps it was an offhand remark at the outset of the Depression.

Julia blew a fuse when she saw the ad. She responded with one of her own:

> If you choose to believe the propaganda put forth by enemies of the County who would willingly defeat this County's chance of representation for sake of a personal grudge, I can say nothing to make you do or say otherwise.
>
> I am willing to stand upon my record …working for the welfare of the county, and I do not choose to have any part in the slime of a mud slinging campaign.
>
> Thank you, Wahkiakum County, for your support of my candidacy for representation in the Legislature.

Privately, it would have been like her to say, "I hope your donkey kicks your ass."

Maughan was defeated nearly two to one for the Democratic nomination for county commissioner. One of the legendary stories about Julia "decking a guy" outside the Courthouse may have sprung from this event. In any case, she kept her job in the Engineer's Office.

THAT NOVEMBER, the voters emphatically re-elected Julia, Van Buskirk and Congressman Smith, while Roosevelt carried Washington and 37 other states. The cliffhanger was Republican Arthur Langlie's victory in the race for governor. With the cross-over support of some 140,000 Roosevelt voters, Langlie outpolled Dill by 5,816 votes out of nearly 800,000 cast. Julia, Van Buskirk and Rosellini supported a move to have alleged voting irregularities investigated by a special committee. Nevertheless, the 40-year-old Langlie was sworn in as the state's youngest-ever governor.*

The Democrats won all of the other statewide offices and retained ostensibly veto-proof majorities in both chambers for the 1941 legislative session. One of the House freshmen was 30-year-old John L. O'Brien, a centrist Democrat from Seattle's Rainier Valley. The friendship O'Brien and Julia forged, sitting side by side, during 61 fractious days in Olympia would survive their mutual ambition to become Speaker of the House. "John wasn't a schemer," Julia recalled, while O'Brien admired her integrity and sense of timing. "She had that sixth sense on whether to support or oppose an issue."

Julia and O'Brien helped Ed "Fresh Water" Reilly once again become Speaker of the House. Reilly promptly broke his promise to appoint O'Brien to the Rules Committee as a reward. Julia, who was chairman of the Democratic Caucus, had more leverage. She became the only woman on the powerful 15-member Rules Committee. In addition to her seat on the Roads & Bridges Committee, she was now chairman of the Education

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* Dan Evans, who became governor at 39 in 1965, now holds the record for being the youngest.

Committee and a member of the committee on Unemployment Relief & Public Welfare. *The Seattle Times* said she was "a more expert politician than most of the men around here and …rules the men with an iron hand." Speaker Reilly apparently hadn't heard the news. Four weeks into the session, Julia concluded he had "sold us down the river" by being too accommodating to the Republicans. Reilly didn't make any friends among the House's underpaid, over-worked staff either. He cut their pay to save $2,000 a week after legislators controversially voted to pay themselves $5 per day in addition to their $5 per diem for expenses. Julia turned to her diary for catharsis:

House Speaker Edward J. "Fresh Water" Reilly. *House Archives*

> It's very rare that I feel so ...hopelessly disgusted, that I want to perpetrate words of condemnation. I do tonite—having just come from Rules & earlier in the day from a Demo Caucus. What pitifully small mortals we are—how trivial the ends of man. … democracy itself has been handicapped by the traitors in our leadership who use the office as a personal throne for obtaining gains that in the large scale of life & eternity are infitisimal. [sic]
>
> Tonight I have seen unmasked Ed Reilly, a traitor—a sellout, petty, greedy, bully of body & small of soul and mind. …God damn the male…& God help the people trusting them.
>
> To me there is just pain & unhappiness in being here—I hate it & shall never, never come again.

Fellow Democrats refused to support her proposal to limit campaign expenditures. Nor could she muster enough support to advance a teachers' pension bill. But her alliance with Pearl Wanamaker, the new Superintendent of Public Instruction, would produce 15 years of educational reform. In February, they were the keynoters at the annual meeting of school board members from across the state.

The lawmakers squabbled over how to pay the $81 million bill for the old-age pensions approved by the voters in 1940. They ended up boosting the sales tax from 2

percent to 3 percent.* Julia and a large contingent of angry House members marched on the Senate to protest its stonewalling of a bill addressing funding for secondary highway projects. The Senate stood its ground, calling the bill an attempt to revert to pork-barrel spending. Roosevelt loyalists shouted down opponents of his "Lend-Lease" aid to beleaguered Great Britain before the session "staggered to an end" on March 15, 1941. London was absorbing the worst bombing of the war so far.

THAT FALL, JULIA RETREATED to her garden to avoid hearing the worsening war news and help ease her "pain at living." Henry's 17-year-old adopted son, Richard, was causing tension. She had uttered words that hurt her husband. She prayed for forgiveness. The episode was "a prelude to catastrophe," she would write six months later as if emerging from a coma:

> In late October, I had a miscarriage & serious consequences [with a major loss of blood]. Richard was the final stretching point. I was ill—so ill that on the morning of December 7th Mother and Henry refused to tell me of Pearl Harbor. I could see that they were upset, excited—but I was too ill to care. Henry was making arrangements for Richard to go in the Navy.
>
> On Monday, December 8th I came downstairs and mother told me [about the attack] because she wanted to hear the President's message to Congress. I, too, listened and …remembered all the mornings, days & evenings I had heard him speak to us—what a weary span of time he has stretched across—March 4, 1933 until now.
>
> Then immediately I felt I must get well & I began to work on Civilian Defense. …
>
> Weary days—weary hours. …
>
> In February I went to pieces. Office & defense work had piled up so badly & I was so run down.

Her brother James, a 34-year-old speech professor at West Texas State Teachers College, had enlisted in the Army. Other Wahkiakum County boys were going off to war, which was going badly in the Pacific. Julia had lost a lot of weight, became bedridden, "regretful & a little angry that I could do no more." It was a textbook case of clinical depression after the loss of a child. Her journal could provide no solace. There's pain on every page.

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* The act called for a minimum pension of $40 per month for Washingtonians over 65.

On April 23, 1942, she got dressed, combed the tangles out of her hair and drove to Kelso for a meeting of the Young Democrats. She listened, smiled, nodded, all the while with "an elusive, unreal feeling as if I were barely present." That night she wrote letters and made plans for a Defense Bond drive. Too old to go off to war, Henry was her Home Front rock. Unfortunately, he was still her "weekend" husband, working in Vernonia all week. On May 4, her heart was aching "for someone I love who's never here … god hear my prayers … take me away from misery—I'll take myself one of these nights if you don't." But she crossed that out and wrote, "3 years ago today I fell in love …and I love him more today than then—I adore him!"

It was the last entry of 1942. It would be two years before she wrote again.

HER MOTHER FELT IT BEST to give her some space. Maude K. Butler, now 62, also wanted to return to teaching and clear out her own head in a different place. She moved to Pacific Beach, a popular resort 22 miles north of Grays Harbor. The community now boasted a military post swarming with naval anti-aircraft gunnery school students. The ocean views were spectacular—smooth sandy beaches sweeping south, and sea-stacks to the north below Point Grenville on the Quinault Indian Reservation. The children at the grade school loved having a teacher who encouraged them to draw and paint. Maude set up her easel on the bluff overlooking the beach and pitched in as a civil defense volunteer. She wrote an essay about her experiences as a young widow raising three children during World War I, predicting: "The women in the present emergency are going to meet the hardships and make the sacrifices as courageously as the women of the Revolution, the Civil War, and World War No. 1. What they have to do they can and will. … There are thousands of women without children and women whose families are grown who should be up to their eyes in war work. Enlist them first."

Maude sent Julia clippings from Eleanor Roosevelt's syndicated "My Day" newspaper column. The First Lady was immersed in war work "on every conceivable level short of grabbing a machine gun and heading for the front lines … possibly having the most extraordinary middle age of any woman in American history," as historian Gail Collins put it.

Julia, perking up, was doing her part as a Civil Defense official, while serving on the Cathlamet Town Council and overseeing the Wahkiakum County Engineer's Office. A woman with a degree in Home Economics was now the acting road engineer. Her boss, rarely in the office for more than one day a week, was doing war work in Vancouver and Portland. No one doubted that Julia, a model of efficiency, could drive a road grader if needed.

She decided to seek re-election to the Legislature after all.

Chapter Eight

To the last ditch

When 34-year-old Mitchell Doumit filed for attorney general in 1940, the weekly Wahkiakum County *Eagle* noted that he was the county's first ever candidate for statewide elective office. "A real home town boy," Doumit was county prosecutor, Public Utility District attorney, town attorney and chief of the Cathlamet Fire Department, which he organized. "Mitch" and Julia, friends since childhood, had worked together to pave Cathlamet's streets and modernize the water and sewer systems. For a short while she had even been his legal secretary.

Doumit's renown, unfortunately, had not spread much beyond Southwest Washington. Seven Republicans hoped to become the next attorney general. Doumit finished sixth in the Primary Election, with 4.4 percent of the vote.

The Doumits, Butlers and Hansens had never let the 1919 traffic accident that fatally injured Julia's 7-year-old brother come between them. Donald Butler had darted into the path of the delivery truck Mitch was driving. Twenty-three years later, however, Mitch and Julia had a monumental falling out over politics. The feud divided the county, but reinvigorated Julia.

In 1942, Doumit announced his candidacy for Julia's seat in the Legislature. He chastised Julia and J.K. Van Buskirk for not being more supportive of Republican Governor Arthur B. Langlie's programs, saying, "Their very first action in the last legislative session was to vote against permitting the governor to take the office to which he was duly elected." Doumit also charged that they had deprived Wahkiakum County of representation by stonewalling political redistricting.

In a scathing rebuttal, Julia and Van Buskirk asserted that the redistricting bill would have shortchanged the county. As for the disputed gubernatorial election, the 18th District's two Democrats said they voted for a bill calling for a special joint committee to investigate the

Doumit's campaign photo. *Mary Doumit Thomas Collection*

alleged ballot box irregularities and report its findings on the morning of Inauguration Day. Absent the discovery of substantive proof, state law provided that Langlie would have been sworn in on schedule. And in any case, he was. Moreover, Julia wrote that she had represented "the PEOPLE of Wahkiakum County for four years—fishermen, farmers, workers, old-age pensioners—but not certain self-privileged interests."

That fall, Doumit narrowly outpolled Julia in Wahkiakum County. But she and Van Buskirk were far stronger in Cowlitz County, which had eight times as many voters. They won the district's two seats in the House for the third time, with Julia the top voter getter.

The rift between Julia and Mitch lasted for several years. Doumit's accomplished wife, Elizabeth, a GOP state committeewoman and D.A.R. sister of Julia's, finally brokered a reconciliation.* There were only 600 people in Cathlamet. "The best thing about small towns is that people are so close," Julia always liked to say. "But that's also the worst thing about small towns."

THE 1943 LEGISLATIVE SESSION at the apex of World War II featured a Republican resurgence. The Democrats' House majority had eroded to 57-42. The GOP also gained 10 seats in the Senate. It was the first "truly bipartisan two-party Legislature" since statehood, Olympia historian Don Brazier wrote.

Julia set out to challenge Ed Reilly's bid for re-election as Speaker of the House. Ralph Armstrong, an Olympia lawyer favored by a liberal bloc, also wanted the job. Julia never needed a weatherman to know which way the wind was blowing. She withdrew from the race on the weekend before the session's opening day, held her nose and threw her support to Reilly—that "petty, greedy bully." Three of her backers followed suit. That move, plus support from Republicans, proved crucial to the Spokane attorney's third session as speaker. Republicans were rewarded with the chairmanship of 23 House committees. Julia retained the chairmanship of the Education Committee and kept her seat on the Rules Committee. "Picking the right horse is the secret to success in the House," she always said.

With the state operating in the black for the first time since the onset of the Depression, Julia was determined to ensure public schools were a top priority. She teamed up with State School Superintendent Pearl Wanamaker to push through five education bills that were signed into law by Governor Langlie. Nearly $38 million was appropriated for instructional programs, plus $2 million for the school construction fund and $500,000 for nurseries and after-school care for the children of working mothers as war industry employment surged. A hot lunch program was authorized, rural school

* Mitchell Doumit was the eulogist at Henry Hansen's funeral in 1981. Doumit died 11 months later at the age of 76. Julia was one of the officiants at his funeral.

transportation received a boost, and the employees of the state's growing network of two-year "junior" colleges henceforth would be members of the Teachers' Retirement System. The state's 15,000 teachers received a $30 monthly cost-of-living adjustment for the last three months of the year and 13 to 15 percent raises in September.

With "Rosies" riveting ships and B-17 bombers, Julia's bill mandating equal pay for equal jobs also became law, only to be widely ignored by employers. Her bill—a forerunner of the "comparable worth" legislation enacted by the Legislature 75 years later—outlawed lower wages for women "similarly employed" to men, but it failed to define "similarly employed."

The governor's legislative foot-soldiers had not effectively wielded their new committee chairmanships during the 1943 legislative session. Julia took advantage of their bumbling. She helped sidetrack the governor's plan to create a state forestry board to manage state timberlands, a move that would have cost Public Lands Commissioner Jack Taylor, a popular Democrat, much of his power. *The Seattle Daily Times* observed that lawmakers from the "cow counties" were much more effective than King County's left-wing Democrats, who were so busy trying to make the governor look bad "that they had no time left to do anything for Seattle and King County." Julia seemed able to form timely alliances with all factions. She helped John L. O'Brien block the governor's war powers bills until the closing hours of the session, all the while picking Seattle's pocket. In the end, the governor got most of what he wanted. But so did Julia. "She put through bill after bill that provided for the construction of roads in the district which she serves," *The Times* wrote admiringly, "and single-handedly led a fight for the teachers. …She saw to it that this was the best session the teachers ever had." Julia's mother called to offer congratulations for a "magnificent" job.*

JULIA AND FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT had no trouble winning re-election in 1944, though the President's ice-cold handshake and careworn face frightened his new vice president, Harry Truman,

Governor Langlie, however, practically never knew what hit him. The Republican reformer appeared to be on cruise control in his race for re-election. His opponent was U.S. Senator Monrad C. "Mon" Wallgren, a congenial New Dealer from Everett with little to lose by running for governor since his Senate term would not expire for two more years. His wife was homesick for Puget Sound.

Langlie won 56 percent of the vote in the wartime blanket primary, which was

* Lost in the final shuffle before adjournment was Representative George S. Hurley's bill calling for the donation of the capitol's 354 "dazzling" brass spittoons to the wartime scrap-metal collection drive. Hurley, a King County Democrat heavily involved in civil defense, had the support of the Legislative Building custodians, whose daily duties included emptying the cuspidors.

held in July. Wallgren strategists seized on the head start and worked hard to boost the Democratic turnout in November. With help from the Grange, other public power supporters and labor unions, they began rounding up absentees. "By mid-August, 50,000 servicemen had applied and 500 cards were coming every day," George W. Scott wrote in his book, *Governors of Washington*. "September became Service Vote Month. …In the first three weeks of October, 826,000 registrations came in." Wallgren, an optometrist, liked to quip that he was uniquely qualified to diagnose short-sightedness in his opponents. He became Washington's 13th governor with 51.5 percent of the vote.

Having a Democrat back in the Governor's Office should have buoyed Julia's spirits. Democrats had added a total of 10 seats to their already solid majorities in the Legislature. They occupied every statewide partisan office, and her friend and ally Pearl Wanamaker was re-elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. What's more, "the state was rolling in money. The booming wartime economy had produced revenue in excess of all expectations." Still, there were things about Wallgren that made Julia suspicious. It wasn't that he liked his cocktails—she liked hers—or that he was a poker-playing pal of Vice President Truman. She was impressed by the unassuming man from Missouri, especially with his hard-nosed investigation of defense contract abuses during his years in the Senate. Wallgren had been a member of Truman's investigative committee, and he also played an important role in FDR's 1938 decision to create the Olympic National Park. But the new governor struck Julia as too much of a backslapping pol—a member of "all those 'animal' clubs," as she put it. And the man Wallgren installed as his conduit to the State Democratic Central Committee emerged as a schemer who could have been imported from Tammany Hall, New York's patronage and pork machine. His name was Jerry O'Connell.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY 1945, as she packed for Olympia, Julia was cranky because "the silly old fool" who ran the Cathlamet movie theater right next door had its chimes "ringing every 15 minutes all night." She had been invited to address the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, which was flattering, but she dreaded her fifth legislative session. Overseas, "the war goes on. …And here at home men are struggling to 'get even'…selling out all the things we've said we were fighting for."

In the months to come she was annoyed by Governor Wallgren's extravagance. Everyday people still needed to mind their ration books to buy food and clothing items, gasoline and tires. The governor had two state-owned Cadillacs at his disposal and made liberal personal use of a 90-foot yacht owned by the state Department of Fisheries. He installed two bars in the Governor's Mansion and "was determined to liberalize the state's liquor laws, which he believed to be archaic and detrimental to the hotel and restaurant industry."

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DIED of a cerebral hemorrhage at 63 on April 12, 1945, Julia's eulogy in her journal spoke of a "sense of loss—so personal, so deep and dismaying," a grief she shared with millions of other Americans. Many had known no other president.

> I think I've cried all the tears possible to a human. …I cast my first presidential vote for him in 1932. Memory takes me back to those fall days when I was learning politics. …and walked the lanes and byways [asking] voters to pledge themselves to FDR.
>
> In that long gone fall I can still see the dismay, the fear, stark, bitter unbelief in …hungry, weary people. How eager they were to vote. Rain pelted down that first Election Day and all day we paddled thru it, delivering our voters to the polls. …
>
> Down the years he has marched with us—his gallantry [inspiring] ours. "Gone" has such an empty, lonely sound. It is like one of the family [has left us]—and more. It was a way of life, of thinking, doing, believing—for his spirit transcended all others….
>
> It seems scarcely fitting to mention that damned 1945 Legislature …or mark down the seeming failure of Wallgren to do much but talk about whisky [*sic*] and tourists. To me it was astonishing to meet a man who had been 12 years in Congress & who could know so little about everything. I trust Truman knows more or God help us all.
>
> Sinister influences were at work thru out the session. As Chrm. of Education again I saw a fine pattern of fascism unfold—so fantastic and unbelievable that when it is mentioned to people they simply stare in disbelief. This couldn't be! But it was—and maybe worse.

THE CENTERPIECE of Julia's 1945 legislative agenda was House Bill 115, which modernized and expanded the teacher pension plan Superintendent of Public Instruction Josephine Corliss Preston, her mother's friend, fought for in the 1920s.* Teachers with 30 years of service would receive a $75-a-month pension upon reaching 60 years of age. Superintendent Wanamaker, the American Federation of Teachers and the Washington Education Association hailed it as turning point legislation to improve the quality of

* Representative Emma Abbott Ridgway, a vivacious freshman from Sedro Woolley, was co-sponsor of the pension plan bill. Ridgway and Julia first met when Ridgway served as vice president of the state Democratic Central Committee.

Pearl Thrasher, right, a freshman from Seattle, meets with three experienced female legislators in 1945. From left, Violet Boede of Orcas Island, Agnes Kehoe of Spokane and Julia. *Washington State Archives*

education in the Evergreen State. The bill received the unanimous approval of both the Senate and House on March 7, 1945.

Two weeks later, Governor Wallgren vetoed it, saying that "after an exhaustive study of its provisions" he was forced to conclude it jeopardized the entire Teachers' Retirement System "because it blankets in many hundreds of non-teaching employees in the school system and numerous other institutions and offices."

Julia issued a withering indictment that generated front-page headlines around the state, calling it "a cruel veto that did not recognize the necessities of humanity" or the state's "paramount duty" to provide children with the best possible education. The veto "was a smoke screen intended to discredit teacher organizations," she said.

> He ignores the fact that there are only 242 noncertificated employees participating [in the pension plan], and about 40 receiving the "magnificent" $40 a month.
>
> The governor takes pains to say there were numerous faults in the retirement bill. Yet it was he who demanded that teachers now on retirement be left at $40 a month, that the reserve set up in the bill be eliminated and that employees (noncertified) be eliminated. …
>
> I am convinced the governor would have vetoed the retirement bill on one pretext or another.

The governor's substitute bill, which died in the Senate Rules Committee, provided no increase for retired teachers struggling to live on pensions of $40 a month, Julia continued. Further, Wallgren had driven "a hideous wedge" between present retirees, future retirees and noncertificated school workers. Among them were employees of the state schools for the blind and deaf and the correctional school for delinquent girls. The governor's protestation that he was not playing politics with the teachers' retirement plan was "ridiculous," Julia said. "I have never known a bill in which there was more

politics involved."

Julia told the capitol press corps that the governor's veto was a jab at Pearl Wanamaker, who had refused to support him during the 1944 campaign. Though she had been a Democratic lawmaker, Wanamaker noted that the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction was nonpartisan. In retaliation—and to undermine her growing influence—Wallgren and his supporters also attempted to remove Wanamaker as an ex-officio member of the Forestry Board overseeing timber sales from state school lands.

The governor had betrayed their party's commitment to public education, Julia said. Wallgren reminded her of another governor from Snohomish County—the skinflint Republican Roland H. Hartley, who maintained Washington's schools were actually better before the state began providing funding. "The governor deprecates pressure groups—meaning the united educational forces," she said. "I'm afraid that the gentlemen who come down from Everett to become governors make pressure groups mandatory and inevitable."

The Seattle Daily Times asked if she would oppose Governor Wallgren if he sought re-election in 1948. "It's too early to say," she replied. "I certainly am convinced that he is no friend of the public schools. Even if there is no other member of the Legislature who has the plain old 'guts' to speak up, I will fight to the last ditch to keep the state's kids from being made a political football. Let the political implications fall where they may."

Wallgren supporters hailed him as "the best friend the public schools of this state have had for years." The governor's fixer, Jerry O'Connell set out to undermine Julia's standing in the party. The former left-wing Montana congressman was now executive secretary of the State Democratic Central Committee.

O'Connell urged the 18th District's Democratic Central Committees to prod Julia to resign her memberships. When she refused, the 13-member Wahkiakum County Central Committee, with O'Connell on hand, removed Julia from her long-held position as its chairman. It declared the office vacant and elected its vice president to succeed her.

"For nearly a decade I have served as your county chairman and for four years as your state representative," she wrote. "My only yardstick of purpose has been the betterment of our people through the channels of the Democratic Party in whose principles of democracy and

Governor Mon Wallgren. *Washington State Archives*

government I have never lost faith. The party of Jefferson, Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt has symbolized mankind's deepest faith in the essential goodness of humanity."

Governor Wallgren had the right to veto her bill, she said. And as a member of the Legislature she had the right to denounce his action. It's what we call "free speech," she said. "Thank God it is our respective right. That is the America that called 10 million men and women to defend that right. I would be loath to betray one drop of blood spilled for that freedom."

Cornered by reporters, the governor maintained, "I believe that she is still my friend." The view definitely was not reciprocated.

The assistant secretary of the State Land Board, who had worked with her to develop school fund forest tracts, welcomed Julia "to the growing ranks of true Democrats who deplore patronage greed in the Wallgren administration." The secretary-treasurer of the Washington State Industrial Union Council wrote that he would "not back down one inch" in his own criticism of the veto, and predicted that all good Democrats would continue to recognize her as a "leading light" of the party. Vancouver's daily *Columbian* called the purge "shameful." She was "the latest victim of the Huey Long brigade in this state," the editors said, charging that Julia's opponents were perpetuating a campaign of "intolerance and bossism that is almost becoming a habit among the members of the Wallgren machine"—with Jerry O'Connell as the "hatchet man." The treatment "accorded Mrs. Hansen is a disgrace to the democratic party and an affront to all citizens of tolerance, regardless of their party affiliations."

She was winning the public relations war hands down. Educators and PTA members from around the state sent letters of encouragement. "I am proud of you!" one constituent wrote. "Stand by your colors, stay with the game… . I'd like to see you in the governor's chair!"

IN OCTOBER, Julia learned she was pregnant. Given her miscarriage four years earlier, the next eight months were anxious. Tweedles, her beloved cat, disappeared. She hoped it wasn't an omen.

David Kimball Hansen—"Davey" to his mother—was born on June 6, 1946, eight days before his mother's 39th birthday. He was a healthy infant with his mother's chin, steel blue eyes and fair skin. He was so blond, Julia said, that they could have "dumped him off with all the Norwegians on Puget Island."

Chapter Nine

The fighter remains

Julia was rudely interrupted in the middle of her baby's bath by an irate constituent. Maude Butler greeted the caller, explaining that her daughter was tending to her infant son. Unimpressed, the woman demanded to see Representative Hansen. When Julia appeared, the woman declared "in no uncertain terms" that the baby's bath could wait "because she needed my time more than he did." For the next 30 years Julia's indignation was evident every time she told the story. It was but one illustration of what it means to be "pursued by an endless string of people who want everything from post offices to gasoline," she said.

Nevertheless, on July 9, 1946, Primary Election Day, Julia Butler Hansen's name was back on the ballot. She was seeking a fifth term in the state House of Representatives, this time as an "Independent Democrat" unbeholden to Governor Wallgren's machine. "When I was ousted from the party, I should have quit," Julia recalled years later, "but I'm a fighter and I'd be damned if I was going to quit with anybody pushing me around."

Her physician and friend, Dr. Harold Dewey Fritz, a handsome 6-footer, had urged her to seek re-election, counseling: "You know, Julia, you're never going to be happy just staying home. And besides, your son will be better off if you don't make him the center of your life and treat him as a possession."

Henry Hansen, thrilled to be a father at 62, was also supportive of Julia continuing her political career. He was now working for Crown Zellerbach close to home in the Upper Elochoman Valley. With Julia's mother as a live-in "Grammy," doting on a new grandson, the decision was that much easier. Julia resolved to concentrate on motherhood and politics, deciding not to return to her job at the County Engineer's Office.

John M. McClelland, the publisher of the *Longview Daily News*, and his son, John Jr., the newspaper's editor, rounded up a group of influential people to help underwrite Julia's campaign expenses. Contributions also poured in from appreciative teachers around the state. Energized, she began writing campaign letters from her hospital bed in Longview while convalescing from David's birth.

CONDITIONS IN THE UNITED STATES "are becoming truly alarming," *The Daily Olympian* wrote in an editorial urging a strong turnout for the 1946 primary election. President Truman's approval rating had plummeted to 32 percent amid inflation fears, uncertainties over price controls, and labor's pent-up demands. A series of strikes by 4.3 million American workers—meatpackers, steel workers, coal miners, and trainmen—heightened the anxiety. Republicans, the minority party for 14 years, smelled blood.

Much of the rest of the postwar world was also convulsing. An "iron curtain" was descending "from Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic," former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill warned. The "red tide" of communism was rising in China. The U.S. accelerated testing of its atomic weapons arsenal.

Julia and her seatmate, J.K. Van Buskirk of Kelso, emerged as the top two from the six-candidate field for the 18th District's House seats. But the Republicans' finalists, Tom Hall and Frank Sevrens, had momentum and money after Labor Day. Hall, a rangy, 36-year-old Skamokawa dairy farmer with a boyish smile, was one of Julia's most persistent critics. Sevrens was the publisher of the *Kelsonian-Tribune*.

Julia's aggressive advertising campaign, funded by "Democrats who admire her INDEPENDENCE and INTEGRITY," declared, "Julia Butler Hansen doesn't have to use her opposition (or mud) for a political platform. Her record of 8 constructive years in the State Legislature speaks for itself."

Secretary of State Belle Reeves and Pearl Wanamaker, the state Superintendent of Public Instruction, heartily endorsed her re-election. With Julia as chairman of the House Education Committee, Wanamaker had a skilled legislative confederate. They both detested Wallgren. Julia received a long, encouraging letter from the superintendent during the campaign:

> The main thing now, Julia, is to stay in pitching because, of course, they'd like to get rid of any legislators who have backbone enough to stand on their own two feet—so please stand-by. We can't afford to turn the legislative machinery over to "the goons"—it's bad enough the way it is. If you stick, I rather feel he [Wallgren] won't. So you see a lot depends on you!

COME NOVEMBER, Julia easily won re-election in a year that otherwise was a disaster for Democrats. She finished only 39 votes behind Tom Hall and well ahead of Sevrens. Wahkiakum County, crucially, had remained loyal to her, even while electing a Republican as her new district seatmate. Van Buskirk was not so fortunate. He finished fourth—dead last—and was out of a job.

The Republicans gained 36 seats in the state House of Representatives, achieving

a veto-proof 71-28 majority, their first in 15 years. Their nine-seat gain in the state Senate created a 23-23 tie. With the support of a cadre of conservative Democrats, however, the Republicans effectively would control both chambers of the Legislature.

In the other Washington, Republicans gained majorities in the House and Senate for the first time since 1928. Some pundits, even some members of his own party, suggested that Harry Truman—"in over his head," they said—might as well resign. The Republicans were "running against radicalism, both real and perceived," Northwest historian Daniel Jack Chasan wrote. Hugh B. Mitchell, whom Wallgren had appointed as his U.S. Senate successor in 1945 when he was sworn in as governor, was defeated by former Tacoma mayor Harry P. Cain. Seattle Congressman Hugh De Lacy, former president of the left-wing Washington Commonwealth Federation, was thrashed by Homer Jones, a favorite of the American Legion. The lone Democratic survivor from Washington's six congressional races was Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson of Everett, Julia's pal from her days as a member of the State Democratic Central Committee.

RESIGNED TO THE LIKELIHOOD that the 1947 legislative session would be a Republican grudge match, Julia settled in to a routine of domestic tranquility that fall. The Democratic central committees in Wahkiakum and Cowlitz counties expressed contrition for treating her shabbily and welcomed her back to the fold.

Motherhood at 39 agreed with her, though she still had a quick temper and swatted David's bottom with a switch from a tree in the garden when he was naughty, he vividly remembers. David readily admits he had a temper of his own. "Mother was a strict disciplinarian. But I never doubted she loved me. Being punished was for my 'own good,' as they used to say."

On the whole, his was an extraordinary childhood. David Kimball Hansen, an only child, was raised by two formidable women steeped in American and British history and the arts. It's unsurprising he grew up to become a historian and antique collector. He also inherited Julia's flair for interior

Henry, David and Julia in 1948. *Hansen Family Collection*

decorating, though whenever he began arranging things, his mother, with withering sarcasm, would remark, "Here comes the janitor!"

While the Legislature was in session for three to four months every other year from 1947 to 1959, "Grammy" Butler ruled the roost at the historic old house overlooking the Columbia. David remembers:

> Grammy passed down stories of our family and historic events that had been related to her by her mother when she was a girl in the 1880s. Some of these stories had, in turn, been told to my great-grandmother by her mother, Eliza Rowe Blood, who was born in New Hampshire in 1814. There was a station for the Underground Railroad for runaway slaves not far from their home in North Woodstock. Mother loved to tell the story about her grandmother knowing an old veteran who had been a drummer boy in the Revolutionary War.
>
> I loved my Daddy, too, but Mother was the central figure in my early life. I would follow her when she was working in the garden, which was one of her principal hobbies, together with writing, decorating and cooking. I trailed her into the kitchen, too, when she or Grammy were cooking and asked endless questions. I learned how to carve a roast, make gravy and cook vegetables.
>
> While Grammy was painting her wonderful watercolors, Mother dabbled in needlework and sewing, which had been taught to her by her grandmother. Mother had made all the chintz curtains for the house, slipcovers for the sofas and armchairs and dust ruffles for the beds. Being domestic was a relief from politics.
>
> Our house was one of the few in Cathlamet that was filled with books. Daddy only had an eighth-grade education, but he loved to read. Mother enjoyed reading historical novels, poetry, biographies and later, mysteries. We read animal stories together, and she wrote whenever she could find the time. The copy of *Singing Paddles* she autographed for me is one of my most cherished possessions. She wrote wonderful poems, too. At the house, there's a whole filing cabinet filled with unpublished children's stories—another novel for young readers, *West of April*, followed by *The Oregon Song*, *Danger at Blackberry Bluff*, *The Mystery of Maggie Duncan* and *Cougar Valley*. She read drafts of the stories to me and to Grammy and Daddy when I was a boy. All of her stories were filled with mystery, suspense and intrigue.

JULIA WROTE HER STORIES in longhand before typing several drafts. She painstakingly annotated and corrected each until she was satisfied. When she acquired an electric typewriter in the mid-1950s, the key-clacking and carriage-return bell they'd grown used to was replaced by a muffled, yet persistent, rat-a-tat-tat.

Chapter Ten

Lean times

When the Washington State Legislature convened on January 13, 1947, "Somebody asked one of the lawmakers what the big news of the day was. And he said, 'Julia Butler Hansen losing weight!' "

Julia told that story on herself, explaining that early in her pregnancy her doctor warned that she was already too heavy. Her 1941 miscarriage was another worry. "He *made* me diet," she said. In the 18 months following the birth of her son, she lost nearly 70 pounds. It took enormous self-discipline, but she enjoyed the dividends: More energy, growing self-confidence and a new wardrobe. A slimmer face made her smile more radiant. She became a strikingly handsome, photogenic woman, even more so as her perfectly coiffed hair began to silver.

Julia in 1947, her hair beginning to gray. *Hansen Family Collection*

The actual big news of the day was that the Republicans ruled the roost. They elected Spokane attorney Herb Hamblen Speaker of the House and dominated all of the major committees. Julia lost the chairmanship of Education, but had a knack for making friends across the aisle. Ray Moore, a young Republican serving as Assistant Chief Clerk in the House, became one of her fans. Julia was the lone Democrat welcomed at the after-hours cocktail sessions he hosted at the Olympian Hotel. The group often capped the night with chop suey at the New Shanghai Cafe. They "loved these outings" with "a real up-front woman" who could "handle small talk or go head-to-head with the erudite," Moore recalled in the 1990s when he was a state senator. "She was a force for good and simply couldn't stand unkept promises." Perry Woodall, a Republican

from Toppenish, said he would "always remember her sitting at the bar with a cigarette held at a jaunty angle." They had become friends in 1939, their freshman year in the Washington House of Representatives.

Eight years later, they were sparring over a windfall.

"THE WAR HAD PRODUCED a substantial budget surplus—about $125 million—for the first time in the state's history," legislative historian Don Brazier wrote, "and there was a great urge to spend it." Schools Superintendent Wanamaker wanted $161 million for an omnibus educational improvement program. Julia was her lead advocate in the House. The Republicans predicted "a gigantic deficit in the upcoming biennium unless stringent cutbacks in spending were enforced." For starters, they overrode four Wallgren vetoes from the 1945 session and rebuffed efforts by the left-wing Washington Pension Union to boost old-age pensions and welfare payments. An estimated 800 veterans marched on the Capitol to demand a bonus.

Speaker Hamblen, a slender, bald-headed man with round spectacles and a parson's beatific smile, was "an absolute gentleman," as Charles W. Hodde, the Democrats' floor leader, put it. To Julia's great satisfaction, teacher salaries and pensions were increased. Otherwise, the session was a slugfest, at times literally. Future governor Albert D. Rosellini, leader of the Senate's centrist Democrats, took exception to an unflattering article by Robert C. Cummings, an investigative reporter for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. When the newsman had the temerity to arrive at "Committee Room X," a now long-extinct watering hole on the fourth floor of the Legislative Building, for an after-work libation, Rosellini decked him with "a mighty left," chipping four of Cummings' front teeth. Meanwhile, Senator R.R. "Bob" Greive of Seattle, a 27-year-old freshman who would later wield great power, nearly came to blows with a fellow Democrat. And two Republicans on the House Education Committee got into a scuffle. Despite her reputation for combativeness, Julia apparently was a model of equanimity during the session.

ONE OF THE VOTES Charlie Hodde and Julia would long regret occurred on February 28, 1947. Hodde, the Colville potato farmer who became Speaker two years later, shared Julia's contempt for demagogic "red-baiting." Foes of the New Deal for years had tarred CIO unionists, social workers, intellectuals and activist lawyers—even Grangers lobbying for public power—as Communists or "fellow travelers." Nevertheless, Julia and Hodde, together with 84 other members of the House, voted for Concurrent Resolution No. 10, "Providing for investigation of subversive activities."

America's increasingly potent right wing had acquired new ammunition when former vice president Henry Wallace, who counseled amity with the Soviet Union,

began mobilizing leftists to oppose Truman's postwar policies. "Uncle Joe" Stalin, our former ally against the Third Reich, was being revealed as anything but avuncular. Soviet scientists were working around the clock to develop an atomic bomb. Stalin's NKVD-recruited spies were infiltrating American nuclear laboratories. With Japan defeated, the civil war between China's Nationalists and Communists had resumed.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover warned that the home front of the Cold War demanded the attention of "every man, woman and child." American Communists were using "skillfully designed and adroitly executed" propaganda to undermine "practically every phase of our national life," Hoover said, including labor unions, universities, book-publishing, radio and movies.

Chet King, a woodworker from Pacific County, was one of only eight House members who voted against the resolution to form an "Un-American Activities" committee. "…I believe as a Union man, and not being a Communist, that this bill is designed to harass labor unions," he said. Another dissenter was Representative H.C. "Army" Armstrong, a former Communist. Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln, the Seattle Democrat warned, "We were born in revolution. God help us if we ever lose the right of revolution."

The vote in the state Senate was 33-12. Al Rosellini, wary of seeming too cozy with the left, voted with the majority to authorize the investigation. Bob Greive, a devout Roman Catholic who shared his church's opposition to "atheistic Communism," said he opposed formation of the committee on principle, as did Clyde "Tizzy" Tisdale, an old populist from Pacific County whose earthiness delighted Julia.

Julia, an unapologetic New Dealer, was also a proud D.A.R. member who revered her patriot ancestors. She did not like Communists. She knew, however, that some party members, including many Finns from Astoria to Aberdeen, were idealistic leftists "and good people." In the depths of the Depression, many Americans despaired that capitalism was bankrupt. In 1938, Julia grasped the starkness of that fear when she campaigned in Ryderwood, a Cowlitz County logging town where practically no one had a job. The living conditions there were "deplorable," she told her journal, marveling that "they are not [all] communists." From her husband, as well as friends in Longview, Raymond and Grays Harbor, Julia well knew that many members of the International Woodworkers of America and the Longshoremen's Union were Communists. Kathryn Fogg, the Seattle Democrat with whom Julia served during the 1939 session, had left the Communist Party in 1938, disenchanted with its lockstep ideological discipline.

One alleged "Red" Julia despised was Jerry O'Connell, Governor Wallgren's fixer. When the former Montana congressman denounced President Truman during a Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner in the spring of 1947, centrist Democrats removed him from the State Democratic Committee. Their leader was Robert C. Bailey, a young Navy

veteran recently elected Pacific County Clerk. Tall, affable and politically astute, the former newspaperman was a blend of Gregory Peck and Jimmy Stewart. Julia took him under her wing.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, Julia's alma mater, was targeted as a Communist hotbed by Spokane Republican Albert F. Canwell, a former sheriff's deputy. The steely-eyed freshman raised such an alarm in the press that he was named chairman of the Joint Legislative Fact Finding Committee on Un-American Activities. Canwell claimed it was "undeniable" that longshore union leader Harry Bridges was a Communist, intent on controlling the waterfront from Seattle to San Diego. But Americans needed to know Commies were "everywhere," Canwell said, "in places you least suspected." Worst of all, he emphasized, they were teaching at our colleges and universities, inculcating impressionable students with Marxist-Leninist dogma. "Not less" than 150 UW professors were card-carrying Communists or "egghead" fellow travelers, a Canwell committee member asserted.

Canwell styled his scaremongering on the work of Congressman Martin Dies, a conservative Texas Democrat who led the U.S. House Committee on Un-American Activities from 1938 to 1944. During one hearing, the freewheeling Dies Committee seriously mulled whether 11-year-old Shirley Temple was being co-opted by the Communists.

Julia was appalled when the Canwell Committee's investigation of UW faculty trampled constitutional rights. At the height of U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy's own infamous investigation into allegedly subversive activities, some kids at Cathlamet Elementary School taunted David Hansen. "Your mommy is a commie!" they hissed. Julia was "livid," he remembers.

RUSSELL V. MACK, a Grays Harbor newspaperman well known as an anti-communist crusader, jumped at an unexpected opportunity in the spring of 1947.

Congressman Fred Norman, a folksy Republican from Pacific County, had been complaining of indigestion, but otherwise seemed to be in good form on April 17 when he voted for his party's bill to rein in organized labor, despite his concerns that some of its provisions were "too drastic." Norman, who was 65, died in his sleep that night, just three months after taking office for a second term. The former union woodworker, active in the Labor Council and Grange, had served with distinction on the Roads and Bridges committees in the state House and Senate. Julia appreciated his support for highway improvement projects.

Southwest Washington's 3rd Congressional District would elect Norman's successor in a special election just 50 days after his death. It encompassed Olympia,

Wendell Willkie, the GOP's 1940 presidential candidate, addresses a crowd at Centralia as he whistlestops the West. Looking on, from left, are Seattle Mayor Arthur B. Langlie, the party's nominee for governor; Russell V. Mack of Hoquiam, the party's candidate for Congress in the 3rd District, and Mrs. Willkie. Langlie won. Mack would have to wait seven years. *John Hughes Collection*

Aberdeen, Raymond, Longview and Vancouver, as well as the lower part of the Columbia River Gorge—nine counties in all: Mason, Thurston, Grays Harbor, Pacific, Lewis, Cowlitz, Wahkiakum, Clark and Skamania.

Former Congressman Charles R. Savage, the Mason County Democrat defeated by Norman in 1946, announced his candidacy.

Mack was the GOP frontrunner. The editor and publisher of Hoquiam's morning daily, the *Grays Harbor Washingtonian*, was a tall, broad-chested man with a tidy Thomas Dewey mustache. He enjoyed the support of the state's solidly Republican publishers, including his former boss, Werner A. Rupp of *The Aberdeen Daily World*.

Mack made his second bid for Congress in 1940, losing to New Deal Congressman Martin F. Smith, a fellow Hoquiamite, despite boosts from campaign appearances with Wendell Willkie, the Republicans' charismatic presidential nominee, and Arthur Langlie. During that campaign, Mack was hurt by fallout from the sensational murder earlier in the year of Laura Law, the young Finnish wife of a controversial Woodworkers union business agent in Aberdeen. Mack had branded Dick Law a Communist, exhorting local businessmen to drive the Reds out of Grays Harbor County. Mack and his fellow "Better Business Builders" were accused of complicity in Mrs. Law's brutal murder, unsolved to this day.

As the 1947 campaign got under way, the 55-year-old Mack styled himself as a "good old-fashioned American …who wants to keep America for Americans." While he emphasized his "absolute patriotism" and support for veterans, he also backed public power, Social Security and President Truman's new doctrine pledging U.S. support for democratic nations threatened by Soviet totalitarianism. The specter of communism was always one of Mack's themes. After Henry Wallace and California Congresswoman

Helen Gahagan Douglas barnstormed the 3rd District on behalf of Savage, Mack's supporters disseminated a handbill that styled the former congressman as a leftist.*

Governor Wallgren, Senator Magnuson, Congressman Jackson and Secretary of State Belle Reeves campaigned for Savage. The unions—AFL as well as CIO—were also in the Shelton logger's corner. It was a bitterly contested, nationally watched race. On June 7, 1947, Mack prevailed by around 1,700 votes out of 60,000 cast, his big lead in heavily Republican Lewis County sealing his victory.

In a rematch with Savage a year later, Mack won 52 percent of the vote. After that, the Republican congressman from Grays Harbor, ordinarily a Democratic stronghold, was handily re-elected five times. As early as 1950, Democrats were looking to Julia Butler Hansen—"the most astute and powerful female politician in the state's legislative history," as legislative historian Gordon Newell put it—as their best hope of recapturing the seat. The United Press wire service reported that "reliable sources" believed Julia would run in 1950 "if urged strongly enough."

They strongly urged. She strongly resisted. Her son was then only 4. And the prospect of leading the fight in the Legislature for new roads and bridges, as well as for more equitable school funding, left her more energized than ever before.

* An ambitious young congressman named Richard M. Nixon used a similar tactic to defeat Congresswoman Douglas in the 1950 U.S. Senate race in California, declaring she was "pink right down to her underwear."

Chapter Eleven

"Mrs. Highways"

When *The Seattle Daily Times* hit the newsstands in Olympia on January 11, 1949—the second day of the 31st Washington Legislature—lawmakers on both sides of the aisle lined up to congratulate the new chairman of the House Roads & Bridges Committee. Julia beamed, both in the flesh and from above the fold in a two-column photo that featured her pointing to a map of Southwest Washington. Ed Guthman, the paper's ace reporter, wrote:

> Washington legislators, for the first time in the history of this state and perhaps any other state, turned to a woman to lead them in planning highways.
>
> Chairmanship of the House committee on roads and bridges fell this forenoon to Representative Julia Butler Hansen, energetic, gray-haired housewife from Cathlamet, Wahkiakum County.
>
> While admitting she is no engineer, she accepted with confidence. She had asked for it.
>
> The keystone of her program will be an aggressive fight for adequate highway construction, financed partly by a 1½-cent increase in the gasoline tax.
>
> Mrs. Hansen will apply plenty of pressure to speed completion of the improvement of Highway 99 between Olympia and Vancouver. This, she contends, is the state's No. 1 highway need.
>
> "Our cars are geared for speed, but our roads aren't," she declared. "Our highway needs are immense and this state can't wait for construction costs to come down." …
>
> In the Legislature, Mrs. Hansen seldom makes a speech, but can hold her own in a debate.
>
> "I like to get in the last word—like a woman does," she said.

The story in an adjacent column reported that Governor Mon Wallgren, in

Julia poses for a Seattle Times photographer in 1949 on the day she became chairman of the House Committee on Roads and Bridges. *Seattle Times*

his farewell message to the Legislature, recommended construction of a second Lake Washington floating bridge. Julia resisted getting in the last word on their feud. Her nemesis had been dumped by the voters. And at the age of 41, after 10 increasingly influential years in the Legislature, she had ascended to one of the most powerful posts in state government. She certainly had asked for it. Over the next 11 years she would emerge as one of the leading highway planners in America, and the legislative architect of Washington's modern highway network. One editorial writer dubbed her "Mrs. Highways."

There are, as always with Julia, lots of anecdotes that illustrate her omnipotence as chairman of Roads & Bridges and the Legislature's Highway Interim Committee, which met between sessions. When Representative Art Avey, a freshman Democrat from remote Kettle Falls, challenged her priorities, Julia growled, "Somebody ought to tell that son of a bitch Avey to buy lots of road graders because they're not going to have any paved roads in his district!"

Dean Foster, a 17-year-old bill clerk, observed a fascinating spectacle during the 1959 session. Julia was paying a visit to the Senate to round up votes for one of her highway bills. "They brought her down the aisle," Foster vividly remembered half a century later. "Everybody was bowing … and laughing. But somebody came over to me and said, 'Don't think that this is anything funny. *This is serious*. They admire her and hate her and are afraid of her.' " *

Anyone who called her "Madame Chair" was in for a scolding. "I am the chairman of a committee, not a piece of furniture," she said. And never mind the gender business: "Chairman" was fine with her.

For years to come, whenever she was asked if there was a secret to her success

* Foster went on to serve as Chief Clerk of the House for five sessions spanning the 1970s and '80s and as chief of staff for Governor Booth Gardner.

as a legislator, Julia always said: "I would never go on the floor with a bill that I didn't understand every penny of. Anybody who asked me a question, I could get up and answer it. That was mandatory."

JULIA AND HARRY S. TRUMAN, also famous for colorful candor, had been the happy warriors of the 1948 campaign. Julia remembered meeting the President that summer in Olympia, likely when he arrived for a speech at Sylvester Park, across from the old state Capitol, on the evening of June 10. Truman had been tarring the "do-nothing" Republican-controlled 80th Congress at whistle-stops across the West. It was in Bremerton that someone in the crowd reportedly shouted, "Give 'em Hell, Harry!" The plain-talking Missourian needed little prodding. He had been belittled as "the accidental president" and dismissed as "a gone goose" by Clare Boothe Luce, the acerbic former Republican congresswoman. (She also famously observed that with his stiff demeanor and prim mustache the Republican nominee, New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey, looked like "the bridegroom on a wedding cake.")

The president's plane ducked below the cloud cover over Portland and Vancouver the next morning so he could view the damage from a devastating Columbia River flood. A record snowpack in the Cascades had melted rapidly with the onset of spring. The flood surge down the Columbia—swollen by back-to-back rainstorms—inundated Vanport, a wartime city of 18,000. The flooding killed 15 people. The wonder was that it was so few. Downriver, the dike on Puget Island across from Cathlamet gave way, inundating dairy and mint farms. The island's thousand residents scrambled to safety, moving what stock they could, in "the worst disaster ever to visit this section." Julia and dairyman Tom Hall, the other 18th district representative, worked with Russell Mack and Scoop Jackson to secure disaster relief from Congress. Julia appealed directly to Truman to expedite repairs to the dike and loans for the farmers. The farmers noticed, and were appreciative.

Old friends: Gov. Mon Wallgren and President Harry Truman in Olympia in 1948. *Washington State Archives*

She won a sixth term in the Legislature, outpolling the closest Republican by 5,300 votes. And Harry Truman, seemingly against all odds, won election to the presidency in his own right. The Democrats had rallied union members and African American voters

in crucial numbers. When his train made a stop in St. Louis en route to Washington, D.C., on the morning after the election, a crowd estimated at 10,000 lined the tracks. One of Truman's campaign workers handed him a copy of the *Chicago Daily Tribune's* early edition. "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN," the banner headline declared. "That ain't the way I heard it!" Truman said. "That's one for the books." Flashbulbs popped as the president gleefully waved the paper.

Though Truman handily won Washington's eight electoral votes, Governor Wallgren, his chum from their days in the U.S. Senate, was narrowly defeated for re-election in a rematch with Arthur B. Langlie, the only Washington governor to win nonconcurrent terms. Langlie was among those congratulating Julia on her chairmanship. "Welcome back," she probably said, with a twinkle in her sly blue-gray eyes.

THE ELECTION WAS A MIXED BAG for Washington Democrats. They lost the governor's mansion but managed to retain the other seven statewide partisan offices and wrested control of the state House of Representatives by gaining an "astounding" 39 seats. Charlie Hodde, Julia's friend, was elected Speaker. Hodde sometimes introduced himself as just "a dirt farmer" from Colville, population 3,000. In truth, he was a superb legislative tactician, "endowed with both integrity and cunning," said former state senator Ray Moore, who was King County GOP chairman in 1949. Julia's friend and mentor, Pearl Wanamaker, was re-elected Superintendent of Public Instruction without opposition.

The Republicans captured four additional seats in the state Senate across the Capitol dome. Their majority for the 1949 session was effectively even stronger than 27-19, however, because nearly half of the Democrats were conservatives, "some even more so than the Republicans," legislative historian Don Brazier observed. Liberalism and conservatism collided head-on over how to balance a budget with serious revenue deficiencies. The voters had gone on a surplus-slurping spending spree. They approved an initiative authorizing a bonus for World War II veterans, and a minimum $60-a-month "standard of living" payment for "needy senior citizens and needy blind," as well as other welfare-expanding measures.* The chaser, so to speak, was voter approval of liquor by the drink, effective March 2, 1949, which set off a scramble for liquor licenses.

The lawmakers, empowered by the voters to adjust the compensation of elected officials, haggled out the first legislative pay raise since statehood in 1889: A salary of $100 per month year-round instead of the constitutionally mandated $5 per diem during legislative sessions.

* When the State Supreme Court ruled that the veterans' bonus violated the state Constitution, the Legislature revised the proposal and financed the bonus with a boost in the tax on cigarettes.

Governor Langlie's proposed 2 percent income tax, hotly debated, was a casualty of the standoff between the House and Senate. A five-day special session kicked the can down the road. Speaker Hodde, who would go on to run for governor, head the State Tax Commission and serve on the Toll Bridge Authority, recalled years later that 1949 was the first modern legislative session in state history. "It was the first to deal primarily with the state as it emerged from the great changes of World War II, moving past the issues of the Great Depression," historian Daniel Jack Chasan wrote.

Washington had played a huge role in what Franklin D. Roosevelt characterized as "the great arsenal of democracy," building planes, ships and all manner of other weaponry, from hand grenades to atomic bombs. During the 1940s the state's population boomed by nearly 650,000 to 2.4 million in the 1950 Census. At war's end, there was a pent-up demand for new cars. With gas and tire rationing ended, the wartime 35 mph speed limit on highways was lifted. Traffic volumes "practically doubled" within a month. The state's narrow, pot-holed roads were in disrepair. The accident rate rose alarmingly.

When Julia gained the chairmanship of the House Roads & Bridges Committee, she had purview over a dedicated revenue stream. The 18th Amendment to the Washington State Constitution—approved by 69 percent of the electorate in 1944—mandated that revenues from the motor vehicle fuel tax and vehicle license fees be "placed in a special fund to be used exclusively for highway purposes." That included the State Patrol, construction, maintenance and repair of all public highways and bridges, acquisition of rights of way and operation of ferries that "are a part of any public highway" network.

This "Good Roads Amendment," which Julia heartily endorsed, was first introduced in the 1943 Legislature at the request of the influential Good Roads Association. In a history of the first century of the Washington State Department of Transportation, Walt Crowley, Kit Oldham and the HistoryLink staff wrote:

> The Good Roads Association and other highway advocates were unhappy that over the past 10 years more than $10 million in gas-tax revenues had gone into the general fund as legislators sought additional revenue to supplement the property tax, which had been capped at 40 mills, and to boost spending during the Depression.
>
> In the voters' pamphlet they argued: "These were highways and streets we paid for, but didn't get! Now you can stop further diversion."

The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1944 earmarked funds for highways to connect America's major cities, specifying minimum design standards. Washington received $15 million for 1946-47, including $3 million "set aside for urban segments

of the primary highways." The 1947 Legislature authorized safer, higher-speed limited-access highways. In 1949, with Julia now playing a key role as committee chairman, the Legislature appropriated $107,616,633 for highways, including $4 million for Seattle's Alaskan Way Viaduct.* While Julia advocated a bipartisan highway commission, she was also a masterful practitioner of patronage. The 1949 highway appropriations bill was nearly complete when she discovered Speaker Hodde had been shortchanged in the Senate. "Charlie, there's nothing in there for you," she warned. They promptly added a bridge over the Pend Oreille River in his rural district. His constituents dubbed it "The Speaker's Bridge."

A bill Julia sponsored during the 1949 session, though heavily amended by the Republican-controlled state Senate before final passage, would prove pivotal to the creation of Washington State Ferries as a government agency. The legislation also established an independent highway department personnel merit system, and the financial foundation for a modern highway network, with U.S. Highway 99 becoming Interstate 5. Also signed by the governor were her bills mandating standardized designs for city streets and county roads.

WHEN GOVERNOR LANGLIE appointed a sturdy 48-year-old Norwegian named William A. Bugge as Director of Highways in the summer of 1949 Julia acquired an important new ally. It was the beginning of a productive partnership.

Bill Bugge (pronounced "Buggy") lacked a degree in civil engineering, having dropped out of Washington State College before completing his final year of studies. Few, however, could match his practical experience—literally from the ground up—in road building. He had surveyed roads and raked gravel all over the Olympic Peninsula, from Forks to Chimacum. After 11 years as Jefferson County engineer, Bugge moved to San Francisco in 1944 to manage the Pacific Coast Division of the Asphalt Institute. When he became Director of Highways, 52 percent of Washington's roads were rated "deficient." He would prove to be a superb administrator and "a master of diplomacy." For starters, he forged an alliance with Julia, a master of practical politics, if not diplomacy. "Bugge was a first-rate highway administrator, but sometimes too detached when it came to politics," former governor Dan Evans remembers. "That's where Julia came in." From her days in the County Engineer's Office when Wahkiakum County was emerging from isolation—and from long, flat-tire road trips to Seattle and Corvallis during her college days—Julia fully understood that good roads were not just good for Washington. The entire Western U.S. stood to benefit from modern highways. Before long they were calling her Bugge's "legislative twin."

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* The viaduct design team included Dan Evans, a young civil engineer destined to become a three-term governor.

Julia was named chairman of a new Interim Committee tasked with developing a comprehensive highway development plan for the state. While Langlie left funding for that effort intact, Speaker Hodde lamented that the Republican governor "managed to Scotch most of our other committee work" and vetoed a Potato Commission bill that Central Washington farmers had worked on for more than a year. "In line with my established policy of treating women like people," the Speaker quipped in a post-session thank-you letter to Julia, "I thought I should write you and tell you that of all the committees in the Legislature you probably had the biggest job and did it the best. The reports I received during my trip over the state last week were all complimentary to you on the road program… ."

The 1½-cent boost in the gas tax—from 5 cents to 6½ cents per gallon, effective March 21, 1949—did not deter Washington motorists. When Julia conducted a committee hearing that summer, its staff economist reported that gas consumption was soaring all around the state. Motor-vehicle registrations were up 7 percent, Bugge noted.

A year later, with strong support from the Washington State Good Roads Association, Julia told reporters the state desperately needed a bipartisan State Highway Commission. Langlie worried that its members, once appointed, would be hard to remove. Worse, they could "turn the [highways] director loose to run his own show practically any way he wants," the governor said. Nonsense, Julia retorted, promising to reintroduce the legislation during the 1951 legislative session. And if the governor vetoed the bill, she said its supporters would place an initiative on the ballot and let the voters decide the issue. The state's growing postwar highway system was quickly becoming a "billion-dollar business" that should be run in a "businesslike way," Julia insisted. She commended Director Bugge for assembling a visionary team, but said "the records showed" how often the state's highway directors had been changed at the whim of governors. Further, the public had been "shut out" from meetings in which important highway decisions were made. "We want the public to know what we think the highway problems are, and we want to know what the public thinks the problems are. …The public, after all, is paying the bills," she said.

Whatever their differences, Governor Langlie recognized that Julia Butler Hansen was now arguably even more powerful than Speaker Hodde—and unquestionably an authority on highway issues. Langlie strived to stay in her good graces, appointing her vice chairman of a State Safety Conference committee. Hodde, for his part, trusted her implicitly. He named Julia to represent Washington on the new Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy. When legislators, highway officials and good roads advocates from 11 western states convened in Salt Lake City in February of 1950 to promote uniform highway laws and construction standards, she was the only female delegate. Within a year she would become the group's chairman. From then on "I always

had a suitcase packed," Julia remembered. There were meetings in San Francisco, Denver and Albuquerque. The Legislature's Highway Interim Committee, meantime, conducted highway project hearings all over the state. It was Moses Lake one day, Ephrata the next, then on to Spokane and Walla Walla.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1950, Julia made her first trip to Washington, D.C., before heading to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, to address the National Governors' Conference on behalf of the Western Interstate Highway Committee. She was feted by Senators Magnuson and Jackson. The two handsome bachelors escorted her around the Capitol, making introductions, explaining her importance. They talked politics over the famous bean soup in the Senate Dining Room. Magnuson was worried. He was being challenged for re-election by Albert Canwell, the Commie-hunter from Spokane, and W. Walter Williams, a prominent Seattle businessman whom Governor Langlie declared would help restore "morality in government"—a jab at Magnuson's celebrated "playboy" lifestyle. Scoop Jackson, his character beyond reproach, faced weaker opponents.

Julia and Senator Magnuson at a campaign reception in 1950. *Hansen Family Collection*

Given Magnuson's prodigious appetite for alcohol, (Julia was fond of martinis but rarely overdid it) they likely had drinks before and after dinner. For Julia, it was heady stuff. If she had a premonition—reminiscent of what popped into her head on her first visit to the state Capitol in Olympia 17 years earlier—that one day she would be a member of Congress, she did not confide it to her diary.

That November, Julia outpolled her closest Republican challenger in the 18th District by 4,000 votes. Magnuson and Jackson were also re-elected. Julia received affectionate thank-you letters from both. "Maggie" wrote: "I appreciate more than I can say in words the wonderful support your [Cowlitz-Wahkiakum County] Committee and Party workers gave me in this campaign. …Our job now is to plan for 1952."

Julia was intent on planning for 1951, her seventh session as a member of the Washington State House of Representatives.

HER INTERIM COMMITTEE on Highways proposed a $55 million bond issue to

expedite construction of new roads and bridges. It advocated four major projects for the next 15 years: Completion of U.S. Highway 99 as a four-lane "thoroughfare" from the Canadian border to Vancouver on the Columbia River; widening of the Snoqualmie Pass highway to provide truck passing lanes; a new Columbia River bridge between Pasco and Kennewick, and a network of new roads in the Columbia Basin, where the federal government promised farmland irrigation by 1952. Further, Julia said the Washington State Toll Bridge Authority should be empowered to establish a major new ferry-bridge transportation network on Puget Sound. That possibility hinged first on consummating acquisition of Puget Sound Navigation Company's Black Ball Line. Ferry issues had vexed thousands of commuters and two governors.

During the war, contract disputes between Black Ball's unionized employees and Puget Sound Navigation "mostly went uncontested, due in part to the solidarity involved in transporting homefront workers to and from shipyards, and from simply 'getting the job done' for the war effort," Alan J. Stein wrote in *Safe Passage*, a history of Washington State Ferries. Rates had been lowered on the Seattle/Bremerton run to help recruit workers to the shipyards, which played a crucial role in restoring U.S. sea power in the wake of the catastrophe at Pearl Harbor.

War won, the truce ended on two fronts: Puget Sound Navigation lobbied the state for approval to boost fares. And ferry workers demanded raises. In 1947, a strike by the 70 engineers who operated the Black Ball Line's 22 ferries temporarily stranded some 10,000 commuters. Governor Wallgren "zeroed in" on a consultant's report that it would be less costly to buy the existing fleet than to build new ferries. When talks with Black Ball stalled, Wallgren was behind the 8 ball in an election year.

Arthur Langlie, intent on reclaiming the governor's office, made reliable ferry service a campaign issue. Once back in office, his best-laid plans to solve the issue kept running aground. Julia shepherded the legislation allowing the state to acquire much of Black Ball's fleet. On trips with the Roads & Bridges Committee, she traveled often on Black Ball ferries, making the acquaintance of Captain Alexander Peabody, the president and general manager of the Puget Sound Navigation Company. She shared her childhood memories of riding the puddle-jumper ferry that connected Cathlamet and Puget Island to Westport, Oregon. Peabody was embroiled in a well-publicized struggle with the governor over how much the Black Ball Line was worth. Langlie offered $3 million; Peabody demanded nearly twice that.

After a court decision bolstered the state's position, Governor Langlie announced on December 30, 1949, that the state and the Puget Sound Navigation Company had reached a deal: Washington State Ferries would begin service on June 1, 1951. Langlie maintained, however, that "within seven years" there would be "very few ferry boats on Puget Sound"—replaced by a more economical "system of bridges and an under-water

tube" running "about 60 feet under the surface [of the Sound] from a point near Ballard to Bainbridge Island." Julia wasn't convinced ferries had outlived their usefulness—especially if the state operated a modern fleet—but she had "absolute confidence in Director Bugge" and was on board for more bridges. Bugge said preliminary studies indicated it would be economical to construct a "floating bridge from the south end of Seattle to Vashon Island and a steel bridge from Vashon over West Pass that would connect with a highway to Bremerton." The heated debate over cross-sound bridges would consume a great deal of Julia's energy and political capital over the next 10 years.

THE 32ND LEGISLATURE CONVENED on January 8, 1951, under "the dark cloud of a large deficit" from the previous biennium. On paper at least, the Democrats had regained control of the Senate. The rub was that conservative Democrats sided with the Republicans. Day one was punctuated with "insults, threats and promises of

The House Chambers. Julia is at her desk in the first row, looking toward the back of the chamber. *Washington State Archives*

recrimination." And 78 days later, after two special sessions, the deficit not only remained, it was growing.

Julia always saw opportunity in chaos. With Speaker Hodde running interference, she did an end run on obstructionists in the Senate to pass milestone transportation legislation Governor Langlie was obliged to sign.

Chapter Twelve

The scalper

After observing another long day of "angry wrangling in both chambers," Leroy Hittle, the sleep-deprived AP reporter in Olympia, checked in with the Seattle bureau just before midnight on March 6, 1951. Legislators had stopped the clocks at 11:35 p.m. "to preserve the fiction" that the deadline had not arrived for bills unrelated to appropriations and revenue.

The spectator galleries were empty; the shoeshine man long gone. But Julia and Bob Bailey, her newly-minted lieutenant on the House Roads & Bridges Committee, were roaming the capitol's marbled corridors. Deep into her second pack of cigarettes, Julia needed a few more votes.

As the Legislature slogged toward adjournment of its 60-day regular session, conservative senators groused that liberals in the House were sending over "undesirable bills…with almost the speed of a mimeograph machine"—legislation that couldn't be killed without political fallout.* The Senate Rules Committee retaliated by sitting on bills "for which House members were willing to put up a last-ditch fight." That included Julia's legislation to create a State Highway Commission and issue $66.7 million in bonds for new highways and bridges. Governor Langlie was coming around on the highway commission. A veto might hurt his chances for a third term in 1952. Julia had done her homework with an array of highway-user lobbyists. Langlie was still "unfriendly" to her bond issue. She was working that angle, too. One of his pet projects was a state safety council to study accident prevention. She took it hostage and prepared to "scalp" her way to victory.

In the parlance of the Washington Legislature, "scalping" is a combination of brinksmanship and sleight of hand. Most bills die in committee and never reach the floor for a vote. If, for example, a House bill is sent to the Senate and amended there, it goes back to the House for an up and down vote on whether to concur. A skilled scalper seizes the opportunity to amend the amended bill by keeping its original title while replacing its language with a new "enacting clause." That ploy forces a floor vote in the opposite chamber.

* A mimeograph machine was a hand-cranked duplicator that produced copies from a stencil.

When Engrossed Senate Bill 199 establishing the governor's Washington State Safety Council was read the second time in the House on the evening of March 6, Julia pounced. She moved to strike its contents and substitute her 14-section proposal for a State Highway Commission. The amendment was duly adopted. Instantly, she introduced a second amendment to tack the Safety Council back into the act creating the Highway Commission. If the Republican governor was receiving updates, he must have smiled. She was on a roll, *quid pro quo* in place: She'd get the highway commission; he'd get the safety council.

When the second amendment was adopted, Julia moved to suspend the rules and advance the twice-amended bill to its third reading for final passage. The measure passed 77-19 and was sent back to the Senate, where her friend Al Rosellini took over.

Senator Virgil Lee, a Republican insurance man from Lewis County, led the opposition to the highway commission. Hot debate ensued. Julia and Al had the votes. The scalped bill won Senate approval 31-13 and was signed into law by the governor on March 19, 1951.

Voila! That's how it's done.

In all, Julia scalped four bills in one night. The transportation bond proposal was appended to a bill to remove tolls from the Agate Pass Bridge connecting Bainbridge Island to the Kitsap Peninsula. Given the governor's strong support, Julia's proposal to create limited-access, 60-mph highways and give the state more leeway to acquire private property to expedite freeway construction required no parliamentary gymnastics. It was a 91-4 cinch.

Julia told reporters it was the most exciting night of her political career. An old Indian in Cowlitz County told her he laughed out loud when he read the headline "Scalping Is Order of Day at Legislature."

Gridlock, otherwise, was the order of the day. The Washington Supreme Court tossed out as unconstitutional a revenue package that featured a net income tax on corporations and an array of tax increases. The Legislature finally adjourned on September 1, 1951, after a nine-day special session. The $18 million in new taxes grudgingly approved by the cranky legislators still "fell far short of meeting the ballooning deficit," legislative historian Don Brazier wrote. Julia was appalled that the budget for higher education was slashed by more than $3 million.

Undiminished was the historic significance of a bipartisan State Highway Commission, the signature achievement of Julia Butler Hansen's 21 years as a state legislator. Since 1929, the director of highways had been a political appointee of the governor, "resulting in a new director and often a new direction whenever a new governor was elected." Julia's goal was to insulate a modern highway department—and a

nationally respected highway director like her friend William A. Bugge—from partisan politics. The new five-member Highway Commission was granted "full and complete jurisdiction and authority over the administration of state highways." No more than three of its members could be from the same major political party; nor could more than three be from the same side of the Cascade Mountains bisecting the state. And no two members could reside in the same congressional district. Governor Langlie's initial appointees would serve staggered terms; subsequent terms would last six years. Barring a change of residence or court-determined incapacity, incompetence or malfeasance, the commissioners were immunized from dismissal before expiration of their terms. They were vested with the responsibility to appoint as director of highways a "fully competent" registered professional engineer at a salary of $10,000 to $15,000 per year. The director would hold office indefinitely, subject, however, to dismissal by the commission "at any time" for incompetence, neglect of duty or failure to carry out the commission's policies.

Bugge, as expected, was retained as Director of Highways, with a new pot of cash. The $67 million bond issue Julia pushed through—"by far the biggest bond issue in the department's history to that point"—paved the way for modernizing Highway 99 and widening the Snoqualmie Pass highway to four lanes.

JULIA TURNED TO HER JOURNAL for the first time in six years to record her anxiety over the savage see-saw combat on the Korean peninsula, widely seen as a Soviet proxy war. General Eisenhower, now commanding NATO forces in Europe, warned against further Communist aggression. If Russia started a war with the United States, the World War II hero said he would use the atomic bomb "instantly" if it gave the U.S. a strategic advantage.

With wars and rumors of wars, "treachery, greed and selfishness," was there hope for mankind? Julia wondered. "We've learned so much, we've forgotten so much and we are still rank materialists."

Governor Langlie's bill to outlaw the Communist Party had sped through the state Senate the week Red Chinese forces launched a counter-offensive against United Nations troops. American casualties topped 52,000 that week. Conservative senators wanted to establish a new committee to investigate un-American activities. Speaker Hodde turned to Julia, John L. O'Brien and A.L. "Slim" Rasmussen of Tacoma to quash the plan. Though Albert Canwell was no longer in the Legislature—defeated when he attempted to move from the House to the Senate—he was more determined than ever to expose "the Communist apparatus" on the West Coast. U.S. Senator Joe McCarthy, the unscrupulous Republican from Wisconsin, was fomenting a national "Red Scare," claiming the Truman State Department was riddled with "known Communists." Julia despised his sweaty-faced demagoguery. So did Margaret Chase Smith, Maine's new

U.S. Senator. The Republican issued a "Declaration of Conscience" that challenged her party to repudiate "the Four Horsemen of Calumny: Fear, Ignorance, Bigotry and Smear." Smith's basic principles of "Americanism"—The right to criticize; the right to hold unpopular beliefs; the right to protest, and the right of independent thought—eloquently summarized "the First Amendment in action," Julia said.

Langlie signed into law a forceful anti-subversive act, but the state Senate's call for a new un-American activities probe was bottled up in a conference committee by Julia and O'Brien—fresh proof, Canwell said, that sinister forces were undermining Americanism.

Ed Guthman's *exposé* of Canwell's false accusations against UW Professor Melvin Rader had won *The Seattle Times* a Pulitzer Prize for national reporting in 1950. Canwell, poised to run for Congress, remained defiant. He refused Hodde's demand that he turn over all his files to House leadership. The Speaker sent the House sergeant-at-arms and a State Patrol detachment to Seattle to retrieve the records and put them under lock and key.

Albert Canwell, left, meets with UW President Raymond Allen, center, and Professor Melvin Rader. *Seattle Times*

Five years later, when O'Brien was Speaker of the House, the vault was opened with considerable fanfare. The records that were there "were found to contain almost nothing of significance," or as Bob Bailey put it, "It was almost like opening Al Capone's safe." Canwell was subpoenaed to testify about what had happened to all those files he claimed documented wholesale subversion. "If they had fallen into the wrong hands," Canwell intimated darkly, "they might have cost somebody his life." Prodded for details, his tight-jawed reply was "I decline to answer."

Julia was in Congress in 1964—serving with Margaret Chase Smith—when Canwell was back in the news as a defendant in a libel case filed by former State Representative John Goldmark. The Okanogan rancher had been one of her Democratic Caucus colleagues. Smeared as "a tool of a monstrous" Communist conspiracy, Goldmark was defeated for re-election by right-wingers in Eastern Washington. When William L. Dwyer's acclaimed book, *The Goldmark Case*, was published in the 1980s, Julia remembered Canwell as "a creep."

IN THE FALL OF 1951, Julia happily returned to home, hearth, husband and their young son. She was working on a play called "That Day Remembered," which told of the pioneer Birnie family's arrival at Cathlamet in 1846. The Cathlamet Summer Players were scheduled to present the play in the High School auditorium come July.

David Hansen, a precocious 5-year-old, trailed his mother everywhere. He remembers her baking "amazing" blackberry pies, canning peaches, apricots and cherries. Their house, built in 1867, was filled with antiques. Julia was an avid collector. She kindled David's interest in all manner of old things—fine china, brass candlesticks, antique tables and crinkled oil paintings in gilded frames. She taught him how to garden, and, above all, to handle books with care. Bookcases featured children's classics, grown-up biographies, poetry and plays. One room was at times off limits. "I knew better than to venture into the study when Mother was writing," David says. "The little office just off the living room was her 'sanctum sanctorum.' Daddy made her a makeshift desk out of plywood stained maple and installed bookshelves for her large collection of books on Pacific Northwest history."

"Grammy" Butler often took charge, seamlessly. Julia was increasingly on the go as chairman of the Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy. A committee meeting in Salt Lake City in 1950 prompted her first airplane trip. From then on, she was hooked on air travel. Santa Fe in October was "golden and beautiful beyond words," and Los Angeles beginning to sprawl. She visited her brother James, now a drama professor at the University of Southern California. In 1952, Julia flew to Denver and Colorado Springs for highway meetings and also addressed the Western Governors Conference in Phoenix, happy to escape election-year politics back home. Southwest Washington Democrats had renewed their pleas that she was their best hope to defeat Congressman Mack. The editor of the weekly Cathlamet *Eagle* stopped by the Hansen house—just down the block from the newspaper—and threatened to kidnap David if she didn't run, she told friends. Surely, he was joking. In any case, Julia was not amused. "If you touch him I'll bash your head!" she warned, wielding a garden shovel. She was still telling that story—with relish and indignation—20 years later.

Mack, meanwhile, shrewdly was becoming less conservative. He was a staunch supporter of good roads and public power. Julia said the time wasn't ripe.

THE HIGHWAY POLICY COMMITTEE, with representatives from 11 Western states, was grappling with the myriad challenges of dramatically-increasing traffic volumes on old roads: the need for uniform traffic safety rules and highway signage; accident prevention, and reciprocal reporting of serious violations by out-of-state drivers. A pressing concern was regulation of truck sizes and weights, especially with the advent of larger truck-trailer "combination" rigs. "You can't knock two inches off the width

of a truck as it passes over a state line, or jettison part of the cargo to bring it within a lower weight allowance," the *Salt Lake Telegram* noted after the committee met in Utah's capital.

When the Fourth Transportation Congress met in Washington, D.C., in May, 1952, Julia was the first speaker from west of the Mississippi to address the national group. Bill Bugge and Fred G. Redmon of Yakima, the first chairman of the new State Highway Commission, joined her on the trip.

Julia told the delegates she was "a most ordinary citizen" before she became a city council member in the 1930s. In tiny Wahkiakum County, a timely fresh load of gravel was called a "Vote Coat." Then, in the County Engineer's Office and as a freshman legislator:

> I watched for many years the "hit and miss" and "add a road for re-election" approach to the highway problem. In dark corners of legislative committee rooms without rhyme or reason a highway system evolved from the trails. Engineers came with the programs. They would be barely started when an election would relegate them into the political boneyard and another set of expensive highway plans went into a pigeonhole.

When she became chairman of the House Roads & Bridges Committee in 1949, she finally had the power to make major changes. She related that she began pushing for a joint fact-finding committee on highway policy that would meet between the biennial legislative sessions in Olympia and conduct hearings around the state. Her interim committee hired experienced engineers and accountants to determine the state's highway needs and develop financing. It was "the first long step toward legislative order and sound highway development," she said. The emphasis was on "scientific, factual research rather than political juggling." Her committee realized "that government business is not secret business. [We] opened its doors to the people of the State of Washington …asking advice and counsel." Sound highway planning required transparency and coalition-building, Julia said, attributing her success in creating a State Highway Commission and passing an omnibus highway bill to her work with the AFL and CIO, the Teamsters, Grange, AAA, and Good Roads Association, as well as the Logging Congress, bus companies, truck drivers, the state Highway Users Conference, State Patrol and Department of Licensing.

Albert Bradley, a General Motors executive who headed the National Highway Users Conference, had warned the delegates that thousands of miles of American roads were substandard and getting worse by the hour, while less was being spent on highway

construction and maintenance than before World War II. "It is sinking deeper all the time." Julia echoed his metaphor: "Tomorrow's highways are too heavy to build on the shifting sands of selfishness and greed," she said.

The New York Times called her one of the nation's foremost highway planners, attributing her legislative achievements to "hard work" and a "deep knowledge" of transportation issues. She had "influence, ability, energy, and the disarming habit of being right," the editors of America's leading newspaper said, summing up Julia Butler Hansen's rise to national prominence in 10 words.

JULIA WORE an "All the way with Adlai" button as she cruised to re-election in November 1952. But America resoundingly liked Ike.

Charlie Hodde and Al Rosellini collided for the Democratic nomination for governor. Neither made it out of the primary. Arthur B. Langlie defeated Congressman Hugh B. Mitchell to win a then unprecedented third term. The governor claimed credit for "the largest highway building program in history"—Julia's handiwork—and characterized Mitchell as a "confused intellectual liberal" co-opted by the Communists to promote a "Marxian society."

Julia was contemptuous of Langlie's reputation for rectitude, dating to his emergence in the 1930s as a Seattle City Council candidate promoted by the New Order of Cincinnatus, a municipal reform movement. They're "so ethical they think they could re-write the Bible to make it better," Hodde once sneered.

The Eisenhower landslide gave Republicans control of the Washington State Legislature for the first time since 1931. Their majority in the House was a daunting 58-41. In a preview of battles to come, Julia narrowly defeated John L. O'Brien to become the first female Washington legislator ever elected as a caucus chairman. She lost the chairmanship of Roads & Bridges to Republican Howard Ball, a gentlemanly funeral director from Spokane, but remained the committee's de facto leader, such was her expertise and legislative moxie.

Given the headaches ahead, the new Speaker of the House, Seattle's Mort Frayn, was prescient to have the sergeant-at-arms install a first-aid station next door to his office. Staffed by student nurses from St. Peter Hospital in Olympia, the room featured a couch, wheelchair, stretcher and oxygen tank, plus an assortment of remedies, including aspirin, cough syrup and "stimulants."

Julia's caucus remained "surprisingly united" throughout the fractious session, a testament to her canny leadership.

WHILE FERRY RIDERSHIP was growing steadily, the state had soon learned it takes a fat wallet to keep a boat afloat. Julia was among those advocating a network of cross-

Sound bridges to reduce the need for ferries. A survey found most commuters were leery of the underwater "tubes" Governor Langlie envisioned to cut costs.

Julia refereed a heated hearing on the location of a proposed $82 million span. The "Northerners" from Bainbridge Island and the North Olympic Peninsula said the bridge should connect Bainbridge to Seattle. The "Southerners" from Vashon Island and the South Kitsap Peninsula advocated Vashon as a mid-channel "anchor" site for the span, arguing it was a shorter, cheaper route that would also benefit Bremerton. The Bainbridge faction maintained the southern bridge might eliminate their ferry run to Seattle, to the detriment of property values on the island, while also adding an hour to Seattle trips. When two women on opposing sides stood red-faced, nose to nose, Julia cried, "Ladies!" and banged her gavel. When the men in the audience roared with laughter, she shot them a glare.

The Toll Bridge Authority's consulting engineers advised that a bridge across Hood Canal was also envisioned sometime in the future. And they said it might be feasible to have at least two cross-Sound spans. No one left happy.

GOVERNOR LANGLIE DEMANDED that the 1953 Legislature produce a balanced budget. Tilting a windmill, Julia's caucus proposed a constitutional amendment to authorize a graduated net income tax while limiting the state sales tax to 2 percent. Langlie called it "futility at its best." Julia and Representative Web Hallauer, an expert on taxation, called his plan "futility at its worst."

Private power lobbyists, meantime, misjudged the parliamentary savvy and determination of three experienced female legislators from public utility district counties. Julia, Eva Anderson from Chelan and Ella Wintler from Clark, both Republicans, derailed legislation cleverly calculated to prevent the growth of public utility districts.

With the public-school budget facing dramatic cuts, Julia was an outspoken member of the Committee on Education and Libraries. She advocated limiting public school classes to 30 students; called for boosting minimum salaries for teachers; introduced a measure to create an educational television commission and sponsored a $20 million bond issue for school construction.

Only two of her some 20 bills were signed into law by Governor Langlie. Those were housekeeping measures related to taxicab licenses and the sale of surplus road materials by counties. Langlie's plan to fund school construction was to allow districts to "borrow" from a revolving fund and pay back the loans from the basic education support money allocated by the state every two years. Julia backed a plan by the 18th District's Republican Senator, Tom Hall, to create a $20 million revolving fund bond issue for school construction. Julia thought him more progressive, and less duplicitous, than his governor.

During an eight-day extraordinary session in March, 1953, the Republicans came around on a measure to temporarily continue state support for kindergartens. The governor approved a cross-Sound bridge at a site to be determined and a second Lake Washington floating bridge. These were "Republican" bills Julia helped write in the Roads & Bridges Committee.

The Cowlitz County Democratic Central Committee adopted a resolution urging her to run for Congress in 1954. She had different goal.

Chapter Thirteen

A bitter defeat

Julia remembered bundling up in her winter coat, scarf and gloves for the short drive to the hotel. Sunday, December 12, 1954, was a dank winter's day in Olympia. On Budd Inlet, the mothballed cargo vessels of the Reserve Fleet formed tidy rows, like ghost ships in the mist.

The Democrats of the Washington State House of Representatives stationed a guard outside the tightly closed doors of the ballroom for a high-stakes drama that would play out over several hours.

A month earlier, soon after the final election returns gave their party control of the House by the slenderest of margins, 50-49, Julia Butler Hansen and John L. O'Brien launched their campaigns to become Speaker. Fast friends and political allies, they were also single-minded rivals who understood the power of the gavel. In 1941, they had helped elect the crafty Ed "Fresh Water" Reilly of Spokane Speaker of the House, only to see him break promise after promise and cut backroom deals with Eastern Washington Republicans. From that day forward both dreamed of becoming Speaker. The promise they made one another was that they would always keep their word.

O'Brien, a 43-year-old accountant from blue-collar South Seattle, was Irish Catholic to the core. Aside from being a nimble parliamentarian, however, he was nothing like the Tip O'Neill archetype of the gregarious Irish pol. "He wasn't a glad-hander," people remembered. O'Brien's charming smile could become a stern squint in a heartbeat. Always well-dressed in a tailored suit and conservative tie, pocket square folded into precise points, O'Brien struck some as "kind of standoffish and formal." As a freshman, O'Brien "would sometimes stand at the south side of the Capitol, look over at the brick walls of the governor's mansion and think he might like to be governor some day," his biographer, Daniel Jack Chasan, wrote. "But he *knew* he wanted to be Speaker. He liked the House, the ceremony, the legislature as a self-contained society, 'the whole surroundings, the atmosphere.' " Whenever he was at the rostrum "he felt more alive."

Julia routinely complained to her diary that she hated to leave her kitchen, garden, husband and young son every two years to return to Olympia. The truth was transparent to anyone who saw her in action: She felt more alive when the House was

in session, introducing a raft of bills, presiding over the powerful Roads & Bridges Committee and button-holing legislators on both sides of the aisle.

Men would outnumber women 90 to 9 for the 1955 session. With her gumption and accelerating reputation as a national highways leader, Julia was unquestionably the state's most powerful female politician. More than a few of the men—even some of the women—were resentful. It was unladylike to be so outspoken, they said. Willful. Too "bombastic." Senator R.R. "Bob" Greive, the West Seattle Democrat who attended Mass practically every day but played hardball all the time, was shocked at her doggedness. She could become downright "evil" if crossed, he complained.

August P. Mardesich, an O'Brien supporter, was a handsome, dark-haired Croatian fisherman from Everett. "Augie" sometimes held his cigarette between thumb and index finger, Humphrey Bogart style, as he sized up a caucus room. Whenever he and Julia went nose to nose, he'd call her "honey" because he knew how much it irritated her. Representative Tom Copeland, a Republican from Walla Walla who had seen ferocious combat as a tank destroyer commander during World War II, admired her "rough and tumble" instincts. "She'd get up on the floor and take off your head in a moment's notice, but you never saw a tear in that lady's eyes. She'd battle with the tough ones and win most of the time. She really did her homework. … She was an excellent legislator."

Bob Bailey, Julia's astute lieutenant on the House Highways Committee, saw a tear in her eye only once during their 40-year friendship. It was when she lost the speakership to John L. O'Brien.

THE STAKES WERE SO HIGH because the defection of only one member of the Democratic caucus could allow the Republicans to re-elect Mort Frayn as Speaker. The Seattleite's "easy-going frankness" and fair play during the 1953 session had won the respect of many Democrats, including Julia.

The battle shaped up as a showdown between rural district legislators on both sides of the Cascades and King County's 12 Democrats, notably O'Brien's tight bloc of fellow Roman Catholics. Margaret Hurley, a devout Irish Catholic from Spokane, was his leading supporter among the conservative Democrats of the self-proclaimed "Inland Empire." Julia's close friendship with Pearl Wanamaker, the hard-charging State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was noted by conservatives who believed both were too cozy with the teachers' unions and PTAs. Worse, both women supported federal aid to education. Wanamaker also drew fire from many pulpits for insisting that the state and federal constitutions "forbade parochial school students from using public-school buses," a view supported by the courts.

In a letter to every member of the caucus, Julia emphasized her independence,

adding that those who supported her for Speaker placed "no barriers because of geography or sex."

> They are advocating my candidacy not for personal gain nor my personal honor, but because they feel I can do the kind of job needed to be done in this difficult year for our state and our party. We offer no vote trades, deals nor commitments. We believe in a frank and free discussion of all issues in the Democratic caucus.

She called for a "committee on committees" to review committee assignments, heretofore the purview of the Speaker.

O'Brien countered that his experience as a floor leader and secretary of the Legislative Council gave him a clear edge. "I feel that I am the only one in the contest really qualified to step into the Speaker's Office and organize the House in the method it needs to be organized in the quickest possible time."

Ole Olson of Pasco, first elected to the Legislature in 1928, also announced his candidacy for Speaker. The retired newspaperman, admired for his "quiet dignity" and previous service as the state printer, was seen as a possible compromise if O'Brien and Hansen deadlocked.

Bailey was deputized by Julia to canvass their colleagues from Vancouver to Port Angeles. Web Hallauer, the affable dried fruit businessman from Oroville, was her campaign manager in Eastern Washington, and proud to be considered one of "Julia's boys." Hallauer and Ken Rosenberg, a dairy farmer from Stevens County, wrote letters to fellow Democrats. The respect Julia had earned from Republicans ensured "they will not look upon her actions as those of a political Don Quixote seeking new windmills with which to tilt," they said. Further:

> It would be foolish for the Democrats, with a one-vote majority, to choose their leadership because of promises, threats or sectional reasons. Neither should we be swayed by possible prejudice against a woman in the Speaker's chair. Julia has proven in previous sessions that she can exercise authority fairly but firmly; that she is an unflagging worker, a tireless organizer and a person who can be relied upon to listen to your problems and ideas without prejudice.

FROM THE STRAINED FACES and thin smiles of those filing out of the ballroom after the showdown on December 12, Stub Nelson of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* deduced that the battle had been "prolonged and bitter."

Nelson was told O'Brien's strength was apparent in the first test vote on whether to allow the vote-by-proxy of Representative Bill Carty, a rancher from Ridgefield in Clark County, who was home ill. O'Brien had long since lined up Carty's support. Meantime, taking no chances, O'Brien and Mardesich had Wally Carmichael of Snohomish County brought to Olympia from Everett in an ambulance driven by the county coroner. The young lawmaker had been hospitalized with a dangerous blood clot in his left leg. When they hauled him into the ballroom on a stretcher, Julia's heart sank.

Mardesich and Gordon Sandison, a Port Angeles insurance man, asserted that O'Brien would be a "far more effective" Speaker. Bailey and Hallauer said Julia's "moderation" offered the party a better chance of success in advancing legislation in the face of a one-vote majority, a Republican Senate and a Republican governor with a veto pen.

"Midway in the heated session, the O'Brien and Hansen forces recessed to separate rooms," Nelson reported. "A sharp division that might have left lasting wounds appeared imminent at that time." When the factions returned to the ballroom, A.L. "Slim" Rasmussen of Tacoma, one of Julia's supporters, introduced a motion asking both candidates to withdraw and support Ole Olson. Julia could not have been pleased. Nor was O'Brien, whose "backers beat down this maneuver, 26-22," according to Nelson's account.

"After three hours of wrangling, recessing and side-caucusing," the caucus selected O'Brien as its nominee for Speaker, 29 to 21. Julia's consolation prize was the nomination for backup Speaker Pro Tempore, a first for a woman.

Julia's friend, John M. McClelland Jr., the editor of the *Longview Daily News,* took note of her defeat in his front-page column:

> We don't pretend to understand the inner workings of the Democratic party in this state… . Mrs. Hansen should have been chosen, we think, not alone on the basis of seniority, but because of her understanding of state problems in a wide variety of fields. …It seems like a matter of a big city boy winning out over a girl from the country because he could rally his numerous big city friends to his support.

The curious thing about the outcome reported to the press is that Bailey, Hallauer and Sandison always remembered that O'Brien prevailed by one vote. And Mark Litchman Jr., a wide-eyed freshman from Seattle, maintained he was "the deciding vote!"

Time can muddle memories. Hallauer, as well as others, recalled years later that "the last vote for O'Brien was got by bringing Bill Carty in from Ridgefield on a

stretcher." The fact is, Carty was back home in bed. It was Wally Carmichael who arrived on a stretcher, documented by an AP photo in *The Seattle Times* the next day.

It's possible O'Brien prevailed by one vote in a decisive earlier ballot, followed by vote-switching afterward to give the outcome the flavor of more unanimity for public consumption. One thing is for sure: Julia took it personally.

Hallauer, a dedicated member of the ACLU, believed O'Brien's support for school prayer and public aid to parochial schools, coupled with Julia's friendship with Pearl Wanamaker, "had a great deal to do" with her defeat.* "The feeling was that Pearl would have too much influence on her. … It was the Irish Catholics versus the rest of us," Hallauer said.

Julia was especially angry with Mardesich, Sandison and 29-year-old Leonard Sawyer, an ambitious freshman from Pierce County. After the vote, she shook hands with O'Brien and the rest of his supporters—until she came to Mardesich, Sandison and Sawyer. "No hard feelings," she said, "but I'll get even with you sons of bitches!"

Sawyer, who would clash with O'Brien before becoming a controversial Speaker himself in the 1970s, recalled that Julia regarded him as a traitor because she had been told he was in her camp. "… I lied or something. I don't know what the hell, but I was in deep doo-doo there," Sawyer said, adding that he was never able to overcome that enmity. After he was appointed to her Highway Committee, it was immediately clear he was a nonperson. "I just went in and listened. After about the second term, I'd never show up."

Mark Litchman was also on Julia's blacklist, literally. She had worked with Litchman's father, a renowned labor and civil rights attorney, earlier in her legislative career and assumed Mark Jr. would support her for Speaker. Half a century later, Litchman remembered:

> Later on, when I was chairman of Institutions, she walked down to my desk on the floor and showed me a little black book. "Take a look at this," she said. All I saw was "Litchman voted no for Julia Butler Hansen." I had about seven or eight bills on the calendar, and the first bill was unanimous on the board. We had a tote board and it showed green for passing and red for negative, and it was all green. Then Julia, who was chairman of Highways and had about 35 members on the committee, raised her hand and went with her

* Some maintained the criticism of O'Brien as being too partial to parochial schools was not valid. But others agreed with Hallauer's assessment, observing that O'Brien was "always trying to sneak money in for [private school] books or transportation." Julia, a Christian Scientist, had nothing against Catholics, but she was "very much for separation of church and state because she said, 'How are you going to write a prayer for everybody?' " her son said.

> thumb down. And immediately the board changed. About 15 of her committee members voted no and killed my bill. Then she said, "See what happens when you oppose Julia?" She did that for the next five or six bills. She defeated all of them. This was Julia! She was an extremely powerful person and a wonderful personality of course, but she knew politics and she knew how to work the system for Washington State and her constituents. I truly loved her despite my earlier episode.

O'BRIEN'S DREAM OF BECOMING SPEAKER still hinged on caucus unity. There were no votes to spare. One was nearly lost on an icy stretch of highway near Cle Elum in Kittitas County two days before the opening day of the 34th Legislature. Margaret Hurley, her husband Joe, their four young children and a family friend were headed for Olympia when an eastbound car driven by a young serviceman spun out of control and slid sideways directly into their lane. The seven jammed-in occupants of the Hurleys' 1947 Dodge sedan ricocheted off the windshield, rear-window and headliner. Ten-year-old Stephen Hurley, who sustained life-threatening head trauma, was the most seriously injured. His father, who was at the wheel, suffered a severely fractured jaw and numerous other injuries. Representative Hurley sustained a broken foot. State troopers marveled no one in either vehicle was killed.

Hospital attendants told reporters it was "very doubtful" Representative Hurley would be released in time to attend the opening of the Legislature. But just before noon on Monday, January 10, 1955, to rousing applause, "Maggie" Hurley was wheeled into the House chamber by the sergeant-at-arms. Julia was the first to greet her.

Mardesich nominated O'Brien for Speaker. Julia graciously seconded the nomination, calling O'Brien "an old and true friend" with whom she had served for 14 years—a man of "conscientious ability, integrity and devotion to the very highest principles of good government." Julia's new Republican friend from Yakima, Catherine May, offered a seconding speech for Mort Frayn. Bob Bailey, still angry with the O'Brien bloc, was undecided until the last minute:

> …because they had treated me just like I was a dirty shirt, I just decided, I'm going to stay independent. And I was secretly considering just shouting "Julia Butler Hansen!" when they came to me–one of the first on the roll call. That would have left the thing tied 49 to 49. I knew that would embarrass Julia. But Julia came to me and asked that I support O'Brien. John never came to me at all. Si Holcomb, chief clerk of the House and numerous others asked me,

> "What are you going to do? What are you going to do?" I said, "I haven't made up my mind." And I never told them. …If I had done it, I know it would have embarrassed Julia, but I was stubborn enough I wouldn't tell them. They never knew until I finally said, "O'Brien" when the vote came.

John L. O'Brien, who would become one of the longest-serving Speakers in the history of the Washington Legislature, was elected to the powerful post, 50-49. He hailed Hurley's "gallant deed" in his acceptance speech. Despite her injuries, with her husband and children still hospitalized, she had made it to Olympia just in time to cast her vote for him. "She has my undying gratitude," he vowed.*

Speaker pro tem Julia with newly-elected Speaker John O'Brien in 1955. *Washington State Archives*

Ole Olson nominated Julia for Speaker Pro-Tem, saying she had served on more committees "than anyone in this body" and was nationally recognized for her work on highways, "a field not usually followed by her sex. … Despite all of this service to the people of the State of Washington, she has also taken time to be a housewife and mother. …We could not do any better than to honor her now, the first woman ever so honored, by electing her Speaker Pro-Tem."

The vote, again, was 50-49. Julia viewed it as a largely hollow consolation prize, yet a step on the road to equality. Maybe next time.

It would be 65 years before a woman was elected Speaker of the Washington State House of Representatives.

THE SPEAKER ENJOYED an enviable perquisite: The power to dictate committee assignments—in essence a "one-man spoils system." If elected, Julia had promised she

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* In 1963, O'Brien's undying gratitude wilted. Accused of disloyalty, Hurley joined five other dissident Democrats at a clandestine meeting with the House Republican leadership, notably Dan Evans and Slade Gorton. They formed a legendary "coalition" to oust O'Brien from the speakership. "How can you do this to me, Maggie?" O'Brien implored, palms uplifted, as the votes were counted. "I didn't do it to you, John," she said. "I did it for my voters."

would establish a Committee on Committees to give the entire Democratic Caucus a say in the process. O'Brien, acknowledging the narrowness of his victory, agreed to share power with a committee, albeit one headed by himself. While no one landed a chairmanship without his assent, Julia was at his right hand on the new Committee on Committees. Her supporters were rewarded with chairmanships or at least their choice of committees. Web Hallauer was named chairman of Revenue & Taxation. Ken Rosenberg was appointed to head Agriculture. Bob Bailey became vice chairman of Cities & Counties and a key member of Julia's 33-member Highways Committee. Julia's other committee assignments were also plums: Education, Public Utilities, State Government and Banks & Banking, headed by Margaret Hurley. Julia and O'Brien made sure the House Public Utilities Committee was stacked with public power supporters.

Julia and Augie Mardesich, the majority floor leader, would sit side by side in the front row of the House chamber—not the best of friends after the speaker's race, but intent nevertheless on helping O'Brien set an agenda with a one-vote majority. Across the Rotunda, the Senate's Republicans had their own tenuous majority: 24-22.

The budget deficit was estimated at $40 million—a prescription for gridlock, with 1956 looming as a major election year.

Governor Langlie advocated placing an income tax before the voters for the sixth time since 1932.* Julia and many other Democrats supported the idea. Attorney General Don Eastvold, an ambitious Republican, ruled that November of 1956 was the earliest the issue could go on the ballot. The House and Senate were still stalemated on the issue after 74 days of debate.

Julia ploughed ahead, sponsoring no less than 43 bills. One would have empowered the State Patrol to use radar to catch speeders. Her call for annual legislative sessions also failed to advance. Among the 18 Langlie signed into law were several far-reaching highway measures, including: A new interstate toll bridge at Vancouver, plus funds to modernize the existing span; an omnibus interim highway appropriations statute, with $227 million for a four-lane, Tacoma-Seattle-Everett "superhighway," and three bills to expedite purchase of property for highway construction—$10 million in all for rights of way. A bill codifying an array of motor-vehicle safety requirements sprang in part from the fatal injuries her 7-year-old brother sustained in 1919 when he darted into the path of a delivery truck. The new regulations set out standards for car, truck and motorcycle lights and brakes. Highway fatalities nationwide topped 36,000 in 1955, up 6 percent from the previous year.

The governor also signed Julia's bill amending the Teachers' Tenure Act she had helped pass in 1941. Henceforth, school boards would be required to furnish teachers,

* In 1932, 70 percent of Washington voters approved an income tax that subsequently was ruled unconstitutional. Between 1934 and 1944, they overwhelmingly rejected an income tax five times.

Julia looks on in 1955 as Gov. Langlie signs a bill authorizing construction of a $227 million Tacoma-Seattle-Everett tollway. Standing from left: Highways Director Bill Bugge; Ralph Davis of the Toll Bridge Authority; Rep. Mort Frayn; William Raugust, chairman of the Senate Roads and Bridges Committee, and Rep. Floyd Miller, who co-sponsored the bill with Julia. Seated next to Julia is Ray Moisio, chairman of the State Highway Commission. *Washington State Archives*

principals and superintendents written contracts. If a school board resolved to not renew a contract "for the next ensuing term," it was now required to notify the employee in writing on or before April 15 and specify "sufficient cause or causes" for nonrenewal.

Julia joined with Representative Eva Anderson of Chelan, a Republican she admired, to sponsor two pro-education constitutional amendments that never reached the ballot. One would have required only a simple majority vote, rather than a 60-percent "supermajority," for special levies or bond issues. The other would have allowed school districts to submit special levies covering up to five years, with the stipulation that levies in excess of one year would require a 60 percent majority.

A contentious 14-day special session finally ended with a bipartisan agreement to boost the business and occupation tax and sales tax. Kindergartens were short-changed once again when the governor vetoed a $2 million appropriation, asserting the amount was too skimpy to be meaningful. "Shameful," said Julia.

When Langlie announced he would challenge Warren Magnuson in 1956, Julia told the senator she would go anywhere, any time to help him win re-election.

Chapter Fourteen

A statewide audience

Wooed by the networks and movie studios when his radio quiz show became a huge hit on TV in 1950, a resurgent Groucho Marx said he felt "like a dame hot out of Vassar." Julia must have known the feeling.

In the spring of 1956, Democrats were urging her to run for Congress or Secretary of State. That July, she stunned everyone by announcing she wanted the State Senate seat being vacated by Tom Hall, the popular Republican dairy farmer from Wahkiakum County. Hall was noncommittal on his next move.

Kelso Mayor Don Talley had announced his candidacy for the Senate seat. Now, after being summoned to Cathlamet to meet with Julia, he told reporters he would file instead for one of the 18th District's two seats in the House. "Because of her long service to the district and her outstanding record, I feel Mrs. Hansen is better prepared to run for the Senate seat," Talley said. "I am happy to change my plans."

Julia Butler Hansen in 1957. *Washington State Digital Archives*

Eleven days later, happy or not, the young mayor changed his plans all over again. Julia had decided that swapping 17 years of seniority, her leadership post in the House and chairmanship of the Highways Committee for a back row seat in the all-male State Senate was not a great career move.* Her journal is silent as to what she was thinking in the first place. "No one can be blamed for being bewildered by the way filings for state offices finally shaped up yesterday," John M. McClelland Jr. of the *Longview Daily News*, wrote in his front-page column. "Many were frankly incredulous when

* "They've got a regular Elks Club over there since they abolished women," Julia told reporters, saying she gave the senators "nervous prostration" when she announced her candidacy.

they heard that Tom Hall has filed for governor and that Julia Butler Hansen decided to file again for the House instead of the Senate."

Julia made another decision many found surprising: She endorsed Secretary of State Earl Coe for governor instead of Al Rosellini, the frontrunner for the Democratic nomination. The three of them had been friends since 1939, their freshman year in the Legislature. Rosellini and Coe led the Senate's liberal bloc—"the futile 15"—in pitched battles with conservatives in 1947, while Julia and Charlie Hodde reined in the red-baiters in the House. Coe, a lumberman from Klickitat County, had worked with Julia during his term as chairman of the State Democratic Party. He had done a creditable job as Secretary of State, especially so given that he had a hard act to follow in the beloved Belle Reeves. In 1952, Coe had encouraged Rosellini to run for governor. This time, he decided he wanted to run.

Rosellini swamped Coe in the primary election and welcomed Julia back to his team.

JULIA'S REPUTATION AS one of the state's leading Democrats was burnished by a campaign appearance with Adlai Stevenson and his running mate, Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver. The Democratic ticket visited Portland on August 28, 1956, to excoriate Eisenhower and Nixon and "beat the drums" for the re-election of Senator Magnuson and Oregon Senator Wayne Morse, a maverick former Republican Julia admired. She toured the state as chairman of Magnuson's outreach to women voters.

Magnuson's opponent was Art Langlie. Washington's three-term governor was "Ike's kind of candidate" for the United States Senate, *Time* magazine said in a cover story timed to spotlight Langlie's star turn as the keynoter for the Republican National Convention. "The Magnuson-Langlie race was the nation's best test of the viability of the politics of the New Deal versus the potency of Modern Republicanism," George W. Scott wrote in *Governors of Washington*. "…Rigorous, religious Langlie was sure of his own rectitude. Bachelor about town Magnuson …had won every project sought for Washington and one-sixth of all public works funds." Langlie set out to puncture "The Myth That Is Magnuson" with a pamphlet characterizing the senator as a "morally bankrupt" playboy politician "who loved the purr of a Cadillac, the genial clink of ice cubes late at night, the beguiling flutter of a petticoat." Langlie said Magnuson claimed credit for legislation also sponsored by dozens of other senators, notably the National Cancer Research Institute. Scott concluded that getting "down in the gutter a little," as Langlie put it, to counter Magnuson's seniority eroded the reputation for fairness the governor had accrued in 21 years of public life.

In a speech televised statewide, Julia blasted Langlie for waging a "blood-lusting, below-the-belt campaign." His duplicity was brazen, she said. Langlie claimed Magnuson's

accomplishments were inflated, yet there he was, taking credit for legislation he had opposed as governor, including her bill to create a Highway Commission. He "has been unable to come up with any phase of Warren Magnuson's congressional record that is not in the best interest of the people of the State of Washington," she charged.

EISENHOWER EASILY WON RE-ELECTION, carrying Washington and 40 other states. Magnuson crushed Langlie. And Albert D. Rosellini, the son of Italian immigrants, became the first Roman Catholic governor west of the Mississippi River. Julia Butler Hansen coasted to her 10th term in the state House of Representatives. Democrats won solid majorities for the 1957 legislative session. Mayor Talley's landslide victory in the race for the 18th District's state Senate seat affirmed it could have been hers for the asking. Julia had no regrets about her decision to remain in the House. Nor would 1956 have been a good year to run for Congress. Russell V. Mack was easily re-elected by 3rd District voters. In all, the GOP won six of the state's seven seats in Congress.

For Julia, the bitterest pill of 1956 was her friend Pearl Wanamaker's loss to Lloyd J. Andrews, a Republican state senator with one year of teaching experience. In her 16 years as Superintendent of Public Instruction, with Julia as her legislative champion, Wanamaker had dramatically boosted state support for education, instituted sweeping changes in curricula and improved pay and retirement benefits for teachers. Conservatives for years had targeted her as the handmaiden of the National Education Association.

GIVEN ITS 56-43 MAJORITY, the House Democratic caucus meeting in Olympia was an exercise in unanimity that December, unlike the drama of two years earlier. The bar was well-stocked with lobbyist-supplied liquor. No one arrived on a stretcher. John L. O'Brien was unopposed for Speaker and Julia was unanimously re-elected Speaker Pro-Tem.

Julia and Representative Catherine May, a vivacious Republican from conservative Yakima County, shared an apartment during the 1957 session. The two University of Washington graduates had become friends despite their considerable political differences. Accomplished writers, they were both witty, shrewd and ambitious.

May, who was 42—seven years younger than Julia—had majored in English and minored in drama. She was a high school English teacher before gravitating to broadcasting in the 1940s. At NBC in New York City, she produced the Betty Crocker radio program. Returning to Yakima in 1946, May hosted a noontime women's show on KIT that reached a wide radio audience in Eastern Washington five days a week. In her "strong, clear," neighborly voice, May offered recipes, parenting tips and book reviews, together with news and views. May was interested in all things political, from

the Yakima City Council to the Berlin Airlift.

Elected to the Washington State House of Representatives as an Eisenhower Republican in 1952, May ran well to the right of Ike. She praised the Nixon-Canwell investigations into spying and subversion, maintained that public utility districts were a socialist-inspired threat to free enterprise, and asserted that free-spending liberals, prodded by the teachers' unions, were usurping local control of public education. What the freshman lawmaker learned from carefully observing Julia Butler Hansen and other seasoned legislators was that passing legislation required "parliamentary strategy, compromise, and a bit of horse-trading." In 1955, Catherine and Julia were allies on legislation to improve the care and education of handicapped children. As members of the House Education Committee, they were strong advocates for the expansion of educational television. KCTS-TV, licensed to the University of Washington, had commenced broadcasting on December 7, 1954.

Julia helps freshman Rep. Vivien Twidwell of Grays Harbor settle in at the Legislature in 1957. *Seattle Times*

By her third term in the Legislature in 1957, May had grown less fiscally conservative and even more collaborative. In robes and slippers, with a pot of tea and a plate of muffins, Julia and Catherine surely had many late-night debates, particularly over public utility districts. Julia had been a PUD advocate since the 1930s. One issue upon which the two book lovers absolutely agreed was the need to jumpstart construction of a new State Library. One of Julia's legislative successes two years earlier, the project was sidetracked after the 1955 session by a bureaucratic turf war featuring the new Department of General Administration, the State Capitol Committee and the City of Olympia's Planning Commission. On the campaign trail in 1956, Rosellini promised the tenacious State Librarian, Maryan Reynolds, that if he became governor he would expedite the project.

The historic core of the State Library's collection of rare books, maps, documents and ephemera was purchased by Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens in 1853. Over the next century, the library often "languished in political and economic limbo," Reynolds wrote in a history of the institution. Limbo was preferable to the struggles that began when the antediluvian Roland Hartley of Everett was elected governor in 1924. In

Julia and State Librarian Maryan Reynolds (seated) look on as Gov. Rosellini signs the bill to finance a new Washington State Library on March 11, 1957. Standing from left are Rep. Cecil Clark, library lobbyist C'Ceal Coombs, Rep. Clayton Farrington and Sen. Victor DeGarmo. *Merle Junk, Washington State Archives*

one of his first messages to the Legislature, Hartley declared, "This state has too many libraries." He called for "the abolishment of the State Library…and the discontinuance of the Traveling Library," the bookmobiles that brought literature and learning to the state's rural areas.

The library managed to survive Governor Hartley and the Great Depression. In 1957, however, it was still consigned to the basement of the Temple of Justice opposite the Capitol, "a horrendous location in comparison to the lovely quarters of the Law Library directly above it," Reynolds remembered.

As good as his word, Governor-elect Rosellini appointed Reynolds to his cabinet. In his inaugural address, he called for immediate construction of a new State Library, emphasizing that "rising costs have already made further delay unwise." House Bill 50, Julia's bipartisan legislation to expedite construction of the library, was boosted by May, a member of the House Institutions and Buildings Committee. Representative Margaret

Hurley, the hard-nosed Democrat from Spokane, observed that Catherine, like Julia, was "always prepared," and "her positive nature made her believable."

When the fast-tracked bill reached the state Senate, its supporters there inserted an emergency clause stipulating that construction funds for the library—$1.3 million—could not be diverted to any other project.

Maryan Reynolds and Julia, wearing celebratory corsages, were seated next to the governor when he signed H.B. 50 into law on March 11, 1957. Dedicated two years later, the new Capitol campus library, "with its spare, clean lines, huge windows and light-filled reading space," was hailed as one of Seattle architect Paul Thiry's finest buildings.*

* The historic building, renamed to honor Joel Pritchard, a beloved former congressman and lieutenant governor, is now occupied by the state's code reviser and other administrative offices. Threatened with closure in 2002, the State Library became part of the Office of the Secretary of State and moved to a leased office building in Tumwater. A new, purpose-built Library/Archives building was scheduled to open in Tumwater by 2023.

Chapter Fifteen

Road Warriors

In 1953, the year Dwight D. Eisenhower took office as the 34th President of the United States, Detroit sold nearly 6 million automobiles. The 1.3 million Americans who set out to see the U.S.A. in their Chevrolets discovered what Eisenhower and Julia Butler Hansen, the chairman of the Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy, already knew: Only 53 percent of the nation's 3 million miles of roads were paved. They were also frightfully dangerous. Highway fatalities and injuries were "comparable to the casualties of a bloody war," Eisenhower told America's governors in 1954. The nation's major roads, increasingly clogged as suburbs bloomed, were also wholly inadequate "to meet the demands of catastrophe or defense, should an atomic war come," the president warned.

Thirty-five years earlier, "Ike" was a frustrated young lieutenant colonel. World War I had ended before he could make it "over there" to experience combat, a bitter disappointment for a West Pointer. He was destined to take the most important road trip in American history, and liberate Europe from a catastrophic war.

In July of 1919, the Army Tank Corps assigned Eisenhower to accompany a military convoy that had been given a grueling assignment. Nearly 300 soldiers in 47 trucks, 11 cars, nine motorcycles and five ambulances set out from Washington, D.C., on a transcontinental odyssey designed to dramatize the national defense implications of America's wretched roads. On that score, it was an unqualified success. "The most important vehicles in the convoy were two artillery tractors" that "practically towed the convoy to San Francisco," Dan McNichol, a transportation

Dwight D. Eisenhower as a young Tank Corps officer in 1919. *National Archives*

historian, wrote in *The Roads that Built America*. "No one was killed, but there were injuries. Trucks crashed through bridges and into rivers. They skidded off roads and rolled down mountainsides or just succumbed to the beating from the rutted roads."

The two-month trek made a huge impression on Eisenhower. Twenty-five years later, as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, he was a resourceful road warrior. The D-Day forces landing at Normandy in 1944 included road-building equipment and thousands of trucks and jeeps. Eisenhower had studied the roads of France and Belgium, as well as Hitler's vaunted Autobahn. "Once the Allies controlled the superhighway, they were able to force an unconditional surrender in just six weeks," McNichol wrote.

The story of Eisenhower's undeniably important role in the birth of the interstate highway system often overlooks another event: In 1937, President Roosevelt and his director of the Bureau of Public Roads, Thomas MacDonald, began work on a blueprint for a superhighway network that would create jobs, make travel safer and promote urban renewal in the nation's Depression-wracked cities. MacDonald, a visionary engineer, also believed that an interstate highway network like the Autobahn "would be critical to national defense," historian Dan Albert wrote in *Are We There Yet*, a history of the American automobile. The financing plan MacDonald developed revolved around "excess-taking" of rights of way through a Federal Land Authority's power of eminent domain. The new roads "would raise the value of that land, which the government could then sell at a profit." Thus, the new highways would pay for themselves. The rub was that the U.S. Supreme Court had already rejected the concept. Then came World War II.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S far-reaching plans for an interstate highway system faced legislative roadblocks until a bipartisan breakthrough in 1956. Two Democratic members of Congress, George Fallon of Maryland and Hale Boggs of Louisiana, collaborated on legislation to create a federal highway trust fund. Largely financed by doubling the federal gas tax to four cents per gallon, the fund would reimburse the states for 90 percent of the cost of new interstate highways. Eisenhower signed the bill into law on June 29, 1956.*

Washington's initial $750 million allocation from the trust fund was earmarked to construct 740 miles of an interstate system that would grow to 46,000 miles. With tolls no longer necessary, the state's top priority was a 66-mile, Everett-to-Tacoma freeway. Julia hailed the new source of highway funding as a major step, cautioning however that it would not aid "every road in Christendom." The state desperately needed roads, bridges and ferries that would be ineligible for federal funds, she said. Rights of way compensation disputes also threatened to delay important projects.

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* In 1990, the Interstate Highway System was renamed the Eisenhower Interstate System.

The new highway corridors forever changed "the social and physical characteristics of urban landscapes," Delaware historian David Karas wrote in 2015. Intent as she was on modernizing the nation's transportation infrastructure, none of Julia's actions or statements indicate she envisioned expressways would negatively impact some poor and minority communities across America. She did warn against "abuses" of eminent domain.

"Freeway" has become an oxymoron in 21st century metropolitan traffic corridors. There's no denying, however, that the Interstate Highway Act of 1956 transformed transportation in America. From the British Columbia border at Blaine, Interstate 5 now rambles 800 miles south to San Diego. Interstate 90 arguably is the ultimate transcontinental road trip. Driving 10 hours a day, you can travel the 3,085 miles from Puget Sound to Massachusetts Bay in about four days. By comparison, the rutted, 180-mile slog from Cathlamet to Seattle was practically an all-day trip in the 1920s, with the inevitability of at least one flat tire, Julia always remembered.

COMPREHENSIVE TRANSPORTATION PLANNING was one of Albert D. Rosellini's key themes when he first ran for governor in 1952; even more so in 1956. Now, with federal funding forthcoming for interstate projects and Julia as chairman of a Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges, the new governor pushed for a second floating bridge across Lake Washington and completion of studies for a bridge across Hood Canal. Connecting the Olympic and Kitsap Peninsulas was seen as a crucial first step—the "horse before the cart"—in the network of cross-sound bridges and ferries Rosellini advocated.

Nat Washington, the scholarly "Sagebrush Democrat" from Ephrata who ran the Senate Roads and Bridges Committee, was one of Julia's trusted allies. Their friend Bill Bugge, the Director of Highways, had won the national Traffic Engineering Award four years in a row. Bugge was an innovative manager, cutting costs while delegating authority to increase efficiency. In decentralizing the department's operations, Bugge created agile district offices that attracted top-flight engineers.

Tom Copeland, a young Republican from Walla Walla, served on Julia's 35-member House Highways Committee in 1959. He discovered that while she lived up to her legend of being "tough as nails," she was also fair-minded. "Everybody got something," Copeland remembered in a 2007 oral history interview, "and it was predicated on road miles. …Rural legislators always had to make damn sure we maintained that formula in the committee because that was the only way we could survive. Otherwise King County and Pierce County could get together and say, 'We're not going to give the rural counties any money.' …The point I want to make is that the Highways Committee did a great job of sorting out requests for new roads, new bridges,

The Washington Legislature's Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges in 1959: Seated next to Julia is her vice-chairman, Sen. Nat Washington. Standing, from left: Rep. Dewey Donohue, Rep. Ken Rosenberg, Rep. Daniel J. Evans (a future three-term governor), Sen. Louis Hofmeister, Rep. Lincoln Shropshire, Rep. Horace Bozarth, Sen. Bob Bailey, Sen. Al Henry and Rep. Joe Beierlein. *Washington State Archives*

improvements of intersections, maintenance, and at the same time operating the ferry system. With Julia Butler Hansen and Bill Bugge we had a real fine system." Asked if he believed Hansen and Bugge presided over a "golden era" of highway construction in Washington, Copeland had a one-word answer: "Truly."

ONE OF THE KING COUNTY legislators arguing that Seattle truly deserved more road funds was Daniel J. Evans. Elected to the House in 1956, the former naval officer became one of Julia's favorite Republicans, and she one of his all-time favorite Democrats. Evans, who went on to become House minority leader, a three-term governor and U.S. Senator, remembers:

> Julia mentored me and other newcomers on the intricacies of the legislative process. We quickly learned to ask her for help on bills that had nothing to do with highways. One day I complained about the fate of a rather modest bill I was sponsoring. It had passed the House but was going nowhere in a hurry in the Senate. Julia casually opened her desk drawer. As I looked on in amazement, she began

> thumbing through scores of original drafts of bills pending before her committee. Finally, she extracted a Senate bill that just happened to be of great interest to the chairman of the Senate committee to which my bill was assigned. "I think your bill will move shortly," Julia said with a sly little smile. Within a week, my bill passed the Senate. From a master I had learned an indelible lesson in power politics: Committee chairmen decided which bills were to be heard in committee. They were virtually never challenged on their decisions. Julia used that power with great skill to advance her agenda.

Bob Bailey, who moved from the House to the Senate in 1957, was her confidant on the interim transportation committee. Their adjoining Southwest Washington districts, encompassing Pacific and Wahkiakum counties, were the very definition of rural. "We had terrible roads," Bailey recalled in 1997, adding:

> Road projects were one thing that could get you re-elected. They were extremely important at that time. Julia also resolved, I think, that the men were going to look down on her on this job, and she set out to prove that a woman could do just as good a job as a man. She did a heck of a lot better than most of the men. She was very, very dominant in her committee. She was nice to all of us and helped us all. She laid out her program, and there was little you would do to oppose it because your own [projects] usually would be included, too. On the other hand, she demanded that highway officials be at her beck and call. I don't think it would be unusual for Julia to call up the department heads at midnight or later when she was working late and say, "Bill [Bugge] get over here! I want you to take me down to have a bite to eat and talk about some highway legislation." Julia was always working, even in relaxation.

Julia and Bailey met several times with officials from Southwest Washington and Oregon in 1957 to promote a toll bridge across the Columbia River from Megler to Astoria, the historic city at the mouth of the great river of the West. Long Beach grocer Sid Snyder, the newly-elected Deputy Chief Clerk of the State House of Representatives, would prove to be an influential ally. Nevertheless, it was Bailey's baby. The Megler ferry was consistently in the red, often delayed, and sometimes canceled in stormy weather when the vast river churned with whitecaps. Bailey believed a bridge would be a boon to both states, boosting tourism, commerce and jobs. After Julia was elected to Congress,

Julia and state Rep. Andrew Winberg of Grays Harbor, both members of the Seattle World's Fair Commission, present Gov. Rosellini the articles of incorporation for the fair in the fall of 1957. *Washington State Archives*

she helped Bailey secure the final funding for the spectacular 4.1-mile interstate span.

THE DIVISIVE TRANSPORTATION ISSUE of the 1957 legislative session was a proposed second Lake Washington floating bridge. Dan Evans, the only civil engineer in the House, emerged as an authoritative new player at the age of 31. His views on the best location for the bridge collided with a powerful coalition. The route from Montlake through verdant Madison Park east of downtown Seattle to Evergreen Point at Medina on the east side of the lake was favored by Governor Rosellini, the State Highway Commission, Highways Director Bugge, real estate developers and business leaders. It bisected the legislative district that had just elected Evans to the Legislature. He asserted that an Evergreen Point bridge, coupled with a new North-South freeway, "would tear the heart out of the Washington Arboretum" and alter the character of the whole district. His father, Les Evans, the veteran King County Engineer, advocated a shorter route from Sand Point to Kirkland. After studying the routes, Dan Evans concluded that a span parallel to the original 1940 floating bridge to Mercer Island made the most sense. "It would enhance the main highway to Snoqualmie Pass and, in tandem with the Mercer Island-Bellevue bridge, create a shorter route to downtown Seattle," he said.

"The air was electric with tension" when the opposing forces squared off for a joint legislative hearing, Evans remembered in 2019, estimating the crowd at 600. "Julia calmly maintained control. She knew well the power of seniority, the chairmanship and how influential her vote would be."

Afterward, she complimented Evans for the skill with which he made his case. Nevertheless, she sided with Rosellini and Bugge as the Evergreen Point location easily won the Legislature's endorsement. Evans grasped how much Julia admired his expertise when she granted his faction a concession: "She proposed our amendment allowing the State Toll Bridge Authority to locate the span at another site if the Evergreen Point route was found not feasible." She would grant him far more important leverage the following year. Over the objections of senior legislators, she installed the junior Republican from Seattle as a member of her Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges.

THE 1957 LEGISLATURE unanimously approved a $75 million bond issue to speed construction of the Everett-to-Tacoma freeway, with plans to retire the bonds as federal aid was received.

Another bill Julia sponsored increased the auto license fee from $5 to $6.50, earmarking $3.50 of that for the State Patrol to combat the rising highway fatality rate. Roy Carlson, the acting State Patrol chief, said he needed at least 150 new troopers, plus 50 more weighmasters to deal with increased truck traffic.

The Interim Committee on Highways, with Julia as chairman and Senator Nat Washington as vice chairman, was tasked with conducting a comprehensive two-year study of Puget Sound's transportation challenges—a daunting assignment given the warring factions among ferry riders, property owners and Chambers of Commerce. *The Seattle Times* summed up the challenge:

> Does the system need several new ferry boats? Should some of the routes be consolidated to increase frequency of service on the remaining routes? Or should major changes and improvements to the system be deferred in hopes of financing cross-Sound bridges? Can the system afford a new route connecting Bellingham with the San Juan Islands? Does the system require a permanent subsidy from motor-fuel taxes?
>
> In order to help the system in the meantime, and avoid an excessive fare increase, the Legislature has provided a temporary subsidy for the two-year period.

That summer, the Army Corps of Engineers approved a permit for the Hood Canal floating bridge. And, in an opinion sought by Julia, the state's new Attorney General, Democrat John J. O'Connell, said there was no constitutional barrier to the Legislature appropriating funds from the Motor Vehicle Fund to subsidize ferries, or to pledging gas tax revenues to guarantee a bond issue for a network of cross-Sound bridges.

Chapter Sixteen

Persuasion

George F. Hanigan, viewed by his Cathlamet High School classmates as the boy most likely to succeed, was helping his mother around the house during the summer of 1957 when Julia telephoned. "Come on over," she said. "There's some people I'd like you to meet." His mother advised him to change out of his jeans and sneakers.

George, 19, was a pre-law student at Oregon State College. His late father, G. Henry "Hank" Hanigan, was one of Julia's childhood playmates. Prominent in the State Democratic Party, Hanigan was Wahkiakum County Prosecutor in 1945 when he died of a heart attack at the age of 37. His widow, Betty, and Julia became even closer friends.

When young George arrived at the Hansen house, Julia introduced him to Warren Magnuson, Henry M. Jackson and a tall, handsome young man being touted by LIFE magazine as a 1960 presidential contender: Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts. Julia's fourth guest impressed the college student even more. It was Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn. "Mr. Sam," a member of Congress since 1913, defied the Stetson-and-cowboy-boot stereotype of a Texas politician. Short, stocky and bald-headed, Rayburn was a consummately sophisticated deal-maker with a charisma all his own. After two years as Minority Leader, he had regained the speakership in 1955 when the Democrats seized control of Congress in the middle of Eisenhower's first term.

Three old friends: Maggie, Julia and Scoop.
Hansen Family Collection

Southwest Washington Democrats had been prodding Julia to run for Congress since 1950. Now, the heavy hitters had arrived to do more persuading.

Kennedy had been in Tacoma as a member of a U.S. Senate committee investigating alleged racketeering and income tax evasion by Teamsters president Dave Beck. Robert F. Kennedy, the senator's brother, was the committee's chief counsel. It's likely that Scoop Jackson—a Kennedy confidant—recruited JFK to help woo Julia. Which of the three senators persuaded Rayburn to make the trip to tiny Wahkiakum County, Washington, is lost to history. It was probably Jackson. His diligence had impressed the Speaker soon after he arrived in Congress in 1941 at the age of 29. "You're going to be around here for a long time," Rayburn told Jackson.

What's well documented is that Rayburn vacationed in the Pacific Northwest for a week in September of 1957, visiting old friends in Yakima before a trip to Mount Rainier and a salmon fishing expedition. Arriving in Yakima, Rayburn told a reporter he would make only one political comment: He expected to be Speaker of the House again in 1958. Intent on shoring up his 33-vote majority, Rayburn liked a woman who "thought like a man."

"It was clear the group was heading north and had only been there a few hours," George Hanigan remembered in a 2012 conversation with Julia's son, David.* Like his father before him, the fourth-generation Cathlamet resident was by then a county prosecutor admired by his peers statewide. The Gonzaga Law School graduate "really held the sky up in Wahkiakum County," his successor as prosecutor said after Hanigan's death in 2013 at the age of 75.

Julia's closeness to the Hanigans was underscored by their decision to name her manager of the Wahkiakum County Abstract Company and G. Henry Hanigan Insurance Agency after 50-year-old Betty Hanigan's death in 1958.

IT WAS AN EVENTFUL election year. Russell V. Mack, the Hoquiam Republican who represented Southwest Washington's 3rd Congressional District, launched his campaign for a seventh term that January, charging that Governor Rosellini was worsening unemployment during the current recession by "making poor use" of federal highway funds. Mack's attack cemented Julia's resolve to challenge his re-election. Addressing reporters as chairman of the Legislature's Interim Committee on Highways, she defended the bipartisan State Highway Commission and Highways Director Bugge. As of January 31 the state had allocated 77 percent of the federal funds earmarked for highway construction that year, she said. "No legitimate criticism is due Governor Rosellini," she

* In a March 22, 2012, conversation with David Hansen (documented by a notarized affidavit), George Hanigan recollected the meeting at Julia's house occurred in the summer of 1957. Newspaper accounts say Rayburn left Yakima "for the coast" on September 22. It's not much of a stretch to conclude that Hanigan's memory was slightly fuzzy half a century later as to the season. Summer, in fact, was just becoming autumn. Though Julia's journal is silent on the visit, she was a haphazard diarist during this period, not even documenting her withdrawal from the congressional race the following year after her mother suffered a heart attack.

added. "Washington has been singularly free of partisan politics in its highway program. It is with a great deal of reluctance that we find ourselves forced to answer these political accusations." Since Mack was a key member of the House Public Works Committee, she had a recommendation:

> I would suggest that the congressman immediately busy himself to cut the red tape in the Bureau of Public Roads and do something about halting the recession—particularly in the area of building. This will put our timber industry back to work and restore economic security to the people of this district.

Mack's campaign poster. *John Hughes Collection*

In Longview the next day, Julia announced her candidacy for Congress at a rousing campaign kickoff that drew Democrats from the district's nine counties. With her husband, mother and 11-year-old son in the front row, she acknowledged there would be new demands on her family, and admitted she was leaving the Legislature with deeply mixed emotions. "But present Republican policies are leading to idle industries and unemployment for our people." Promising victory, she told the cheering crowd, "As you know, I don't go into campaigns to lose!" Five Democrats who had been considered potential Mack opponents pledged their support, including former congressman Charles Savage and Al McCoy, the party's nominee two years earlier.

Julia's journal entry on February 27, 1958, revealed her wistfulness about her candidacy:

> It is just about 20 years ago that I first thought of running for the legislature. They're long, long years and yet so short! God grant me grace to do that which serves Him… .

The State Democratic Central Committee announced that Julia, their "Democratic Woman of the Year," would share the stage with Senator Jackson at the annual Jefferson-Jackson Day fundraiser in Olympia on March 29. (The *Yakima Herald's* editor, a Republican, editorialized that she was "worth the title of 'Woman of the Year' from the whole state rather than from one political party" because her work promoting better highways "was never partisan" or parochial.)

Ten days before the big event, Julia's mother, 77-year-old Maude Kimball Butler,

suffered a heart attack. Julia announced she was scaling back campaign appearances, explaining that she relied on her mother to look after David and help her husband around the house while she was away. She was certain the "pressure and tumult" of the campaign had impacted her mother's health and caused difficulties for David, a bright, bookish boy with a theatrical streak. The previous year, David was perusing the posters for a John Wayne epic playing at the Cathlamet theater when he was assaulted by the town's leading juvenile delinquent. "That's the last movie you'll ever see!" the older boy declared before bloodying David's head against a concrete wall. "The kid's father—a logger I think—was mad at Mother over something she had done years earlier on the Town Council," David remembers. Julia was outraged. "Ever since my son was born he has been a target …saddled with the fact that I am a controversial person—and any woman in public office is extremely controversial," she fumed to a colleague in Congress years later.

JULIA FORMALLY WITHDREW as a candidate on March 22, saying she was overwhelmed by the support her candidacy had generated. Family responsibilities mattered "far more," however, than any political office. Her obligation to the Democratic Party also was a consideration, she said. She wanted to give other contenders "ample time to enter the race in her stead." Her finance committee was returning all contributions it had received to date.

With Julia out, Secretary of State Victor Aloysius Meyers, the quirky Depression-era bandleader who earlier had been a five-term lieutenant governor, entered the race for Congress. He had nothing to lose. There were two years left in his term as secretary of state.

That November, Mack easily won re-election. Julia breezed to an eleventh term in the state Legislature as the Democrats locked down control of the House and Senate for 1959. Better yet, her resilient mother was on the mend.

Julia's Republican friend, Catherine May, had made history. Fending off blatant gender prejudice and the wealthy Democrat who had lost narrowly two years earlier, May barnstormed Eastern Washington's sprawling 4th District to become the first Washington woman elected to Congress. Julia had to have smiled when she read that the Yakima Women's Republican Club boosted Catherine's campaign by selling 1,588 cans of pudding at a dollar apiece.

Would Washington have sent two women to Congress in 1958 if Julia had been Mack's opponent?

Styling Meyers as a tax-and-spend Seattle carpet-bagger, Russell Mack carried all nine counties in the 3rd District, as he had done for several elections. One Republican editor crowed that the Democrats' jalopy had collided with "a Mack truck." In Cowlitz

Justice Robert Hunter of the State Supreme Court administers the oath of office as Julia is sworn in for a third term as Speaker pro tem in 1959. *Washington State Archives*

County, Mack bested Meyers by 3,700 votes. By comparison, Cowlitz County voters favored Julia for the Legislature by 8,200 votes over her Republican challenger. Given her longstanding ties to populous Clark County (the new interstate bridge at Vancouver was her handiwork), and to blue-collar Pacific County, where popular Bob Bailey was her campaign manager, those two counties also might have been in Julia's corner. Though Grays Harbor County was Mack's home turf, Julia would have been a far more dangerous opponent there than Meyers. She had secured a major new bridge for Aberdeen. Grays Harbor's two Democratic legislators crushed their Republican challengers. Scoop Jackson, who was re-elected to the U.S. Senate in a cakewalk, had promised to campaign side-by-side with Julia in the 3rd District. Rosellini was on board, too. No less than the Speaker of the U.S. House had come to Cathlamet. Her campaign coffers would have bulged. Still, her old friend, John M. McClelland Jr., the publisher of the *Longview Daily News*, believed "no one could have beaten Russell Mack" in 1958.

Likely it would have been a tight race. And if she had lost, what next? After 20 eventful years in politics, would a woman with a national reputation as a highway planner have been content to return to her garden and typewriter?

Fate would deal Julia Butler Hansen a second chance at Congress. Just not against Russell V. Mack.

Chapter Seventeen

Bridging troubled waters

It was the most ambitious, and ultimately most frustrating, undertaking of Julia Butler Hansen's decade as the Legislature's "Mrs. Highways." She missed a chance to transform transportation on Puget Sound.

In 18 public hearings around the state during the spring and summer of 1958, her Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges heard testimony on dozens of transportation issues—everything from log truck licensing to high school driver's education. But the big crowds, armed with charts and maps, came to quarrel over a new report on an old controversy: Could a network of Puget Sound bridges substantially reduce the need for increasingly expensive ferries?

The committee's engineering consultants recommended construction of a two-mile floating bridge from the Fauntleroy neighborhood in West Seattle to the north tip of Vashon Island.* From there, a suspension bridge would connect Vashon Island to Point Southworth on the Kitsap Peninsula. Another bridge was projected to the north to connect the Kitsap Peninsula to Bainbridge Island. Yet another would span Sinclair Inlet between Port Orchard and Bremerton. Work was already under way on the enormous pontoons for a 1.4-mile Hood Canal floating bridge to connect the Olympic and Kitsap Peninsulas.

Julia and Highways Director Bill Bugge study a roadmap. *Washington State Archives*

The new network of bridges and four-lane "expressways" would allow the state to terminate the Seattle-Bremerton, Seattle-Winslow (Bainbridge Island), and Fauntleroy-Vashon-Southworth ferry routes, the consultants said. Tolling would be

* Including its elevated approaches, the cross-Sound bridge would span 3.2 miles of salt water, with the floating portion perched atop concrete pontoons "as long as a football field and half as wide."

confined to the cross-Sound floating bridge and the suspension bridge between Vashon Island and Point Southworth. Those revenues were projected to be sufficient to pay off the bonds in a timely manner. Out-of-pocket costs for travelers who had relied solely on ferries would be higher at first but diminish annually. However, if ferries remained "the major method of traversing Puget Sound," fares would need to be at least 40 percent higher by 1965, the consultants said. "Indeed, with or without the Puget Sound Bridge, rising ferry operation costs must be matched by increases in the tolls (fares) to ensure solvency of the Ferry System operations. … Continued ferry operation will always require tolls."

The consultants—Porter, Urquhart, McCreary & O'Brien of Seattle—estimated the cost of the cross-Sound project at $200 million—$1.75 billion in inflation-adjusted dollars. If work got under way in 1961, they said the new network of bridges and connecting highways could be completed by 1965 and toll-free by 1983. Every month of indecision would take a higher toll, literally and figuratively. Rising construction costs could make the project financially infeasible if it was delayed beyond the early 1960s, Julia warned. Governor Rosellini strongly endorsed the plan.

BOB BAILEY, DAN EVANS and state Senator Bill Gissberg, a straightforward Swede from Snohomish County, were key members of Julia's Cross-Sound Transportation Subcommittee. Some old-guard members of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce groused that Representative Evans, 33, had been co-opted by the "cow county" Democrats. Others said Puget Sound legislators were their own worst enemies, too stubborn to "work as a unit to support highway legislation," witness their lack of unanimity on a site for the second Lake Washington floating bridge. The *Seattle Times* published a quote by "an Olympia official" who portrayed the Seattle-Tacoma lawmakers as paper tigers: "You haven't got a political heavyweight in highway affairs down here. The cow counties have got Seattle and Tacoma right where they want 'em, buffaloed and hog-tied. They not only control the committees, but they also control the committee appointments."

Ross Cunningham, the politically powerful associate editor of *The Seattle Times,* was among Julia's admirers. In this case, however, he said she was too forceful in her own assertions that Seattle's neighborhood turf battles were delaying important projects. Still, there was no denying that she and Senator Nat Washington, the likable lawyer from agrarian Grant County, had "fought our battles for such projects as the Seattle freeway while many legislators from this area were overly busy with problems more closely associated with their political careers." That Dan Evans had forged an alliance with the formidable Highways Committee chairwoman was another sign he was going places, Cunningham said.

Evans was particularly impressed by Julia's skill at maintaining control of

argumentative hearings. "She was very statesmanlike—firm enough to keep things on track but always cordial and willing to listen to everybody," the former governor remembered in 2019. "When I was in the U.S. Senate in 1984, I presided over an emotional hearing in Skamania County on preservation of the Columbia Gorge. Pent-up tensions exploded when the first witness was interrupted by hooting and booing. I immediately whacked the gavel and declared that I was there to gather the facts. 'I can't do that with shouting and screaming. Otherwise it's over. I hope that's clear.' We proceeded in an orderly fashion. I think Julia would have approved. She always said that you've got to listen to learn anything."

Julia and Secretary of State Victor Meyers discuss highway issues in 1958. *Washington State Archives*

A NEWLY-FORMED GROUP, the Gasoline Tax Protective League, announced it would oppose any legislative effort to guarantee toll-revenue bonds for the cross-Sound project by pledging motor-fuel tax collections as collateral. Though the low interest rates were tempting, the League was opposed on principle to this "dangerous" plan to "mortgage" the Motor Vehicle Fund. Its leaders pointed to the failure of tolling on Spokane's $6 million Maple Street Bridge to meet debt-service requirements. Representative Margaret Hurley, the conservative Democrat from Spokane, raised the same fear.

Three months later, in October of 1958, delegates to the annual convention of the venerable Washington Good Roads Association announced their opposition to the bridge funding plan. Given her track record as one of the group's staunchest allies, Julia was stung by the news. She made no effort to conceal how irked she was:

> The Good Roads Association says it wants to safeguard the Motor Vehicle Fund. What for? To concentrate on building highways in Eastern Washington? Western Washington has been paying the lion's share of costs for building highways in Eastern Washington long enough.

> Certainly, we must provide adequate roads east of the mountains. But we are providing them. The big problems remaining are in Western Washington, and more particularly in the heavily populated areas around Puget Sound. …
>
> At the most, if it were ever needed, Puget Sound bridges would require a half-cent increase in gasoline taxes. We'd get a lot more than that in revenues by opening up the Olympic Peninsula and the entire coastal area to easier access.

"Many people are afraid of the word 'collateral,' " Julia wrote that winter in a guest editorial for *The Washington Motorist*, the house organ of the Automobile Club of Washington. The AAA affiliate had long been on record in support of a cross-Sound bridge. "I think very few of us realize that the motor vehicle fund has been a collateral for the general fund for many years …and I have heard no great amount of disaster befalling the government of Washington," she wrote, adding:

> The two-lane, free access, 50-mile-per-hour highways that we were so proud of only a few years ago are no longer satisfactory to today's motorists. They want unrestricted travel over 70-mile-per-hour freeways. …
>
> The State of Washington is "on schedule" with its interstate system …but the costs are terrific and the funds are inadequate.
>
> The [consultants'] report shows us that the cross-Sound bridges can be financed through tolls from the users at rates comparable to what ferry rates will be if the interest rate is kept to 3.75%. That rate of interest for the bonds can be obtained if the motor vehicle fund is used as collateral. The motor vehicle fund will not be used, but it will be pledged in case of default. Careful investigation has shown that there is no danger of default. Even a 30% error in traffic estimates would not cause a default.

Julia rebuked the Bremerton Chamber of Commerce for muddying the waters. It had supported the original cross-Sound plan. Now it wanted the state to fully finance additional toll-free suspension bridges. It was all so parochial, she said—the lack of big-picture thinking; the bugaboo of "collateral."

Meanwhile, back at Lake Washington, motorists who relied on the original floating bridge criticized Julia for backing Al Rosellini's new financing maneuver for a second span. The governor was seeking federal permission to reimpose tolls

on the landmark 1940 bridge to help finance construction of a new floating bridge at Evergreen Point if tolling proved insufficient to retire its bonds.* *The Argus*, Seattle's venerable weekly, was as adamant as ever that Rosellini, in concert with Toll Bridge Authority engineers and "powerful real estate interests," were intent on the "rape of Lake Washington." A bridge at Evergreen Point would be a "monstrosity that will forever destroy the beauty and usefulness of our own Lake Washington," *The Argus* said.

Julia talks with King County legislator Richard Ruoff after a meeting of the Legislature's Interim Committee on Highways and Bridges in 1960. Construction of the Hood Canal Floating Bridge had encountered more problems. *Washington State Archives*

On December 27, 1958, Highways Director Bill Bugge telephoned Julia at home in Cathlamet. There was bad news: Two 360-foot-long pontoons for the new Hood Canal floating bridge had sunk in the Duwamish River at Seattle where they were being fabricated. Valued at $500,000 apiece, they weighed 4,500 tons. One section was damaged beyond repair. Open bolt holes had allowed water to seep into the hollow concrete structures.

The new year would not be happier.

THE LEGISLATURE CONVENED in Olympia on January 12, 1959. It adjourned 74 days later with little to show for its labors other than a duct-taped grab bag of controversial tax increases. Julia said her party had only itself to blame for multiple acts of ineptitude.

For starters, "the state was broke," legislative historian Don Brazier wrote. "After a decade of deficits, the crisis point had been reached." Since the Democrats enjoyed two-thirds majorities in both the House and Senate, the Republicans "pretty much sat by and watched the Democrats squabble" over what new taxes to enact. Governor Rosellini advocated boosting the sales tax, which Julia and many other Democrats viewed as regressive. Though the voters had overwhelmingly rejected an income tax five times in

* The state surmounted legal challenges to its financing plan for the second Lake Washington floating bridge and ultimately secured $5 million in federal aid. It issued $30 million in revenue bonds to be repaid by tolling and, crucially, obtained a loan from King County to clear the final financial hurdle. The 1.4-mile State Route 520 bridge opened in 1963. It was renamed to honor Governor Rosellini in 1988.

the previous 25 years, Julia believed it was time to try again. Give the people the facts, she said, and let them "decide what is the most just and equitable tax." The Business & Occupation Tax amounted to "a gross income tax levied on the few," she said. Property taxes were needlessly complicated and a burden on the elderly. Education was the state's "paramount" constitutional duty, she emphasized, but the needs of the mentally ill, handicapped and elderly also had to be considered. Washington's tax system was an outdated "two-legged stool." (The reader will be forgiven for thinking this all sounds so familiar.)

Critics of Julia's transportation initiatives said "more and more state money" was being allocated as matching funds for interstate highway projects, a fact she readily acknowledged. The state could "ill afford to lose its share of the federal money," she said—millions upon millions for safer, faster highways and modern bridges to benefit business and industry and "the average driver" all around the state. She reminded them, too, that she had been the legislative champion of the 1944 "Good Roads Amendment" mandating that revenues from the motor vehicle fuel tax and vehicle license fees "be used exclusively for highway purposes."

Dan Evans joined Julia as a co-sponsor of the legislation authorizing the $200 million cross-Sound bridge project. Three state senators, Ralph Purvis of Bremerton, Edward F. Riley of Seattle, and William Shannon of Seattle, immediately filed alternatives that ended up being combined. The bipartisan "Purvis Plan" (Shannon was a Republican) advocated just one new span—a bridge between Bainbridge Island and the Kitsap Peninsula at Brownsville, a site four miles north of Bremerton. The Bremerton-Seattle ferry run would be eliminated and more frequent, 24-hour ferry service instituted between Bainbridge Island and Seattle. The senators touted their plan as a more direct route between Bremerton and downtown Seattle than the proposed cross-Sound floating bridge. Better yet, they said, their plan would cost only $20 million and not require the Motor Vehicle Fund to be used as collateral for construction bonds. "Collateral" was the philosophical sticking point for opponents of the Hansen-Evans bill. The Purvis Plan should be "completely satisfactory for the next 15 to 20 years" to meet the needs of the 60,000 Bremerton-Bainbridge area residents for whom ferries were important, its proponents said. They conceded that population growth might make a cross-Sound bridge network viable sometime in the distant future.

Julia and Senator Washington countered with a proposal to increase highway user fees. A half-cent per gallon increase in the state gas tax would generate a total of $12 million in new revenue. Two-million dollars would be earmarked for design of the new bridges, and $2.5 million placed in a reserve fund to guarantee the bonds for the bridges. The remainder of the money would be mostly split between the Motor Vehicle Fund and the cities and counties, with $500,000 allocated to subsidize the ferries.

The manager of the Spokane County Good Roads Association called the plan a dangerous precedent, "just one further burden for the already overtaxed motorist to bear." Colonel Marmion D. Mills, an Army engineer who had retired on Bainbridge Island, scoffed at the proponents' contention that tolling revenue from the cross-Sound bridge would be sufficient to pay off the bonds. "It would have to be subsidized somehow," he said.

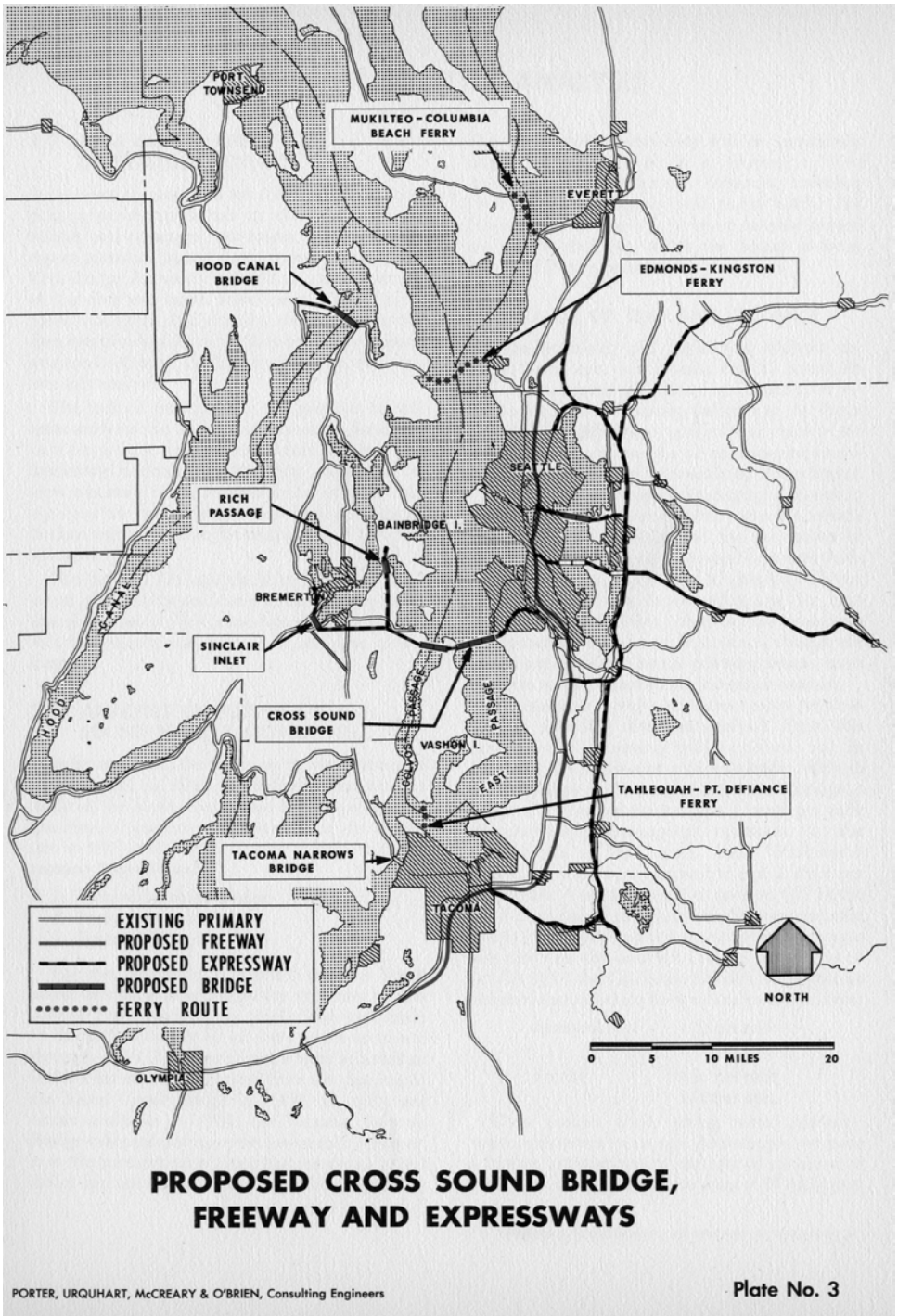
When the Board of Directors of the 61,000-member Automobile Club of Washington endorsed the Purvis Plan, Julia was "shocked and saddened." Privately, she subjected Bill Merry, the editor of the club's newsletter, to the dressing down of his career as a lobbyist. She considered the club's announcement nothing less than a betrayal of all she had done over the past 20 years in support of better highways. Hadn't she been one of the best friends Washington motorists could ever hope for—more loyal and resourceful than any of the big-city lawmakers? Judging from the syrupy Valentine Merry offered Julia in the next issue of *The Washington Motorist,* his first response might have been a gulp. "We have seen strong men act like foolish simpletons in her presence, tripping over one another to win her favor," Merry wrote. The Automobile Club was loathe to oppose her, but its directors felt they had to support "the best interests of the average car owner." Nevertheless, "it is to her great credit that she almost always knows what is best for motorists and highways…this striking, attractive, vigorous, dynamic woman…who seems to be her best when the cigar smoke is the thickest and other 'public servants' are wilting in their big leather chairs."

Bob Bailey, Julia's trusted friend on the Highways Committee and future congressional assistant, remembered her classically Julia, one-word response: "Bullshit."

ON FEBRUARY 23, 1959, a House Highways Committee hearing on the dueling bridge bills attracted a thousand people. Bremerton was worried about losing its ferry. Bainbridge Islanders had mixed emotions. Some were resistant to urbanization; others were anxious to protect property values. Testimony was about 60-40 in favor of the cross-Sound plan.

In the House, Julia had votes to spare: political collateral. In the Senate, Nat Washington did not. The opposition of the highway-user groups and a bloc of Eastern Washington senators further weakened his position.

The state Senate approved the Purvis Plan 27-22 on March 2. Julia's confident response came two days later. In tandem votes, the House backed her plan 64-35, as well as the half-cent gas tax increase designed to counter the "collateral" critics and spread the wealth. "Today you can look at this with courage and vision, or later you can look behind you with regret," she said. Dan Evans acknowledged that for several years bridge tolls would cost cross-Sound motorists more than ferry fares. "But the good outweighs



The proposed network of cross-Sound bridges. *Washington State Library*

the bad," the second-term Republican said. The network of new bridges would provide greater access to the Olympic Peninsula, eliminate long waits for ferries and do away with state subsidies for the ferry system. And the additional gas tax revenue would spur construction projects, a timely boost for the state's economy. If the traffic on the new bridges turned out to be only half as robust as the consulting engineers estimated, Evans said, there still would be no need to dip into the Motor Vehicle Fund to back up the bond issue. Unconvinced were Evans' three roommates during the 1959 session: Joel Pritchard, Slade Gorton and Chuck Moriarty.

Unable to dislodge her bill from the Senate Highways Committee, Julia scalped Senator Purvis's bill, substituting her plan for his. The House overwhelmingly approved the amended bill and sent it back to the Senate for concurrence or rejection.

The showdown came on the final day of the 60-day regular session. Julia and Nat Washington had tipped off Seattle TV crews that fireworks were imminent. They had an ulterior motive—the hope that Lt. Governor John Cherberg, the Senate's president, might be inclined to play to the cameras and approve a floor vote.* Backers of the Purvis Plan got to the former UW football coach first.

Senators clamored for recognition as R.R. "Bob" Greive of Seattle, the majority floor leader, and Nat Washington argued for an immediate vote by the entire Senate. Ralph Purvis and his supporters stood their ground. "A bitter fight raged from mid-morning until nightfall," the Associated Press reported.

Cherberg, having prepared his ruling in advance, read it "without changing a comma," wrote Ed Guthman, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Seattle Times* reporter. The House amendments to the Purvis Plan dramatically changed the scope of the bill. Therefore, Cherberg ruled, it had to be referred back to the Senate Highways Committee. Greive sprang to his feet to challenge the decision, but opponents of the cross-Sound bridge prevailed 28-21, clear evidence the Hansen-Evans bill was in trouble. It was especially galling to Julia that her old friend, Web Hallauer of Oroville, was among the 15 Democrats who opposed an up-or-down vote.

WITH THE LEGISLATURE still stalemated over new taxes, the governor called a special session. Julia, Dan Evans, Nat Washington, Ralph Purvis and several other legislators participated in a "peace-making" meeting. They tentatively endorsed a plan to have five out-of-state engineers and financial consultants study all aspects of cross-Sound transportation—including monorails and hydrofoils—and recommend a plan to

* KOMO had been airing legislative highlights on the nightly news since January. KING was broadcasting live coverage of the closing days of the session. Some lawmakers complained that the cameras had caught them slouching in their chairs or reading newspapers during debates. Two proposals to ban "intrusive" live TV coverage were narrowly defeated in the Senate Rules Committee.

the Toll Bridge Authority.

The Hansen-Evans bill to finance the study never made it out of committee. Another attempt to advance the cross-Sound bridge by boosting the gas tax died in the Senate Rules Committee during the dying days of the special session. The bill fell one vote short of making it to the floor of the Senate, Evans recalled in 2019.

"I still advocate bridging the Sound some way, some day," Governor Rosellini declared as he signed into law a $118 million tax package to balance the budget. Placing an income tax back on the ballot was another casualty of the factious 75-day session. The sales tax was increased once again.

Julia presides over a meeting of the Legislature's Interim Committee on Highways and Bridges in 1960 as Highways Director Bill Bugge chews a cigar and reviews paperwork. *Washington State Archives*

The $160 million Department of Highways budget endorsed by Julia's Interim Committee on Highways was approved, including state matching funds for Puget Sound freeways. Funds were also appropriated to study the feasibility of tunneling the Cascades at Naches Pass, a measure she co-sponsored. Nevertheless, Julia counted the loss of the cross-Sound bridge project as the most galling defeat of her 20 years in the Legislature.

Had the bridge been built would she have come to regret it?

Dan Evans, a vibrant 94 when we talked in 2020, mused that fate is fickle and man-made marvels don't last forever. The Alaskan Way Viaduct he proudly helped design in 1949 as a member of the City of Seattle's Engineering Department is now gone, dismissed as a seismic and visual albatross. And floating bridges have met with expensive misfortune. Julia was a member of the Washington State Transportation Commission as an Evans appointee on February 13, 1979, when the western half of the Hood Canal Bridge sank during a howling storm. And in 1990, the original Lake Washington floating bridge broke apart and sank in a storm while it was closed for renovation. A post-mortem revealed its hollow pontoons had been compromised by the construction work.

"I think that the cross-Sound bridge over open salt water would have faced far more difficult weather problems than the Lake Washington or Hood Canal bridges," Evans said. "Who knows? But we are now committed to ferries for a long, long time."

Chapter Eighteen

"He's Finished"

It's a nice day, isn't it?" Utah Congressman Henry Aldous Dixon said to his friend, Russell Mack, as lawmakers filed into the House chamber for a quorum call on the morning of March 28, 1960. "Not for me," Mack said, appearing groggy. With that, the 68-year-old former newspaperman fell backward, striking his head on a seat before crumpling to the floor. Five colleagues carried him from the well of the House to a leather sofa in the lobby. "He's finished," murmured Minnesota Congressman Walter Judd, a physician.

Minutes later, Seattle Congressman Tom Pelly announced to the "shocked and hushed" House that their colleague, a member of the House since 1947, was dead. Voice quavering with emotion, Pelly related that Mack seemed well the night before when they went out to dinner with their spouses. A physician on duty at the Capitol concluded that the barrel-chested 6-footer succumbed to a heart attack. Senator Henry M. Jackson, who had served with Mack in the House for six years, eulogized the Grays Harbor Republican as "a personal friend," despite their political differences. He praised Mack's work as a ranking member of the House Public Works Committee.

State Senator Harry S. Elway Jr., a blue-collar Republican who doubled as mayor of Hoquiam, had been considering a bid for Congress if Mack retired. Now he said he would have to think things over.

Reporters located Julia at the Hanigan insurance office in Cathlamet. Would she seek the vacant seat? "Can't we let the gentleman rest in peace for a while?" she said. "This is unseemly. Let's wait until after his funeral to start the politicking."

"That gesture of respect impressed a lot of Republicans," her friend Sid Snyder, the Long Beach grocer destined to become majority leader of the state Senate, remembered 40 years later. "And she meant it. It was no political ploy."

A thousand mourners, including Governor Rosellini, attended Mack's funeral in Aberdeen on April 2. A few days later, Elway and two other state senators, Centralia lawyer Dale Nordquist and Vancouver optometrist Henry Schumacher, announced they would seek the Republican nomination. Assistant Attorney General John W. Riley, a 35-year-old Olympia Democrat who had been a candidate for Congress in 1958, said

he too would seek the open seat.

Julia waited for two weeks. Rosellini was the keynoter for her announcement at a boisterous rally of Wahkiakum County Democrats at the Courthouse. The governor hailed her as "one of the state's greatest legislators" and a nationally recognized advocate for better highways. "It was 22 years ago in this same courtroom that I announced my intention of running for the state Legislature," Julia said. "I think it appropriate, therefore, to announce here and now my intention of running for Congress." The crowd stood and cheered.

John M. McClelland Jr., the publisher of the *Longview Daily News*, wrote in his widely-quoted front-page column that "this remarkable woman" was now the frontrunner, poised perhaps to prove that the 3rd Congressional District valued competence more than gender:

> …some consider it a disadvantage for a congressional candidate to be a woman, but it can also be an advantage since a woman candidate certainly attracts more attention than a man. Women are no longer novelties in politics, but they are still few enough to stand out conspicuously among the men. She is both young and old enough. A woman standing for high office doesn't expect anyone to be coy about her age. She is 52.
>
> Mrs. Hansen has another advantage… . It could be called political maturity which comes only when the years bring some sense of political security. It includes a strong touch of independence that makes it possible to think and act oftentimes first of all as a citizen and secondarily as a partisan party member.

WHEN WOULD THE ELECTION BE? Make that *elections*. With multiple candidates from both parties, there would need to be two, a primary and a general. But the regularly scheduled September primary wouldn't come until more than five months after Mack's death. The decisive November election would be seven months after his passing—leaving the seat empty for the better part of the year. But if the voting took place post haste to fill the vacancy, the cost to taxpayers in the nine-county congressional district would be a hefty $150,000 ($1.3 million in 2020). The state's entire congressional delegation, including Jackson and Magnuson, assured Rosellini they could handle the 3rd District's affairs for the next seven months if he postponed the voting until the regularly scheduled September and November elections. The governor took that course.

Instead of a sprint, the contest was now a conventional spring-to-fall congressional race. The field grew to six when state Representative Gene Neva, an energetic young

Democrat from Aberdeen, announced his candidacy.

Julia didn't think twice about who should manage her campaign. It had to be Bob Bailey. The lanky newspaperman from Pacific County was one of the most respected politicians in Southwest Washington. They picked James "Red" Fadling of Olympia, a former president of the International Woodworkers of America, to head her labor committee.

THE NEW OWNERS of the weekly *Lower Columbia Eagle*—its office was next door to the insurance agency—became a valuable asset to Julia's campaign.

She liked everything about Alan and Barbara Thompson, a pair of charming young refugees from the Bay Area. Alan was a tall, handsome graduate of UC Berkeley, natty in his bow ties. Before joining the corporate world as editor of a nationally circulated trade magazine, he was a newspaper and radio reporter. Barbara, whip-smart and beautiful, had worked for a San Francisco advertising agency. Their little boys, Rowland and Sam, delighted Julia.

Like many newsmen, Alan Thompson harbored "this romantic idea of running a weekly paper in a small town." His vision involved "a perception of idleness where I'd just sit around a hot stove or write columns at a rolltop desk. It turned out to be very laborious," he remembered at 89 in 2016. "Every Wednesday was a 24-hour shift." Barbara rolled her eyes. "But it was also fun," she said wistfully. They recruited nine new "special correspondents," hired a production manager and doubled the size of the paper to 12 pages. Alan, who would go on to serve in the Legislature for 20 years, was especially intent on covering politics. Wahkiakum County might be the second-smallest county in the state, he editorialized, but with Julia as Speaker Pro Tem and Mitchell Doumit as an assistant attorney general, it was "a community of distinction." *The Eagle's* stories on the congressional campaign were reprinted in weeklies around the district. Julia visited each one.

JULIA WAS CHAIRMAN of the platform committee at the State Democratic Convention. Intent on her campaigning, she passed up a chance to be a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles that July. She still admired Adlai Stevenson, but the former Illinois governor had lost twice. John F. Kennedy, a charismatic young war hero, offered the Democrats their best chance of defeating Nixon, she believed. Her mother still loathed Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy for his World War II isolationism. Julia counseled that they should not blame the candidate for the sins of his father. And by November, Maude Butler was on board. Kennedy's Roman Catholic faith, one of the campaign's major controversies, gave Julia no pause. As an adherent of Christian Science—viewed as a cult by some Protestants—she understood religious

Maude K. Butler, Julia, Henry Hansen, 14-year-old David, and Caesar the cat in a 1960 campaign photo. *Hansen Family Collection*

intolerance. She was disappointed, however, that Kennedy did not pick Scoop Jackson as his running mate. Still, she understood the political calculus behind Kennedy's decision to choose Lyndon B. Johnson instead: Texas had 24 electoral votes. Moreover, LBJ was a protégé of both Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, leader of the Southern bloc.

On the campaign trail in the fall of 1960, Julia was a New Frontierswoman all the way, criticizing the Republicans for their failure to parry the Soviet Union's reputed nuclear missile advantage and ascendancy in the race for space. "This is a time when a single plane falling in the wrong place can start flames that could sweep the world," she told 250 supporters at Longview's landmark Hotel Monticello. Bailey introduced her as "a proven winner who cares about you." She championed medical care for senior citizens "as a fundamental right," backed federal aid to education, "with no strings attached," and strongly opposed "so-called 'right-to-work' bills." She blamed the Eisenhower Administration's "tight-money, high interest rate policies" for job losses in the timber industry. She railed against "reckless waste and exploitation" of America's natural resources, backed consumer protection legislation, and called for development of "low-cost atomic power for consumer use." The U.S. must be the bulwark of a more united United Nations, she said, vowing, "I will dedicate myself to the cause of world peace and freedom."

A week before the primary election, Alan Thompson gave the Associated Press and United Press International the results of a poll he had conducted among the 15 weekly newspaper publishers in the 3rd Congressional District. Julia and Dale Nordquist were seen as the likely nominees. "I think the poll gave her a boost down the stretch," Thompson said in 2016. "Better yet, it was accurate."

JULIA, WITH 24 PERCENT of the total vote, and Nordquist with just under 20 percent, were nominated for both the unexpired and full two-year terms. Harry Elway, who finished back in the pack, always maintained that Julia shrewdly encouraged their

Julia with two-time presidential nominee Adlai Stevenson and Sen. Magnuson at a Seattle fund-raiser during the 1960 campaign. *Seattle Times*

mutual friend, Gene Neva, to enter the race, believing his candidacy would split the Grays Harbor vote to her advantage. Whatever the truth of the story, it did just that.* Neva promptly joined Julia's campaign committee. John Riley and his boss, Attorney General John J. O'Connell, pledged their support, too.

The next seven weeks "were but a blur," Julia wrote. She shared the stage with Stevenson, Magnuson, Jackson and Rosellini at a rally in Seattle; Magnuson keynoted her fundraiser in Olympia; Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt's eldest son, Congressman James Roosevelt of California, campaigned for her in Longview; John F. Kennedy telegrammed that he had appointed her to his Natural Resources Advisory Committee. And she joined Magnuson, Senator Frank Church of Idaho, and Maurine Neuberger, the Democrats' Senate nominee in Oregon, at a conservation and forestry meeting in Portland.

Clark County, population 93,800, the district's largest county by far, shaped up as pivotal. Republican Henry Schumacher, a former mayor of Vancouver, was the overwhelming favorite of Clark County voters in the primary. Julia's weak showing there was concerning. Tolls had been re-imposed on the interstate bridge to Portland; repairs to Highway 8 along the Washington side of the Columbia River were overdue. Many locals blamed Julia, the vaunted chairwoman of the House Highways Committee—and Governor Rosellini, who also took a thumping in Clark County. His Republican opponent, Lloyd J. Andrews, the state Superintendent of Public Instruction, noted that the governor had boosted the sales tax, further disadvantaging Vancouver merchants, since Oregon had no sales tax. Would Schumacher's supporters now rally to Nordquist, a 46-year-old Republican state senator who could have arrived in a crate from Central Casting? The World War II naval aviator was a Presbyterian elder, Kiwanian, Granger, Boy Scout leader, past adjutant of the Centralia Post of the American Legion and member of the Bar, with a pretty wife and two wholesome-looking kids.

Her ads declared, "JULIA GETS THINGS DONE." His cited Russell V. Mack's

* 3rd District 1960 primary election vote: Democrats: Hansen, 24.08%; Riley, 15.90; Neva, 12.16; Republicans: Nordquist, 19.87%; Schumacher, 16.72; Elway, 11.28. The balloting for the unexpired term followed the same pattern.

legacy of Republican frugality and excoriated the "free-spending, fast-talking, games-playing Rosellini administration." Nordquist's unsubtle tagline italicized that this was also a gender war: "DALE NORDQUIST—Your kind of man for Congress."

In all, 27 women were candidates for Congress in 1960. Clare B. Williams, director of women's activities for the Republican National Committee, said that for a woman to succeed in politics she must "combine the optimism of Pollyanna, the efficiency of an electronic computer and the competitive spirit of a football tackle." Or, to put it another way, Williams said, "she must look like a girl, act like a lady, think like a man, and work like a dog."

THE TELEPHONE was in the kitchen, one of Julia's favorite places. By 11 p.m. on November 8, 1960, it was ringing every five minutes. Congratulations were pouring in. Governor Rosellini, who was winning a squeaker, telephoned. Magnuson and Jackson said they were over the moon. Catherine May, coasting to a second term, sent an affectionate telegram from Yakima. Washington would now have two women in Congress.*

Fourteen-year-old David Hansen was glued to the TV in the dining room as his father and grandmother greeted visitors. NBC's anchors, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, were saying the presidential race was still too close to call. The numbers crunched by the network's hulking new RCA 501 computer favored Senator Kennedy, though California was a cliffhanger. "It might be the closest presidential election in U.S. history," Brinkley said.

They could have called Julia's race an hour after the polls closed.

When a reporter and photographer from the *Longview Daily News* arrived to interview the Congresswoman-elect the next morning, the historic old house at the end of Main Street was still buzzing. Pinning down Julia between calls was "like carrying on a conversation with a person riding a merry-go-round." She was excited that the President-elect himself had sent a "warmest congratulations" telegram, the first of two. A neighbor swept through the front door to say it was all so wonderful she felt as if she was about to accompany the Hansens to Washington, D.C. "You are," Julia said, her meaning clear: She would not forget who sent her to Congress. "It was the hundreds of persons who worked for me throughout the district who won the election."

Receiving 53 percent of the votes cast, she edged Nordquist in Clark County and rolled up big leads in Cowlitz, Wahkiakum, Pacific and Grays Harbor Counties to offset his 4,200-vote lead in Lewis County. It was a close race in the other four counties. She simultaneously won a full two-year term and the final two months of Mack's term. She

* In all, there were 20 women in the 87th Congress (1961-1963), 18 of 437 in the House and two in the 100-member Senate, Oregon's newly-elected Maurine Neuberger and Margaret Chase Smith of Maine.

would have an edge in seniority over other House freshmen.

Maude K. Butler, 80, told a scrum of reporters she learned early on that her daughter was an "unusual child"—a voracious reader who loved poems and historical stories. There also was a sensitive side to this "very rugged and vigorous" woman, Mrs. Butler said. "Julia relates to people—all kinds of people. It's who she is."

David insisted on going to school, even though his parents told him he could stay home to join in the hubbub. He popped out of bed, made his own breakfast and was out the door in a flash, declaring he couldn't wait to see the kids who had predicted Nixon and Nordquist would win. "I wore my Kennedy button," he remembered gleefully 60 years later.

JULIA BUTLER HANSEN would be re-elected six times, averaging 63.8 percent of the vote, even as the district expanded to 11 counties, from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Columbia River. In five of those six elections she carried Lewis County, which one wag described as "the last redoubt of the fallout shelter industry." By her third term she was the most powerful woman in the House of Representatives.

It would take the Republicans 34 years to reclaim the 3rd District seat in Congress.

Julia meets with campaign workers in Elma in 1960 after winning election to Congress. *Hansen Family Collection*

Chapter Nineteen
New frontiers

Julia wanted Bob Bailey to be her congressional Administrative Assistant. He demurred. "I knew if I went back there and she got into one of her Miss Muppet Moods I'd quit, and there I'd be on the other side of the country with my family and no job," Bailey said years later, chuckling at the memory.

Julia and Alan Thompson, her first administrative assistant, on Capitol Hill in 1960. *Washington State Archives*

Alan Thompson, who later wished he had consulted Bailey about Julia's moods, jumped at the opportunity. Thompson had decided to sell *The Lower Columbia Eagle* and buy a bigger newspaper elsewhere in Southwest Washington. A chance to work on Capitol Hill at the dawn of the 1960s struck the young publisher as exciting. His wife agreed. "So I went down to Julia's house to talk to her about it. She had a martini going. She fixed more and we sat there drinking martinis. Then Julia said, 'Get Barbara down here, too!' Barbara came right down. Pretty soon we were all drinking martinis. Julia just made up her mind right then and there: I got the job." He would be her chief of staff, press secretary and manager of constituent-relations, which boiled down to "answering a helluva lot of mail."

Demonstrating she already understood how things worked in the other Washington, Julia hired another staffer sight unseen. Louisiana Congressman Hale Boggs, soon to become Majority Whip in the House, greeted her at a reception for new members, saying he had long admired her work with the Interstate Highways Committee. And, by the way, his son's fiancé was looking for a job. "She looks no farther,"

Julia declared. The future Mrs. Thomas H. Boggs Jr., Mary Barbara Denechaud, turned out to be "a sweet girl and a first-rate stenographer," Thompson said. Mary's lobbyist husband, "Tommy" Boggs, would become one of the city's power brokers. His first job on Capitol Hill was operating House Speaker Sam Rayburn's private elevator.

Julia chose Louise Robertson, a Capitol Hill veteran, as her personal secretary. Mary Ann Johnson of Cathlamet, a college student who had worked for the Thompsons, completed the four-person staff.

JULIA, HENRY, DAVID and "Grammy" Butler, a jaunty 80-year-old, crossed the country by train in three days. The Capitol was "outlined against the cold winter sky" as they arrived at Union Station on December 17, 1960. "I almost had to pinch myself," Julia wrote in her journal. "That moment would never come again. Life would never be the same."

The newly minted congresswoman had rented a partially furnished 1880s red-brick row house in Georgetown for $275 a month, the equivalent of $2,300 today. She liked Georgetown's charm, saying it was "like a small town in a big city," with shops and stores within walking distance. Among the items she shipped East were the antique rosewood piano from the Cathlamet house and two chromolithographs her flinty grandmother, Julia Ann Kimball, had brought to Washington Territory in 1877. Henry Hansen's baggage included a hand saw, several screw drivers, his electric sander and other tools he would need for fixing things around their new old house.

Julia's congressional salary was $22,500 per year, approximately $194,000 today, given inflation.* That was three times as much money as she had ever earned. Yet living expenses were also now dramatically higher than in Cathlamet. She bought a new, blue four-door Chevrolet, a sensible car. She avoided anything that smacked of ostentation, "and never wore her one mink coat back in the district," David Hansen says.

A NOR'EASTER SNOWSTORM OVERNIGHT created gridlock in Washington, D.C., on January 20, 1961, Inauguration Day. Thompson and the Hansens bundled up and set out on foot to find a cab, Julia in a mink hat, young David in a new suit, and 77-year-Henry Hansen, a logging camp blacksmith born during the administration of Chester A. Arthur, in a new overcoat and handsome grey fedora. After about 15 shivering minutes, "a lone taxi appeared. We hailed it and off we went to Capitol Hill," David remembers. Already a history buff, he grasped that this was going to be one of the most momentous events of his life. He could sense that his mother was also excited, though also subdued by the gravitas of the day.

* During Julia's 14 years in the U.S. House, congressional pay was increased to $30,000 in 1965 and $42,500 in 1969. In 2020, members of the House and Senate receive $174,000 a year.

The front page of the next day's *Longview Daily News* featured Congresswoman Hansen's first-person account of the inauguration. Standing in the "beastly cold" with the other members of the House, her view was limited by "tall Texans and high hats," she wrote. Still, she saw Mrs. Kennedy, only 31, walk gracefully down the steps, looking "much lovelier than her pictures." And she could see John F. Kennedy's handsome profile as he took the oath. Bareheaded, "he looked strong, courageous and filled with the adventure of beginning to walk across the New Frontier." The new president's "Ask not what your country can do for you" call to service resonated with 14-year-old David Hansen. His mother was struck by Kennedy's vow to "support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." To her, it was "the single most impressive moment of the inauguration."

> As he spoke I looked up across the wide expanse of blue sky threaded only by naked branches of the trees near the Justice Building, and on that structure the American flag was flying in the wind, almost as if it were pinned against the sky. It seemed to me that in that moment all America was speaking with the voice of freedom.

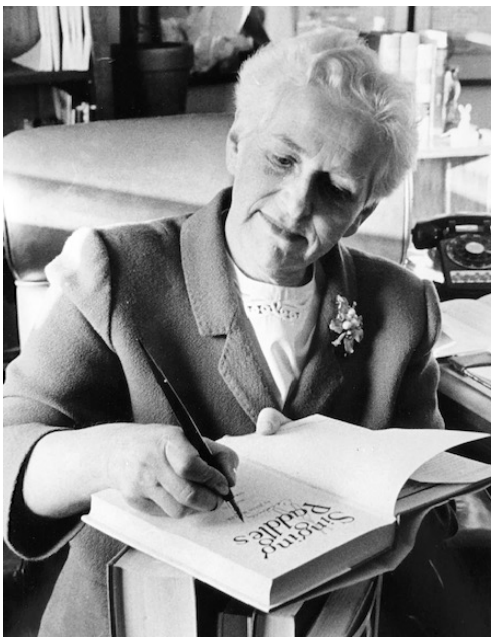
Kennedy had won office in one of the closest presidential elections in American history, with voting irregularities alleged in Chicago and Texas. "Yet what Julia wrote in that piece was widely felt," Thompson said in 2017 at the age of 90. "There wasn't the cynical political polarization we're seeing today. Kennedy was young, good-looking and charismatic. He had 'vigor.' Ike seemed old; Nixon devious. It felt like a new era was dawning, that the torch was being passed, as Kennedy put it. Julia was 53—only 10 years older than Kennedy. The AP reporter wrote that she was a 'white-haired' freshman, but I think she felt young, too."

Speaker Sam Rayburn administers the oath of office in November 1960 for the unexpired portion of the late Russell V. Mack's term. *Washington State Archives*

Unquestionably, what Julia knew best from day one was that "all politics is local," as her new colleague, Tip O'Neill of Massachusetts, put it. Eda Zahl, one of David Hansen's high-school classmates, interned in the congresswoman's office in the mid-1960s. "The most important thing that was done in her office was the case work," Zahl remembers. "Case by case, she knew *everyone* she was helping. Mrs. Hansen would say, 'Get me the case on Mary Smith who has no money for her children's

education!' Or, 'What have we done about that Social Security check for the widow in Chehalis?' " Alan Thompson was cranking out "press letters" to every newspaper in the 3rd Congressional District. His first noted that the congresswoman had observed that an "almost unbelievable amount of lumber" and plywood had been used to build the reviewing stands for the Inaugural Parade. "If all these seats were placed side-by-side, they would reach 13 miles. All in all, it was a sight to gladden the hearts of Washington foresters."*

GUNS, THE PROMISE OF MORE BUTTER and space-age rhetoric punctuated Kennedy's first State of the Union speech. The president announced he had ordered the Pentagon to accelerate construction of submarines and Polaris missiles. However, he also pledged new efforts to persuade the Soviet Union to help curtail the "bitter and wasteful competition of the cold war." He invited the Soviets to join America in a "joint space program which some day may unlock the deepest secrets of the universe." Meanwhile, Kennedy said, the American economy was "in trouble." After seven years of scant economic growth and nine years of falling farm income, a recession was in its seventh month, with unemployment rising to nearly 7 percent. Kennedy announced his administration's remedies in a series of special messages to Congress over the next month. They included measures Julia readily embraced, including higher Social Security benefits and a new health-care program for older Americans; expedited public works spending, with an emphasis on highway projects; extended unemployment compensation; a 25-cent boost in the minimum wage to $1.25 per hour; lower interest rates on government-insured mortgages, and a $5.7 billion aid-to-schools program Kennedy said would set "a new standard of excellence in education."



Julia autographs a copy of Singing Paddles for Caroline Kennedy in 1961. *Hansen Family Collection*.

Julia was especially enthused by the

* The *Morning Olympian* was sourly unimpressed, wondering if any of the viewing stands were constructed of Southern pine. "And some Washington foresters, even though they are Democrats, perhaps would have been saddened if they had seen so much lumber put into a temporary accommodation, especially when part of it was reserved for Hollywood trash."

idealism of JFK's Executive Order establishing a "Peace Corps" to assist developing nations around the world. "Every young American who works in a foreign land will know that he or she is sharing in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace," Kennedy said.

At a White House reception for new lawmakers, Kennedy welcomed her warmly. She informed him that the wood-frame Veterans Hospital in Vancouver, hastily erected during World War II, needed to be replaced or at least extensively renovated, not phased out. Noting that he had carried Clark County in 1960, she said, "Mr. President, if you want me to help you in Congress beyond my first term, you will save the hospital. Otherwise I will not be re-elected, and you might not be either." Kennedy directed the Veterans Administration to renovate the hospital. And he signed her copy of *Profiles in Courage,* the Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of eight extraordinary U.S. senators.

Early on, many noticed that Speaker Sam Rayburn liked Washington's new congresswoman. One of her first important votes was in support of his and Kennedy's plan to strengthen the new administration's hand in Congress. Rayburn's bold move, approved 217-212, enlarged the powerful Rules Committee to undercut a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats led by the committee's chairman, Howard W. Smith of Virginia. First elected in 1930, Smith was a resolute opponent of civil rights.

Rayburn wandered down from the rostrum one day, leaned over Julia's seat and inquired, "Are you interested in going to the Senate, like so many others seem to be?"

"No, Mr. Speaker," Julia said. I'm a creature of the House."

"You're going to do well," Rayburn said with a smile.

Having taken office two months earlier than most of the other 54 freshmen in the 87th Congress (she had been elected to fill Russell Mack's unexpired term as well as a full two-year term), Julia had a seniority advantage for plum committee assignments. She was named to Education & Labor, Interior & Insular Affairs and Veterans Affairs. However, at the request of Speaker Rayburn, she left the Veterans Affairs Committee only weeks later. His plan was to install her on the influential Ways & Means Committee. That position fell through. "Mr. Sam" died nine months later, after 25 terms in Congress. But Rayburn's assurance that she would be rewarded in due course was honored by his successor, the soft-spoken John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, and Wilbur Mills, the chairman of the Ways and Means committee.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 53 percent black in 1961, was an eye-opener for the Hansens of Cathlamet, Washington, with only a smattering of minorities among its 615 citizens. Julia's paternal grandfather, a Kentuckian, was a Confederate sympathizer during the Civil War, while her maternal grandmother always remembered there was a "station" on the Underground Railroad for runaway slaves not far from her

girlhood home in New Hampshire. Julia grew up hearing Civil War stories. She was simultaneously fascinated and appalled by racism. It was "unconscionable," she said, a word she employed any time there was something she simply could not abide. Now, living along the Potomac River in the federal city, she felt as if she could "touch the hem of history." The whole family made weekend trips to Civil War battlefields and prowled antique shops.

David Hansen, 15, was enrolled in a private prep school to boost his proficiency in math. His mother was outraged when she learned the $137 tuition grant she received from the State of Virginia was part of a plan to preserve racial segregation by subsidizing private schools on the pretense that the "scholarships" were intended to reduce overcrowding in public-school classrooms. She returned the check, saying it was "a matter of scruples. …I don't stand for such a program." In any case, "I don't feel it's the obligation of the taxpayers of Virginia to subsidize the private schooling of my son." David went on to attend public high school in Washington, D.C.

JULIA VISITED CHATTANOOGA to keynote the convention of the Tennessee Federation of Democratic Women, urging its members to support the president's plan to provide medical care for older Americans. What Congress needed was more women, she said. She and Maurine Neuberger, Oregon's new senator, appeared on ABC-TV's Sunday *Issues and Answers* newsmakers show.*

There was good news from Olympia on one of Julia's pet projects: Bob Bailey, a master of old-shoe diplomacy, forged an alliance with Oregon legislators Bill Holmstrom and Dan Thiel, to broker an interstate financing plan for the landmark Astoria-Megler Bridge. Nat Washington, Julia's successor as chairman of the Joint Highways Committee, ran interference for Bailey. The legislation was resoundingly approved by legislators in both states and signed into law by Al Rosellini and Oregon Governor Mark Hatfield. It was a good thing Bailey had turned down her job offer, Julia said only half-jokingly when he called to say "their" bridge had been approved.

Maude Kimball Butler, busy painting award-winning watercolor scenes, basked quietly in her daughter's celebrity. Reporters found it curious she did not attend Julia's oath-taking ceremony; nor had she visited Congress to watch her daughter at work. "Julia has the world of politics for her field, and I will not intrude into her life there," the 80-year-old former school superintendent said.

Then, in the spring of 1961, Mrs. Butler was "thrilled and surprised" by the news she had been named Washington State's Mother of the Year. "I could see no reason for this great honor until I was told it was because of the two outstanding people who call

* Neuberger, a former member of the Oregon Legislature, had succeeded her late husband, Richard.

me Mother," she told *The Seattle Times*. Her son James was now chairman of the Drama Department at the University of Southern California. "To my children goes all the credit," she said. "They were cooperative when they believed my ideas were sound, but they did not hesitate to disagree with me. I hope they never will." Reflecting on her career as an educator, women's rights activist and artist, Mrs. Butler said she hoped to write an autobiography "because I have had such a fascinating, full life." *The Times* commissioned her to write a special "Mother's Creed" to accompany its front-page feature on her life. She wrote:

Maude Kimball Butler poses at her easel in the spring of 1961 when she was honored as Washington State's Mother of the Year. *Seattle Times*

> To me, parenthood is a sacred trust, the most difficult of all professions. It requires the highest ideals, the deepest understanding and sympathy, unbounded love, tolerance and continual self-effacement.
>
> Parenthood means having the courage to stick by your convictions in spite of criticism. It means casting aside traditional beliefs and accepting children as God's children, each with his own personality.
>
> As parents, it is our place to see that our children are prepared to accept the responsibility of life, and that they be given the opportunity to develop as individuals and not as possessions of their parents. …
>
> Loving them is a great deal more effective than lecturing them.
>
> Parents talk about self-sacrifice. I do not consider that I sacrificed anything but egotism. I grew with my children and I hope I am a better person because of them.

"No American girl could have hoped for better role models than my mother and grandmother," the congresswoman said.

THE FIRST BILL Julia introduced made good on legislation initiated by Russell V. Mack. She had enthusiastically supported his 1948 legislation to create a Fort Vancouver

National Monument, 60 acres that were monumental, in every sense of the word, to the development of the "Oregon Country" in the 19th century. Mack's resolution, signed into law by President Truman, included the site of the landmark Hudson's Bay Company outpost established in 1825, as well as the Army's parade ground. The preserve did not then include the Vancouver Barracks where future president Ulysses S. Grant served as quartermaster in 1852. Subsequent legislation supported expansion of the monument.

In 1958, Mack introduced legislation to revise the Monument's boundaries, allow its expansion to a maximum of 220 acres and permit the National Park Service to change its name to Fort Vancouver National Historic Site. The congressman's death in 1960 "left the Fort Vancouver bill on shaky ground, and all funding was withdrawn," Jane T. Merritt wrote in a history of the Fort Vancouver project, adding: "Julia Butler Hansen quickly took up where Russell Mack left off and, with the support of the Department of the Interior, re-drafted the bill to extend Fort Vancouver's size." Julia introduced her bill in the House on January 25, 1961. Scoop Jackson sponsored an identical bill in the Senate. From there it was smooth sailing to President Kennedy's in-basket. He signed it that June.

In the years to come, from her powerful perch on the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee, Julia took great pride in nurturing the reconstruction of Fort Vancouver—all the more so in her last year in Congress. It was in 1974 that her son David, with a master's degree in history from the University of Washington, began a 30-year career as curator at the National Historic Site. "When Mother was a girl growing up in Cathlamet—a town founded by former Hudson's Bay Company employee James Birnie—she knew people who had once lived and worked at Fort Vancouver for the Hudson's Bay Company," Hansen says. "During the 1930s, when she was writing *Singing Paddles*, she visited rebuilt Fort Nisqually at Point Defiance Park at Tacoma. She wrote that her goal was to 'awaken public interest in rebuilding Fort Vancouver as a historical monument, particularly for young people who have no knowledge of the Northwest as it once was when it was actually the outpost and bastion of trade and civilization.' "

JULIA'S SECOND legislative accomplishment was a state highway bridge across the Quinault River near Taholah, the ancestral village of the Quinault Tribe. Congressman Mack sought federal funding for the bridge in 1959, butting heads with the Washington State Department of Highways. The bridge was designed to be a key link in the long-proposed coastal highway corridor. It hinged on the consent of the Tribal Council.

Julia and James "Jug" Jackson, who was then vice president of the council, first met during the 1960 campaign. It was close to love at first sight. In his rumpled Filson jacket, old baseball cap and mud-caked boots, the 42-year-old shake mill operator with the Basset-hound face was an unlikely looking visionary. Some saw him as an

unsophisticated, "big, gruff logger." But Julia said, "If you watch Jim's keen brown eyes as he sizes things up, you'll know you're in the presence of a very bright man." For his part, Jackson said the congresswoman was the first white politician he'd ever met whose empathy for the plight of Native Americans was "part of her heart."

Chief Taholah, Jackson's great-grandfather, was one of the first signers of the Quinault River Treaty with the United States in 1855. The pact established a 10,000-acre reservation—eventually enlarged to 189,621 acres—that included the tribe's ancestral oceanfront village at the mouth of the glacier-fed Quinault River. A century later, Jackson and Horton Capoeman, the Tribal Council president, were exasperated by the ineptitude of the federal government. The Bureau of Indian Affairs was vested with oversight of tribal resources. Yet on the Quinault Reservation, unscrupulous contract loggers were leaving behind vast acres of waste—"slash" in the parlance of logging—as much as 200 tons on stump-strewn fields and gullies. The debris heightened fire danger, clogged rivers and streams, destroyed fish habitat, and compromised natural forest regeneration, as well as tree-planting. Many non-residents, including whites and descendants of Indians from other tribes, owned shares in the checkerboard of allotments on the reservation. Sustained yield forestry meant little to most of them. They "cared only to realize the highest income—and quickly," one report noted. The Quinaults complained that reservation timber was being sold at below-market stumpage rates.

In 1956 and 1957, Maurine Neuberger's husband, Richard, conducted hearings on Bureau of Indian Affairs timber management practices. As chairman of the subcommittee on Indian Affairs, the Oregon Democrat asked the General Accounting Office to investigate. It concluded the BIA "had undervalued Indian timber, had not employed proper appraisal or scaling methods, had failed to correlate its ratios with other federal timber agencies, and had ignored the policy of sustained yield." Senator Neuberger hoped the Interior Department "would, in essence, clean its own nest." He conceded, however, "If we cannot prod the Indian Bureau into finally representing the Indians rather than favoring the timber companies, I do not know what can do the job." By 1960, the BIA had boosted the allowable cut on the Quinault Reservation, creating more of the same problems.

Northwest tribes were also asserting their treaty fishing rights. The Quinaults were additionally aggrieved by trespassing, poaching and abuse of razor clam beds on their beaches. Rock formations they held as sacred were desecrated by partying teenagers. In 1961, as Congresswoman Hansen was settling in on Capitol Hill, the Tribal Council temporarily closed Lake Quinault to non-Indians. The tribe also balked at construction of the bridge across the Quinault River at Taholah. The Washington State Department of Highways had yet to grant assurance the state would follow through by

Julia with James "Jug" Jackson (behind her) and other Quinault tribal leaders in 1967. *Quinault Nation Museum*

constructing some 15 miles of highway north to Queets within three years.

After Jug Jackson ascended to the presidency of the Quinault Tribe in 1963, he began recruiting college-educated young Quinaults to return to the reservation. The leader of the "young turks" was Joe DeLaCruz, a 27-year-old firebrand who became the tribe's business manager in 1967. He succeeded Jackson five years later and went on to serve as president of the National Congress of American Indians. DeLaCruz was on Capitol Hill often in the 1970s, bearing gifts of the finest Quinault smoked salmon for Magnuson, Jackson and Hansen. "Indian leaders around the country trusted Julia," DeLaCruz said in 1969. "There was no government doubletalk. She always kept her word. She liked us and we liked her."

As her congressional influence grew—rapidly, too—Julia helped the Quinaults secure funds for forest and fisheries rehabilitation, including a new hatchery. Anti-poverty and educational grants were authorized during the "Great Society" era. She would badger the Bureau of Indian Affairs for more accountability and less paternalism. However, on May 1, 1961, when President Kennedy granted her request to authorize $500,000 for the bridge at Taholah, her satisfaction was tempered by the realization it would be a long and winding road. Her goal was to broker a deal that "benefitted everyone." Despite their misgivings about intrusions on tribal lands and the state's willingness to complete the road, the Quinaults now pledged to work with her. They said work on the bridge could proceed.

IN JULY OF 1961, Julia met with Oregon's senior senator, Wayne Morse, who had just returned from a heated meeting in Portland. Lumbermen were challenging the accuracy of a government report that log exports to Japan were not adversely impacting the economy of the Northwest. The debate would intensify during her 14 years in Congress. Log exports accelerated after the catastrophic 1962 Columbus Day storm,

which downed billions of board feet of timber on the Olympic Peninsula. The export boom was a boon to port districts and longshoremen. Others decried that raw material for value-added Northwest jobs was leaving the U.S. by the boat load while the industry faced tough competition from lower-priced Canadian lumber. Julia promised to explore "the ramifications of this complex matter."

Alan Thompson was astounded at how quickly she developed a network of important allies throughout the administration, notably Stewart Udall, the new Secretary of the Interior. The former Arizona congressman, an ardent conservationist, shared her commitment to a "new trail" for American Indians, including "maximum self-sufficiency."

"It was hard to say 'No' to Julia," Thompson said. "She knew just who to call, and she always did her homework." Twelve-hour days were the norm, he remembered. "Julia seemed to be having the time of her life. She outworked us all. I was often exhausted."

She prodded the Army's Rivers and Harbors board to authorize widening and

The women of the 87th Congress at a get-acquainted luncheon in 1961: Seated, from left: Rep. Edith Green of Oregon; Rep. Katharine St. George of New York; Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine; Julia; Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon. Standing, from left: Rep. Kathryn Granahan of Pennsylvania; Rep. Martha Griffiths of Michigan; Rep. Edna Kelly of New York; Rep. Catharine May of Washington; Rep. Marguerite Stitt Church of Illinois; Rep. Florence Dwyer of New Jersey; Rep. Jessica Weis of New York and Rep. Leonor Sullivan of Missouri. *Washington State Archives*

deepening the Columbia River navigation channel. The Corps of Engineers agreed that the City of Aberdeen's request for a $40 million flood control and industrial water supply dam on the Wynoochee River had merit. She also lobbied the Corps to rebuild the jetty at the south entrance to Grays Harbor, greased the skids for a new correctional center near Shelton in Mason County, and secured an economic development grant for solidly Republican Lewis County.

Northwest cranberry growers had a bumper crop and a weak market. Working with Magnuson and Jackson, the congresswoman persuaded the U.S. Department of Agriculture to buy $1.3 million worth of berries for the national school lunch program. Growers in Wisconsin and Massachusetts benefitted as well.

Julia and Idaho Democrat Gracie Pfost, the former chairman of the Interior and Insular Affairs Subcommittee on Public Lands, introduced legislation to ensure Pacific Northwest electric consumers had first preference on surplus Bonneville hydropower. "There are so few of us, that we know how to forge alliances, regardless of party," Julia said of the 20 women in Congress. "We have to fight for everything we get."

Julia and Catherine May, left, pose with representatives of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs and the League of Women Voters in 1961. They're standing in front of the statue honoring suffrage pioneers Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott. *Washington State Archives*

Her foremost ally on equal rights issues was Edith Green, the tenacious congresswoman from Portland. Green's congressional district was right across the Columbia River from Julia's. They had met often over the years at Democratic Party events. First elected to Congress in 1954, Green used almost the exact same words as Julia to sum up the challenge women faced in the workplace and politics: "A woman has to work twice as hard as a man to prove she can do the job." In the Washington Legislature, Julia had been "Mrs. Highways." She was equally proud, however, of what she had achieved for teachers—higher pay, better pensions and more equitable contracts. In Congress, Edith Green, was "Mrs. Education." Both were college-educated daughters of schoolteachers—and the second women to represent their states in Congress. Green, who turned 51 in 1961, was only three years Julia's junior. They resembled one

Julia is escorted to the rostrum of the 1961 Girls Nation conference by Leslie McDaniel of Tacoma, left, and Sara Ann Griffith of Sequim. A hundred high school juniors from around the nation attended the event in Washington, D.C. *Washington State Archives*

another to the extent that one was sometimes mistaken for the other. Neither suffered fools gladly.

AFTER 16 MONTHS AS JULIA'S AIDE-DE-CAMP, Thompson understood her "Miss Muppet Moods" even better than Bob Bailey.

" 'Force of nature' has become such a cliché," Thompson said in a 2016 oral history interview, "but that's what she was. How else can you sum up Julia Butler Hansen? She was just an incredibly bright, complicated woman"—sensitive, yet sometimes insensitive; poetic and profane; compassionate and blunt, witty and exasperating—all rolled into one.

Joe Carter, the Oklahoma newsman who worked for Julia later at the peak of her power as chairman of the Interior Appropriations subcommittee, was asked if he had seen the movie *Patton*. "I work for her," he said, keeping a straight face for a several seconds.

Thompson offered an illustrative anecdote: "I was tasked with drafting her testimony for an array of hearings. Julia was looking over her testimony as we were

going up and down stairs and around corners, rushing to a hearing. Suddenly she stopped in her tracks and declared, 'Thompson, this is something I just can't put up with. *This is terrible!*' And I said, 'Julia this is the one you wrote yourself!' She didn't even look up. Just kept on walking."

One day he'd "had it up to here" with her "scathing supervisory style." He stormed into her office, closing the door behind him, intending to resign on the spot. "But before I could utter my outrage, she greeted me with effusive praise for my ability, my loyalty, my patience and, as a result, totally disarmed me."

Julia with President Kennedy at the White House on July 26, 1962. *White House photo*

Lunch—and/or dinner—with Julia was rarely boring, Thompson said. "She'd have two or three martinis—with me lagging behind that pace—and tell marvelous stories about the 'goddamn duplicitous Republicans.' She hated to eat or drink alone. Usually you were expected to be there at the end of a very long day, sitting in a circular booth as she offered her monologues. Sometimes I felt as if she wanted me there to demonstrate she was someone important, attended by staff. I almost felt like a sword at her side, an ornament or something."

Nelson Hower, a mischievous young man with a riverboat-gambler mustache, was one of David Hansen's Principia College classmates. Julia admired his political moxie and hired him as a staff assistant in 1972. Hower, who went on to become a popular TV personality in St. Louis, was famous for being able to match her martini-for-martini. "I loved her spunk—the fact that she was such a straight-shooter. Smoking her Benson & Hedges, gesturing with a swizzle stick, her stories were spellbinding. … The thing she hated the most was grandstanding. And if you got in her way, her velvet glove became an iron fist."

Thompson remembers being deputized as her stand-in at ceremonial events she decided to skip. "When the Deaf School in Washington, D.C., held its graduation, it invited the member of Congress from each graduate's home state to present the diploma. 'You go, Thompson,' she said at the last minute. I showed up kind of late, and was told to go into the cloak room and quickly find a cap and gown that fit me and get in line. I was shuffling though the coats and hangers when I bumped into someone large. It was Vice President Johnson. Here was the former Senate Majority Leader relegated to such duties.

LBJ gave the address and I handed a diploma to a little deaf girl from Skamokawa."

Back in Cathlamet in the summer of 1962, the *Lower Columbia Eagle* was not doing well under its new ownership. "Frankly, I was happy to have that strong a reason to head back home," Thompson said. "I used to joke that working for Julia was like being a member of the Capone gang: Once in, you couldn't get out. An overworked secretary told Julia she had to leave because she was getting married to a guy back home in Washington. But she wasn't even going with *any* guy. She made up this story. And Julia gave her a shower!"

Thompson promised to stay on through the 1962 campaign. He was able to leave after the primary. Julia was on a roll.

Chapter Twenty

Appropriations

Lyndon Baines Johnson, once the youngest and most powerful Majority Leader in the history of the Senate, was now mostly miserable as the 54-year-old Vice President of the United States, a job fellow Texan John Nance Garner was said to have described as "not worth a bucket of warm spit."

There was mutual contempt between LBJ and the Kennedys' "glittering young courtiers"—the "Harvards," as Johnson called them. Robert F. Kennedy, in particular, systematically set out to humiliate Johnson, according to Robert Caro, the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian. "The Kennedys mocked him. They called him 'Rufus Corn Pone' or 'Uncle Corn Pone.' They even had a nickname for him and Lady Bird. They said, 'Uncle Corn Pone and his little pork chop.' "

Though Julia admired the Kennedys, she was disgusted by their belittling of the vice president. She well remembered LBJ's indefatigable fundraising in 1940, when he helped her friend Martin F. Smith of Hoquiam—and many other embattled Democrats—win re-election to Congress. "I liked Lyndon, and I didn't care what the hell anyone thought," she said.

In May of 1962, she gleefully accepted the vice president's invitation to join him and Idaho Senator Frank Church—one of his protégés from his days in the Senate—on a cross-country flight for the dedication of the $130 million Ice Harbor Dam near Pasco. It was her first trip on one of the customized Boeing 707s the Air Force had purchased for the executive branch. Throngs lined the streets of Walla Walla and Pasco to greet the vice president's party. Johnson bounded out of an open convertible to shake hands and sign autographs. He seemed so happy to be "out with the people," Julia wrote. On the banks of the Snake River, Johnson told a crowd estimated at 10,000 that she and his "old friend," Senator Magnuson, both up for re-election, were "tremendous public servants for your great state and the nation." Then it was on to Seattle for Vice President's Day at the World's Fair, where they talked about the space program with astronaut John Glenn.

UNOPPOSED for the Democratic nomination, she won nearly 60 percent of the votes cast in the primary election, and squared off with Edwin J. "Eddie" Alexander, a loyal

Republican foot-soldier who published the weekly *Olympia News*. (Dale Nordquist had no appetite for a rematch.) Alexander, whose son Gerry would become Chief Justice of the Washington Supreme Court, was a national leader in the Elks lodge and a former official in the Langlie administration. Hailed by the *Vancouver Columbian* as a "personable and able …human dynamo," Alexander was a less than dynamic fund-raiser. Julia's war chest topped $18,000, his barely $1,800. Nevertheless, Julia told Carl Albert, the majority leader of the U.S. House of Representatives, she could use some help on the campaign trail. The diminutive Oklahoman, who became Speaker of the House in 1971, said he didn't see through her strategy until he arrived in Longview. She really didn't need his help to get re-elected, Albert told reporters; she just wanted to get him out here "to impress upon him what he could do to help her district." Their first stop was a bustling dock at the Port of Longview "so he could see what a busy river the Columbia is and how essential it will be to get the appropriation for a 40-foot channel." Then she rolled out the Philippines' Consul General from Seattle and a Peace Corps official and presented them with crates filled with 35,000 books to advance the cause of literacy. "This," Albert said, "is a resourceful woman." The *Longview Daily News* agreed:

> Her resourcefulness is becoming apparent to more people after her first two years in Congress, leading supporters to believe she will have the kind of bipartisan support her predecessor had. A lot of Democrats voted repeatedly for Russell V. Mack because he was a good congressman. The fact that he was a Republican was not nearly as important as the fact that he did an effective job representing the district. Republicans can vote for Julia Hansen for the same reason.

They could, and would. She swamped Alexander district-wide, even in staunchly Republican Lewis County, and won a second term with 65 percent of the vote.

Vice President Johnson telegrammed his congratulations. "You can always count on me," he said. Years later, Julia told Nelson Hower, a young staffer, "Lyndon never forgot his friends, or his enemies. We became great friends. Always have the courage to like who you like."

Senator Magnuson, LBJ's wartime congressional pal, won re-election in his contentious race with a fiery young Lutheran minister, Richard G. Christensen. But five-term Seattle Congressman Don Magnuson—no relation—lost to Republican Bill Stinson.* Julia was now the lone Democrat in the state's seven-member House delegation. Don Magnuson's misfortune created a golden opportunity: He had been a

* The senator's people believed the congressman's recent driving-while-intoxicated arrest caused "Maggie" guilt-by-misassociation problems, given his own reputation as a drinker.

member of the powerful Committee on Appropriations. Julia desperately wanted that assignment. Florence Kahn, a Republican congresswoman from California in the 1930s, was the only woman who had ever served on the Appropriations Committee.

Sam Rayburn, who had promised Julia a consolation prize spot on the Ways and Means Committee when he shifted her committee assignments in 1961, was now gone—dead and buried, as the saying goes. But Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, the powerful chairman of Ways and Means, readily endorsed her for the vacancy on Appropriations. Mills played a key role in committee assignments. Notwithstanding her strong support for civil rights, Southern lawmakers liked Julia's combination of spunk and good manners. She always reminded them that her father was a Southerner. "They went out of their way to be courteous to me, and I never went around making remarks to insult them." Leaving for the Capitol one morning in one of her most fetching dresses, she gave her son a wink as he admired her outfit. "That'll make the Southerners purr," she said. (In later years, the Southerners told her how much they detested the brassy Bella Abzug of New York, who flaunted House rules by attempting to wear one of her big-brimmed hats on the floor of Congress.)

Chairman Mills urged her to line up Al Ullman of Oregon, another member of his committee. Julia was practically out the door before he could say "good luck." Ullman was soon on board. So was Hale Boggs. Julia's close friend, Martha Griffiths of Michigan, the first woman to serve on Ways and Means, was an enthusiastic supporter. Speaker Rayburn had been her champion, too. For good measure, they all urged her to go see another member of Ways and Means, the elderly Thomas J. O'Brien of Illinois. "I know a woman hadn't been in his office for 20 years," Julia said. " 'Well,' he said, 'I don't know why I shouldn't support you. Nobody else has asked me.' "

Careful not to overplay her hand, Julia wrote Clarence Cannon of Missouri, the longtime Appropriations Committee chairman, that she "would like very much" to serve under his able leadership. "Mr. Cannon, a very, very old-old fashioned, courteous gentleman, wrote me a lovely letter saying he would be delighted to have me on Appropriations," she remembered often, relishing the rest of the story.

Congressman Arnold Olsen of Montana was Julia's main competition for the plum job.

"Cannon isn't going to give it to a woman," he told her at the door of the National Democratic Club.

"Oh yes he is!" she shot back. "If you want to run versus me on the basis of knowledge, experience and what votes we can get, fine. But if you are going to run versus me on grounds that I'm a woman, I'll go out to Montana where I often go to make speeches to Democratic women, and I'll cut you to pieces out there."

She called Cannon to see if he was wavering. "And in my nicest, most gracious

way, I said, 'Mr. Chairman, Mr. Olsen tells me you don't want a woman on the committee.' He kind of cleared his throat. So I said, 'I'm sure after that lovely letter you sent me, expressing your pleasure at the prospect of my being on your committee that you would not oppose me now.' " Through an emissary, she made it clear to Cannon that if he reneged, she would provide the press with a copy of his original letter.

Julia was appointed to Appropriations. She began her second term in Congress on January 3, 1963, as a member of the Appropriations subcommittee of her dreams, Interior and Related Agencies. It controlled the budgets of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, Fish and Wildlife Service and U.S. Geological Survey, as well as the Bureau of Mines. The U.S. Forest Service is an agency of the Department of Agriculture, but its appropriations were vetted by the Interior subcommittee. The Smithsonian Institution and the National Foundation of the Arts and Humanities were among the subcommittee's related agencies.

Her new district aide was Riley Zumwalt, who had worked for Congressman Russell V. Mack for 14 years. Julia had known Zumwalt since his days as secretary to the appeals board of the State Department of Labor and Industries. Some Democrats were unhappy that she picked a former Republican staffer for the job. Julia said they should be more open-minded. Zumwalt had been a bipartisan soldier for the 3rd Congressional District, she said, and his experience would be valuable. For the next three years, he was a loyal and resourceful aide, retiring at the end of 1965.

JULIA STRUCK UP a "Julia and Jerry" friendship with a fellow Appropriations Committee member, Gerald R. Ford, the personable Republican from Michigan. Martha Griffiths, an equal rights trailblazer, would say that Julia Butler Hansen "probably understood more of how to deal with power than any other woman who was ever in Congress."

Unquestionably, she understood the power of alliances, teaming up with Edith Green, the chairwoman of the Special Subcommittee on Education, to advance far-reaching legislation.

Green and Hansen championed the Equal Pay Act of 1963, together with Catherine May and Katharine St. George, a Republican from New York. President Kennedy had embraced the legislation in 1960 at the urging of Congresswoman Green, his Oregon campaign manager. Building on the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, the act stipulated that no employer could pay a woman "at a rate less than the rate at which he pays wages to employees of the opposite sex . . . on jobs the performance of which requires equal skill, effort, and responsibility, and which are performed under similar working conditions." However, due to the substitution of one word, the bill Kennedy signed on June 10, 1963, was weaker than the legislation promoted by longtime equal

rights advocates like Green and Hansen. Catherine May, St. George and other Republican women had amended the act. Instead of mandating equal pay for "comparable" skills, they substituted "equal" skills, arguing that the Declaration of Independence didn't say "all men are created comparable." In this they were well-intended. But the real-world reality was that men and women rarely performed the same tasks in the workplace. There were few "firewomen"—or, for that matter, male nurses. Newspaper want-ad columns featured men's jobs and women's jobs. With considerable foresight, Julia's dear friend, John M. McClelland Jr., the editor and publisher of the *Longview Daily News*, wrote that "comparable" was more enforceable. Changing employer attitudes was another thing. "…A woman is seldom given a job with much responsibility," he wrote, "because about the time they're trained they leave to get married, to have children, or their husband is transferred to another city."

Edith Green, with another assist from Julia, went on to sponsor the Higher Education Facilities Act of 1963, hailed by Lyndon Johnson as the "greatest step forward in the field" in 100 years. It earmarked federal funds for classrooms, laboratories and libraries.

In 1965, they would aim even higher.

President Kennedy signs the Equal Pay Act on June 10, 1963. Julia (at right) and Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon (third from left) were sponsors of the original legislation, which was weakened a bit by an amendment co-sponsored by Catherine May (fifth from left) and other Republican women. Vice President Johnson looks on. *Library of Congress*

Chapter Twenty-one

Dreams and nightmares

The President of the United States and his brother, the Attorney General, had the jitters. It was August 28, 1963. The "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom" was about to descend on the Capital. John F. Kennedy's civil rights legislation was being stonewalled by Old South segregationists. He worried that an "atmosphere of intimidation" would jeopardize not just his civil rights bill but the rest of his legislative program, despite assurances from Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference that they would warn against civil disobedience. Robert F. Kennedy was "pacing around the room" as marchers arrived by the busload.

Magnuson, Jackson, Julia and Interior Secretary Stewart Udall visit JFK in the Oval Office on Jan. 28, 1963. *White House photo*

By 11 a.m., the throng—a quarter-million strong—stretched from the Washington Monument to the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. One of Congresswoman Hansen's constituents back home warned that Communists, Black Muslims and "beatniks" would hijack the march. She was more concerned about vicious white supremacists intent on silencing "uppity" Negroes. Medgar Evers, a leading civil rights activist, had been murdered in Mississippi earlier that summer.

Thankfully, the march was peaceful, "almost reverent," Julia wrote in her biweekly newsletter to reporters and editors in her congressional district. "I think this will go down in history as the most orderly march ever known. It was a moving demonstration—[one] no one who saw or felt it will ever forget." She was thrilled by the soaring cadences of Dr. King's "I have a dream" speech. Would the march thwart the

filibusters sure to come? Peter, Paul and Mary put it best, she said, when they sang "The answer is blowin' in the wind."

JULIA WAS AT THE RED COACH INN in Georgetown for a late lunch on November 22, when someone from her office finally reached her. The telephone circuits on Capitol Hill were jammed as horrifying news ricocheted down the marbled halls: The President had been wounded, perhaps fatally, by rifle shots fired at his motorcade in Dallas. Someone saw 71-year-old Speaker McCormack, now second in line to the presidency, looking "absolutely ashen" as a phalanx of Secret Servicemen moved him to a more secure spot. He had watched Jack Kennedy grow up. They were both Boston Irish Catholics.

CBS anchorman Walter Cronkite, in shirtsleeves at a cluttered newsroom desk, was handed a bulletin: "From Dallas, Texas, the flash, apparently official: President Kennedy died at 1 p.m. Central Standard Time, 2 o'clock Eastern Standard Time," he said, glancing at a clock. "Some 38 minutes ago." Cronkite put on his dark-framed glasses, swallowed and cleared his throat. His voice quavered for a split second before he announced that Vice President Johnson had left the hospital. "But we do not know to where he has proceeded. Presumably he will be taking the oath of office shortly and become the 36th President of the United States."

"Mother came home around 6," David Hansen remembers. *Air Force One*, carrying the new president, his wife Lady Bird, and Jacqueline Kennedy—her pink Chanel suit spattered with her husband's blood—had just touched down at Andrews Air Force Base. The Hansens watched the TV coverage in numb silence. Henry Hansen, who was 80, remembered the shock of William McKinley's assassination in 1901. The cameras captured the grief-stricken Attorney General holding hands with his sister-in-law as his brother's casket was placed in a hearse. Then President Johnson stepped forward to a floodlit bank of microphones. "I will do my best," he said gravely. "That is all I can do. I ask for your help, and God's."

Julia's sorrow was compounded by fresh memories of a day with Kennedy. She was part of the President's entourage seven weeks earlier when he addressed students from Pacific Lutheran University and the University of Puget Sound at Tacoma's Cheney Stadium. He urged the students to prepare themselves "to bear the burden of leadership" in the decades to come, emphasizing education and the environment.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy might be remembered as "the most fascinating might-have-been in American history," wrote Tom Wicker, *The New York Times* reporter travelling in the Kennedy motorcade at Dallas. "Perhaps in death he will give us more than he did in life," Julia told reporters a few days after the assassination, agreeing with Senator Jackson that Kennedy's civil rights legislation and proposed tax cut might gain

new momentum from his martyrdom.

DALLAS POLICE said they had their man: Lee Harvey Oswald, a scrawny former Marine turned Marxist. The pressing question was whether he acted alone. Julia always doubted it, according to her son, especially after Oswald was murdered two days after the assassination, on live TV no less, by the proprietor of a strip club. She believed the Mafia, a rogue CIA agent angry over the 1961 fiasco at the Bay of Pigs, or one of Fidel Castro's operatives may have picked Oswald. He had proselytized in New Orleans for the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

Robert Kennedy summoned CIA Director John McCone to his home at Hickory Hill and asked point blank if the CIA had killed his brother. "McCone assured Kennedy that the CIA had nothing to do with the assassination, a pledge he said he made as a man of faith—as a fellow Roman Catholic," *New York Times* reporter Philip Shenon wrote in his 2013 book on the Kennedy assassination. The attorney general's suspicions turned next to the Mafia and corrupt union leaders, his targets as a young congressional investigator. Kennedy also knew—"maybe even better than his brother"—that in the wake of the botched Bay of Pigs invasion and the Cuban missile crisis Castro might have reason to order the assassination.*

The day before Thanksgiving 1963, the new president addressed a joint session of Congress for the first time. Julia rated it one of the most moving speeches she ever heard, especially Johnson's pitch-perfect opening words:

> All I have I would have given gladly not to be standing here today. The greatest leader of our time has been struck down by the foulest deed of our time. … No memorial oration or eulogy could more eloquently honor President Kennedy's memory than the earliest possible passage of the civil rights bill for which he fought so long. We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for one hundred years or more. It is time now to write the next chapter, and to write it in the books of law.

Johnson's mentor, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, was staring straight ahead, stony-faced. The new president's advisers had counseled a less aggressive strategy on civil rights, fearing the Southern bloc would retaliate by bottling up the rest of his agenda. The major tax cut Kennedy had proposed to "get America moving again" was already stalled. "The presidency has only a certain amount of coinage to expend, and

* Gerald Ford, Julia's colleague on the Appropriations Committee, served on the Warren Commission. Despite the "freakish coincidences of facts," Ford said he came to believe Oswald acted alone.

you oughtn't to expend it on this," someone said. "Well," LBJ barked, "what the hell's the presidency for?"

Johnson had asked Ted Sorensen, Kennedy's talented speechwriter, to help him craft the speech. The Kennedy aides who had belittled Johnson as a bumpkin with a degree from Southwest Texas State Teachers College had either forgotten or ignored the power of his oratory when he was the master of the Senate. "Lyndon Johnson's sentences were the sentences of a man with a remarkable gift for words," wrote Robert Caro, LBJ's biographer, "not long words but evocative, of a man with a remarkable gift for images, homey images of a vividness that infused the sentences with drama." Those gifts were on full display on November 27, 1963, when Johnson said:

> On the 20th day of January in 1961, John F. Kennedy told his countrymen that our national work would not be finished "in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But," he said, "let us begin." Today, in this moment of new resolve, I would say to all my fellow Americans, *let us continue*. …
>
> The time has come for Americans of all races and creeds and political beliefs to understand and to respect one another. So let us put an end to the teaching and the preaching of hate, evil and violence. Let us turn away from the fanatics of the far left and the far right, from the apostles of bitterness and bigotry, from those defiant of law, and those who pour venom into our nation's bloodstream. …
>
> So let us here highly resolve that John Fitzgerald Kennedy did not live or die in vain. And on this Thanksgiving eve, as we gather together to ask the Lord's blessing, and give Him our thanks, let us unite in those familiar and cherished words:
>
> America, America, God shed His grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

Congress—even the obstinate old Southerners—rose to its feet. Julia was weeping. "Everywhere you looked people were crying," said Hugh Sidey, who covered the White House for *Time* magazine.

Johnson sized up the congressional logjam; he was also briefed on the chaotic situation in Vietnam, where the U.S. now had 16,000 military "advisers" helping the South Vietnamese stave off communist forces from the north. The repressive regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem had been toppled by a military coup sanctioned by the Kennedy administration.

Johnson told Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Nixon's running mate three years earlier, to assure the new South Vietnamese regime that his administration would stay the course. "I am not going to lose Vietnam," Johnson said. "I am not going to be the President who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went."

A PERSONAL TRAGEDY compounded the Hansens' sadness over the death of a president. Maude Kimball Butler was dying. The 83-year-old matriarch had suffered a severe stroke on September 25. At first she could neither move nor speak. After a week in the hospital, she was able to return home. Paralyzed on one side, the teacher who prized elocution was frustrated at her difficulty in speaking. Julia transformed the dining room into a convalescent center and arranged for round-the-clock nursing care. In November, Mrs. Butler was moved to a nearby nursing home. Seventeen-year-old David Hansen and his "Grammy" were especially close. Every afternoon after school, he went to the nursing home and fed her supper—a role reversal from his grammar school days when his grandmother did all the cooking while Julia was away in Olympia or traveling to promote interstate highways.

On December 8, 1963, Mrs. Butler slipped into semi-consciousness. The next day, not long after he arrived home from school, David looked out the kitchen window. He saw his mother getting out of a car driven by an aide. "She was carrying the oil painting that hung in Grammy's room at the nursing home. I knew then that she was gone."

There hadn't been a death in the family since 1919 when Julia's 7-year-old brother, Donald, darted into the path of a delivery truck and was fatally injured.

Maude Eliza Kimball Butler, born nine years before Washington statehood, was buried in the family plot at Greenwood Cemetery on Watkins hill at Cathlamet. She was a pioneer teacher, avid suffragist, county school superintendent, Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction, award-winning artist and member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Governor Rosellini sent two State Troopers as an honor guard for the state's 1961 Mother of the Year. The pallbearers and honorary pallbearers included former students. One was Eli Doumit, Donald Butler's playmate all those years ago.

Whenever Julia was at home in Cathlamet she sensed her mother was there, too. "This is, I suppose, that special gift old houses possess, a sense of presence," she wrote in her journal one day in 1970. "Mother has never seemed far away."

THE WEEK HER MOTHER DIED, work on the Astoria-Megler Bridge was under way and the $561,000 "Julia Butler Hansen Bridge" across the Quinault River at Taholah was nearing completion. The Quinault Tribe, once opposed to the project, had pledged

"full cooperation." From her seat on the Appropriations Committee, Julia was pushing for federal funds to help the state extend Highway 9-C some 15 miles north to Queets, another tribal village. There, the state highway would link to U.S. Highway 101, which looped around the top of the Olympic Peninsula, an evergreen wonderland. Interior Department officials predicted the increased number of tourists "seeking recreation in the picturesque Indian country" would represent "an important economic opportunity for the Indian people" and the entire peninsula.

Resort owners and other business interests on the peninsula complained that their congresswoman was getting little support from the state. Julia's friend Bill Bugge had recently resigned as Director of Highways to oversee design and construction of San Francisco's Bay Area Rapid Transit System. "There has been a complete lack of aggressiveness on the part of the State Highways Department in looking for funds for the Taholah-Queets road," groused Jess Curtright. His family operated the Ocean Crest Resort overlooking the Pacific at Moclips a few miles south of Taholah. After Julia prodded Governor Rosellini, the Highways Department hastened to deny any foot-dragging. Funds were being earmarked to advance the project by 1965, the department said. It estimated it would cost the state $4.3 million, in addition to a $500,000 federal grant, to complete the coastal corridor highway. "The impression has been created that the Quinault River Bridge …will be a lonely monument to poor planning," a department spokesman said. "This is not correct."

Tacoma's daily *News Tribune* commiserated with the congresswoman's frustration: "It is fitting that a bridge be named after Mrs. Hansen, who for many years before stepping up to Congress was chairman of the State Legislature's Highways Committee. She worked hard for good roads and bridges. But it doesn't seem right to strand her out in the Quinault tidewater. Her name deserves a place where someone can see it."

In 2020, half a century later, there was still no state highway from Taholah to Queets. Lonely though it remained, "the bridge to nowhere" was mostly a monument to the tribal sovereignty movement of the 1970s—and a desire to save Indian country from caravans of Winnebagos and Jeeps in search of "picturesque."

Guy McMinds, a brawny young tribal fisheries biologist who bonded with Julia, said the Quinaults appreciated her equanimity as battle lines were drawn over the proposed coast-hugging highway through the reservation.

McMinds, a founding member of the Northwest Indian Fisheries Commission, was one of the most sophisticated political operatives in Indian country. After graduating from the University of Washington in 1966, he came home to the reservation at the urging of Tribal Council President Jim Jackson. McMinds long remembered the marching orders he and Joe DeLaCruz, the tribe's business manager, received from Jackson as

Joe DeLaCruz, left, James "Jug" Jackson, center, and Guy McMinds, the trio who led the Quinault Nation's push for self-determination. *Larry Workman photo*

he trained them for political leadership. "It's time people know who owns the Quinault Reservation," Jackson said in 1967.

When the Quinaults balked at completion of the highway, Julia said that was their inherent right. It was their land. "We wanted a limited-access highway so people couldn't go traipsing off and burn down the forest, and that was OK with her," McMinds remembered in 2006. The highway didn't go through "because the state changed its mind about making it a limited-access highway. They wanted access to our beaches, and we wanted to keep our beaches pristine." Quinault historian Pauline K. Capoeman, McMinds' secretary in those days, asserted that the state had unilaterally changed an earlier agreement to restrict access "and required wider rights of way across Indian lands than those owned by non-Indians." By then, Julia was chairman of the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee, with oversight of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In 1964, a few months after President Johnson signed the Economic Opportunity Act, Julia saw to it that the Quinaults had the state's first tribal Community Action Program. Their goals included a pre-school, adult education, health services and a Neighborhood Youth Corps program. Education was paramount, wrote Alexandra Harmon, a University of Washington professor of American Indian studies. The Quinaults wanted "to facilitate academic success of Indian students" by tailoring curricula to their tribe's rich culture. "Less obvious in the CAP proposal, but significant nonetheless, were indications that Quinaults would also use [Economic Opportunity] funds for land and natural resource management," Harmon wrote in her 2019 book, *Reclaiming the Reservation*. They did, and with considerable success.* The Quinaults, through Jug Jackson's vision and the political moxie of young DeLaCruz and McMinds, worked the system with alacrity. Congresswoman Hansen was their ally. As the standoff over rights of way for the Taholah-Queets road continued, she secured funds to construct a new fish hatchery and help rehabilitate the Quinault Nation's forests from

* Other Western Washington tribes also acquired Community Action Programs. University of Montana researchers concluded in 1977 that the Johnson antipoverty program had been a "terrific breakthrough" for tribes. It diluted the Bureau of Indian Affairs' power over them and taught them how to navigate "the non-Indian system."

wanton overcutting. She also helped the tribe secure housing grants, and in 1969, when the Tribal Council closed the reservation beaches to outsiders, it had her "full support."

At Queets, Julia was appalled to discover that some of the houses had gravel floors. She told the Bureau of Indians Affairs "to get something done about it." When she visited the village a year later, nothing had been done. She raised hell with the BIA. One candid bureaucrat admitted they were amazed she had visited the village and couldn't imagine she would go back. "The next time I went back, the floors were fixed."

American Indian leaders had long since recognized they had an outspoken advocate in the congresswoman from Washington's 3rd District, though there were critics who maintained that, being older, she did not fully grasp why they resisted educational assimilation that threatened "cultural integrity."

IN 1964, JULIA ANGERED U.S. SENATOR Wayne Morse of Oregon, a formidable maverick, by leading the opposition to his plan to convert the former Tongue Point Naval Air Station at Astoria into an Indian boarding school. At her urging, and with the support of Republican Congressman Ben Reifel, a Lakota Sioux from South Dakota, the House Appropriations Committee recommended that the $4.9 million project be shelved. Morse, infuriated, accused his fellow Democrat of political treason. "She was aided and abetted by certain Republican newspapers in Oregon who have bitterly opposed my attempt to save the taxpayers of the country millions of dollars by preventing the junking of the fine Tongue Point facilities," he fumed. Fiddlesticks, Julia said. Indian boarding schools were relics of white paternalism. She maintained they perpetuated segregation and rinsed out Indianness.

Most of the students for the proposed school, eventually as many as 2,000, were expected to come from reservations in Arizona and New Mexico. She decried "transplanting" Native American children from their communities, isolated and impoverished though they might be. The challenge at hand was to revitalize reservation communities, Julia said. They needed the infrastructure of civilization—decent housing, electricity, potable water—not to mention jobs and modern schools of their own. The government of the United States owed them that. The issue at Astoria was "the welfare of Indian children" versus simply finding a use for an old naval facility. Further, she noted that testimony before the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee indicated higher operating costs would offset any savings from conversion of the base. Congressman Reifel took a dim view of establishing any new Indian boarding schools, especially in Astoria, which he described as "a pocket of unemployment." When Philleo Nash, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, appeared before the Appropriations Committee in March of 1964, Reifel and Julia worked him over. There would be no funding for the new school.

Not all Indians agreed with them. Bruce A. Wilkie, a 25-year-old member of the Makah Tribal Council at Neah Bay atop the Olympic Peninsula, said the Intertribal Council of Western Washington Indians had been about to pass resolutions backing a school at Tongue Point when Senator Morse's plan was rejected by the Appropriations Committee. "Mrs. Hansen's idea of desegregation just won't work," Wilkie said. Indians preferred separate schools "to avoid anxieties resulting from attendance at public schools." He cited six suicides among youth on the Quinault Reservation in the past two years. Julia's rejoinder was that isolated reservations deserved quality schools of their own. Inculcating self-esteem was important. But segregation ought to be avoided, she said. After all, racists in the South maintained that black children had less anxiety in schools "with their own kind."

Morse declared victory, of a sorts, a year later, with help from Oregon Congressman Edith Green, ordinarily one of Julia's allies. But this was state politics. The Office of Economic Opportunity announced its intent to convert the old navy base into a training center for high school dropouts as part of President Johnson's war on poverty. Nevertheless, the Capitol press corps and editorial writers around the Northwest wrote that the veteran Oregon senator had met his match in the two-term congresswoman from a small town across the river.

Chapter Twenty-two
The Great Society

Franklin D. Roosevelt, not to mention John Kennedy, "would have been astounded" by the first year of Lyndon Johnson's presidency, Julia said. Family lore was that Johnson men died young. The 55-year-old president—a year younger than she—seemed like a man on a now-or-never mission, determined to put his stamp on history.

In January 1964, Johnson declared "unconditional war on poverty." In May he called for creation of a "Great Society," with "abundance and liberty for all." And on July 2, he signed into law a landmark civil rights act that banned segregation in public places and employment discrimination on the basis of race, religion, gender or national origin. A coalition of liberal Democrats and Lincoln Republicans led by Hubert Humphrey and Everett Dirksen had mustered the votes to end a 60-day Senate filibuster by Robert C. Byrd, Richard Russell and the other Southern bloc segregationists.

Julia was on the floor of the House when she received word the White House had called. LBJ was aware she had also authored an equal rights bill in the state Legislature. He wanted her at the bill-signing ceremony. The East Room was packed. Dr. King stood right behind the president. As Johnson began handing out ceremonial pens, Julia was lost in the crowd. She nudged herself forward in time to hear the President say, "Anyone else?" Speaker McCormack leaned over his shoulder. "Mrs. Hansen should have one also." By then she was at his side. The pen was among her treasured keepsakes.

The president poses for a photo to boost Julia's re-election in 1964. *White House photo*

Over the next two years, she enthusiastically supported every major plank in LBJ's sweeping platform: The Voting Rights Act, Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps,

enhanced Social Security benefits, the Job Corps, Neighborhood Youth Corps, and a domestic Peace Corps called VISTA. She backed NASA's effort to put a man on the moon, voted for the Model Cities Program and the Community Action Program, plus Head Start, more federal money for K-12 and higher education, the Wilderness Acts, Public Broadcasting and the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities.

Julia and Johnson did not always agree. Early in 1964, the President vetoed a bill that would have required imported lumber to be marked as such, maintaining the measure would violate trade agreements with Canada. But with no markings, Julia complained it was impossible for lumber buyers to seek redress from foreign manufacturers for imperfections or deviations in grade. Domestic grading agencies would unjustly get the blame. Identifying marks on lumber would give consumers a choice. She pestered the president to "even the playing field" for Northwest lumber producers.

Like Senator Jackson, she was also opposed to busing to integrate schools. And by the 1970s she worried that the Great Society's welfare programs had created "too many entitlements."

There was one glaring regret: The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution.

DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF AUGUST 1964, two U.S. Navy destroyers reported they were attacked by North Vietnamese torpedo boats in international waters off the coast of Vietnam. (The veracity of one reported attack was later called into question.) Johnson ordered retaliatory air strikes against North Vietnam, a move critics denounced as political expediency. Barry Goldwater had just accepted the Republican Party's nomination for President, charging that "failures infest the jungles of Vietnam."

The House unanimously approved the resolution granting Johnson authority to "take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States and to prevent further aggression." Julia hailed the President's "firm and vigorous" action. The vote in the Senate was 88 to 2. The dissenters were Democrats Ernest Gruening of Alaska and Wayne Morse. Congress was making a "historic mistake," Morse said, noting that the power to declare war is vested in Congress by the U.S. Constitution. The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was tantamount to giving the President and Pentagon a "blank check" for an open-ended war, the former Republican warned. Gruening objected to "sending our American boys into combat in a war in which we have no business."

Four years later, when the war had tarnished Johnson's extraordinary legislative legacy, and protesters at the gates to the White House were chanting, "*Hey*, *hey*, *LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?*" Julia told her son she had been too gullible, too confident that Scoop Jackson's hawkishness on Vietnam was the right course. "That was a mistake to give the president so much power," she said.

Julia's 1964 campaign featured billboards depicting her in the Oval Office with Johnson. *Hansen Family Collection*

Of one thing she felt certain in the summer of 1964: If Barry Goldwater, a Major General in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, acquired so much power it could be catastrophic. The John Birch Society cheered when the Arizona senator famously declared that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" and "moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Julia's friend, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, had challenged Goldwater for the GOP nomination and received 27 first-ballot votes. Asked if she would consider second place on the ticket, the senator said, "I am only thinking of the presidency."

If she wanted to have a really direct conversation with a male senator, Smith would follow him right into the men's room and force him up against a wall to make her point, said former U.S. Senator Harry Cain, a Republican from Tacoma. Others, entering the rest room, would see her and beat a hasty retreat. Little wonder she and Julia became friends. Smith was one of the most admired women in America, according to Gallup Polls, yet her age was the inevitable identifier in press coverage of her campaign. In *No Stopping Us Now*, a compelling book about older women in American history, *New York Times* columnist Gail Collins, wrote:

> The media seemed incapable of discussing Smith's campaign without describing her as "silver-haired." She complained that "almost every news story starts off with 'the 66-year-old Senator.' I haven't seen the age played up in the case of men candidates." *The Los Angeles Times* reported on the interview with a story that was headlined: "66-year-old Sen. Smith Hits Age Talk."

By then, Julia had endured 20 years of "age talk." Her hair was beginning to gray even before she gave birth to David, her only child, at 39 in 1946. She was disinclined to dye it, quipping that she earned those silver hairs dealing with "dim-bulb men." While physical descriptions animated her work as a writer, she resented the sexist shorthand

journalists employed when writing about female politicians. Invariably, she was characterized as "white-haired" (code for menopausal) or "sharp-tongued." Granted, they also often couched her combative personality as admirable—as in being able to "hold her own" with the guys. That was part of the persona she cultivated to get ahead in a man's world. The stereotyping still rankled. A 1966 Associated Press article on U.S. women elected to major offices described Hawaii Congresswoman Patsy Mink as the "sloe-eyed glamour girl of the House," and Alabama's governor-elect Lurleen Wallace as the "blonde 40-year-old mother of four." Julia told Bob Bailey that reporters should start describing "all the overweight men with thinning hair."

JULIA'S REPUBLICAN OPPONENT IN 1964 was Harold L. Anderson, a school superintendent from Olympia who asserted she was a lockstep Democrat intent on centralizing power in the federal bureaucracy. Eighteen-year-old David Hansen came up with the design for his mother's billboards—dozens of them. She was "working to build America and Southwest Washington," the signs said. "Let Us Continue" was the tagline below a giant photo of Julia and President Johnson clasping hands in the Oval Office.

A month before the General Election, the President, First Lady, and congresswoman were among the 20 guests at the Washington, D.C., wedding of one of the capital's most elusive bachelors. Warren G. Magnuson, single since his 1935 divorce from "Miss Seattle" of 1927, married a beautiful widow named Jermaine Peralta. In the early 1950s, Senator Magnuson's reputation as a congressional playboy was perhaps second only to John F. Kennedy's. He and Mrs. Peralta, a graduate of Seattle's Garfield High School, began dating in 1957. "If you don't marry her, I might just do it myself," Johnson joshed his old friend more than once. "Maggie" was now 59, his bride a radiant 41. The President was the best man. Over wedding cake and champagne, Julia told the President he was miles ahead in Washington State and on course for a tremendous victory. "I understand you are too," he said, grinning.

Scoop, Julia and Maggie discuss Jackson's 1964 campaign. *Washington State Archives*

Magnuson, not facing re-election that year, left on his honeymoon. Julia and Senator Jackson campaigned together at several events that drew huge crowds. They swatted aside their challengers, each winning more than 70 percent of the vote. Julia also campaigned alongside Governor Rosellini, knowing his bid for an unprecedented third consecutive term was risky. More so because his Republican challenger was Dan Evans. The handsome 39-year-old engineer was offering a "Blueprint for Progress."

Four of Washington's Republican congressmen were defeated in 1964. Only Catherine May and Tom Pelly managed to survive the Johnson landslide. Previously, Julia was the lone Democrat in the state's seven-member House delegation. Now she had four new allies: Tom Foley of Spokane, a Jackson protégé destined to become Speaker of the House; Brock Adams of Seattle, a bushy-tailed former United States Attorney; Floyd Hicks, a former Pierce County judge, and Lloyd Meeds, a crusading Snohomish County prosecutor who became one of the leading conservationists in Congress. Julia informed Jackson and Magnuson that the four freshmen were under her wing. She hosted a luncheon to introduce them to Congressman Al Ullman of Oregon, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, which handed out committee assignments. She followed up with letters to the other Democrats on the committee, asking for specific assignments for each of Washington's new lawmakers. They were now in her debt. Alan Thompson, her former Administrative Assistant, observed that Julia had a masterful knack for getting what she wanted through "obligation, fear or inspiration." Her wish list for 1964 included getting him elected to the Legislature to derail the budding political career of a potential future opponent.

State Representative Herb Hadley, a Longview insurance man, was "a classic go-getter in the Jaycees mold." Elected to the House in 1962, Hadley was the organizer of the "Draft Dan Evans for Governor" movement. "Herb was a nice guy, and sort of a darling of the *Longview Daily News*—and seemingly everyone else, although the publisher also adored Julia," Thompson recalled in 2016. Here's his story about what happened to Hadley:

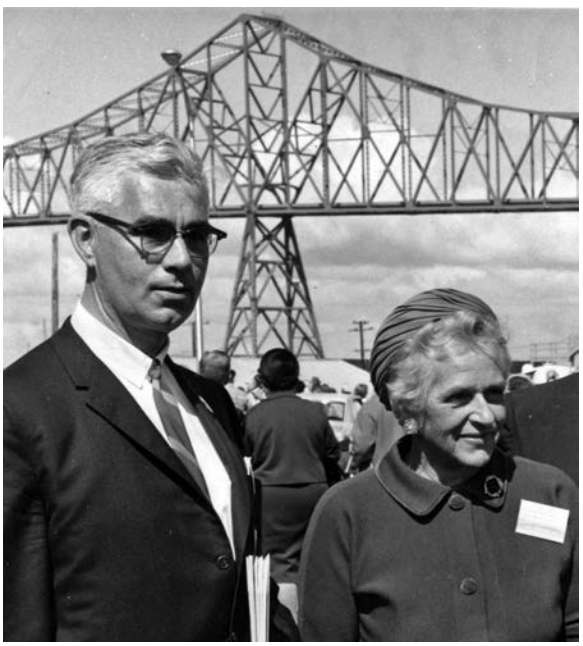
> Julia wanted him knocked off as quickly as possible. She just told all the Democrats in Cowlitz County that I was going to be one of their two candidates for the Legislature. Julia had spoken. And everybody stood back. I was it, together with Arlie DeJarnatt, a popular teacher from Longview. Our families were really close. The top two vote-getters would be elected, regardless of party.
>
> Arlie made a list of all the things Hadley could be faulted for as a legislator and had it mimeographed. Hadley was for private power and not friendly to labor, etc., etc. It just infuriated Hadley that this

> thing was in distribution, even though it was just sort of distributed by hand. So he holds a big press conference, explaining and explaining and explaining. He even put an ad in the paper, explaining and explaining. Really, he promoted my candidacy by that means more than anything else could.

To Julia's delight, Thompson won—by 15 votes in a recount cliffhanger. The affable newspaperman went on to become House Majority Leader and Chief Clerk. Masterminding Hadley's defeat from behind the scenes was Julia at her canniest, Dan Evans said with grudging admiration 56 years later. "She cost me one of my best supporters at the beginning of my administration."

AT JULIA'S REQUEST, President Johnson invited James Jackson, the President of the Quinault Indian Nation, and Jackson's wife Mary to attend his inauguration. They also took part in the Inaugural Parade, together with Jessie Curley, a member of the Tribal Council. Jackson said it was a singular honor for his tribe—and one that was widely noted in Indian Country.

Taking stock of 1964, Julia wrote that one of its highlights was meeting a woman she had idolized for 30 years—former Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, who at 84 presided over an Eleanor Roosevelt Tribute luncheon with "quick dry wit and nonchalant informality." Julia was beckoned to sit at the head table, which she ordinarily detested. "However, this was one time when virtue was its own reward." She was seated between Perle Mesta, the legendary Washington socialite, and Judge Edith Sampson, the first African American delegate to the United Nations. Julia was pleased that constituents—women in particular—had written to say they enjoyed her "chatty" newsletters. Scoop's wife Helen told her so, too. She wished she had more time to write about all the characters she was meeting.



Julia and her district aide, Sen. Bob Bailey, at the dedication of the Astoria-Megler Bridge in 1966. *Hansen Family Collection*

Ambassador Mesta was "as down to earth and refreshing as a western wind."

The congresswoman attended meetings of the National Highway Research Board to hear the latest thinking on the transportation issues she first addressed as chairman of the Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy in the 1950s. Professor Robert G. Hennes, the revered professor of civil engineering at the University of Washington, attended one of the Capitol Hill hearings. She picked his brain on the future of rapid transit, wondering whether commuters could be persuaded to utilize mass transit "to the fullest" to avoid urban gridlock. Hennes said he didn't think anyone was smart enough to answer those questions right then. "But Congress is supposed to!" she said, laughing. Hennes chuckled too. "To look ahead to transportation in the year 2000 takes tremendous vision and imagination," he said, "for entering into the years ahead are a wide variety of problems, including atomic fuels." His opinion was that it was "probably better to spend some money and make a few mistakes than bear the responsibility of doing nothing." Japan was aggressively developing a high-speed rail system. France, determined to be the pace-setter for Europe, was designing trains for a high-speed rail network of its own. Could America afford to fall behind? They agreed that investments in transportation infrastructure ought to be an economic national security priority.

> Professor Hennes and I concluded this discussion by kicking around two of the major problems in the toll field. One is proper economic justification for toll projects, and two, the old problem of a state toll bridge authority becoming the road building entity and placing more and more responsibility on tolls without adequate justification.
>
> Highway users and citizens of the State of Washington undoubtedly will be discussing all of these problems because the time will never come in the United States when transportation is status quo. Science, population, development and the need for continuing highway safety demand our constant best thinking to develop good highway systems.

Over the next six years, with increasing misgivings, she would vote to spend billions on bullets, bombs and napalm—money she said could have built schools, highways, housing, hospitals and clinics. By then, America was losing a two-front war: One in Vietnam, the other at home.

JULIA'S LEGISLATIVE PRIORITIES FOR 1965 included funding for reconstruction of the north log wall, the "palisade," at Fort Vancouver, as well as renovation and expansion

of the Vancouver Veterans Hospital and additional pension benefits for military veterans and their survivors. The Interior Appropriations Committee had approved $8 million for new logging roads in Washington. Around $25 million was allocated for timber management research, including watershed management. Several new fish hatcheries were planned and funds approved for sport-fishing research. Further, West Coast commercial fishermen needed more protection from encroachment by Russian vessels, she told the White House, endorsing an exclusive U.S. fisheries zone extending 12 miles offshore.

Julia and Scoop Jackson, who headed the Senate Interior Committee, backed a compromise Northwest power "preference" bill that was bouncing between conference committees. It had become "singularly apparent that interests in other states are determined to secure firm power from the Northwest without guaranteeing Northwest preference," Julia wrote, "and underneath this particular drive for power always remains, I would suspect, a potential drive for Northwest water [as well]. Many of us are deeply concerned."

Don Brown, Alan Thompson's successor as Julia's Administrative Assistant, was cranking out the newsletters—long, detailed ones, at least twice a month. He was scolded if there were errors, sometimes her own. Working for Julia Butler Hansen required a thick skin and stamina. Even young staffers burned out. When she was back home, Julia "frequently did the driving herself and knew every road" in the 3rd Congressional District, aides said. "You have no idea what it's like," said Iris Hedlund, a longtime friend who had worked for Julia at the title company in Cathlamet. Hedlund handled Julia's secretarial work whenever she was in the district. A native of England, Iris was a calm, efficient person. Her tone in the next sentences reveals that life with Julia could be frenetic: "She likes to drive with the window open to keep us awake. And all the time she's dictating and you're trying to take shorthand in the pitch dark. We work all hours when she is home going to meetings."

WHEN CLARENCE CANNON, the Appropriations Committee chairman, died earlier in the year, Julia was part of the official delegation to his funeral in a "green and serene" Missouri hamlet that reminded her of the Grays River Valley back home. President Johnson joined Harry and Bess Truman in the front pew. At 85, Cannon had been the oldest and unquestionably one of the most powerful members of the House. He was a fiscal conservative who railed against foreign aid and viewed the NASA space program as a "moondoggle." But he gifted Julia with a copy of Thomas Jefferson's *Manual on the Rules of the House of Representatives*, with an inscription that said: "To one of the most skillful parliamentarians in the Congress." When Cannon voted for the civil rights bill, Julia knew there was a man of principle behind the curmudgeon's mask. She loved it that

he had punched the ranking Republican on his committee during a 1945 debate over budget priorities.

The new Appropriations chairman was 63-year-old George H. Mahon of Texas. First elected to Congress in 1934 as a young New Dealer, the lanky West Texas lawyer cultivated his own reputation for frugality and independence. He and LBJ went back a long way. Mahon backed the President on Vietnam, but opposed his civil rights legislation and many of the Great Society programs. Though Mahon had been No. 2 on the Appropriations Committee, he was rarely consulted by Cannon. He would be a far more collegial chairman; hard-nosed, but without bluster. Julia admired his manners, his droll sense of humor—and that he never forgot where he came from: George looked out for Lubbock. That meant he understood the importance of good roads.

Chapter Twenty-three

The Fabulous 89th

On the evening of March 7, 1965, the ABC television network made a bold decision. Nearly 93 percent of America's 57 million households had TV sets. ABC was mired in third place behind CBS and NBC. Walter Cronkite, viewed as the most trusted man in America, was the managing editor of the top-ranked *CBS Evening News,* which now had correspondents in Vietnam. At the risk of angering viewers, ABC interrupted one of its few prime-time hits, *Sunday Night at the Movies*, to air perhaps "the most consequential TV newsfilm of the 20th century."*

Millions of Americans watched state troopers and sheriff's deputies in Selma, Alabama, advance on a column of African Americans intent on marching peacefully to Montgomery, the state capital, to protest voting rights discrimination. Wielding batons and firing tear gas canisters, the police bloodied heads and thrashed marchers even as they lay wounded. Future congressman John Lewis, the 25-year-old leader of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, was among the injured. "Bloody Sunday" would become a landmark event in the American Civil Rights Movement.

David Hansen can't recall whether he and his parents were watching ABC that night. By Monday, however, they had heard the news and seen the footage. "It was horrifying," Julia wrote.

Two days later, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. led a largely symbolic march that avoided another confrontation. That night, however, a white minister from Boston who had arrived to show solidarity with the marchers was fatally beaten by segregationists.

On March 15, 1965, Julia heard President Johnson deliver one of the greatest speeches in the history of the American presidency. Some memorable excerpts:

> At times, history and fate meet at a single time in a single place to shape a turning point in man's unending search for freedom. So it was at Lexington and Concord. So it was a century ago at Appomattox. So it was last week in Selma, Alabama. There, long suffering men and

* The movie was *Judgment at Nuremberg*, the trial of Nazi war criminals who persecuted Jews and orchestrated the other horrors of World War II.

women peacefully protested the denial of their rights as Americans. Many of them were brutally assaulted. One good man—a man of God—was killed. To deny a man his hopes because of his color or race or his religion or the place of his birth is not only to do injustice, it is to dishonor the dead who gave their lives for American freedom.

Every American citizen must have an equal right to vote. Yet the harsh fact is that in many places in this country men and women are kept from voting simply because they are Negroes.

Every device of which human ingenuity is capable, has been used to deny this right. The Negro citizen may go to register only to be told that the day is wrong, or the hour is late, or the official in charge is absent. And if he persists and, if he manages to present himself to the registrar, he may be disqualified because he did not spell out his middle name, or because he abbreviated a word on the application. And if he manages to fill out an application, he is given a test. The registrar is the sole judge of whether he passes this test. He may be asked to recite the entire Constitution, or explain the most complex provisions of state law.

Wednesday, I will send to Congress a law designed to eliminate illegal barriers to the right to vote. But even if we pass this bill the battle will not be over. What happened in Selma is part of a far larger movement that reaches into every section and state of America. It is the effort of American Negroes to secure for themselves the full blessings of American life. Their cause must be our cause too. Because it's not just Negroes, but really it's all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice.

And we shall overcome.

There was a second of silence, like the stillness in the air before a sonic boom. Then it seemed as if the whole chamber was on its feet, clapping and cheering, though David Hansen, perched in the galleries, remembers that some tight-lipped Southerners still "sat on their hands." Dr. King was in Selma, watching the speech on TV with John Lewis and other aides—"none of whom had ever, during all the hard years, seen King cry," wrote Robert Caro, Johnson's foremost biographer. But when the President vowed "We shall overcome"—the anthem of the Civil Rights movement—Dr. King wept. Julia's eyes welled up, too. And when the President spoke of his first job after college, teaching at a small Mexican-American school in Cotulla, Texas, she said she thought of her mother's days teaching in rural schools. Though Maude Kimball's students were also

poor, few came to school hungry or experienced "the pain of prejudice," as Johnson put it.

In 1928, Johnson said, it never occurred to him that one day he might be President of the United States, or that in his fondest dreams he "might have the chance to help the sons and daughters of those students, and to help people like them all over this country. But now I do have that chance. And I'll let you in on a secret," he said, leaning his big body forward, "*I mean to use it*. … I do not want to be the President who built empires, or sought grandeur, or extended dominion.

> I want to be the President who educated young children to the wonders of their world. I want to be the President who helped to feed the hungry and to prepare them to be taxpayers instead of tax eaters. I want to be the President who helped the poor to find their own way and who protected the right of every citizen to vote in every election. I want to be the President who helped to end hatred among his fellow men and who promoted love among the people of all races… .

"It had been a summons and a sermon," historian Doris Kearns wrote of the speech drafted by her future husband, former Kennedy aide Richard Goodwin. He said it owed its substance—and most powerful, Lincolnesque phrases—entirely to the President.*

ON AUGUST 6, 1965, when the President signed the Voting Rights Act, Julia wrote that Speaker John W. McCormack's parliamentary skills had been crucial to its passage. McCormack would call this Congress, which adjourned in 1967, "the fabulous 89th"—and "not because it has produced more legislation than any previous Congress," he said, "but because this legislation will have more meaning and deeper significance for every American than any in the past."

McCormack—a tall, slender, soft-spoken Irishman from Boston who, of all things, did not drink—had a hard act to follow in short, bald, blunt Sam Rayburn, the longest serving Speaker in House history. Lyndon Johnson often quoted Rayburn's advice to freshmen: "Don't ever talk until you know what you're talking about. And if you want to get along, go along."

When the 89th convened, McCormack put his own stamp on Congress, permitting three unprecedented rules changes that strengthened the hand of House

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* To be black in America meant there was a lot to overcome. Resentment over racism ran wide and deep. Five days after LBJ signed the Voting Rights Act, rioting erupted in the Watts area of Los Angeles. The catalyst was an incident involving an African American motorist and a white Highway Patrol officer. Five days later, 34 people were dead, hundreds injured. A thousand buildings were damaged or destroyed. Damages topped $40 million.

Julia and LBJ in 1965. *White House photo*

Democrats to bypass or override conservative obstructionists on the Rules Committee. The majority could now bring legislation directly to the floor for a vote if a bill was bottled up for 21 calendar days, Julia wrote. Also scrapped was the "unanimous consent" rule that allowed one member to block the Senate-approved version of a bill from going to conference committee. The third rule change removed the prerogative of one member to demand that a "fully engrossed" (much amended) bill be read before a final vote could be taken, a delaying tactic that die-hard opponents sometimes employed

The Voting Rights Act likely would not have made it out of committee had the rules not been amended, according to historians with the Association of Centers for the Study of Congress. Julia agreed: "Practically every big thing we achieved in 1965 and 1966 we owed to the changes." As an aside, she noted that the "scalping" she had practiced so adroitly during her 21 years in the rough-and-tumble Washington State Legislature—substituting one of her bills for a Senate-passed bill—was standard procedure in Congress. Except under the old House rules a scalped bill could be stopped by one tomahawk.

As the Voting Rights Act came to the floor of the House, Hale Boggs, the majority whip, deputized Julia to ensure the Washington and Oregon delegations were combat-ready for four long days—"no small task in itself," she wrote. Tom Foley, a future Speaker of the House, said one thing was abundantly clear to the freshmen: Like a basketball coach keeping track of time-outs in a tight game, Julia understood all the rules. She truly was "a creature of the House." And she enjoyed sharing the nuances of its rules with her constituents.

THE PAMPHLET FILES at the Washington State Library contain a trove of political newsletters. Julia's are a moveable feast. She punctuated her civics lessons with tidbits about the Capitol Hill adventures of visitors from home. The youth Drum and Bugle Corps from Longview-Kelso, 44 boys and 15 girls, "covered themselves with musical

glory and looked tremendous" in the 1965 Inaugural Parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. And the chief of the Cowlitz Tribe, "in full regalia," presented a peace pipe to the President. Then, in easy-to-understand language, she got down to business, explaining how bills become laws:

> With the presentation of the presidential budget, Congress comes to life. All committees immediately schedule hearings and Appropriations begins to examine the money. Because I have discovered that not even our new members quite understood the difference between what we call the "legislative" committees and the appropriation process, I am going to explain it here.

In two, single-spaced pages she proceeded to do just that, taking care to translate jargon. It was a "huge privilege," she said—and no exaggeration—to serve on the Appropriations Committee, which was celebrating its centennial. "In earlier Congresses it had been co-mingled with Ways and Means, but as the nation's work grew, the necessity came for a division of power." More so at the dawn of the 89th Congress because the new Appropriations Committee chairman, George Mahon, had made a "healthy" departure from previous practice under the late Chairman Cannon. The full committee was now present to hear cabinet officers summarize budget proposals, and any member was welcome to ask questions. "A subcommittee cannot work intelligently unless there is an understanding of the entire financial picture," she wrote. Subcommittees then begin the process of reviewing departmental budgets item by item. In this, she was in her element.

> This is not cursory, but a study in depth of governmental spending, programs, details of administration, management of a department's far-flung activities, always bearing in mind the limitations of authorizing legislation. For example, if a national park has been designated by the legislative Interior Committee the sum of $2 million to develop that park, the Appropriations Committee is limited by this authorization or by subsequent committee amendments.

The Appropriations subcommittee on which she served oversaw the Department of the Interior and related agencies. "Its activities range from far-off Samoa to forest programs for the entire United States," she wrote. "During the hearings, it is my duty to understand the programs, then ask the questions that will develop the answers necessary for the entire House of Representatives and Senate to evaluate, and to suggest improvements through the use of appropriated funds."

Julia's attention to seemingly the smallest details would become legendary.

Her suggested "improvements" were seldom ignored. She cited a "small example" of how the hearings process could lead to economic dividends: When the governor of American Samoa appeared before the Interior subcommittee in 1963, he noted that the South Pacific territory was embarking on a building program, notably new schools and an educational TV network. "Wonderful," said Julia, suggesting the use of Northwest shakes and shingles. As the 1965 congressional session got under way, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall hosted a reception for territorial governors. The gentleman from Samoa greeted her effusively, saying she should visit his country soon to see all the wonderful new roofs.

The other Appropriations subcommittee on which she served, Foreign Operations, was headed by Otto E. Passman, an old-guard Louisiana Democrat whose rants against foreign aid quickly grew tiresome. Passman objected at first to having her on the committee, explaining that his intentions were chivalrous: "Off-color stories" were sometimes told by its otherwise all-male membership. "Otto," she said with a laugh, "I used to live in a logging camp and heard plenty of them."

AS THE DEMOCRATIC SUPERMAJORITY in Congress advanced Johnson's "Great Society" agenda, Julia was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act, which the President signed on September 29, 1965. It was "necessary and appropriate," the act said, for the federal government to assist and promote the performing arts and cultural institutions, including orchestras, ballet companies, museums, libraries and public broadcasting. A "climate encouraging freedom of thought, imagination, and inquiry" is crucial because "democracy demands wisdom and vision in its citizens."

Julia and her brother, James Harmon Butler, chairman of the Drama Department at the University of Southern California, were thrilled by the legislation—another Kennedy idea Johnson brought to fruition—especially when Johnson observed, "Somehow, the scientists always seem to get the penthouse, while the arts and the humanities get the basement." When they were children, Julia wrote and produced plays featuring the other neighborhood kids, with James in leading roles. She became a writer, he a thespian and scholar on Greek, Roman and Medieval Theater. When Julia became chairman of the Interior Appropriations subcommittee, she emerged as one of the leading proponents of the American Film Institute.

The congresswoman from Cathlamet, a teacher's daughter, was also a floor leader for sweeping educational initiatives. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act promoted equal access to education, notably by directing more funds to schools with a high percentage of students from low-income families. Next came the Higher Education Act of 1965, authored by her friend, Oregon Congresswoman Edith Green. It

authorized federal financial assistance for undergraduates through scholarships, grants and low-interest loans, and established a National Teachers Corps. Green's historic, enduring legislative achievement, however, is Title IX, a clause in the amendments to the 1972 Higher Education Act. Title IX says:

"No person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any educational program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance."

Julia said those five historic words—"on the basis of sex"—summed up everything she had experienced since girlhood, when she first learned "there were things girls supposedly couldn't do." Luckily, her mother assured her that was "poppycock," she told state Senator Bob Bailey, who became her district aide in 1966 when Riley Zumwalt retired.

Title IX gave more women access to higher education, including programs previously the province of men—law, medicine, science and technology. Women became professors, deans, even college presidents—and not just at women's colleges—as well as prosecutors and judges, even chief justices. Hansen and Green, avid swimmers and former college athletes, never imagined, however, that Title IX would transform girls' and women's sports so dramatically. Before Title IX, only 1 percent of college athletic budgets went to women's sports programs, and one in 27 girls played sports—often relegated to intramurals or synchronized swimming, especially at the high school level.

Edith Green was more of a maverick than Julia—more prescient, too. In 1965, she cast one of the seven House votes against LBJ's request for funds to escalate U.S. military involvement in Vietnam, calling the plan a "usurpation of congressional power."

The President's economic advisers "were telling him that the American economy was more than robust enough to turn back the communists in Southeast Asia and feed the hungry, educate the ignorant, and train the unemployed," as historian Randall B. Woods put it. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was the Grinch who stole Christmas 1965, informing the President he would need to ask Congress for another $11 billion to prosecute the war. Two years later, his days at the Pentagon numbered, McNamara warned, "There may be a limit beyond which many Americans and much of the world will not permit the United States to go. The picture of the world's greatest superpower … trying to pound a tiny, backward nation into submission on an issue whose merits are hotly disputed is not a pretty one."

Much earlier, Julia intimated to family and friends that "we probably made a mistake" by getting involved in Southeast Asia after France's military expedition there ended in a humiliating defeat in 1954.

Chapter Twenty-four

Cardinal Hansen

Before Russell Mack's unexpected death, Julia had half a mind to retire from politics. She had missed her chance to become the first female Speaker of the Washington State House of Representatives—cheated, she felt, by conniving men. Her cross-Sound transportation plan had failed by one vote, another bitter disappointment. Now, however, after only six years in Congress, the stars seemed perfectly aligned.

Julia easily won re-election in 1966, dispatching an Olympia tire store owner. Less fortunate was 70-year-old Winfield Denton of Indiana. The Interior Appropriations subcommittee chairman was unseated by a Republican. Next in line for the chairmanship was Michael J. Kirwan of Ohio, the former committee chairman. First elected to Congress in 1936, he was now chairman of the Public Works subcommittee, a slot he viewed as more advantageous to his district. The custom was that a member should not head more than one subcommittee of a full committee. Kirwan stayed put. Next up was Julia, with his blessings.

There was one more hurdle. George Mahon, the chairman of Appropriations, needed convincing. Julia ranked 19th among the 34 Democrats on the full committee. And, um, there was the other thing: She was a woman. And no woman in congressional history had ever headed an Appropriations subcommittee. When Julia learned Mahon was polling the other committee members, she buttonholed him: "Mr. Chairman, have you ever run around and asked the members of the committee if a man would make a good chairman?" He "looked kind of sheepish," she remembered. And that was the end of that.

In Rome, the College of Cardinals picks Popes. On Capitol Hill, Mahon's "Cardinals"—the 13 subcommittee chairmen—wielded enormous power over federal appropriations. Julia's "astonishing" ascension to a chairmanship was a development of major importance to the Northwest, wrote Ted Natt of the *Longview Daily News*. The Department of Interior's agencies included the Bureaus of Indian Affairs, Land Management, and Reclamation, as well as the National Park Service and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Vested in them was the responsibility for managing vast tracts of public

President Johnson, right, meets with nine House Appropriations subcommittee chairmen in the Cabinet Room at the White House in 1968: From left, Bob Sikes, Julia, Otto Passman, Jamie Whitten, George Mahon, Mike Kirwan, Ed Boland, William Natcher and Tom Steed. Harold "Barefoot" Sanders, LBJ's legislative counsel, is seated behind Passman. In addition to heading the subcommittee on Defense, Mahon chaired the entire Appropriations Committee. *White House photo*

lands from the Aleutian Islands to the Florida Keys. With Julia overseeing Interior appropriations in the House and Scoop Jackson as chairman of the Senate Interior Committee, the Northwest now had a one-two punch to counter Southwesterners "with their eyes trained greedily" on the Columbia River's water, Natt wrote. Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana had a total of 15 members in the U.S. House. California alone had 38. Throw in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and Wyoming, five more from Kansas and 20 or so from Texas, "and you've got nearly 80 representatives against the Northwest's meager 15. …Even in the Senate where the odds are a little better, the Northwest would be outnumbered 18 to 8." Julia's chairmanship was "an important victory for the Northwest …another tool with which to forge a better compromise for all of us."*

The former Cathlamet Town Council member had acquired enormous power. Like Lyndon Johnson, she meant to use it.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR STEWART UDALL was not present for Julia's first

* Natt, then 25, had known Julia Butler Hansen all his life. He was the nephew of the Longview newspaper's editor and publisher, Julia's friend John M. McClelland Jr.

hearing as subcommittee chairman. Charles F. Luce, the undersecretary tasked with summarizing the department's 1,415-page budget for fiscal year 1968, was someone she knew and liked from his days as administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration. Nevertheless, Luce got an earful:

> It is a great disappointment to the members of the committee that Secretary Udall did not find it convenient to make the usual Cabinet presentation at the beginning of these hearings. …These meetings with the Secretary have come to be of great importance to the members of the committee, because it is the one time during the year when he is able to review for us the goals he wishes to achieve in that farflung agency. And since there are important issues in this year's budget, and some important new goals, I deeply regret his absence.

Told later that the Secretary was on a good will mission to Saudi Arabia, she said, "Well, good, that's where he can get his money." The Arizonan and his successor, Walter Hickel, learned it never paid to greatly disappoint Chairman Hansen.

In Congress-speak, everyone is a "distinguished gentleman" or "gentlewoman," even racists and philanderers, yet there were moments in the hearings over which Julia presided when genuine affection was evident. It was "a singular privilege," she said, to have Congressman Kirwan on the committee as "one of the finest friends of the Interior program." Likewise, her Republican friend, Ben Reifel of South Dakota, the subcommittee's ranking minority member. Reifel, who was then the only American Indian in Congress, had received a Ph.D. in public administration from Harvard. Both had told Mahon she deserved the chairmanship. Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, the chairman of the Interior subcommittee on Agriculture, was in the front row that first day, saying he wanted to convey the good wishes of the other subcommittee chairmen. Though Whitten had voted against the civil rights bills, he was one of the Southerners whose manners she admired. "We are very happy to welcome you here this morning, Jamie," she declared. "With that start, Madame Chairman, it makes it difficult to ask you for money," Whitten drawled. Southern hardwood forest research needed additional funding, he said, praising the Tree Farm program in her state. Jamie's wish was granted.

The exhaustive subcommittee hearings began on Feb. 9, 1967, and ended March 15. Testimony filled 381 tightly spaced pages. David Hansen remembers his mother propped up in bed many an evening, even on weekends, surrounded by mounds of reports and thick ledgers. "She would go over them line by line."

Economies were necessary. Julia's latent conservative streak was beginning to show. The 90th Congress, though still solidly Democratic, was leery of the President's

request for a six percent surcharge on personal and corporate income taxes to fund his increasingly expensive, increasingly unpopular war in Vietnam. Julia wrote that the proposal came "out of the blue." Some $3 billion in domestic spending already had been deferred. In 1966, the war cost American taxpayers a billion dollars, at a rate of $2.7 million per day or $113,000 per hour, Julia wrote in her constituent newsletter. "You can have any kind of government you are willing to pay for," she said. "But we must stop spending everything on destruction. …If we decide we also have the problem of cities, of setting aside land for recreation, for water, for rights of way, we then have to decide how much more we appropriate and what relation it has to the total tax burden—to spending, to income." Her district, "dependent as it is on forest products," had "keenly felt the impact of the housing construction slowdown and tight money." She promised to keep pushing for a new Veterans Administration hospital in Vancouver, the completion of the Wynoochee Dam in Grays Harbor County and Corps of Engineers projects on the Columbia River.

At a hearing of the Foreign Operations Subcommittee, Julia heard Defense Secretary Robert McNamara press his case for a costly military construction budget. "Questions delve deep," she wrote, "for Vietnam has served as a warning as to what can be the ultimate, staggering cost of a venture once begun as a 'small training mission' in some [obscure] area of the world."

An unscientific straw poll in her congressional district that summer found 50.6 percent still in favor of making "an all-out effort to achieve a decisive victory, even at the risk of a bigger war." Only about 9 percent of her constituents favored total withdrawal from Vietnam. *The Seattle Times,* surveying whether members of Congress had sons in uniform, reported that Catherine May's 21-year-old son, James, had joined the Marine Corps. David Hansen, also 21, was attending Principia College. He was 4-F due to a bout with ulcerative colitis. Julia bristled at the inference he was dodging the draft. She and Brock Adams, Seattle's ambitious new congressman, were among the 67 Democratic congressmen urging Johnson to push for a solution to ending the war through the United Nations Security Council.

"In August 1967, Johnson ordered his staff to conduct a secret survey of opinion on the Hill," according to a study of government leadership roles during the war. "The congressional liaison officers of some two dozen agencies were asked to fan out and host private meetings with their five best friends in Congress. Of the 169 resultant 'Friendly Five' interviews, 104 were negative." Julia spoke for many when she said, "The present course of action in Vietnam will defeat not just the president but the Democratic Party." But such was her loyalty to Lyndon Johnson—and willingness to see if Nixon's strategy could bring peace—that she consistently balked at cutting off funding for the war until late in 1971.

THE INTERIOR APPROPRIATIONS BILL Julia presented on the floor of the House on April 26, 1967, totaled $1.38 billion (the equivalent of $10.2 billion in 2020). That amount was some $75 million less than requested by the Johnson Administration. Nevertheless, Frank T. Bow of Ohio, the ranking Republican on the House Appropriations Committee, maintained more cuts were in order. Out-voted, he made another stab the next day. Julia and Ben Reifel, pointed out that the decreases the committee had already made in the Administration's budget totaled 6.3 percent of estimated agency expenditures. They secured $126 million for the education and welfare services of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and $82 million for Indian health-care programs, both significant increases from the previous year. Fisheries and the Forest Service also fared well. Arts and Humanities received $11.7 million—about $4.5 million less than the administration proposed. However, the matching grants to the states and individual artists were increased by $1 million. Julia said her committee had made "an earnest effort to achieve a practical medium between the extremes of those who have no regard whatsoever for the program and those who enthusiastically endorse it."

She fielded every question with such aplomb—citing figures from memory, explaining the importance of allocations—that George Mahon was awed. "Julia, I'm going to quit worrying about you!" he said.

The House passed her appropriations bill 377-11 the next day, accepting all of her committee's recommendations. She received a standing ovation. Mahon said it was "a historic occasion" in the House of Representatives:

> The Committee on Appropriations was established on March 2, 1865—102 years and 55 days ago. …The Republican side of the aisle has somewhat outdone the Democrats with respect to the women on the Committee on Appropriations. The first woman ever to serve on the Committee [1933-1937] was the charming Mrs. Florence Kahn of San Francisco. … At this time, Mr. Speaker, the situation is well balanced with Julia Hansen on the Democratic side and Charlotte Reid on the Republican side.
>
> …While the Republicans have outnumbered the Democrats 2 to 1 in this regard …the Democrats nevertheless take top billing, because Mrs. Hansen is the first woman in the history of the Congress to present an appropriation bill to the House of Representatives. I know we all want to give her a special salute upon this occasion, not only because she presented the bill, but also because she did a magnificent job in conducting the hearings, in drafting the bill, in

piloting the bill through committee and in bringing the bill to the House.

Mike Kirwan added his congratulations, noting that he had served on the Interior subcommittee "longer than any man in Congress," including 14 years as its chairman. Julia's 21 eventful years as a state legislator had well prepared her for major responsibilities in Congress, Kirwan said. Her goal throughout the appropriations process was to "economize where possible and at the same time provide sufficient funding to protect our investment in our natural resources. … She is a hard worker with great capacity for intelligent decisions and gracious consideration."

He might have added "nimble." The legendary story that she later acceded to Chairman Mahon's demand to trim $2.5 million from one of her appropriations bills by deleting the money from his Texas district has the added advantage of being true.

The Interior appropriations bill was signed by President Johnson on June 24, 1967.

Over the next seven years, Julia Butler Hansen's work on the Interior Appropriations subcommittee would take up "almost 90 percent" of her time. Fortunately, that commitment was also to her constituents' benefit, for she held the purse strings for the agencies that most impacted their lives, including the Forest Service, National Park Service, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Bureau of Indian Affairs. "The conflict between conservation of natural resources and maintenance of a viable economic base" was particularly acute in Washington's 3rd Congressional District, where the prime industries were forest products and commercial fishing, wrote Ruth Darmstadter, a Ralph Nader researcher. "I'm just glad I don't have a strip-mining problem in my district," Julia said. "With timber I can at least insist that a tree is planted for each one chopped down."

Julia's subcommittee chairmanship put even more pressure on her overworked staff. After a bumpy 3½-year ride as her Administrative Assistant, Don Brown, resigned in 1966. His successor, Calvin Johnson, was gone within nine months. In Roy Carlson, the former acting chief of the Washington State Patrol, she finally found someone she trusted implicitly—and with thick enough skin to survive her Miss Muppet moods. Carlson, 54 years old when he took the job in January of 1967, was a big, even-tempered man whose favorite phrase was "Oh by golly!" During her years as chairman of the Legislature's Highway Interim Committee, Captain Carlson was her highway safety adviser. Lately, he had worked in Cambodia, Jordan and the Congo with the U.S. Agency for International Development. Julia believed he was actually a CIA agent. Roy would never say. Efficient and self-effacing, he would be with her until her retirement from Congress in 1975. Julia was also pleased that Jennifer Neilson, her "girl Friday" in the

district, was now a key staffer on Capitol Hill.

LADY BIRD JOHNSON WAS FOND OF JULIA. And the feeling was mutual.

Julia was an avid supporter of the First Lady's pet project, the Highway Beautification Act, which targeted litter and enacted controls on billboards along interstates. But Mrs. Johnson was disappointed in the summer of 1967 when her second request for funds to beautify the small Walt Whitman Park in Washington, D.C., was rejected by the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee.

The cost of the war in Vietnam called for close scrutiny of domestic expenditures, Julia said, and $340,000 for grass, trees, petunias and benches seemed excessive, "particularly when the same amount will build a much-needed swimming pool in a slum area." She suggested a slogan: "Let petunias pave the way to economy."

That fall, the Foreign Operations Subcommittee cut the foreign aid bill by a billion dollars. And the full Appropriations Committee slashed it by even more.

JULIA'S BELIEF that Native American children were better off "mainstreamed" in public schools once again sparked a confrontation with a fellow Northwest Democrat.

Oregon Congressman Al Ullman wanted her subcommittee to approve funds for the renovation of the Chemawa Indian School in his district. He promised a "bloody fight" if she tried to close the boarding school or move the students to a new facility in her state, an alleged ulterior motive she hotly denied.

Founded in the 1880s, the boarding school north of Salem housed and educated nearly 850 young Indians. Most were from Alaska. Some were from the Navajo reservation in Arizona, where reservation schools were rudimentary or non-existent. Meanwhile, about 480 Indian children from Washington, Oregon and Idaho were being sent to boarding schools in Oklahoma. Julia viewed the Chemawa School as a "fire trap." It should be converted into a modern dormitory for Indian children from Oregon, she said. They could attend public schools in the Salem area, which also boasted a college. In any case, they would be far better off closer to home, able to see their families more often. Ditto for the Washington and Idaho students being shipped off to Oklahoma. "If it takes two boarding facilities in the Northwest, one in Oregon and one in Washington, so what?" she shrugged. "The goal is the education and restoration of these young people to their place in society. …" How about the Indian children from Alaska? Where would they go? Julia said schools there were being expanded to accommodate children from indigenous groups. Some of them could not speak English.

Ullman ultimately prevailed after Julia agreed to what amounted to a truce. Four years earlier, in a nationally publicized dustup, she had killed Oregon Senator Wayne Morse's plan to convert a naval base at Astoria into an Indian boarding school. The

senator, whose courage and contrariness she admired, was now facing a tough 1968 re-election campaign over his opposition to the war in Vietnam. She was unwilling to take any action that might embarrass him by reprising their dispute.

Morse was narrowly defeated by a 36-year-old Republican, Robert Packwood, who asserted that the senator's opposition to continued funding of the war, absent any plan for an honorable peace, amounted to reckless abandonment of our troops.

"What a terrible time," Julia would say of 1968, a year that changed the world. "America shuddered, history cracked open and bats came flapping out," the editors of *Time* magazine wrote.

Chapter Twenty-five

"Inscrutable things"

There were 366 days in 1968, a leap year. A few less would have been welcome, especially in February. Hanoi's Tet Offensive, a massive surprise attack on the lunar new year holiday, prompted Walter Cronkite to fly to Vietnam. The CBS anchorman visited the front lines, met with the generals and watched U.S. Marines load 12 zippered body bags into a helicopter. In the closing moments of an hour-long "Report from Vietnam," Cronkite switched from reporter to commentator, something the old-school journalist had rarely done. He said it now seemed "more certain than ever that the bloody experience of Vietnam" would end in a stalemate. It was "increasingly clear … the only rational way out then will be to negotiate, not as victors, but as an honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy, and did the best they could."

It had been clear to Julia for several months that the tide of public opinion had turned. On college campuses, it was more like a tsunami. The draft call for 1968 was 302,000, up 72,000 from the prior year. The Pentagon's daily casualty counts were posted like shopping days to Christmas in many newspapers. That the counterattack by U.S. and South Vietnamese forces turned out to be a huge success was lost in the sounds and fury of a fractured America.*

On March 12, Senator Eugene McCarthy, a vocal critic of the war, finished a close second to Johnson in the New Hampshire primary. Four days later, Robert F. Kennedy announced he too would challenge the president for the Democratic nomination. Kennedy telegrammed Julia the night before, seeking her "thoughtful consideration, counsel and support" for his campaign. She knew it was boilerplate. Countless other Democrats received the same message.

Kennedy attempted to deflect criticism that he was an opportunist. He praised the Minnesota senator's campaign, saying the results in New Hampshire proved Democrats were as divided as the nation. "Until that was publicly clear, my presence in

* Some historians maintain Cronkite blew the biggest story of his long and otherwise distinguished career: Tet had been "a desperation move by North Vietnam, beset by a relentless American killing machine," wrote Robert W. Merry, a veteran journalist and historian. "And the Allied response was awesome. …The North Vietnamese had sought to deliver the decisive military blow that would knock the Americans out of the region. They failed."

the race would have been seen as a clash of personalities rather than issues. … But the issue is not personal. It is our profound differences over where we are heading and what we want to accomplish."

The notion it wasn't personal was poppycock to Julia and anyone else familiar with the longstanding antagonism between Kennedy and Johnson. She liked Bobby. Lyndon was her friend. In 1966, when Kennedy campaigned for her and Brock Adams, she overheard their snarky comments about LBJ. Julia concluded that the Seattle congressman was "like a great number of Kennedy people who 'deep down' have a feeling of vengeance because President Kennedy was assassinated in President Johnson's home state."

THE PRESIDENT'S CASH-FLOW PROBLEMS shared the headlines with Vietnam as hearings on the Interior Department's 1969 appropriations got under way that spring.

Johnson, his Treasury secretary and the Federal Reserve had a complicated crisis on their hands: The nation's gold reserves to meet liabilities were in alarming decline. As the bills for the war and Great Society came due, the deficit was also growing. The cost of Medicaid, for one thing, was far higher than projected. The President pushed a 10 percent income tax surcharge to prop up his unapologetically ambitious budget for the upcoming fiscal year. The Pentagon needed an additional $1.3 billion to fight the war, Johnson said. He also wanted $2.1 billion—a 25 percent increase—for his program to train the "hard-core" unemployed. He groused that Congress had appropriated less than half of the money he needed to rebuild the cities. Now he wanted the whole $1 billion, plus a commitment to a 10-year campaign to build 6 million new housing units for low and middle-income families.

Well, something had to give, Julia said. The proposed appropriations for the 24 agencies in the Department of the Interior were in her view "already skimpy." And it would be a false economy to cut another cent from the U.S. Forest Service. Federal timber provided more than 60,000 direct jobs in Washington and Oregon. The revenues generated by the National Park Service would fund the war in Vietnam for barely 48 hours. Nevertheless, the agency was "essential to America's heritage."

"Since you, the taxpayers, are asking for major cuts," Julia wrote in a long "Dear Friends" newsletter, "where should the Congress start?" She methodically listed options. Veterans Affairs was off limits in her view, since 38,000 recently discharged servicemen had been denied unemployment compensation while Congress bickered over budget priorities. Nor would she jettison the money for kindergartens at Bureau of Indian Affairs schools. The bottom line was this: "My Interior budget of $1.6 billion returns to the government revenues of approximately the same amount." The operative word there was "my." Her agencies would do their part to reduce the deficit, she promised, so long

as the other Appropriations subcommittees made comparable cuts. They did and she did.

One cut could have looked catastrophically short-sighted had Mount St. Helens not waited 12 years to erupt. Julia's committee trimmed $100,000 from the U.S. Geological Survey's request for $538,000 to continue monitoring Kilauea in Hawaii and begin monitoring the dormant volcanoes in the Cascades. Some said St. Helens hadn't "done anything worse than toss out some ashes and hot gases" since the days of Lewis and Clark. Dr. William T. Pecora, director of the Geological Survey, testified that the picturesque peak in Southwest Washington was not a typical active volcano like Kilauea. But one of these days, he warned, St. Helens was going to come out of hibernation and explode "with tremendous force, something like Krakatoa in the East Indies."

The first seismic sensors near Mount St. Helens were funded by Julia's subcommittee in 1971. Monitoring experiments using data from NASA's Earth Resources Technology Satellite began a year later.

JULIA WAS WORKING IN THE GARDEN at her Georgetown home on the afternoon of March 31, a Sunday, when the White House called. It was Liz Carpenter, the First Lady's staff director. Mrs. Johnson wanted Julia to know she would appreciate her presence at the White House that evening when the President made a televised address on new developments in the war. Julia begged off, saying she was tired and "all dirty" from gardening.

After dinner, the Hansens listened pensively as the President, his voice tinged with melancholy, said U.S. and South Vietnamese forces had halted the enemy offensive. Nevertheless, he had ordered a pause in the bombing pummeling the communists above the demilitarized zone. "We are prepared to move immediately toward peace through negotiations," the president said. His closing remarks stunned the nation:

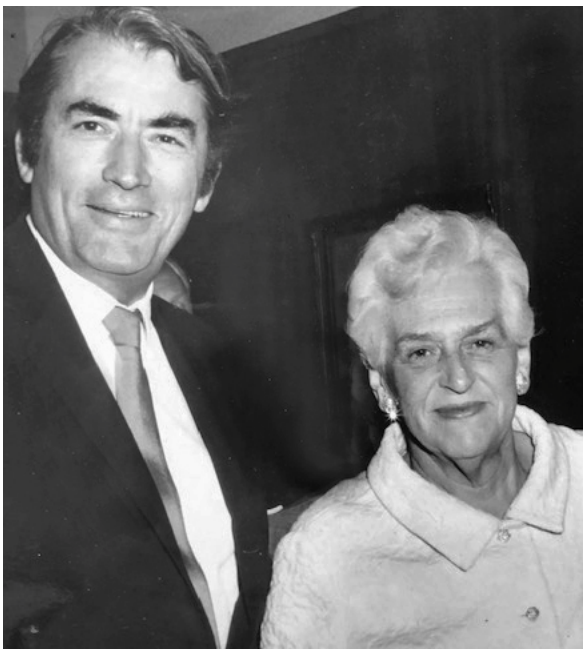
> With America's sons in the fields far away; with America's future under challenge right here at home; with our hopes and the world's hopes for peace in the balance every day, I do not believe that I should devote an hour or a day of my time to any personal partisan causes or to any duties other than the awesome duties of this office. … Accordingly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President.

Four days later, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated as he stood on a Memphis motel balcony. Riots raged in a hundred cities, including Washington, D.C., where 13,000 troops were called out to quell disturbances. Julia's office was deluged

with calls, letters and telegrams. Some demanded "a return to law and order." Others urged speedy passage of a proposed new civil rights bill "to do something good for the Negro people" and let them know that "white people generally are not anything like" the person or persons still at large who murdered Dr. King. A few letters were appallingly racist. "Persons who want to send any more hate letters should first address them to themselves, and then re-read what they have written," Julia told reporters.

On April 11, Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act of 1968, which included the Fair Housing Act. It banned most housing discrimination based on race, color, religion or national origin. The act also targeted hate crimes, as well as incitements to rioting. To Julia's satisfaction, Native Americans were for the first time guaranteed most of the personal freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights. While contentious gray areas would arise, tribal sovereignty was acknowledged.

MAY OFFERED A RESPITE from the ugliness and unexpected. Gregory Peck, one of Julia's favorite actors, came to Longview for a gala testimonial dinner in recognition of her work to secure federal funding for the arts and humanities. She loved him as the World War II bomb group commander in *Twelve O'Clock High* and as the lanky American reporter who encounters a missing princess in *Roman Holiday.* His Academy Award-winning portrayal of Atticus Finch, the small-town Southern lawyer who defends a black man falsely accused of raping a white woman, became an instant classic in 1962's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Peck's efforts on behalf of civil rights, humanitarian and cultural causes were also exceptional. He was the national chairman of the American Cancer Society in 1966, the current president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and chairman of the American Film Institute.



Gregory Peck came to Longview in 1968 to honor Julia for her work to expand the Arts and Humanities Act. *Hansen Family Collection*

When Julia wrote Peck to see if he would consider headlining her event, she acknowledged it would be a fundraiser for her re-election campaign, yet also a bipartisan "rally for ideas and ideals …in the midst of a

great social revolution." She said it was presumptuous of her to ask one of Hollywood's greatest, busiest stars to speak at a dinner "for someone he has never heard of." But he knew who she was, and the role she played in shepherding through Congress the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965. Peck immediately accepted the invitation.

Julia prided herself on never sponsoring "expensive" fundraisers. Tickets to this one—despite its marquee attraction—would be only $12.50 per person. They sold out quickly.

On May 11, a thousand people packed Longview's landmark Monticello Hotel. Peck lived up to his billing, and then some. He was even taller (6-3) and handsomer in person than on screen. He had a boyish smile and impeccable manners, seldom straying from Julia's side. Senator Magnuson, the emcee, introduced Peck as one of his heroes, "along with Mickey Mantle." Peck said that was good company, "but the real star tonight is your congresswoman. For tonight, I have appointed myself a spokesman for the world of art and humanities, to thank Congresswoman Hansen for her strong support. She is an angel of the arts, and one of us. We cannot go forward to our true greatness as a nation unless arts and culture become available to all." They needed to be "popular," Peck said.

> I mean not in the sense that *Playboy* magazine or *Petticoat Junction* are popular. Popular, let us say, in the sense that Beethoven and Charlie Chaplin are popular, loved by all. The shared experiences of being alive, the dreams, aspirations, the visions of a noble and powerful nation, given full play in our literature, in our music, in the drama, the films, in the graphic arts. …
>
> I hope it might be said that the arts, education, the humanities can and must provide avenues into the mainstream of American life for our 20 million citizens of minority racial backgrounds. How better can we seek to end the hatreds, the lack of communication between fellow Americans, the divisiveness that threatens the stability of our nation today than to afford full equality of opportunity in these fields.
>
> You don't need a visitor to tell you that Julia Butler Hansen cares about helping people. The concerned and socially involved people of the nation, including actors, artists, composers, writers and directors, owe a deep debt to her and others in politics who share the conviction that in the world of culture and humanities lies one of the nation's greatest hopes for rekindling the spirit of America and of breaking down the barriers that separate races.

Julia pronounced it a "magnificent" speech, and the evening one of the highlights of her life. They would correspond often during her remaining years in Congress.

THE HATRED was still metastasizing. On June 6, 1968, Robert F. Kennedy died from an assassin's bullet after declaring victory in the California and South Dakota primaries. "So it's on to Chicago," the 42-year-old senator had said minutes before, "and let's win there."

Chicago would be a no-win nightmare for all concerned.

On the floor of the House of Representatives, Julia acknowledged a new flood of calls "asking for answers to these inscrutable things which have no answer. … What uncivility and fears among us have nurtured the savagery of settling leadership by bullets rather than the ballot box? Are compassion, love and manners gone with yesterday? I don't believe so… but it would be well for every American to remember that those seeking office are all human beings and that to avoid further harvests of hate and violence, let the Golden Rule become a guide. What advantage is any political office gained at the expense of human dignity and decency?"

Some letter writers were even demanding "that the Constitution be abolished" and that "a single strong man" be granted extraordinary powers. Those people failed to grasp that their wish could cast a "long shadow…on the future of this nation," Julia said, adding: "I know that the day I walked from the Capitol to my office with troops marching the full distance for my protection gave me an eerie feeling of the uneasy world in 1939. It can happen again, and it can happen too easily if undisciplined rebellions continue to escalate and to make fear and fury the hallmarks of our national soul. …" She worried that the fall elections would be even more divisive. "To each and every candidate for public office this year there should be a particular challenge: Forgo the usual political animosities, untruths and distortions, and for the sake of our national well-being, stability and balance, deal with issues and facts."

RALPH ABERNATHY AND JESSE JACKSON, who were on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel with Dr. King when he was assassinated, carried on with his plans for a Poor People's March on Washington, D.C. They also announced a series of business boycotts across the nation "until America decides to feed all of its people from our abundant storehouse." The protesters occupied an encampment of tents and plywood huts on the National Mall for six weeks, beginning on May 15, and elected the Rev. Jackson mayor of "Resurrection City."

Hank Adams, a charismatic 25-year-old Assiniboine-Sioux, led the American Indian contingent of the Poor People's March and served on its national steering committee. He had lived in Longview as a child, but his coming-of-age years were on the

Hank Adams, left, with other Native American leaders in the fall of 1972 as plans are announced for a cross-country "Trail of Broken Treaties" caravan to Washington, D.C. *Hank Adams Collection*

Quinault Reservation when the tribe began to assert its treaty rights under the leadership of Jim Jackson. Julia was startled to learn Adams was returning to Washington state to seek her seat in Congress, despite her track record as an advocate for the tribes. His view was that she had "failed miserably in providing conscientious examination into programs she has been funding." Adams said they reached only 125,000 of the 600,000 Indians in the United States. For all her vaunted power, why wasn't she pushing to abolish the incompetent Bureau of Indian Affairs?

Adams, a county Youth for Nixon leader in 1960, had weighed whether to run as a Republican, Democrat or independent. He had campaigned for Kennedy and McCarthy, but maintained that Governor Dan Evans, a liberal Republican, had done more for Indians than any of his Democrat predecessors. Adams "deplored" the Democratic Party's platform plank opposing unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam. Julia should have repudiated it if she really wanted peace, he said. Nevertheless, Adams filed as a Democrat, admitting that his $300 filing fee would be his biggest expenditure of the campaign.*

Julia's retort was that she opposed sending more troops to Vietnam and would support a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam if doing so would not endanger American troops—and lead to an immediate cease-fire. Further, Adams should go ask the Quinaults if they thought she had failed miserably.

Three Republicans entered the race: Wayne Adams (no relation to Hank), the pastor of the Glad Tidings Assembly of God church in Vancouver; R.C. "Skip" McConkey, an Olympia contractor who hotly denied being a member of the John Birch Society though his campaign chairman was, and Bill Hughes, a freight traffic consultant from Vancouver who believed the voters deserved a choice between "a Bircher and a preacher."

The choice for president was between Johnson's vice president and Eisenhower's.

* Hank Adams received 6.19 percent of the vote in the primary. Soft-spoken but steely, he would become one of the most influential Native American leaders of the 20th century.

Hubert Humphrey's nomination on August 28 was tainted by the bloody chaos that unfolded outside the convention hall. Five hundred helmeted Chicago Police officers armed with truncheons attacked a thousand war protesters and other political activists. They were mostly young—an assortment of Yippies, hippies, college students and civil rights workers. "The whole wide world is watching!" outraged marchers chanted as they headed for the convention hall. Julia was watching on TV—horrified.

NOTHING INSCRUTABLE—except perhaps their nominee's choice for running mate—occurred at Miami Beach, where the Republicans chose the resurgent Richard M. Nixon. After his humiliating loss in the 1962 California governor's race and the Goldwater debacle, Nixon had resurrected his political career by campaigning for Republican candidates all over America. He promised an "honorable" peace through the "progressive de-Americanization" or "Vietnamization" of the war. Take your pick; they were the same thing,

Neither Nelson Rockefeller nor Ronald Reagan could overcome Nixon's "Southern Strategy" to secure a first-ballot victory. *Newsweek* magazine listed Dan Evans, the convention's keynoter, as one of a dozen potential vice-presidential nominees. That was never a likelihood. Washington's governor was a Rockefeller man. Nixon picked Maryland Governor Spiro T. Agnew, a bombastic, largely unknown conservative, who ironically also had been a Rockefeller supporter. What mattered to Nixon was that Strom Thurmond and the other old Dixiecrat segregationists stayed in the fold. Nixon's choice was also a move to undercut third-party candidate George Wallace's strength in the South. The "New" Nixon was really his tricky old self.

Five years later, when Agnew was revealed to be a crook—an inept one at that—and Nixon was knee-deep in Watergate, Julia mused at what might have been had he picked "Straight Arrow" Evans or her friend Jerry Ford, the House minority leader. Could either have saved Nixon from his paranoid impulses to crush his enemies—the Jews, intellectuals and "Ivy League bastards"? Doubtful, she told friends, but they would have tried.

THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE TIGHTENED in mid-October. Humphrey, an ebullient campaigner, had managed to shed some of his baggage as Johnson's perceived hand-puppet. Nixon, meanwhile—as documented decades later—was engaged in an unconscionable back-channel effort to sabotage Johnson's efforts to end the war before the election.

The tumult and tragedy that pockmarked 1968 underscored Julia's fear that a polarizing presidential election could be thrown into the House of Representatives, as had happened in 1800 and 1824. She had studied the Constitutional Convention of

1787 and believed the Electoral College was a fossilized remnant of what passed for colonial democracy.

Nixon won the popular vote by just over 500,000 out of 73 million cast, but carried 32 states to Humphrey's 13. However, "a switch of fewer than 78,000 votes in two states, Illinois and Missouri," would have deprived Nixon of an electoral vote majority and punted the contest to the House. There, Wallace's 46 electoral votes from five Deep South states might have been powerful bargaining chips. "Wallace's plan was not to get elected outright himself—he knew that would be impossible—but to peel off enough electoral votes from both Nixon and Humphrey to prevent either from winning a majority," Jesse Wegman wrote in his 2020 book, *Let the People Pick the President*. If that occurred, each state delegation in the House would get to cast a single vote—never mind, for instance, that Wyoming had 324,000 citizens, California 19.4 million.

Julia found it disgusting that nearly 10 million voters, including 97,000 Washingtonians, had backed Wallace. The specter of a segregationist from Alabama brokering backroom deals to elect a president was even more repugnant. She believed, as Wegman put it, that having the House decide deadlocked presidential elections is "even more undemocratic than the Electoral College itself." Efforts to amend the constitution would be scuttled by Southern senators in the coming months.*

Julia's re-election was never in doubt. She trounced the preacher. Magnuson and the other Democrats in the delegation also easily won re-election. The Republican gains—five seats in the Senate and five in the House—barely dented the Democrats' strong majorities for the 91st Congress. Nixon's pick for Secretary of the Interior, Alaska Governor Walter J. Hickel, who famously asked, "Julia who?" was in for a bumpy initiation.

* On September 18, 1969, the House of Representatives resoundingly approved a constitutional amendment to abolish the Electoral College. President Nixon urged speedy ratification by the Senate. Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, a former 4-H Club farm boy whom Julia admired, was the popular vote movement's resourceful leader. But old-guard Southern senators "used every trick in the book" to maintain the South's disproportionate political power. A year after the amendment cleared the House, Bayh fell five votes short of ending their filibuster.

Chapter Twenty-six

Wally's world

For Julia, it certainly wasn't "Walter who?" The Alaska governor's reputation for shooting from the lip preceded his nomination by Nixon as the next Secretary of the Interior. "Hickelisms" were already in wide circulation in the Lower 48. "A tree looking at a tree really doesn't do anything," he once observed. And when conservationists challenged plans to bisect Alaska's fragile ecosystem with an 800-mile oil pipeline, Hickel counseled, "You can only clean up the environment with progress." The 49-year-old former Golden Gloves boxing champion—"Wally" to Alaskans—was also a remarkable go-getter. He arrived at Seward from California in 1940 with 37 cents in his pocket and became a millionaire in construction and real estate. Hickel polarized Alaska as no one would until the emergence of Sarah Palin—whom he would endorse—some 40 years later. Democrats attempted to block his confirmation as Interior Secretary, citing his "lackadaisical" environmental record and cavalier attitude toward land claims by Alaska's indigenous peoples. What no one on Capitol Hill, especially Julia, saw coming was Hickel's capacity to grow with the job and change his mind.

President-elect Nixon meets with Alaska Gov. Walter Hickel, his choice for Interior Secretary, in December 1968. *UPI*

Begging her pardon for not knowing who she was would require additional contrition. Hickel realized he was still on probation when he made his first appearance before the Interior Appropriations subcommittee in February of 1969. Julia had just returned from a tour of Indian schools in New Mexico, upset to learn the Nixon administration proposed transferring oversight of Indian health, education and welfare from the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "The main

ingredient in meeting Indian needs is education and jobs," she lectured Hickel. "To spawn these solutions we must have money, not political maneuvering. I will resist any efforts to make Indians a political arm of the presidency."

The congresswoman was also outraged that Clarence Pautzke, Interior's popular Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, had been let go. A standout on the football field and at the School of Fisheries at the University of Washington in the 1930s, Pautzke went on to become one of the Northwest's most respected fisheries biologists. In 1961 Kennedy appointed him commissioner of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "Secretary Pautzke is a great professional sacrificed on the altar of politics," Julia said.

JULIA HAD MIXED FEELINGS about Robert L. Bennett's tenue as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It was true, as he put it, that the BIA's critics tended to blame its educational programs "for all the social, economic and political ills of Indian people that, in actuality, are the cumulative results of a century of neglect, prejudice and paternalism." It was also true, however, that the agency had been negligent in its oversight of tribal natural resources, witness the environmental devastation on the Quinault Reservation from reckless contract logging. Bennett's deputy asked the subcommittee for a $500,000 increase in funding for rehabilitation of Indian lands. "Twenty years too late!" Julia said. "Where were you during the 1950s when the great logging operations began?"

Come June, weary of waiting around to get fired, Bennett quit. Julia told Hickel to tell Nixon that until she learned the identity of his nominee to head the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Interior Department's entire appropriations bill for the fiscal year set to begin on July 1 was on hold. Hickel protested that they were earnestly seeking a qualified Indian to head the agency. As a peace offering, he agreed to rescind a directive to cancel a summer program for 1,500 Indian youth on Northwest reservations. The administration pushed ahead, however, with plans to close 59 Job Corps centers nationwide, including Camp Cispus in Lewis County. Even more worrisome, it advocated funding cutbacks for Northwest flood control, navigation, reclamation and hydropower projects. Governor Dan Evans asked Julia to intervene with Hickel. She said she already had, observing archly that this was, after all, a Republican administration. The governor and the congresswoman were also distressed over the administration's plans to restrict funding for children of women on welfare.

Henry M. Jackson, who headed the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, had a quid pro quo of his own. Washington's powerful junior senator had agreed to support Hickel's confirmation if the Alaskan promised he would make no attempt—absent the committee's permission—to sidestep land claims by Alaska's indigenous people in order to push ahead with the oil pipeline. Jackson also believed a president deserved "wide latitude" in his cabinet choices. Moreover, Jackson was

keeping an open mind on the feasibility of a pipeline. He mistrusted OPEC and feared an oil crisis was brewing. Nixon, for his part, was wary of offending Jackson. Besides being the most resolute Democratic supporter of the war in Vietnam, Jackson was the sponsor of the landmark National Environmental Policy Act Nixon would sign into law on January 1, 1970. Its requirement that environmental impact statements—the now ubiquitous "E.I.S.s"—be prepared on proposed construction projects was a new hurdle for the pipeline.

Hickel was being double-teamed. Julia flatly denied an Interior Department request that $1.5 million earmarked for federal forest management in Oregon be allocated instead for a team of inspectors to study proposed routes for the pipeline. The oil companies, not the taxpayers, should foot the bill, Julia insisted. The industry already enjoyed an "oil depletion allowance"—freedom from income taxes on 27.5 percent of its gross profits—to encourage exploration, plus another subsidy in the form of a quota on importation on foreign oil. Julia said she would oppose construction of the pipeline until the hundred-year-old Native Land Claims along the potential rights of way were settled. The Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts who had lived there for eons deserved fair compensation. Two ardent environmentalists, Michigan Democrat John Dingell Jr. and Pennsylvania Republican John Saylor, were among the five congressmen who immediately supported her stand. America needed oil. But at what price? "We'll destroy ourselves," Julia said, "if we don't clean up our environment."

ALASKA'S LATTER-DAY GOLD RUSH—for petroleum instead of nuggets—began in the summer of 1968 when Atlantic Richfield and the Humble Oil & Refining Company announced the discovery of a mother lode oilfield near Prudhoe Bay on the Arctic's Beaufort Sea 400 miles north of Fairbanks. The estimate was that the site could yield as much as 10 billion barrels, with perhaps 10 times more nearby. The state of Alaska received $900 million from the sale of oil leases. A billion-dollar challenge remained. "Drilling through year-round ice in a climatological hell was bad enough," wrote Jean Heller, one of the top reporters for the Associated Press, "but on top of that, there was no existing way to get the oil from the North Slope to market." The Beaufort Sea was so shallow that tankers would have to anchor 50 to 100 miles offshore. "The only viable alternative seemed to be a pipeline … that would run 800 miles from the North Slope, over mountains and rivers" to the ice-free port of Valdez on Prince William Sound below Anchorage. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline consortium considered burying the pipeline in the permafrost of the Arctic tundra. But the oil had to be hot enough to flow, which could melt the ice, experts told the courts. If the pipeline sagged and burst a seam "the potential enormity of any spill was indescribable." Every mile of pipe would hold an estimated 500,000 gallons of oil. Memories of the devastating 1964 Alaska earthquake

were also fresh. Thirty-two people died at Valdez, 131 in all. The proposed pipeline route crossed three seismic zones, one described as potentially more dangerous than California's San Andreas Fault.

Julia said it was imperative that there be stringent safeguards before work on the pipeline could proceed. She had yet to see written agreements stipulating oil company responsibility for pipeline safety, yet sections of the pipeline—Japanese steel, no less—were already arriving in Alaska. While the pipeline could help Alaska's indigenous people escape from poverty, the damage from a rupture could be catastrophic to the wilderness, wildlife and fisheries—to the state's entire fragile economy, in fact, if safeguards were not implemented, Julia said.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT'S appropriations emerged from limbo that August when Louis R. Bruce, a Native American with a substantial resume, was named to head the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The 63-year-old New York dairy farmer, formerly a commissioner with the Federal Housing Administration, had organized the 1961 national conference on Indian housing. His father was a Mohawk, his mother an Oglala Sioux. Bruce, a Republican, said his goal was to fulfill Nixon's pledge to let Indians "plan their own destiny." Hickel said he agreed with Bruce that the young Indians in the "Red Power" movement had legitimate grievances. "This administration intends to listen to the American Indian," Hickel promised. For starters, Julia said, they could support her request to increase appropriations for the sprawling Navajo Nation by $2 million in 1970, as she and Senator Joseph Montoya of New Mexico recommended.

Commissioner Bruce said the Nixon administration was committed to reversing "termination" policies—laws designed to abolish tribal autonomy and fully assimilate Native Americans into the white man's society. Years later, Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado, the only Native American in Congress, would put it this way: "In Washington's infinite wisdom, it was decided that tribes should no longer be tribes, never mind that they had been tribes for thousands of years." Bruce was emphatic that "termination is wrong." Julia and Wisconsin Republican Melvin Laird, whose district included the Menominee Tribe, earlier had condemned termination in speeches on the House floor and buttonholed senators to keep the policy from advancing. Senator Jackson, with strong support from Julia and Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, took the lead in legislation to reform Indian policies and resolve land claims by the Alaskan Federation of Natives.

The 19-month occupation of Alcatraz Island, beginning in November of 1969, underscored militant Indians' pent-up frustration with bureaucratic racism and the white-washed genocide of 19th-century Manifest Destiny. The American Indian Movement urged Commissioner Bruce to transform the BIA "from a management

agency to a service organization." That would indicate the bureau was sincere about turning "rhetoric into action." The next steps would be restoration of lands purchased for a pittance, and an end to exploitation of tribal resources. Decades later, Russell Means, one of AIM's leading activists would liken the plight of American Indians to the Palestinians.

Hank Adams, the young Indian who ran against Julia in 1968, had emerged as a leading strategist of Native American activism. Adams said the congresswoman might be well-intentioned, but she was fundamentally part of the problem. Though Julia believed he was part of the solution, she feared the generation gap was too wide for them to collaborate.

Nixon, for all his faults, was as good as his word when he advocated sovereignty for indigenous peoples—or at least some of his words, militant young Indians would say. Nixon dramatically boosted the budget for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, doubling funds for Indian health care. Following through on efforts by Kennedy and Johnson, he called for "self-determination without termination" in a landmark address on July 8, 1970, saying:

> The first Americans—the Indians—are the most deprived and most isolated minority group in our nation. On virtually every scale of measurement—employment, income, education, health—the condition of the Indian people ranks at the bottom. …From the time of their first contact with European settlers, the American Indians have been oppressed and brutalized, deprived of their ancestral lands and denied the opportunity to control their own destiny. Even the Federal programs intended to meet their needs have frequently proved to be ineffective and demeaning. …We must make it clear that Indians can become independent of federal control without being cut off from federal concern and federal support.

FROM WALTER HICKEL'S FIRST MONTHS at Interior, there were unmistakable signs he was coming around on the environmental crisis. Neither he nor Nixon needed a weatherman to know which way the wind was blowing. "In a flat choice between smoke and jobs, we're for jobs," Nixon once told John Ehrlichman, his domestic affairs adviser. "But just keep me out of trouble on environmental issues." The public was clamoring for measures to combat pollution.

Hickel advocated a five-year plan to spend $6.3 billion to purchase and develop urban parks. He said cities needed to be more verdant and livable. It was time for creative thinking. There could be parks on "roof tops, vacant lots, school grounds,

streets—anything" that worked. Julia was impressed. Also unsurprised when the budget office said Hickel's plan was too ambitious. The federal budget for park acquisition and development had been raided by both Johnson and Nixon to fund the war in Vietnam.*

A disastrous blow-out on an oil platform six miles off Santa Barbara early in his tenure at Interior prompted Hickel to issue stricter regulations on offshore oil drilling. The spill, estimated at 3 million gallons, killed thousands of sea birds and marine animals and befouled coastal waters and beaches. The resulting headlines helped propel the environmental movement. Another ecological disaster occurred a year later when a Chevron platform in the Gulf of Mexico caught fire. Hickel called for a federal grand jury and urged the Justice Department to prosecute the company for 900 alleged violations of the Outer Continental Shelf Lands Act. U.S. Geological Survey investigators said Chevron had purposely failed to install safety devices on most of its wells. Interior also pursued lawsuits against companies accused of poisoning interstate waters with mercury.

Hickel made sure Julia's committee received all of the Geological Survey inspections in advance of their public release. He also shared his frustrations that the newly reorganized Office of Management and Budget, a White House agency, had slashed the Geological Survey's budget by two-thirds. The budget analysts were not amused by the publicity. Julia had been on their case since the first months of the Nixon administration. Now she was really peeved. "Oil operators obviously are aware of these inadequacies in inspections and supervisions," she told reporters. Why wouldn't they flout the rules if there was "only one-third the chance" they'd get caught. The cost of "oil-smeared beaches, devastated wildlife and squandered resources" was far higher than investing in oversight.

The oil spills italicized the danger of fast-tracking the Alaska pipeline. Hickel said a panel of geologists believed oil could be safely transported across Alaska in an above-ground pipeline. However, he had yet to see even preliminary design proposals from the pipeline partners. Lawsuits, a full environmental impact review and hearings could take 18 months or more, the Interior Secretary acknowledged. And in an appearance before the Alaska Legislature in the spring of 1970, he promised work would proceed "only after a thorough engineering and design analysis. And I can guarantee that we will not approve any design on the old and faulty concept of 'Build now, repair later.' "

To the amazement of conservationists, Hickel also placed eight whale species on

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* Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, Julia's former colleague on the House Appropriations Committee, assured the AFL-CIO's national convention that "Vietnamization" was the path to peace. With only one dissenting vote, the delegates endorsed Nixon's plan to give the South Vietnamese increasing responsibility for all phases of the war. That same day, Julia, Tom Foley and Brock Adams joined 106 other members of Congress in advocating withdrawal of U.S. troops as soon as practical.

the endangered list, called for protection of the Everglades and helped promote the first "Earth Day." He opposed creating a separate Environmental Protection Agency. But that was a turf issue. He wanted the Interior Department to oversee the environment.

It was around this time that Secretary Hickel and Congresswoman Hansen began calling one another by their first names. Their ice had thawed.

JULIA SNAPPED UP CLARENCE PAUTZKE as her new assistant for fish and wildlife. Work was progressing on an experimental $2 million fish protein concentrate plant at Aberdeen, a project Pautzke helped develop. He was also at the congresswoman's side as she pushed the administration to combat the growing threat to salmon runs in U.S. and Canadian waters by fleets of Russian, Japanese and South Korean trawlers. The Koreans, despite promises to back off, had "bulldozed right ahead" and were preparing to launch a massive invasion of the American salmon fishery, Oregon Congressman Wendell Wyatt told Julia's subcommittee. She maintained the U.S. needed to police its waters more aggressively while seeking an international accord. "There must be an understanding by all nations that fish the Pacific Rim that the resources are not unlimited," she said, "and if they are not carefully protected by conservation measures their supply will be depleted." Twenty years later, one of her successors, Congresswoman Jolene Unsoeld, was calling for enforcement of a United Nations resolution to combat the massive driftnets depleting the already endangered U.S. salmon and steelhead runs in the North Pacific.

Julia hired two other exceptional staff members: One was Joseph H. Carter, a former LBJ speechwriter and United Press International reporter. The other was Liz Lineberry, a multi-talented secretary who would go on to work for four Secretaries of State, including Madeleine Albright and Condoleezza Rice. Joe Carter would play a key role as Julia's staff assistant on a special House committee to study possible changes to the seniority system, especially with regard to committee assignments.

Julia and Clarence Pautzke, the Interior Department's fish and wildlife expert, discuss plans for a new fish hatchery at Quinault on the Olympic Peninsula in 1966. *Ben Schley photo, Hansen Family Collection*

In June of 1970, Julia and Hickel flew to Texas to honor Lyndon Johnson at the dedication of his boyhood home as a national historic site. Johnson, 61,

looked tanned and fit basking in the 90-degree heat and applause of 5,000 well-wishers. "America is still the land of promise, as it always was," he said. He and Lady Bird greeted Julia with hugs and kisses.

LBJ greets Julia as House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, left, and House Appropriations Chairman George Mahon of Texas look on at a Capitol reception in 1970. *White House photo*

A month earlier, the war that tarnished the promise of Johnson's Great Society took a tragic new turn. Nixon had authorized U.S. troops to attack North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia. Protests erupted on college campuses. National Guardsmen killed four unarmed students during an anti-war rally at Kent State University in Ohio.

Hickel sent Nixon a letter counseling more empathy for the protesters. "I believe this administration finds itself today embracing a philosophy which appears to lack appropriate concern for the attitude of a great mass of Americans—our young people," the Interior Secretary wrote. Nixon was livid when the letter was leaked to the press and widely quoted.

Julia sprang to Hickel's defense. It was true that their relationship had a rocky start, she told reporters on June 23, but he had learned fast and instigated "imaginative" programs to protect the environment. "I have been most impressed by his leadership, and I cannot think of a person suitable as his replacement."

On November 25, 1970, Walter Hickel became the first cabinet member to be fired since 1946 when Harry Truman dismissed Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, FDR's controversial former vice president.

"I feel deep regret," Julia said. "I thought he was going to go out with an arrow in his heart, not a bullet in his back."

Chapter Twenty-seven

"Our Julia"

"Scoop and I are being pilloried for impurity," Julia told a reporter in the summer of 1970 when asked about the environmental movement. Her turn of phrase reminds us she was a writer. What she said was also true. Jackson and Hansen, who headed committees with far-reaching influence over the U.S. Department of the Interior, were seen as too willing to compromise with the developers and "exploiters." Never mind that they called for settlement of the Alaska Native Claims as a precondition for the oil pipeline and sponsored legislation to fight pollution and preserve wild and scenic areas. The Interior Department's annual report, *Your World*, opened with quotations from the two Washingtonians. Julia's is the most memorable:

> What military laurels won in battle can compensate a nation where there is no space for mankind to walk through a forest, park or museum; where cities have no water, or where earth has died from lack of care? If our stewardship does not preclude these possibilities, the latter part of this century will be monumental to our lack of vision.

She and Jackson were chastised for supporting logging on public lands, the Bonneville Power Administration's dams and Boeing's Supersonic Transport program. Ben Wattenberg, an LBJ speechwriter who joined Jackson's braintrust in 1969, said the senator "was not an ecology freak who considered industry a villain or development an anathema. He was a balancer who believed in the possibility and necessity of reconciling environmental protection with robust economic growth." That was Julia to a T. She and Scoop—friends and political allies since the 1940s—sometimes annoyed one another. He nagged her to quit smoking; she told him he was too hawkish on Vietnam.* They absolutely agreed, however, that many of the new-breed, no-compromise environmentalists were, as she put it, "idealistic nitwits."

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* Maurine Neuberger, a former pack-a-day smoker who quit after surgery for a throat cyst, also scolded Julia that smoking caused cancer and other health problems. Cigarettes were an addiction Julia had enjoyed since her college days. She said she'd take her chances.

R.C. "SKIP" MCCONKEY, the Olympia contractor who narrowly lost his bid for the Republican nomination in 1968, had a new slogan: "Don't Let Julia Fool Ya!" And the same backers: The John Birch Society. McConkey claimed she coddled campus rioters, backed gun registration, undermined "our boys in uniform" and spurred inflation by voting to increase the national debt to advance the "socialist welfare state." Her catchphrase was "Our Julia. Vigorous, Effective, Responsible." She was protecting the environment *and* jobs, her campaign said, while helping reorganize Congress to make it more effective. The state's Republican Chairman, C. Montgomery "Gummie" Johnson, and Governor Dan Evans all but endorsed her. In 1965, they purged Birchers from the state party, a story that made headlines nationwide.

Congressional Quarterly and *The Seattle Times* polled Hansen, Catherine May and the other female members of Congress about the women's liberation movement and the prospect of women winning more seats in Congress in 1970. "I have been far oftener discriminated against because I am a woman than because I am a black," said Shirley Chisholm of New York, the first African American woman elected to Congress. Hansen and May, 63 and 56, respectively, also believed sexism was linked to biological and societal gender-role expectations, especially among "traditionalists" of both sexes. "Every essence of a woman's life prevents her involvement in politics," Julia said. Her Republican friend agreed. Because women were mothers and homemakers, they usually entered politics later in life, May said, and the "new accent on a youthful, vital image which began during the Kennedy years" also disadvantaged women getting a late start in politics. Rita Hauser, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, said men discouraged women from seeking office by asserting they would have to become "tough, bitchy and hard-shelled" to succeed in the rough and tumble world of politics. Julia had achieved remarkable political success in a man's world, beginning in the 1930s, by being tough without seeming bitchy. The hypocrisy was that men with assertive personalities were seen as leaders, Julia always said, while women with assertive personalities were called "unfeminine"—or, face it, *bitchy*—especially if they weren't slim and pretty. Being called fat all those years ago still stung.

Julia's biographical profile in *Women in Congress*, a book published by the House of Representatives, says she "did not share the focus on women's issues of the younger feminists who came to serve in Congress during the 1970s." That's not the whole story. Julia had an elemental understanding of women's issues. Her flinty pioneer grandmother kept the books at a logging camp. Her mother was a suffragist and county school superintendent. Julia's first major legislative success was the "50-50 Act" of 1939, which guaranteed women a fairer share of political party leadership. It was true, however, that Julia believed "women's libbers" underappreciated what women like her had achieved

through hard work and determination. Women of her generation who entered public office "had a very different kind of experience than those who come in today," she said, "and one had to work one's way up the political ladder without too much assistance from either men or women."

Hansen and May joined peppery Martha Griffiths of Michigan as sponsors of an Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. While Griffiths was dubbed "the Mother of the ERA," determined granddaughter was more like it. The amendment was first promoted in 1923 by suffragists Alice Paul and Crystal Eastman. "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex," the updated amendment said. For nearly 40 days in the summer of 1970 all but one of the 10 female members of the House—Democrat and Republican women working together—helped Griffiths corner reluctant congressmen. They finally secured enough signatures on a "discharge petition," a little-used parliamentary

A bipartisan coalition of congresswomen celebrate House passage of the Equal Rights Amendment in 1970. From left, Julia, Charlotte Reid, R-Ill., Martha Griffiths, D-Mich., who led the floor fight, and Margaret Heckler, R.-Mass. *AP*

maneuver, to advance the legislation out of committee and onto the floor.* On August 10, the ERA was approved by the House, 352-15. After the Senate amended the bill to exempt women from the draft, a conference committee was unable to reconcile other differences before Congress adjourned for the year. A year later, however, the ERA's supporters in the House steamrolled last-minute obstacles to achieve a resounding victory. The amendment passed the Senate 84-8 on March 22, 1972. Ratification by the requisite 38 states would take nearly half a century, long past the revised 1982 deadline set by Congress.

JULIA SKIPPED PAST MCCONKEY, winning a sixth term with 59 percent of the vote. Scoop Jackson's race was a laugher. Charles Elicker, the genial Teddy Roosevelt look-alike nominated by the Republicans, received 16.01 percent of the vote. "I'm thinking of asking for a recount," he quipped.

A loyal Democrat, Julia had deeply mixed emotions about her party's upset victory in the 4th Congressional District east of the Cascades. Catherine May was defeated by state Senator Mike McCormack, a Hanford research chemist who benefitted from campaign appearances with Jackson and Magnuson. May, who saw herself as "a flaming moderate," was targeted as too liberal by conservative Republicans, not to mention Yakima County's robust chapter of the John Birch Society, and too conservative by the left for supporting the war in Vietnam. Julia empathized. She was beginning to believe the price of public service was too high.

The acrimonious debate over Boeing's supersonic transport project was also dispiriting. A Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom warned that the SST could cause avalanches as it cracked the sound barrier and create a fish-killing sonic wasteland as it soared over the Atlantic at 1,750 mph. A Sierra Club leader charged that a fleet of SSTs could deplete America's petroleum reserves in the space of 20 years. Such claims were "utterly unsupported by facts," Julia said. She agreed with the Nixon administration that nothing less than U.S. superiority in the aerospace industry was at stake. "I haven't been through such an irrational period since the McCarthy days," said Senator Jackson, derided as "the senator from Boeing."

Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, the project's most vociferous opponent in the Senate, said the SST was "a white elephant with wings." Senator Charles Percy, a Republican from Illinois, maintained that the $290 million loan to cover Boeing's

* The holdout was Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan, a Democrat from Missouri who maintained the ERA could jeopardize state labor laws and gender-specific privileges, including Social Security benefits. "I believe that wholesome family life is the backbone of civilization," Sullivan said, a theme sounded by the ERA's most vociferous opponent, Phyllis Schlafly. Sullivan had supported the Equal Pay Act of 1963, lobbied leadership to appoint women to key committees and was one of the leading consumer advocates in the Congress.

development costs for an SST prototype was a risky investment. "There isn't a bank in the world today that would accept a loan on this basis." Maybe so, Warren Magnuson said, "but there wouldn't have been a banker in the world that would have accepted a loan for Grand Coulee Dam, either."

On December 3, 1970, despite desperate horse-trading by Jackson and Magnuson, the U.S. Senate effectively killed the SST. A move to salvage at least part of the program was scuttled a few months later by votes in both the House and Senate.

Julia vented her disgust in a letter to the editor that took up half a page in the *Seattle Post Intelligencer.* Reprinted widely in the Northwest, the letter warned that the attack on the SST by "demagogues," uninformed "preservationists" and shortsighted budget cutters was "only the beginning of a wide-ranging assault on the Northwest." An atomic reactor at Hanford had been shut down with nary "a peep" from the Eastern press, oblivious to reports it would take eight million barrels of oil to make up for the closure at a time when petroleum was already in short supply. She conceded there were legitimate questions about what to do with radioactive wastes. Yet the same people who opposed nuclear power also opposed fossil fuels, so "the next assault you will see will be on tanker use and the refineries in Northwest Washington." They'll attack timber harvesting, too, she wrote, though they'll still want 2-by-4s and shingles. "There is a continuing attack by recreationists on even the very presence of existing dams," yet everyone wanted cheap electricity—and California and the Southwest wanted the Northwest's power *and* water. As for the SST, America now had two choices, as one disappointed proponent put it: "to sell the 10-cents-on-the-dollar version" to Japan "or let the Russians steal the information for free." Julia reiterated that she was "a strong supporter of our environment … But some parts of this nation face returning to the economy of the depression days…unless we re-examine where we are going with our energy and our programs. … I don't see spitting in the wind to see which political philosophy is popular. …We have to take steps fraught with decision."

The SST vote was one of the few battles Jackson and Magnuson ever lost on the Senate floor. Shelby Scates, Magnuson's biographer, wrote that the defeat may have been a backhanded blessing for Boeing. Puget Sound's largest employer was jettisoning employees by the thousands because the aviation market was oversaturated, due in part to the fallout from the cost of the war in Vietnam and Great Society programs. "Engineers had wind tunnel difficulties with the SST airframe," Scates wrote. The project was at least two years behind schedule, and "economists were seriously in doubt about how soon the plane could make a profit, given the high cost of jet fuel and low interest of airline passengers." Though cancellation of the SST added to the misery of the "Boeing Bust," it was not a decisive blow.

WHEN CONGRESS reconvened in 1971, there was a new Secretary of the Interior. Julia knew and liked Rogers C.B. Morton, a four-term Maryland congressman who had served on the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. He would treat her with great deference.

Morton, 56 years old, was a handsome, gregarious bear of a man—6 feet 7 inches tall. As chairman of the Republican National Committee, he had been "a sturdy voice against deviousness and distrust," as *The Washington Post* put it. An outdoorsman, Morton also boasted a solid record on environmental issues, notably in reducing pollution in Chesapeake Bay. Soon after his confirmation, he said he shared environmentalists' concerns about the safety of the Trans-Alaska pipeline and was "a long way" from approving the project.

Congress now had four more female members—three more in the House, one more in the Senate, 15 in all. The notable newcomers were Ella Grasso, a veteran officeholder and League of Women Voters stalwart from Connecticut, and Bella Abzug, a firebrand feminist from New York. Julia admired Grasso's old-school political moxie; Abzug's flamboyant bellicosity annoyed her. "There are those who say I'm impatient, impetuous, uppity, rude, profane, brash and overbearing," Abzug announced. "…But whatever I am—and this ought to be made very clear at the outset—I am a very serious woman." Fine, Julia thought, but serious women also ought to have manners. Granted, there was a lot to be angry about—wage inequality and man-made restrictions on reproductive rights, for starters. She favored finesse first, maintaining that "militant" women who flaunted being bohemian—leaving their legs unshaven and looking as though they had "never had a bath"—were undermining the women's rights movement, as well as their chances for gainful employment. Barbara Jordan, the dignified, eloquent lawyer elected to Congress from Texas in 1972, was her ideal of the forceful modern woman. Julia, in short, was an old-fashioned feminist.

She was also an old-fashioned deal maker. Some liberals criticized her willingness to work with the Nixon administration. She supported the president's agenda 53 percent of the time during her final four years in Congress, largely to advance her Interior appropriations budget.* Vietnam was where she parted company with the president, despite his "praiseworthy" troop withdrawals. The war had gone on too long, she said, and cost too much: 53,000 U.S. casualties and $145 billion since 1965, nearly a trillion in inflation-adjusted 2020 dollars.

That November, Julia supported Massachusetts Democrat Edward Boland's amendment to the $71 billion Defense Appropriations bill to terminate funding for

* That was "about 5 percent more than the average Democratic House member," researchers with Ralph Nader's *Citizens Look at Congress* project found. The report also noted she had supported House Democrats 63 percent of the time. (The average was 60 percent.) Her party loyalty score had been as high as 78 percent during the LBJ years.

the war after June 6, 1972. Total U.S. troop withdrawal would hinge on the release of all American POWs. The White House, with House Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford at point, staged the equivalent of a full court press to defeat the Boland amendment and several variations, including a rider introduced in the Senate by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana. Nixon pledged to withdraw another 45,000 troops over the next two months as part of his plan to secure an "honorable" end to U.S. involvement. That won him the support of Speaker Carl Albert and George Mahon, the Texas Democrat who headed the House Appropriations Committee. Mahon said a precipitous troop withdrawal would leave a "power vacuum" in Southeast Asia that could lead to World War III. Boland countered that the U.S. was still conducting "the greatest bombing effort in the history of warfare." The amendment was defeated, 238-163.

Though Julia's decision to join the doves was a disappointment to Jackson, it didn't impact their friendship. She urged him to seek the Democratic nomination for president in 1972.

Vietnam was not their only worry. Inflation hit 5.7 percent in 1970. It would decline a bit in the next two years before zooming to 6.2 percent in 1973 and a staggering 11 percent in 1974. Inflation would play a role in the unmaking of two presidents and change Americans' attitudes about money, Michael Tomasky notes in his compelling 2019 book, *If We Can Keep It*. Former *New York Times* columnist Joe Nocera argues in *A Piece of the Action* that inflation also changed Americans' attitudes toward one another:

> Inflation splintered the status quo open every bit as much as the Vietnam War did. Among other things, it helped fuel the rise of special-interest politics, causing Americans to become selfish in a way they really hadn't been before. People had responded to the Depression by helping each other out as best they could, but inflation had the opposite effect on us. It created an ethos in which people felt justified in cutting special deals for themselves, even when the net effect of those deals was to ratchet up the inflation rate.

"Selfish" was a word Julia now used with increasing frequency, bemoaning that Congress was becoming more polarized. Mike Mansfield "used to make senators from opposite parties carpool to work together, so they'd become friends, get to know about each other's lives and families," Tomasky notes. Julia was especially angry with Nixon for deploying his glib Vice President, Spiro Agnew, to ratchet up the "meanness." Nelson Hower, one of her young Capitol Hill staffers, remembers her worry that "someday a really dangerous demagogue will come along."

JULIA'S GROWING IRRITATION with the fish-bowl life of a prominent politician in "a strange and cruel world" boiled over when Jack Anderson, America's most widely read Capitol Hill columnist, found it curious that her son had landed a summer job at the Smithsonian Institution. Was that because her subcommittee controlled the Smithsonian's budget? Livid, Julia said she had not approached Dr. Dillon Ripley, the Smithsonian's administrator, about a spot for David, who was finishing up work on a master's degree in history from the University of Washington. "I never asked any favors," she fumed. "David never asked for any favors either." He had interned at the Smithsonian since 1965, two years before she became chairman of Interior Appropriations. She acknowledged asking former Vice President Hubert Humphrey "to find a teaching position in a community college or museum" where David could get additional experience. What was wrong with that? Anderson's closing sentence was a corker: "Young Hansen, described as gifted by his bosses, is working, appropriately, on a study of American political signs and symbols."

In December of 1970, two months before his mother was named a congressional member of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, David began working for the commission's heritage committee, prompting more raised eyebrows, this time by *The Washington Post*. Julia protested that all she had done was mention his academic achievements to the commission's chairman and hope he would get the chance to meet David. He was "a dedicated history bug," she said, and fascinated by their Revolutionary War ancestors. Some congressmen had padded their payrolls with relatives, Julia fumed. Her son was a bona fide historian. The inference that she had pressured the commission to give him a job was "a flat, downright lie," she declared in a letter to the editor. When David had told her about the job offer, she suggested he refuse it. As for Jack Anderson, "If that son of a bitch ever comes in my office I'll knock him down!" she told her staff.

Emanuel Celler, a member of Congress since 1923 and the dean of the House of Representatives, was in the middle of a brutal campaign he would lose when he received an empathetic letter from Julia in the summer of 1972. Venting about the price politicians' families pay, her indignation is palpable. "I have always thought and believed that my son had the same right, if you please, as any other American, to work, pay his taxes and live, but apparently he does not," she wrote. "If he must always be saddled with the fact that I am a controversial person—and any woman in public office is extremely controversial—then I no longer want to serve in public office."

Ruth Darmstadter, who researched an insightful, even-handed profile of Hansen for Ralph Nader's *Citizens Look at Congress* project, wrote that the "proud, well-qualified" congresswoman appeared to have "no appreciable income beyond her congressional salary ($42,500) and no holdings that might possibly constitute a conflict of interest. …

> While some mutuality exists between her legislative interests and her campaign contributors, the modest amounts involved would hardly seem to constitute the buying of votes or favors. Even Herbert Hadley, a Republican Party leader, believes the contributions are primarily a result of philosophical similarities. …
>
> Even in a heated campaign …Hansen has strong feelings about standards of decency, courtesy, fairness. Extending beyond maternal protection of one's son is a feeling that political office and personal power is simply not important enough for a person to degrade themselves by imposing on someone else's family or privacy. Whether her son's employment has anything to do with these issues or not, her intense feeling about it affects the standards of her campaigns and the limits of her criticism of others.

Given her influence on $2.3 billion in appropriations for Department of Interior agencies crucial to the Northwest, many of her constituents had worried she actually might not seek re-election in 1972.

She was thinking of running for governor.

Chapter Twenty-eight

The Last Campaign

When the 1971 Washington Legislature failed to produce a constitutionally equitable redistricting plan, the exasperated federal court appointed a "master" to redraw the state's legislative and congressional districts. The demographer's task was to ensure the new districts passed the "one man, one vote" test handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court.

The legislative impasse pleased Governor Dan Evans and Attorney General Slade Gorton, the Republicans' shrewd redistricting strategist during his decade in the Washington House of Representatives. "This is the way redistricting should be done in the future," Gorton said. He and Evans were confident the court-appointed demographer would be obliged to create more swing districts, which would level the playing field for their party.

The outcome was a mixed bag.

When the new congressional districts were unveiled in March of 1972, and duly approved by a three-judge federal panel, Julia was furious. The new 3rd District stretched from Clallam County atop the Olympic Peninsula all the way down to Clark County—*except for Vancouver* along the Columbia River. Mike McCormack, the freshman Democrat from Richland, had acquired one of her strongholds. That was a happy development for him, though he commiserated with Julia, whose consolation prize was portions of Pierce and King Counties along Puget Sound. In truth, she hadn't been hurt much politically, if at all. The swing districts were largely legislative. The rub was that her campaign would now need to cover a lot more miles. She complained that the redistricting plan was unconstitutional (It wasn't) and that it had been concocted by "a bunch of college students who don't know anything about politics." (UW Geography Professor Richard Morrill, its author, was an even-handed Democrat.) She also blamed state Senator Martin Durkan, a Democrat from suburban Seattle, saying his stubbornness had defeated legislative efforts to accomplish redistricting on better terms for their party. However, it was R.R. "Bob" Greive, the Majority Leader in the state Senate, who first proposed removing the Vancouver area from the 3rd Congressional District. "That goddamn Greive is unreasonable!" Julia fumed, remembering their feuds

when they served together in the Washington House of Representatives.

Since her district now embraced most of the west half the state, Julia announced she was thinking of running for governor: "As long as I'm going to have to start on the Pacific Coast and campaign to North Bend [in the Cascades], I might as well go on to the Idaho border!"

Evans hadn't decided whether to seek an unprecedented third consecutive term. Regardless, Durkan was running hard for the Democratic nomination that had eluded him four years earlier. The wild card was former two-term governor Al Rosellini. Despite a humiliating loss to moderate Republican John Spellman in the 1969 race for King County Executive, Rosellini was making comeback noises. He blamed Durkan, who headed the Ways and Means Committee, and the rest of the Senate Democrats for not reining in Evans' "bloated bureaucracy." A Democrat was calling a Republican a big spender.

"No one in his right mind" actually believed Julia had "the slightest intention" of running for governor, wrote her old friend, Adele Ferguson, whose *Bremerton Sun* column was carried by dozens of papers around the state. As chairman of the Interior Appropriations subcommittee, Julia was one of the most powerful women in American politics, and a self-described "creature of the House." She was also overseeing a special committee that already had achieved reforms to the hidebound House seniority system. But *if* she ran, Ferguson wrote, she definitely would be a contender. Looking back, Evans says he would not have relished running against her. Durkan's people worried she would corral women's votes in a tight primary. They also theorized, however, that if Rosellini entered the race Julia would siphon off some of his support, to their candidate's advantage.

Herb Legg, a former chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee, opened a Hansen for Governor headquarters in Seattle. "We need her in the Governor's Mansion," Legg said. "I am confident she will accept our draft."

The Longview Daily News, Julia's staunchest Fourth Estate ally for 30 years, believed she had a sly ulterior motive for dangling the possibility she would run for governor: The story was generating headlines in the Seattle-Tacoma area, where there were 190,000 new 3rd District constituents. "The publicity isn't hurting her at all" should she instead seek re-election to Congress, the *Daily News* editorialized. Privately, Julia reminded friends she had graduated from high school in Buckley, 24 miles east of Tacoma, while her mother was the grade-school principal there. "I'm not afraid for myself in this," Julia said. "I got myself on the Military Construction Subcommittee and I know what's going on in Kitsap County and Bremerton (home to the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard). Now, I'm not going to be around forever, but I'm going to make darned sure that whoever follows me here has a chance of being an effective legislator

for Southwest Washington."

The Longview paper and the House Democratic Campaign Committee worried she might decide to retire from politics. Her husband was nearing 90. She was increasingly irritated by "intrusiveness" and political polarization. Her home in Cathlamet was under surveillance by sheriff's deputies because war protesters had made threats against members of Congress. Julia also shared Scoop Jackson's fear that Democrats were headed for disaster in November if they nominated George McGovern for president. In a frustrating search for convention delegates, Jackson characterized the South Dakota senator as an "out in left field" candidate who favored slashing the defense budget, granting amnesty to draft dodgers and abruptly pulling out of Vietnam, "leaving U.S. allies at the mercy of the Communists." Short on funds, Jackson dropped out of active campaigning for the presidency in May after finishing fourth in the Ohio primary.

A month later, Julia announced her candidacy for a seventh term, acknowledging an outpouring of "warm, kind letters" from her constituents and other supporters from around the nation. The Oklahoma Legislature proclaimed a "Julia Butler Hansen Day" to acknowledge her efforts to assist the state's tribes, particularly with health care. The Navajos were grateful for her support for a new community college building on their Arizona reservation. She had received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree during commencement at St. Mary's College, the women's liberal arts school at Notre Dame, Indiana. The college trustees and faculty saluted her as an equal-rights trailblazer whose life exemplified "the challenging new role of women in today's society." Her health was robust, Julia wrote, and her desire to serve her country undiminished after 34 years in elective office.

Bob Bailey, her district aide and confidant, said she made up her mind when she read Tacoma television commentator Bob Corcoran's statement announcing his candidacy for her seat. She was "a fine old lady," Corcoran said, "but time has passed her by." When reporters seized on the line, Corcoran tried to take it back, saying she had "earned the right to retire." It was too late. "Anyone who knew anything about politics knew it was unwise to piss off Julia Butler Hansen," Bailey remembered, bemused by Corcoran's blunder. Richard W. Larsen, the influential political writer for *The Seattle Times*, wrote: "Corcoran replacing Julia Butler Hansen in Congress would be the equivalent of sending Mickey Rooney into the Los Angeles Lakers' lineup to substitute for Wilt Chamberlain." Larsen said those who criticized her for introducing relatively few bills failed to grasp that her work on the Interior Appropriations subcommittee was "practically a year-round job," as she put it. And no agency of the federal government was more important to the Northwest than the Department of the Interior.

On June 13, 1972, the day before her 65th birthday, Julia was on the floor of

the House of Representatives. She outlined the $2.52 billion Interior Appropriations Bill for the next fiscal year. The total was $9 million more than recommended by the Nixon administration. Her subcommittee had allocated an additional $110 million for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and $50 million for Alaska Natives in connection with their land claims. She criticized the environmental "zealots" who advocated banning all logging in federal forests, and urged approval of her bill's appropriations for sustained-yield forestry research, including $1.5 million for a new Forest Service laboratory at Corvallis, Oregon. The private sector was doing its part, Julia said. She had joined George Weyerhaeuser, president of his family's timber company, in planting a tree in Lewis County to symbolize the midway mark in a reforestation project. Weyerhaeuser planned to plant 75 million trees in Washington, Oregon and five Southern states in the next few years. The company employed 650 people in Lewis County alone, she said.

The House approved her bill 367-3. After a House-Senate conference committee added $19 million to the total, both chambers approved. It was time to campaign.

R.C. "SKIP" MCCONKEY, the right-wing Republican soundly defeated by Hansen in 1970, decided to make a third try for Congress. His primary election opponent was Hank Adams, the young Assiniboine-Sioux who ran as a Democrat in 1968. Adams was now a nationally recognized strategist for Native American rights. Adams ignored McConkey, asserting that Julia was insensitive "to the real needs of the working people."

> She favors certain communities and is not responsive on a broad level. There are 12 Indian communities in the 3rd District but she directs funds principally to two and ignores a more substantial population in the other 10. …In this district, the Bureau of Indian Affairs had promised the Nisqually Tribe in 1937 that plans were underway to bring electricity and water to a group of Indian families. Thirty-five years later they are still without this service.

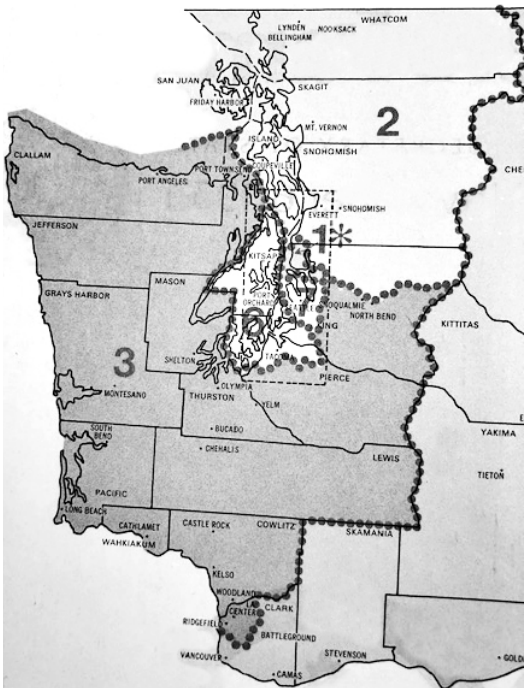
A hundred and fifty congressional colleagues, government officials and lobbyists feted Julia at a fundraiser that featured the cast of *Godspell*, the rock musical drawing crowds to Ford's Theater. The Quinault Tribe, which had closed its beaches to the public over vandalism and littering, invited the public to a salmon-bake fundraiser for "a loyal and eloquent friend of the Indians of this state."

Her longtime campaign treasurer, Jim Carty, fastidiously recorded donations and disbursements. He assured her there were no money worries. Her 1970 re-election campaign had been the most expensive of her political career. She spent $25,000, the

equivalent of $155,000 in 2020.* If they needed to spend twice as much to ensure victory in the expanded district, the money would be there, Carty and Bailey assured her. Julia fretted, nevertheless, over the cost of campaign ads in Puget Sound media. "That puts us up where the competition will use television. Do you people realize what it will be for the 3rd District to put on a $300,000 campaign? Why, we've *never* had to do anything like that."

Their 1972 campaign expenses amounted to one-tenth of that.

Contributions were immediately transferred to Carty, an attorney in Woodland, one of the 3rd District's many small towns. Most were under $50. "I have supported Julia for years, and always contribute to her campaigns," C. Arthur Appelo, the former postmaster at Deep River in Wahkiakum County, told a historian in 1971. "But I never give more than $10. I don't want to make my folks around here feel bad about what they can give by giving too much money. Besides, Julia is careful how she spends money."



Julia's redrawn district stretched from the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Columbia and east to Snoqualmie Pass. *Washington State Library*

She was furious when she learned Jolene Unsoeld, a self-described citizen "meddler" from Olympia, had inspected her campaign contribution records. Unsoeld helped organize the campaign for Initiative 276, a successful 1972 ballot measure to create an agency to monitor campaign contributions and expenditures. Julia told friends she supported fundraising transparency. It was the "snooping around" that annoyed her. (Unsoeld, who admired Julia's trailblazing career, was elected to the 3rd District seat in Congress in 1988.)

NEW YORK MAYOR JOHN LINDSAY, who had switched parties the year before, was having second thoughts as he took stock of the 1972 Democratic National Convention in Miami. It was a SNAFU-fest from start to finish. The new delegate rules designed to foster inclusiveness barred many of the party's old lions from their state delegations.

* In 2018, Congresswoman Jaime Herrea Beutler spent nearly $3 million to win re-election in the 3rd District. Her opponent, a Democrat, topped that, and outside groups spent another $3 million.

McGovern's anti-war upstarts engineered a first-ballot victory for their man, only to squander prime time. The nominee ended up giving his acceptance speech at 3 a.m. Miami time. Even West Coast viewers were mostly asleep. "This party seems to have an instinct for suicide," Lindsay said.

Things got worse in a hurry. McGovern and his advisers—in a rush to pick a running mate after Ted Kennedy turned them down—failed to fully vet their choice, Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton. An attractive up-and-comer, Eagleton was a Roman Catholic with a law degree from Harvard and a solid labor record. What Eagleton failed to disclose to McGovern was what many in Missouri had long known: On three occasions in the 1960s he had sought hospital treatment for depression and undergone electroshock treatment. When the national media got wind of the story, McGovern declared he was "One-thousand percent behind Tom Eagleton" and had no intention of dropping him from the ticket.

Julia had long since concluded Nixon would be re-elected in a landslide. Her worry now was that the Eagleton story would be even more baggage for down-ballot Democrats. One she admired was Don Bonker, the Kennedyesque young Clark County auditor running for secretary of state.

When Jack Anderson, "that son of a bitch," was forced to retract a column falsely accusing Eagleton of arrests for driving while intoxicated, her sympathies were with Eagleton. She also recognized he was damaged goods, given the drumbeat that it would be dangerous to have a man with a history of mental illness a heartbeat away from the launch codes for America's nuclear arsenal.

Eighteen days after accepting the vice-presidential nomination, Eagleton withdrew. During a social hour at a Jackson-Hansen fundraiser in Centralia, Jackson quipped, "I am one-thousand percent behind Senator McGovern!" He predicted McGovern would be unable to carry a single state. Julia was a more circumspect soldier, telling the crowd she would vote for McGovern. "I don't think any politicians, Republican or Democrat, want to see this war go on any longer," she said.

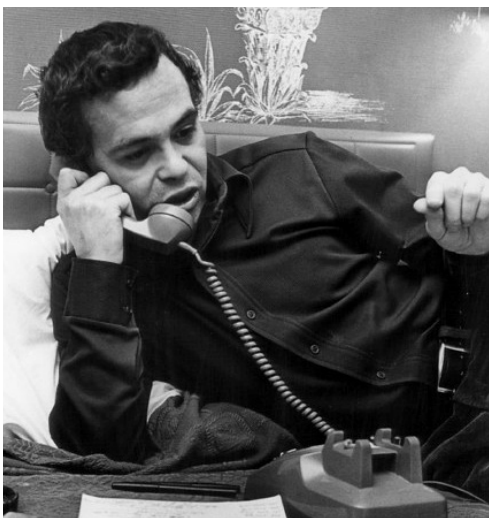
JULIA CRUSHED BOB CORCORAN. Skip McConkey, her persistent adversary, managed to outpoll Hank Adams. The Indian-rights activist was busy elsewhere, helping organize a cross-country caravan to dramatize the plight of the many Native Americans who had neither clean drinking water nor flush toilets. Adams' ringing 20-point manifesto for the "Trail of Broken Treaties" would become one of the seminal documents in the history of the struggle for Native American dignity, healthcare and self-determination. Though Adams sharply criticized her oversight of appropriations for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Julia admired his resolve.

The primary surprise was Al Rosellini's easy victory over Martin Durkan and

Jim McDermott, an ambitious newcomer to statewide politics. The three Democrats captured nearly 63 percent of the votes cast. Dan Evans, with barely 25 percent, was in trouble.

Politics took a backseat to bipartisan grief in October when a plane carrying Julia's friend Hale Boggs of Louisiana and Alaska Congressman Nick Begich vanished somewhere in the vast wilderness between Anchorage and Juneau. The House Majority Leader had come to Alaska to campaign for Begich, a freshman in a tight re-election battle. The wreckage was never found. Boggs had invited Julia to join him. She demurred when she learned they'd be on a private plane.

FITTINGLY, the Trail of Broken Treaties ended where the story began—historically at least. The caravan of campers and pickup trucks from 25 states pulled into Washington, D.C., home of the original "Great White Fathers," a week before the General Election. Hank Adams and other caravan organizers converged on the headquarters of the Bureau of Indian Affairs six blocks from the White House. They presented their demands and sought temporary housing for several hundred people. A misunderstanding at the end of the BIA's workday led to a confrontation with guards from the General Services Administration. When the guards withdrew, D.C. police surrounded the building. The six-day standoff that ensued made international headlines. Adams, 29, became the lead negotiator for some 200 Indians barricaded inside the building. "They declared the six-story building the Native Indian Embassy and erected a tepee on the front lawn," Trova Heffernan, a Northwest historian, wrote in a 2016 profile of Adams. "From Constitution Avenue, you could see them standing on the roof. They peered out the windows and lingered on the stone front steps." One defiant Indian was draped in an upside-down American flag. Inside, the Indians took stock of the plush carpeting, leather couches and chairs, as well as the modern lunch room and bathrooms. There weren't many toilet-seat protector dispensers in Indian Country. The headquarters of the agency overseeing the welfare of Native Americans stood in stark contrast to conditions on many reservations across America.



Hank Adams negotiates the end of the take-over of the Bureau of Indian Affairs building in 1972. *Barry Staver, The Denver Post*

Adams contacted Hansen's office, hoping she would lean on BIA Commissioner Louis R.

Bruce, a Nixon appointee. During the first round of negotiations, Adams received a call from Julia in Cathlamet. "Just the fact that she was calling strengthened our hand and made them pay close attention," he recalled. "They were impressed because she chaired the House subcommittee on Interior appropriations." Adams vividly remembers what she told him: "It's about time someone went in there and tore that damn place apart."

Adams did not take her literally. "His anger was always quiet," a friend said. Nor was Julia advocating the wanton destruction that took place. When the standoff ended on the day after the election, evidence of pent-up anger and frustration was everywhere: marble staircases lined with Molotov cocktails, copy machines filled with glue. Someone, acting with what was described as "patient fury," had methodically mangled 44 keys on a typewriter. The total damage was estimated at $2 million. Adams and the leadership of the National Indian Youth Council condemned the rampage.

The White House agreed to form an interagency task force to meet with tribal leaders and address the demands set forth in Adams' manifesto. Julia promised that when Congress reconvened she would investigate government actions during the standoff, prod the Bureau of Indian Affairs to address substandard living conditions on reservations and expedite educational programs. "I'm going to find out what they did" with some of the funds allocated for the tribes, she vowed. Though her subcommittee had its own staff of investigators, some budgetary oversight was beyond its jurisdiction. Part of the problem was galling, garden-variety bureaucratic "ineptitude," she said. But budget cutbacks were the main culprit. The Indian Health Service had been doing "a magnificent job" with reduced funding. "Let's face it: All our budgets have been butchered," she said.

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1972, Julia Butler Hansen won her 42nd consecutive election. She rolled up 66 percent of the vote, including huge majorities in the new areas of her huge redrawn district.

McGovern proved Jackson wrong: He won a single state—Massachusetts, plus the District of Columbia. With 520 electoral votes and nearly 61 percent of the popular vote, Nixon achieved one of the greatest landslides in the history of the American presidency. Yet there was "a cancer growing on the presidency," as former White House counsel John Dean would put it when the Watergate coverup was being revealed, a malignancy caused by Nixon's paranoia. "That was the stupid part of the whole damn thing," Julia would say. "George McGovern couldn't get elected for all the tea in China. Nixon didn't have to do that stupid thing. That's the mark of insecurity."

The stunner on Election Day was Dan Evans' victory. Rosellini had a double-digit lead a month from Election Day. Worried about fallout from a McGovern disaster, some of Rosellini's supporters ordered a batch of campaign buttons featuring his trademark

rose below Nixon's name.

Then, on October 14, Evans confronted his old rival at a candidates' fair at North Seattle Community College. Rosellini, clearly irked, cloaked himself in nonchalance, declaring, "Certainly I will engage in a debate or whatever Danny boy wants to call it." He proceeded to condescendingly refer to the governor as "Danny Boy" or "Danny" at least 10 times. A crew from KOMO-TV captured it all. When Julia saw the footage she knew instantly that Rosellini had committed a devastating, inexplicable blunder. A seasoned pro like Al should have known better than to demean a sitting governor.

She sent Evans a congratulatory telegram.

As she packed her bags to head East for the opening of the 93rd Congress, reporters wanted to know if this would be her last term.

"Well, it might be, and it might not be. I am not going to turn it over to some idiot. Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Any "idiot" in particular?

"Quite a few I have met, including my late opponent. If you think I am going to sit there as a lame duck for two years, you're misled."

Informed that her new press secretary, Carlton Moore, was saying he wanted to get her more national attention, Julia smiled thinly. She would disabuse him of that notion. "The minute you get national attention in Congress, you don't get a bill through," she said. "Nobody in appropriations ever grabs the spotlight. If you do, you go out. You won't be chairman."

Like it or not, more national attention was coming her way.

Chapter Twenty-nine

The Hansen Committee

Lyndon Johnson was tired and sick. He lumbered from room to room, popping nitroglycerin tablets to subdue the relentless pain in his big chest. Lady Bird was in Austin on January 22, 1973, when her 64-year-old husband retired to a bedroom at their Texas ranch for his afternoon nap. He called the switchboard at 3:50, gasping for help. The Secret Service agents who ran to his room found the 36th President of the United States sprawled lifeless on the floor. The next day, Nixon announced that Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, North Vietnam's chief negotiator, had signed an agreement to end U.S. military involvement in the war that blighted Johnson's otherwise extraordinary presidency.

Lady Bird's response to Julia's heartfelt condolences came in two fond letters saying how much Lyndon had appreciated her friendship and admired her mastery of the dance of legislation. Over the next 20 months that skill would be tested repeatedly. As chairman of the Democratic Caucus Committee on Organization, Study and Review—"the Hansen Committee"—she brokered high-stakes deliberations over changes to the structure of House committees.

Congressional reform was a major campaign issue in 1972. Common Cause, the League of Women Voters and Ralph Nader's Congress Watch project were among dozens of groups probing conflicts of interest, decrying the arteriosclerotic seniority system and demanding more transparency by government officials. When the 93rd Congress convened on January 3, 1973, there were 66 impatient freshmen. The elections "exacerbated the discrepancy between younger members and the older leadership," Princeton Professor Julian E. Zelizer wrote in *On Capitol Hill*, a behind-the-scenes account of the struggle to reform Congress. "Generational tensions within Congress played out right away as the newcomers clashed with senior chairs, who could not believe what they were witnessing." Joe Biden, a 29-year-old Delaware county councilman who ousted an incumbent Republican senator, would recall, "The reason I got into politics was to fight the Strom Thurmonds."

Nixon had forged an alliance with the Strom Thurmonds. He was fighting his darker impulses, as well as inflation, unemployment and solid Democratic majorities in

the House and Senate. "We shall answer to God, to history, and to our conscience for the way in which we use these next four years," the president said in his second inaugural address. By spring, Watergate would be a watershed moment in the movement to reform politics.

SERENDIPITY HAD PLAYED a major role in Julia's ascension to an Appropriations subcommittee chairmanship after only seven years in Congress. She was sympathetic to the reformers' cry that Congress needed to be more responsive to the rank-and-file and the public. Reform was the cornerstone of her formative years in the Washington Legislature's old boys' club. However, having gained a chairmanship, she was unwilling to surrender all the power that came with a gavel.

House Speaker John McCormack and Democratic Caucus Chairman Dan Rostenkowski picked Hansen to head the special study committee in 1970 because she was a widely respected moderate. McCormack and Carl Albert, the pragmatic reformer who succeeded him the following year, also knew she favored strengthening the Speaker's hand in committee appointments. As the Hansen Committee gained traction, Julia fully expected fallout. Predictably, some liberals said she was too conservative and some conservatives said she was too liberal.

The Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970 enhanced transparency by making public all congressional committee hearings except those dealing with national security and appropriations. To Julia's satisfaction, the rules were also liberalized to allow televised broadcasts of many committee hearings, and electronic voting was authorized. Yet the seniority system was left largely intact.

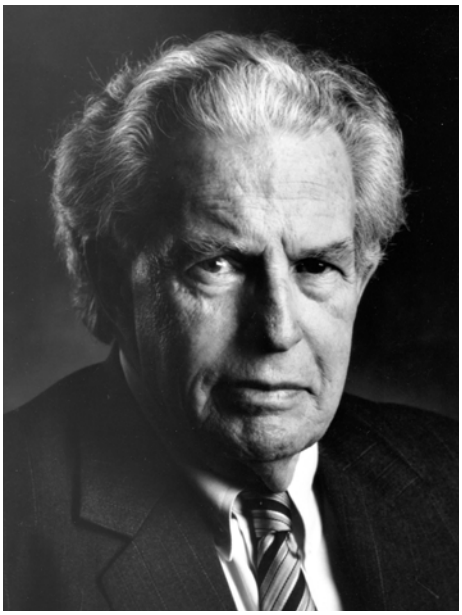
A year later, the Democratic caucus adopted a series of reforms recommended by the Hansen Committee. The Committee on Committees' choices for chairmanships were now subject to an open vote by the entire caucus if 10 Democrats challenged the outcome. Critics called the change cosmetic. The caucus also agreed to limit its members to holding only one legislative subcommittee chairmanship. Jack Anderson, the syndicated muckraker, was unimpressed, saying that move actually served to "scuttle reform" by removing some of the "more vigorous, young chairmen."

The Hansen Committee rejected setting an age limit for committee chairmen. "Even liberals conceded that 'disenfranchisement' at age 65 contradicted recent laws against age discrimination," Zelizer wrote. Julia believed nonetheless that there were many elderly members of Congress who ought to have "the good sense to not seek re-election." When her friend George Mahon, the House Appropriations Committee chairman, told her he wanted to serve until he was 90, she sputtered, "That is the trouble with Congress!"

Republican reformers were also challenging the committee assignment seniority

system. "The initial successes of the Hansen Committee coincided with a bipartisan leadership effort to create a House select committee to study the basic structure of the chamber's committee system," Christopher Deering and Steven Smith wrote in *Committees in Congress*. Congressman Richard Bolling of Missouri, a charter member of the postwar liberal coalition, was picked to head the House Select Committee on Committees. Its proposals "ignited a firestorm of opposition because they threatened to fundamentally alter a pattern of committee jurisdictions that had developed over decades. Much to the committee's dismay, these proposals were referred by the Democratic Caucus to a hastily resuscitated Hansen Committee for review."

Olin "Tiger" Teague of Texas, the caucus chairman, reconvened the committee on January 8, 1973. The decorated D-Day infantryman had been one of the original Hansen Committee members. Reformers viewed the move as a last-ditch effort by the establishment "to scuttle a growing movement to have committee chairmanships subject to an automatic secret ballot" and water down the preferential treatment accorded Ways and Means bills. A dismayed Common Cause official predicted the Hansen Committee would be "the graveyard of reform."



Richard Bolling. *Library of Congress*

It was the most challenging assignment of Julia's legislative career. The cast of characters would have delighted a Hollywood screenwriter. With a mane of curly silver hair and a patrician's countenance, Richard Bolling was perceived by his colleagues as aloof. Unquestioned was his zeal for institutional change. The Kansas City congressman was mostly deferential to Julia, well aware she was a shrewd deal-maker and an ally of Speaker Albert. Bolling held out hope she would eventually endorse revolution over evolution. He was still smarting over his 1962 loss to Albert in the race for majority leader. He and other reformers believed the 5-foot 4-inch "Little Giant from Little Dixie," now Speaker of the House, would not antagonize the Southerners occupying key committee chairmanships. Breaking up the Southern power bloc—long a firewall against progressive legislation—was a key goal of the reformers. Bolling especially wanted to dethrone Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, the powerful, hard-drinking chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which handed out committee assignments. Joe Carter, Julia's research assistant, remembers a joke

making the rounds back then:

"Who's the smartest tax guy on Capitol Hill?"
"Wilbur Mills when he's sober."
"Who's the second smartest?"
"Wilbur Mills when he's drunk."

PAUL ZAHL, a Harvard Law School student in 1973, earlier had worked for Julia as a legislative liaison for the Interior Appropriations subcommittee. When the Hansen Committee was revived, he was tasked with researching and writing a report on the seniority system. "It was 20 pages, and I had the distinct impression she actually read it," Zahl remembered in 2020. "She was especially concerned that conservative old Southern Democrats had too much power. She was really trying to level the playing field. And that was not easy. She had a particular bone to pick with Olin Teague [over the scope of reform]. She was so plain-spoken, yet so shrewd."

Yet also spiritual—a quality that would have surprised many who saw only her unvarnished side, Zahl said.

Raised as a Christian Scientist, Zahl had attended an Episcopal prep school. When he worked for the congresswoman, he was conflicted about whether to pursue a career in law, public service or the Episcopal ministry, the road he finally chose. "Mrs. Hansen's faith mattered to her," Zahl said. "She broke some of the [church's] rules, but on the other hand she had this enormous sense of altruism. She was a giver; she cared about people. She was also a hoot."

THE 11-MEMBER HANSEN COMMITTEE was a blend of liberal and conservative Democrats. None was averse to compromise, though some predicted friction between Julia and Phillip Burton, a chain-smoking San Francisco politician with a law degree. Described as a man "with many followers but few friends," Burton was chairman of the Democratic Study Group formed a decade earlier by a cadre of mavericks. "Burton could be boisterous and arrogant, but he was also very influential because he was a skilled legislator," Joe Carter remembers. "He respected Julia and never tried to cross her." In fact, they got along famously. Burton and Hansen were viewed with suspicion by some liberals because they were willing to bargain with Southern Democrats. "Julia would always remind them that her daddy was from Kentucky—a gun-toting county sheriff in Wahkiakum County along the Columbia River," Carter says.

Neal Smith of Iowa, a World War II bomber pilot who had sponsored anti-nepotism legislation, was one of the Hansen Committee's moderates. Julia's "real contribution was her ability to keep conversations going and orchestrate the proposals being made," Smith recalled. "There were others on the committee who were original

thinkers, but she was essential. She was a very good chairman who could handle everyone. One of her biggest assets was that she wasn't really identified with either side and could talk to both sides. She also knew how to handle committee chairmen when we brought them in to discuss possible reforms."

The committee's leading conservatives were Joe Waggonner, a Louisianan who openly admired Nixon; Phil Landrum of Georgia, a segregationist in the 1950s, and Wayne Hays of Ohio, chairman of the powerful Committee on House Administration. In addition to Phil Burton, there were two other dedicated reformers, Frank Thompson of New Jersey, who had joined Julia in sponsoring legislation to create the National Endowment for the Arts, and James O'Hara of Michigan, whom Julia admired for his expertise on House rules. Barbara Jordan of Texas, the first black congresswoman from the Deep South, was the Hansen Committee's lone freshman. Jordan is long remembered for her eloquent indignation as a member of the House Judiciary Committee during the Nixon impeachment hearings. Julia was captivated by her perfect diction and commanding voice.

The Hansen Committee reforms adopted by the Democratic Caucus in 1973 diluted the power of the Ways and Means Committee to pick committee chairmen. Henceforth, the Speaker of the House would head the Democratic Committee on Committees. The majority leader and caucus chairman also gained seats on the committee. Secret ballots on chairmanships were to be conducted if 20 percent of the caucus so demanded. A new "Subcommittee Bill of Rights" allowed members to bid for subcommittee seats.

Bolling would push for more changes in the months to come. Joe Carter vividly remembers the Missouri congressman's attempts at intimidation: "Julia's staff on the committee consisted of me and Bill Cable, a bright young lawyer who went on to work for Jimmy Carter. When Julia went before the Rules Committee to air the Hansen Committee's views on reform, Dick Bolling was a senior member. He had filled up the staff chairs with his people—predominantly scholars—from the House Select Committee on Committees. It was a rather crass move. Julia was allowed to sit at the table, while Cable and I had to stand." The congresswoman was not amused. If Bolling thought he could gain the upper hand by throwing his weight around, he was mistaken.

CARTER, A FORMER LBJ SPEECHWRITER, was back for a second tour of duty on Julia's staff after leaving for a while to work for the governor of Oklahoma. Julia trusted him so implicitly that he often represented her at meetings, including gatherings of publishers and foresters. "His nickname around the office was 'Jumpin' Joe Carter,' because he could bounce around and do anything Julia needed done," says Nelson Hower, back then a freewheeling young member of her staff. "Joe was a brilliant writer

Julia with members of her congressional staff in 1974. Roy Carlson, her administrative assistant, is at her right, David Wilson, an Appropriations Committee aide, at her left. Standing from left: Debbie Starling, Brenda McPherson, Nelson Hower, Joe Carter, Bryon Nelson, Lynn Tuttle and Sarah Bova. Press secretary Carlton Moore was absent. *Hansen Family Collection*

and great mentor. Mrs. Hansen loved his Oklahoma drawl. She had that dramatic flair. I had a mustache and sideburns, so she called me her 'Riverboat gambler.' We were an office of characters."

The characters marveled at her stamina. The Interior Appropriations subcommittee was practically a fulltime job. The deliberations surrounding the Hansen Committee added to the workload. Yet Julia still found time to review and co-sponsor more than 80 bills during her last term. Her major piece of legislation—beyond the omnibus Interior Appropriations bills—was a measure to enhance the Indian Health Care Act. She was the den mother to a strong Washington delegation that included her brilliant friend, Tom Foley, a future Speaker of the House. There were six Democrats in all, plus congenial Joel Pritchard, a progressive Dan Evans Republican. While she minded the store at the Department of the Interior, the delegation's signature bills were her top priority. One was Everett Congressman Lloyd Meeds' bill to create an Alpine Lakes Wilderness. She also co-sponsored Phil Burton's bill to expand Redwood National Park in California. Julia supported several bills introduced by Republicans during the 93rd Congress, including the Comprehensive Right to Privacy Act sponsored by Barry Goldwater Jr. of California, and Delaware Congressman Pete du Pont's bill to

allow women to enter the military academies. "There is little doubt in my mind that the conflict in Southeast Asia would have ended more quickly and with positive results if women's genius for management had been utilized by the Pentagon," she told the Armed Services subcommittee. She co-sponsored another equal rights measure, Bella Abzug's bill to ensure credit opportunity, regardless of race, gender, religion, national origin, marital status or age; advocated tighter school bus safety standards; backed a law enforcement officers' bill of rights; legislation to promote the employment of Vietnam veterans, and a bill to make permanent the Youth Conservation Corps.

Julia was thrilled by the work of Dr. Richard Daugherty, the Washington State University archaeologist who was excavating an ancient Makah Indian village at Ozette on the Olympic Peninsula. "It is the most complete record of Indian history ever found," Daugherty said. "We would never have gotten the money we needed without Julia."

Sometimes, in the middle of a stressful day, "the congresswoman would run everyone out of her private office and call a Christian Science practitioner for prayer and advice," Carter remembers. Other times, "we'd revive ourselves over lunch with a couple of Beefeater martinis on the rocks with a lemon twist. Roy Carlson, her administrative assistant, liked 'em too. And so did I. Sometimes she was talking so much she never finished the second one. When it came to hard bargaining, she was sober as a judge and hard as nails. People listened to her."

Carter, whose long career included jobs in journalism, academia and management of the Will Rogers Museum, was 87 in 2020 when he reflected on his years working for the Washington congresswoman: "Julia Butler Hansen was a genius intellectually. She had an incredible memory, especially for names and faces. At heart she was what I would call a classic liberal. Republicans have spent millions trying to sully that word. She was the real article. Above all, she respected integrity and competence. I never doubted that she had my back. I could be high profile because she trusted me."

NOT LONG AFTER Congress convened in 1973, the Washington congresswoman's running battle with the Nixon administration made headlines nationally. As part of a budget freeze and governmental "reorganization," the president impounded $17 million Congress had appropriated for the U.S. Forest Service. When Earl Butz, the bumptious Secretary of Agriculture, impounded another $4 million earmarked for fire prevention, Julia blew a fuse. The reduction could lead to the destruction of $12 million worth of standing timber and recreational lands, both public and private, she wrote, emphatic that "this is poor business." She informed Butz that no funds—"as in zero"—would be appropriated for his department for fiscal year 1974 until the impounded funds were released. Calling it "a venomous congressional counter-attack," Washington columnists Evans and Novak noted that Senator Jackson, the chairman of the Senate Interior

Committee, had teamed up with Hansen to thwart the White House. The new director of the National Parks Service, former White House advance man Ron Walker, visited Julia's office several times seeking an audience. He never got farther than the outer office. Walter Hickel had been smarter and more persistent.

Fuming over the budget cuts, Julia opposed postwar aid to South or North Vietnam, saying, "I am not cutting money for a dental program for American Indians just to give Mr. Thieu [the president of South Vietnam] some more money to waste."

That spring, as Julia's subcommittee weighed the Bureau of Indian Affairs' budget, Lloyd Meeds was conducting hearings on the costly occupation of the BIA headquarters and the ongoing siege of Wounded Knee, a tragically historic village on South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation. The symbolism of the takeover was steeped in infamy. At Wounded Knee in 1890, the U.S. Army's 7th cavalry massacred at least 150 Sioux—some say twice that—including dozens of women and children. Members of the militant American Indian Movement and other activists had seized the town to protest conditions on the reservation, demand that the government fulfill its treaty obligations and reform the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Most nights they exchanged gunfire with federal officers. When the siege finally ended in a negotiated settlement after 71 days, two Indians were dead and a federal marshal paralyzed for life. Meeds, who headed the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, gaveled down an outburst by former committee member James Haley, a Florida Democrat, who declared that the "bunch of hoodlums" and "goons" occupying Wounded Knee "ought to be in the federal penitentiary right now." Meeds' view was that "the public and the press seem to be drawn irresistibly to the violence of the confrontation. …Yet there seems to be little interest in the day-to-day violence that is done to the human spirit by poverty, unemployment, critical health problems, poor housing and racial prejudice." Julia said she could not have put it better.

BIA Commissioner Louis R. Bruce had been fired by Secretary Morton after the takeover of the bureau's headquarters. It fell to Marvin Franklin, the acting commissioner, to defend the agency's budget priorities at this volatile moment in the history of the federal government's relations with the original Americans. Franklin told Julia's subcommittee the bureau planned to foster self-determination in 1974 through more block grants to federally recognized tribes. It was also seeking funds to increase enrollment at tribal schools and pave more than a thousand miles of reservation roads. Franklin, a former leader of the Iowa Tribe of Kansas, said he was "keenly aware" of the problems Native Americans faced. Julia may have winced when Congressman Clarence "Doc" Long, a Maryland Democrat, italicized one of those problems: provincialism. "You don't look any more like an Indian than President Nixon," he told Franklin. The commissioner said he was one of the two million Americans who were proudly part Indian but considered themselves "assimilated." What the Bureau of Indian Affairs needed, Julia said, was

more Indians. "Fifty percent of the Indian people are unemployed," she said. "There are dozens and dozens of wrongs to be righted." The House passed her bill to elevate the BIA commissioner by creating the post of Assistant Secretary for Indian Affairs within the Department of the Interior. The National Congress of American Indians hosted a dinner that June to honor the congresswoman for her longstanding support. Senator Jackson was the keynoter.

There was more violence to come at Wounded Knee. And in 1976, Steve Nickeson, a staff member of the National Indian Youth Council, summed up the bureaucratic inertia: "The Bureau of Indian Affairs has always had a militant disinclination toward change. It is like Mother Nature: it can be probed, occupied, undermined, or incinerated, but its essence always seems to remain immutable, its form determined more by the composite debris of passing careers than by directed action. Any efforts to encourage basic change become the feckless hobbies of frustrated men."

VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW RESIGNED on October 10, 1973. Julia always saw him as Nixon's windbag, blathering about "the nattering nabobs of negativism." Now the former Maryland governor stood exposed as a grubby extortionist. Ten days later, Nixon fired Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor, and abolished the office. Attorney General Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus, his deputy, resigned in protest. It fell to Joel Connelly, a junior reporter working the night shift at the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, to call members of the Washington congressional delegation for reaction to "The Saturday Night Massacre." He reached Julia at home in Cathlamet, busy baking a pie and indignant at the interruption. Connelly pressed on apologetically. Finally, Julia declared, "I say we should not string him up. …We don't want a lynching in America." A more newsworthy tidbit came in the next breath: She had talked with Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, who said the House Judiciary Committee would investigate the "White House horrors."

Sifting the morning mail a few days later, Nelson Hower saw a note from Nixon. The President thanked the congresswoman for not rushing to judgment. "It was a personal letter, signed 'RN' with the distinctive half circle around his initials." As the scandal deepened, Nixon famously declared, "People have got to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I'm not a crook!" For Julia, the only reassuring development was Nixon's nomination of her friend, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, to succeed Agnew. The popular Michigan congressman was confirmed by overwhelming majorities in the Senate and House and took office on December 6. The next day, the White House said it couldn't explain an 18½-minute gap in one of the Oval Office tapes subpoenaed by the Senate Watergate Committee. Alexander Haig, Nixon's Chief of Staff, said one theory was that "some sinister force" erased the segment.

Hower remembers the congresswoman's growing anxiety that cynicism was the real sinister force—that Agnew's disgrace and the Watergate break-in would be seen as evidence politics is inherently corrupt. "Demagogues can come along," she warned.

Though she had long admired Jerry Ford—her former colleague on the House Appropriations Committee—she planned to introduce legislation to repeal the constitutional amendment that elevated him to the vice presidency. Proposed by Congress and ratified by the states in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination, the 25th Amendment sets out procedures for replacing the president or vice president in the event of death, removal from office, resignation or incapacitation. Notably at this remarkable juncture in American history, it stipulated that if a vacancy occurred "in the office of the Vice President, the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress." Julia viewed the amendment "as the most mischievous we have ever known in the history of our constitutional life." Later, she warned, "We must make sure we are not setting up a coup system of government. We must never take away the people's full right to vote. …I'm not running for office, so I can tell you the damn truth." Repeal was such a popular notion that she was beaten to the punch by Congressman John Dent, a Pennsylvania Democrat. She promised to make repeal "her personal retirement crusade." But the repeal movement would fizzle.*

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1974, Julia Butler Hansen ended a lively political guessing game in the 3rd District. She would not seek re-election. "Thirty-seven years is a long time to be pursued by an endless string of people who want everything from post offices to gasoline," she said.

> I want to go home to Cathlamet to be with my husband and write, garden, do as I please…or take the damn telephone off the hook. And when people I don't know appear at my door and walk in without knocking, I'll have the great opportunity of telling them it is my private home. …
>
> Life is not going to be long enough to do all the things I want to do. But I have loved and appreciated all the people in the 3rd District. It is the most beautiful part of the United States, and I return with great affection for the land and wonderful neighbors.

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* When Ford succeeded Nixon and picked Nelson Rockefeller as his vice president, Julia said, "It's simply not democracy to have this country run by two men who were not elected to any majority leadership post by anybody. I'd rather have a Speaker [as president] any day."

Oregon Gov. Tom McCall praises Julia at Fort Vancouver in 1974 "for her many efforts on behalf of the people of Oregon." *Oregonian*

A week earlier in a candid chat with Adele Ferguson of the *Bremerton Sun*, Julia said she wouldn't be one of those politicians who hung around until they keeled over. "I'm not going to have a bunch of people standing around at my funeral deciding who's going to take my place as they did at Russell Mack's." Politics was more stressful than ever, she said. Eighteen other members of the House had decided to not seek re-election—most of them Republicans worried about fallout from Watergate.

Her pick for her successor, naturally, was state Senator Bob Bailey, her longtime friend and district aide. She agreed to serve as honorary chairman of his campaign. Clark County Auditor Don Bonker, whom she also admired, soon entered the race. The Republican hopeful was Lud Kramer, who had defeated Bonker two years earlier to win re-election as Secretary of State.

They were off and running. Julia was back at work. No lame duck she. Eight weeks of hearings on the $3.1 billion Interior Department appropriations bill for fiscal year 1975 began the day after her announcement. And the Hansen Committee had a new challenge. It was tasked with reviewing the far-reaching reforms endorsed by the bipartisan Select Committee on Committees headed by Richard Bolling. The mother of all turf battles had begun.

The proposal to split the Education and Labor Committee—one of Bolling's key goals—and dilute the jurisdiction of Wilbur Mills' Ways and Means Committee was especially contentious. Assured of the support of organized labor, Mills set out to undermine Bolling. Olin Teague, the chairman of the Democratic Caucus, "warned the select committee of rumors that Speaker Albert supported the plan only because he was terrified of Bolling," allegedly intent on becoming "czar of the House." Conservatives, meantime, relished the notion of bisecting Education and Labor, Joe Carter remembers, "because that's where much of the progressive legislation of the past 20 years had been enacted."

The intrigue landed in Julia's lap in the spring of 1974. The Democratic Caucus referred the Bolling Committee proposal to the Hansen Committee for further study.

That the motion to keep the final vote secret was approved 95-81 underlined the ideological divide in the caucus. Julia believed committee reform would be D.O.A. on the House floor unless her committee could craft "a more moderate counterproposal."

The debate frayed friendships. Lloyd Meeds, a member of Bolling's Select Committee, sent Julia an irate "personal and confidential" letter that was promptly leaked to Jack Anderson. "I cannot conceive that the American people, given the revelations of Watergate and their revulsion to backroom decision-making, will tolerate the reference—by secret ballot—of this nationally important matter to a partisan group of Democrats," Meeds wrote. "I do not contend that the work of the Select Committee on Committees is perfect. But changes should be made in the full glare of public scrutiny on the floor of the House of Representatives by members of both parties." Miffed, Julia nevertheless assured him that would be the case.

THE FULL GLARE of congressional scrutiny was focused on Nixon's increasingly irrefutable "high crimes and misdemeanors," including obstruction of justice, misuse of power and contempt of Congress. On July 24, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the White House had to surrender dozens of Oval Office tape recordings. Three transcripts provided the proverbial "smoking gun." On August 6, Julia urged the president to step down, saying, "I think his resignation is all that's left to save the dignity of the office."

Two days later, he was gone. President Ford's decision to pardon his disgraced predecessor was controversial. *The New York Times* called it a "profoundly unwise, divisive, and unjust act." Others suggested the pardon was a politically expedient quid pro quo for the resignation. Julia wrote Ford to say he had done the right thing. Otherwise, there would be no closure for years, she wrote, adding, "I admire your courage and forthrightness."

The unprecedented drama unfolded as Bolling and Hansen were squaring off for a showdown on the floor of the House. In the end, as Professor Zelizer deftly put it, "Hansen's panel concentrated on what was politically possible rather than theoretically sound."

While the Hansen measure left most committees intact, it required every major committee to establish four subcommittees. Ranking minority members would be given new staff. The final measure banned proxy voting and allowed the Speaker to refer bills to more than one committee at a time (or to several committees in sequence) and to resolve jurisdictional disputes.

After six days of debate, the House of Representatives adopted the Hansen Committee substitute on October 8, 1974. The vote was 203-165. "Julia was on her

67-year-old feet for long hours, sometimes late into the night," Joe Carter remembers.* "She was amazing. The diehard reformers called it half a loaf. The truth was she had advanced the cause."

Zelizer agrees, concluding that "… these 'under the radar' reforms had a crucial effect in the years to come."

Sen. Jackson and Julia at a 1974 banquet in Richland. More than 500 attended to honor her after she announced she planned to retire from Congress. *Hansen Family Collection*

DON BONKER, capitalizing on the controversy over log exports from 3rd District ports, edged Bob Bailey in the primary and went on to crush Lud Kramer. It was not a Republican year.

There were festive goodbye parties, bipartisan tributes entered in the *Congressional Record*, and endless exit interviews. On November 1, Julia Butler Hansen took a final drag on a Virginia Slims, surveyed the floor of the House of Representatives and said, "There is a time to go. I don't want to hang on like some of these old goats who want power for power's sake."

Besides, she had accepted the unexpected offer of a new part-time job that suited her fine.

* To Julia's annoyance, Wilbur Mills was largely absent during the debate, anesthetizing an aching back with liquor and painkillers and flirting with professional disaster. "Find that damn Mills!" she barked at Carter, who struck out. On the day after the final vote, Mills' battle with alcoholism became front-page news. When Park Police approached his speeding car at 2 a.m., out popped a stripper named Fanne Fox, who jumped into the D.C. Tidal Basin in an attempt to flee.

Chapter Thirty

Mission Accomplished

One of the secretaries said Dan Evans was on the phone, his warm baritone instantly recognizable. Julia expected it was another "happy retirement" call. Instead, the three-term Republican governor was offering her a new job: A six-year term on the Washington State Highway Commission, as well as a seat on the Toll Bridge Authority.

"She was my first and immediate candidate," Evans remembered in 2020. In terms of institutional memory alone, no one was better qualified. Julia wrote the 1951 legislation that created a bipartisan five-member Highway Commission. As chairman of the Western Interstate Committee on Highway Policy during the Eisenhower era, she became a nationally recognized expert on roads and bridges.

Evans was a freshman legislator in 1957 when Julia picked him for her Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges. Now, rather than repaying a favor, he was hoping she would do the state a favor by agreeing to serve on the Highway Commission at a pivotal time.

"She was delighted to accept, which made me very happy," Evans said. "I'm pretty sure we talked about my interest in being able to appoint the Secretary of Transportation.* But that was not a condition of the appointment, and I don't believe she made any commitment on the issue. I just knew she was the most experienced and wisest choice I could have made."

The pay was $40 per meeting, plus expenses, which she carefully documented. (Her congressional pension was $15,000 per year—$72,000 adjusted for inflation.) For the time and expertise she invested in the job, Commissioner Hansen was a rare bargain for the taxpayers. She also happily accepted another appointment for which she was uniquely qualified: Trustee of the Washington State Historical Society.

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* In 1951, when Julia's bill creating a bipartisan State Highway Commission became law, the commission acquired the power to appoint the Director of Highways—previously the governor's prerogative. The intent was to shield the director from politics. Governor Evans believed the director—whose title became Secretary of Transportation with the 1977 reorganization—should be an appointed member of a governor's cabinet. Julia politely disagreed. In 2005, at the beginning of Chris Gregoire's first term, the Legislature granted governors the power to appoint the Secretary of Transportation, subject to Senate confirmation.

DAVID HANSEN had a new job, too. He was the first curator at the Fort Vancouver National Historical Site. He and his wife, Nancy, had a year-old daughter, Julia Ann Caroline Kimball Hansen. Her name covered many of the family's historical bases. Her sister, Elizabeth Ann Margaret Butler, born six years later, covered some more. Julia resolved to teach the girls how to garden.

As the former congresswoman settled in at Cathlamet, she told a reporter her 118-year-old house "never looked better." Henry Hansen, 91, was especially happy to be back home. He had a crippled back from his years as a logging camp blacksmith. (In his day, he could easily lift a 300-pound anvil.) He was also losing his sight, but he insisted on helping fetch wood for the fireplace. Julia immediately set to work on a new novel for young readers, *Cougar Valley,* and a three-act play about the town's settlers, "Cathlamet U.S.A." A sequel to her 1952 production, "Birnie's Retreat," the play was her contribution to the town's celebration of the national Bicentennial. It featured a young U.S. Army officer by the name of Ulysses S. Grant, who occasionally visited Cathlamet when he was the quartermaster at the forerunner of Fort Vancouver.

Julia headlined a fundraiser to help pay off Don Bonker's campaign debts. She made it clear she would not be a retiring retiree. Champagne glass raised, she declared, "I am a free citizen now, and I can say what I damn please." For the next 12 years, she did just that.

For starters, she was avidly pro-choice, fuming that the "damn men" clamoring for "a law saying when life begins don't care about the child once it's on earth." She opposed schoolroom prayer, saying, "Every child in the state of Washington should have the right to worship as he or she pleases, and no prayer on earth can be devised to fit all categories of this worship." She advocated repeal of the Electoral College, calling it "fundamentally undemocratic" because "the person with the most votes always ought to be the winner." At a forum in Vancouver, she exhorted senior citizens to fight for their rights instead of "sitting silently on the political sidelines." She worried that the elderly suffered disproportionately from a lack of public transportation. America's efforts in that regard were "pitiful compared to other nations." She planned to do something about that as a Highway commissioner. She urged young people to share rides with senior citizens and volunteer to run errands or take them shopping. "We may not be fashion plates, young or agile, but our age gives us understanding which is needed in today's society like never before." On a tour of freeway rest stops, she was appalled by mounds of litter. "People who can afford expensive campers that get five miles to the gallon shouldn't expect the state to spend tax money to clean up after them," she said

Honors kept coming her way. Oregon State University, her second alma mater, bestowed its Distinguished Service Award at its 1975 commencement. The National

Council on the Arts saluted her "as one of the most effective friends of the arts" in congressional history. *The Longview Daily News* named her "Woman of the Decade."

She signed on as co-chairperson of the campaign opposing a 1976 ballot measure to impose stricter controls on nuclear power plant siting. Initiative 325 was so rigid, Julia argued, that the nuclear option would be all but dead in Washington state. It could also cancel four plants under development and jeopardize the steam plant at Hanford, she said. "Everybody is for safety—but I-325 doesn't make nuclear electricity safe. It makes it impossible." Julia also asserted that banning nuclear-generated electricity meant greater reliance on non-renewable fossil fuels—oil, gas and coal. The initiative was rejected by nearly 67 percent of the voters. The partial meltdown of a reactor at Three Mile Island, which energized the anti-nuclear movement, was three years away. The Washington Public Power Supply System's cost overruns also had not yet begun to fester.

IN THE FALL OF 1977, as the Department of Highways morphed into the multi-modal Washington State Department of Transportation, Julia clashed with another outspoken commissioner, Seattleite Virginia Gunby. "We should be setting transportation objectives, not promoting highway projects," Gunby maintained. Julia said Gunby's opposition to road-building ignored the fact that many rural routes, especially U.S. 101, were "washing away, or falling into rivers." Julia said, "You can't take a streetcar to Spirit Lake." Gunby was out-voted 4-1 when the commission adopted a $401 million budget for the next biennium. Julia was also infuriated that Gunby was backing Initiative 348, a ballot measure to repeal a new variable gas tax that boosted the price at the pump by two cents to 11 cents per gallon. The consequences of repeal would be "disastrous," Julia said. Every county in the state would be affected. "I'm for mass transit, but it isn't going to come about overnight." Crucial road projects, including I-90 in Seattle, would have to be deferred indefinitely if the tax was repealed, she said.

I-348, which fell 884 votes short of victory that November, "was a baptism by fire" for the new commission and Department of Transportation, Walt Crowley and Kit Oldham wrote in a history of the department's first century. "It also helped to rearrange the state's feuding transportation interests into some unusual new coalitions," attracting both anti-highway liberals like Gunby and anti-tax conservatives like King County's ambitious assessor, Harley Hoppe. "The anti-348 cause put highway interests and transit systems on the same bus, along with downtown business interests, farmers and rural towns." In the 1950s when Julia headed the Legislature's powerful Highway Interim Committee, *The Seattle Times* marveled that the leader of the "country mice" had more moxie than the entire Puget Sound legislative delegation. Now, as Dan Evans expected, she was a plain talking coalition builder. Puget Sound noticed.

At its creation, the Transportation Commission had expanded to seven members.

The two new commissioners were appointed by Evans' successor, the impulsive Dixy Lee Ray. Commissioner Ray Aardal of Bremerton, a holdover, was elected chairman, Julia vice-chairman. William A. Bulley, the director of Highways since 1975, was appointed by the commissioners as the first Secretary of Transportation. A longtime district engineer, Bulley shared Julia's view that development of mass transit was crucial to the state's orderly growth, especially in the Puget Sound corridor. "For many people, the automobile is their only symbol of freedom," Julia would say, "but I don't believe it is necessary for everyone to drive his own car every place he goes." Presently, however, more than a hundred miles of interstate highways—Julia's passion—remained unfinished. The final stretch of I-90 between I-405 and I-5 had been the Highway Commission's highest priority. "Here, at last," Crowley and Oldham wrote, "some progress was made as Bulley took over the delicate negotiations with King County and the cities of Seattle, Bellevue, and Mercer Island on the highway's final design."

Six new 100-car ferries were ordered the following year for $135 million. One would become the *MV Cathlamet*. The next two years spelled unimaginable trouble.

THE HOOD CANAL FLOATING BRIDGE, the world's longest at the time, had been vexed with construction problems 20 years earlier when Julia headed the Legislature's Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Highways, Streets and Bridges. Engineers had to anchor some of its 23 pontoons as deep as 340 feet in the saltwater tidal basin. Since then, with only a few weather-related closures, the bridge had reliably connected the Kitsap and Olympic peninsulas—until February 13, 1979. Fifteen-foot waves generated by a raging windstorm battered the bridge for hours. The western half sank when its pontoon cables snapped as gusts hit 120 mph. Julia was now chairman of the commission, which pressed the consortium insuring the bridge to pay for the loss. It finally relented. "This is wonderful news," the relieved chairman told reporters, $28 million check in hand. Her old friend, Senator Magnuson, helped secure federal funds for a new west section as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee.

The State Toll Bridge Authority's last meeting in 1977: From left, Virginia Gunby, Julia, Highways Director William Bulley, Gov. Dixy Lee Ray and Ray Aardal. *Washington State Archives*

The sunken bridge was a sideshow compared

to what happened at 8:32 a.m. on May 18, 1980. Mount St. Helens, a picture-perfect peak in southwest Washington, erupted with a blast 500 times more powerful than the atomic bomb that leveled Hiroshima. The blast killed 57 people, countless creatures and all manner of vegetation. When the smoke cleared, millions of trees lay strewn like Tinker Toys in the peak's valleys and foothills. Highways and bridges were destroyed by the super-heated pyroclastic flows. Ash, mud and debris clogged lakes, rivers and bays. A mushroom cloud of ash and gases rose 12 miles high. Highway maintenance crews worked around the clock "trying to settle flying volcanic ash to the sides of highway lanes long enough to escort stranded motorists in central and eastern Washington," district engineers reported.

The Transportation Commission met often in the weeks and months following the eruption. The department's maintenance skills were sorely tested as more than a thousand miles of state highways were temporarily closed. Julia talked often with Magnuson, who secured nearly a billion dollars in emergency relief for the state.

When she was tired, she was often testy. Dick Carroll, a well-traveled district engineer stationed in Vancouver, accompanied a delegation from the City of Vancouver to a commission meeting. "They were there to make a pitch about the urgent need to complete I-5 through Vancouver," Carroll wrote in his memoirs. "My only task was that of introductions." Most of the commissioners were attentive. Julia was reading a newspaper. Finally, she snuffed out a cigarette and barked: "I got up early. Had to leave in the middle of the night. Got caught in your paving job at Chehalis. Had to sit and wait for over 20 minutes. I was late for the meeting. What are you going to do about it?" Dead silence ensued for what seemed like a minute as Carroll fought with his annoyance—and lost the battle. "Absolutely nothing," he declared. "I suggest you allow a little more time in your schedule and you won't be late." More silence. Bill Bulley, the Secretary of Transportation, appeared on the verge of cardiac arrest. Julia lit another cigarette, picked up her paper and resumed reading. Afterward, Bulley ordered Carroll to apologize. He did not comply, but "never heard another word." His gutsiness may have impressed Julia.

JULIA'S FELLOW COMMISSIONERS now included former governor Al Rosellini, her friend since 1939, their freshman year in the Legislature. Bob Bailey, her longtime confidant and congressional aide, was now chairman of the Utilities and Transportation Commission. Bailey was one of Dixy Lee Ray's remarkably few astute decisions. Hansen, Rosellini and Bailey, three old pros, were dumbfounded by the governor's tin ear. She picked a fight with Magnuson over supertankers on Puget Sound and intimated the 75-year-old senator was so enfeebled she might get to appoint his successor. Maggie's last hurrah was to denounce her from the podium of the State Democratic Convention

as the crowd went wild. State Senator Jim McDermott outpolled the sitting governor by 87,000 votes to seize the Democratic nomination in the 1980 primary election, only to lose to King County Executive John Spellman in November. It was a Republican year—"the Reagan Revolution." Magnuson was defeated by Attorney General Slade Gorton, a member of the original Evans braintrust. "There is a time to come and a time to go …," the old lion said, invoking Ecclesiastes. Julia wiped away a tear.

"It is that time for me," she said in a letter of resignation to Governor Ray. Effective December 31, 1980, she was stepping down from the Transportation Commission. The letter was vintage Julia, at turns persnickety and eloquent:

> On January 1, 1981, I will have completed 43 years of public service—37 years in elective office, then six years on the Highway and Transportation Commissions. …
>
> It was challenging to build a highway system to provide for the rebuilding of Washington's dangerous two-lane, broken-down roads; it was challenging to handle the ferry acquisition legislation and to legislate for the construction of the Hood Canal Bridge, the reconstruction of the Narrows, Evergreen Point and Biggs Rapid bridges, prepare the way for the Astoria-Megler crossing and establish funding for the Columbia Basin system of roads.
>
> The challenge is still here, but a soberer, sadder challenge. What answers can government make today with inflation so vicious that government itself cannot fulfill its role in bettering the lives of our citizens. There is no money. Government is forced to play out a devastating charade of promises and hopes that go unfulfilled—and will, I am afraid, continue to do so. Let me warn democracy: the longer needs go unfulfilled the more bitter its citizens become.
>
> Also, Governor, it will be nice not to have to leave home at 7:30 of a winter morning and dodge the rocks on the Ocean Beach Highway to get to a meeting. It will also be nice on Christmas morning not to have someone call about a ferry that served poor French fries.
>
> No one is indispensable. Others will serve you well and with vision and probably with more patience for the selfish, greedy, power-lusting demagogues and the ignorant than I. …I will continue to give the people of our state my affection and my interest.
>
> Now finally, I seldom mention personal affairs, but my husband, 97 and almost totally blind, has not walked for 15 months. I care for him at home. …

> I am grateful to the thousands of people who have supported me over the years …and to the dedicated people with whom I have served. I appreciate the courtesy and faith of Governor Evans …and Senator Magnuson, who did a superb job for our state.
>
> My mission is now accomplished.
>
> Yours most sincerely,
> Julia Butler Hansen

ELEVEN MONTHS LATER, on December 16, 1981, Henry Hansen died of pneumonia, passing quietly at 5 a.m. Sensing the end, Julia had sat beside him throughout the night. She wrote in her journal that she "loved him as much at death" as she did on May 14, 1939, the first day he came courting. As they planted flowers in the garden and talked about life, she was captivated by his gentle manner. Every Memorial Day after his death, Julia cut bouquets from the snowball tree in their garden and placed them on his grave at Greenwood Cemetery on a hillside west of town.

She stayed busy—writing, baking, gardening, doing needlepoint. David, Nancy and the girls visited often. Friends brought baskets of blackberries and returned for a slice of her amazing pies. But the old house at 60 Main Street seemed so empty without Henry. That Julia was brittle from her loss was abundantly clear by her reaction to a front-page profile in the Longview *Daily News* two months after Henry's death. Laurie Smith, a talented reporter, wrote:

> She became a mover and shaker in the gentleman's club that is Congress, and she ministered to a dying husband's every need at home. …
>
> She is great-hearted; she is tender; she is ruthless and harsh. She is Julia Butler Hansen, and by all accounts extraordinary.
>
> She retired from Congress eight years ago, and now Henry is gone too. Though mentally alert during the last several years, Henry could do nothing for himself and depended entirely on Julia.
>
> "I did get very tired," she says. …
>
> In his younger days, Henry was a large, strong man. Later in life his strenuous work as a blacksmith for logging companies bent him over. He couldn't stand up straight. …
>
> Where Henry was mild and amenable, Julia was a tough-minded politician who took the swipes and had the grit to be a formidable street fighter when the occasion called for it. She curses easily, and even her admirers count a quickness to anger among her

> less appealing qualities.
>
> "I didn't ask you here," she recently scolded a young reporter whose questions she believed were too acerbic. "I am a private citizen and I do not entertain adversarial questions." …
>
> A loyal Democrat and a liberal some might consider doctrinaire, she has no trouble finding an epithet for the New Federalism and other innovations of Ronald Reagan: "gobbledygook."
>
> "I have always maintained that liberalism is sensible progress," she says.
>
> The New Federalism is a political expedient for ridding the government of responsibility for human hardship, Julia says.
>
> "I am very disturbed. What would happen if we abolished all social programs tomorrow? What would happen to the economy? It would be flat on its back. It's likely there would be a revolution. …"
>
> Julia opens a large old volume to the Constitution and reads the first three words, "We the people."
>
> "It's the people's country," she muses. Then her blue eyes shimmer, and Julia begins to cry. …
>
> "You can't give this nation to a few people. It belongs to everybody. …
>
> "When I was 20 years old, I didn't have many emotions.
>
> "When I was 30, I had a few more.
>
> "When you're 70, you have a great many emotions and you're not ashamed of them."

JULIA WAS FURIOUS, viewing the story as intrusive. She wrote Smith a scathing letter, cc'ing Ted Natt, the editor and publisher; John M. McClelland Jr., the former publisher, and Bob Gaston, the managing editor. "I am sure that to you, I am one of those who should be liquidated for occupying space upon an earth belonging solely to the young," she began. "Also, will you please tell me what difference it makes <u>now</u> that my decent, kind husband couldn't stand up straight? …This hurt me worse than anything! To eviscerate a dead man for purple prose!"

She was also aggrieved over the large, close-up photo accompanying the story. It revealed she had aged considerably. "You are vastly overpaying your photographer!" she told Gaston.

Smith responded immediately with a gracious apology for Julia's discomfort, emphasizing she meant no disrespect to the late Mr. Hansen. Julia's reply was a classic example of her tendency to blow her top, then make amends—though her apologies in

her younger years were seldom as candid as the one Smith received:

> After much thought and the genuine wish to see any young reporter succeed, particularly a woman, I am sorry to have taken undue offense at the adjectives. I am old, ugly (from that pic), much too quick-tempered (although you may not believe it, much better than I once was), sometimes harsh as with my letter to you and Mr. Gaston. [But I am] ruthless no more, since private life has no necessity for success in anything but achievement of spiritual triumph, courage to face the future and peace of heart.
>
> Please forgive my harshness, not my sorrow. I trust that you will stop another day to chat with me as a person. The charming young photographer is also welcome if he saves his camera for the explosion of a mountain, not a woman's wrinkled face.

JULIA RETURNED TO HER TYPEWRITER and garden, attended Democratic Party events and gave more interviews. She read the papers and answered letters. But she often felt "so lonely—so in the way." One rainy day, she told her journal, "I don't want a lot of hypocrites sobbing at my funeral. They could have come to spend an hour some lonely night." When David, Nancy and her granddaughters arrived for a weekend, the world seemed bright again. There were flowers to plant, weeds to pull, pies to bake.

Mitchell Doumit, a friend since their childhood and onetime rival, died that November. "Oh, how the past slips away!" she wrote as she began writing a eulogy. The Grade School multipurpose room was packed for his funeral.

Henry M. Jackson's death from a ruptured aorta in 1983, was "a terrible shock." Scoop seemed so much younger than 71. "He was a wonderful friend"—and should have become president, Julia wrote. He was the one who first urged her to run for Congress all those years ago. Julia feared the funeral would be too tiring, so she and David, together with Iris Hedlund, her dear friend and former secretary, drove to Everett and paid their respects at the mortuary. Governor Spellman appointed Dan Evans to the U.S. Senate. "A wise choice," Julia wrote.

Thanksgiving was punctuated with more melancholy since it coincided with the 20th anniversary of Kennedy's assassination. Reporters asked her to reminisce. In 1960 Kennedy had narrowly lost Washington's electoral votes to Nixon, but Julia said she was always quick to remind him he had won her district. The Vancouver Veterans Administration Hospital was threatened with closure, and the Air Force radar station at Naselle was being evaluated for decommissioning. "Why are you closing everything in the 3rd District?" she asked the president. "*It's my first term.*" He asked if she could

find an alternative use for the radar station. "I'll try," she said. It stayed in operation until 1966, then became a youth camp. The hospital wasn't closed either—renovated in fact, the former congresswoman noted.

IN 1984, JULIA SPRANG INTO ACTION when Congressman Bonker asked for help securing funds for a Mount Saint Helens visitor center. She telephoned Illinois Democrat Sid Yates, the chairman of the subcommittee she once headed, and sealed the deal with a call to her old pal, Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, the House Appropriations Committee chairman. Money was approved for the Visitors Center as well as new roads and bridges in the National Monument.

Julia's brother, James, former chairman of the USC drama department, died at 76 in 1985. She was depressed she wasn't up to a flight to Los Angeles for his memorial service.

Two years passed. Peter Sechler, a Cathlamet teenager, was home from college on spring break. He needed some extra money, so he asked Mrs. Hansen if she could use some help in the garden. She put him to work mowing, raking and edging, wrote Caroline Wood, an award-winning playwright who researched Julia's life. As he worked, Julia "sat on the small brick patio and surveyed the beauty of her beloved world of flowers, shrubs and trees. Daffodils, tulips and hyacinth were in bloom. Lilac buds were growing plump. … Her garden was in order. All was well."

All was not well. In 1987 she developed a deadly cancer on her nose from 60 years of smoking. In keeping with her Christian Science faith, she refused treatment. David arranged for her to enter the nursing home in Cathlamet that March, visiting every weekend and taking her down to the house. "I'm getting out of prison!" she'd quip. Iris Hedlund, the county assessor, went to see her practically every day.

Julia in the garden with granddaughter Julia Ann in 1982. *Hansen Family Collection*

As her condition worsened, she reluctantly consented to "compromise treatment," her physician said—mostly pain relief. A Christian Science practitioner helped as well.

JULIA BUTLER HANSEN died on May 3, 1988. She was almost 81. "She was a great one," former Speaker Carl Albert told reporters. "I thought the world of her." Warren Magnuson, aware of his own mortality, said, "No one ever represented her people better than Julia Butler Hansen."

The grade school auditorium was packed for the funeral. Bob Bailey was there, of course, together with Don Bonker, Norm Dicks and former congressman Joel Pritchard. David read one of her poems, *The Oregon Song*. He and Nancy, his wife, had picked flowers from the garden to place on her casket. Alan Thompson, Julia's first congressional aide, was now chief clerk of the Washington House of Representatives, where she was a legend. He offered a candid, moving eulogy. She was a complex woman, Thompson said: a caring friend, devoted wife and mother, and an exasperating—sometimes "terrible"—boss who was even harder on herself, such were her standards, hopes and dreams. "Julia was in the right place at the right time to impact history," he said.

> When I last saw Julia she had lost much of her hearing, but her mind and her speech functioned with the quickness I'd always known, skipping from point to point faster than I could keep up with pencil-scrawled notes. But then, I could never quite keep up with Julia. Someone who is here today reminded me of my long-ago answer to how it was to work with this dynamic congresswoman. I likened it to being the comet's tail.

Thompson closed with a stanza from a poem Julia loved. "As I read these lines, think of Cathlamet at twilight; think of the movement of this vast reach of river; think of high purpose; think of courageous risk; think of an heroic life." Then came Tennyson's admonition in *Ulysses* that it's never too late "to seek a newer world."

SALUTING HER AS WASHINGTON'S "grand lady of politics and transportation," the Legislature and Transportation Commission had voted to rename Wahkiakum County's historic Puget Island Bridge in her honor. Congressman Bonker pushed through a bill to rename the Columbian White-Tailed Deer refuge west of Cathlamet in her memory. In 1989, she posthumously received Washington's Medal of Merit. David accepted on her behalf at a joint session of the Legislature. An Olympia elementary school was named in her honor.

In a sense, Julia had written her own eulogy six years earlier. She was cleaning

out a desk drawer two months after Henry's death and rediscovered her journal. Off and on since girlhood, she had confided to it her innermost thoughts, hopes, dreams and fears. Should she keep it for posterity, or burn it? Here is what she wrote on February 14, 1982:

> I'm not sure about burning, yet [that's] probably the most sensible thing to do unless I preface this book with "only read if you have an understanding heart," for this is the record of a passionate heart, a woman with a temper, sensitive to hurt and pain, a tumultuous soul. It is the story of weakness and strength, the pain and joy and love. …My public goal was to serve the people I represented as lovingly, consistently and capably as possible.

BETTER YET, PERHAPS, there's what Walter Hickel wrote when she announced her retirement from Congress in 1974:

> Dear Julia: Now the question is "Where's Julia Butler Hansen now that we need her?"

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Source Notes

Key: Julia Butler, JB; Julia Butler Hansen, JBH; David Kimball Hansen, DKH; Maude Kimball Butler, MKB; Robert C. Bailey, RCB; Alan Thompson, AT; Joe Carter, JC; Nelson Hower, NH; *Longview Daily News*, LDN; *Seattle Times*, ST; Centralia Daily Chronicle, CDC; *Aberdeen Daily World*, ADW; *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, P-I; *Olympian*, OLY; *Oregonian*, OR; *Columbia River Sun*, Sun; *Bellingham Herald*, BH; *Tacoma News Tribune*, TNT; *Tacoma Ledger*, TL; Port Angeles *Evening News*, PA; Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, SR; *New York Times*, NYT; *Los Angeles Times*, LAT; Associated Press, AP; United Press International, UPI; Washington State Historical Society, WSHS; Washington State Archives, WSA; Washington State Library, WSL; University of Washington Archives, UW

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David Hansen at his mother's desk in the historic Hansen home. *John Hughes photo*

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