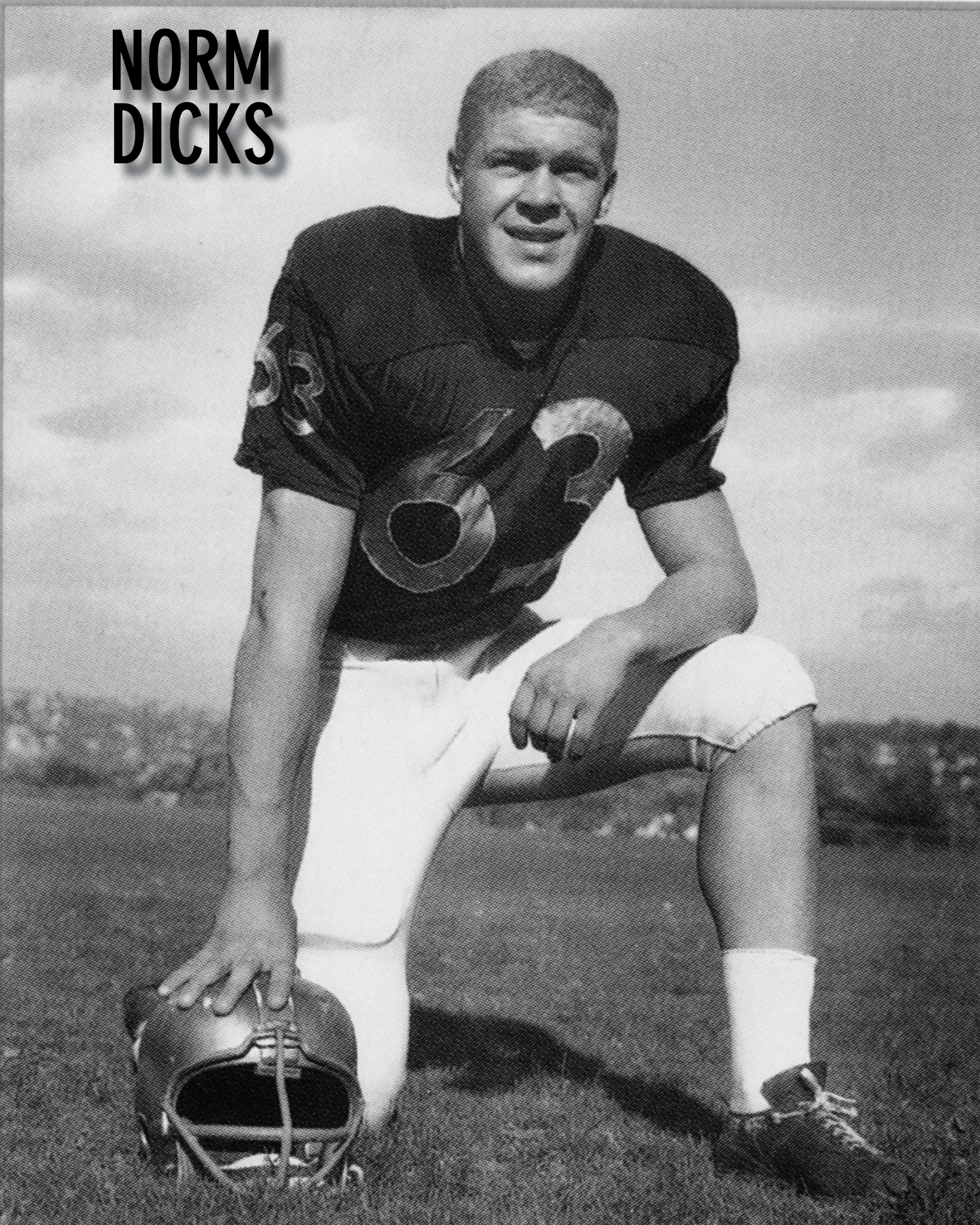
NORM DICKS



Alma Mater Comes of Age

Unsurprisingly, there's a big purple W on Norm Dicks' favorite windbreaker. He came of age at the University of Washington. And when he departed with a law degree in 1968 he landed a job as an aide to Warren G. Magnuson, the canny old lion of the United States Senate. A 1929 graduate of the UW Law School, "Maggie" surrounded himself with young Huskies and taught them how to mush. Dicks was a fast learner. He went on to serve 36 years in Congress, only once winning re-election with less than 58 percent of the vote. Pundits called him "Washington's third senator."

Dicks' years at the university are like bookends to the history of one of the most tumultuous decades in American history: The Sixties. "It was an incredible time to be a student at a major university," Dicks remembers—especially on the day in 1961 when he watched John F. Kennedy stride toward Edmundson Pavilion to address the university's centennial convocation. The young president spoke of the need for Americans to be, "above all else … united in recognizing the long and difficult days that lie ahead." Kennedy's words were tragically prescient.

The struggle for civil rights and America's escalating involvement in Vietnam stoked student activism. "In the spring of 1963, we rose up and fought to keep the bricks from being paved over in the 'Quad'—the university's historic main quadrangle," Dicks remembers. "It was amazing—the first time we had really stood up for anything against the administration." He was a member of the student Board of Control, which initiated an "Open Forum" for outdoor oratory on campus. "Then when Kennedy was assassinated there was a sense of collective shock. We all ran over to the HUB and watched the news unfold on TV, with Walter Cronkite announcing that the president was dead." Homecoming was canceled.

Rick Dahms photo

Five years later, above all else, America was divided. An arson fire caused $100,000 damage to the ROTC building and the newly organized UW chapter of the Black Student Union denounced "institutionalized racism." Dicks joined a group called Young Washington Inc., mostly comprised of law school students. They had been recruited by Washington Attorney General John J. O'Connell to push an initiative for constitutional reform and help boost his campaign for governor. The students staged a sit-in at the state Capitol, hoping to secure a court test of the measure's constitutionality.

April was the cruelest month. Robert F. Kennedy, whom Dicks hoped would become president, announced to a stunned crowd of supporters that the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. had been murdered in Memphis. Two months later, RFK was dead, too. "Then we had the chaos at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. It's hard to believe all that was 50 years ago," Dicks says, shaking his head. "And Vietnam was on the nightly news *every* night. It still seems so shockingly real—the war, the protests, the riots. Television had emerged as the most powerful media. It played a huge role in bringing home the drama."

So much had changed since the fall of 1959.

WHEN DICKS enrolled at the university, he was literally a fair-haired kid campaigning for a spot on the football team. Fast and agile at 6-1, 195 pounds, he was a standout two-sport athlete from West Bremerton High. Athleticism was in his gene pool. Affability came naturally. His tenacity sprang from working-class roots.

Horace De Valois Dicks, Norm's father, was a Navy veteran who worked at the Bremerton shipyard. He was born in Jamaica to British citizen parents of English, French and West Indian extraction. "My grandfather died when my dad was 3," Dicks says, marveling at the saga that followed. His grandmother, a stenographer, moved to New York to find work. "My dad remained in Jamaica for a while, living with uncles, before re-uniting with his mother and two siblings in Manhattan." After high school, Horace Dicks joined the Navy to see the world and learn a trade. He became a skilled electrician and a fearless amateur boxer.

When Horace arrived in Bremerton, he met a fetching local girl whose father was a ship fitter. They were married in 1940. Norman DeValois Dicks, a big, blond baby, was born 10 months later, his brother Leslie in 1944. Eileen Dicks was a nurturer who never missed her sons' games and played a mean game of gin rummy. Horace was an even-handed disciplinarian whose mantra was "work hard, play hard and get a good education."

Every conversation with Norm Dicks is punctuated with anecdotes and digressions. One story invariably leads to another. He remembers the sage advice Congressman Tom Foley gave him before his first meeting with House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "I said, 'Mr. Speaker, Tom told me to remind you that my mother's name is Cora Eileen O'Hara!' And O'Neill said, 'Norm, I think you're going to be on the Appropriations Committee!' "

Dicks' laughter rocks the dining room at the Alderbrook Inn overlooking his beloved Hood Canal. It's so infectious no one looks annoyed.

He didn't tell O'Neill that his grandpa, Roy O'Hara, was a Republican, albeit a pragmatic one.

"Here's another good story," Dicks promises, wagging his salad fork. "Grandpa O'Hara loved politics. He was one of Congressman Tom Pelly's best political contacts in Kitsap County, so Pelly's top staff person assumed I was a Republican and urged me to apply for a military academy appointment. I went to my grandfather and said, 'Grandpa, Mom and Dad are both Democrats and I like Jack Kennedy so I think I'm going to be a Democrat.' And my grandfather says, 'Well, it'll be a lot easier getting you elected in Kitsap County.' "

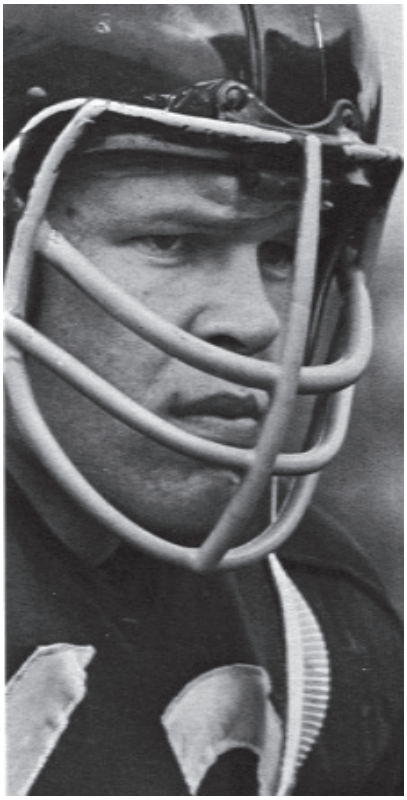
"A likable personality, intelligence and leadership are the qualities of the president of National Honor Society, Norm Dicks," the editors of the West Bremerton High School *Catlog* wrote in 1959.

Getting elected, especially in Kitsap County, was never a problem for Norm Dicks. The only election he ever lost was instructive. It was in his senior year in high school. "I was defeated for student body president. It was a great lesson. I had gotten a little too full of myself. I learned how important constituent relations are." His classmates voted him the most popular boy in the Class of '59.

Dicks also learned how to study, thanks to the erudite woman whose lawn he mowed. (Grandpa O'Hara had arranged both the job and the tutoring.) "What she taught me seems so simple: Take copious notes on every lecture. Outline everything you read for the class. Then put the two together and review it all before the test."

AT 18, Dicks graduated from a gritty shipyard town to a world of major-college athletics, fraternities, sororities, Twist contests at sock hops and home-game Saturdays replete with pageantry. It was the last year of the Eisenhower administration and the cusp of the New Frontier. Sigma Chi's sweetheart wore a strapless formal and the "Husky Honey" hostesses greeted UW teams at the airport when they returned from combat, hopefully victorious. Dicks' goals were to win a spot as a starter on the football team, excel in the classroom and join one of the top fraternities. Soon after pledging Sigma Nu, which was heavily invested in campus leadership, his fraternity brothers named him their election coordinator.

Dicks posted a 3.75 grade-point average for his first quarter of college. "Some of the assistant coaches called me down and said, 'What's this honor roll thing? You must be



"Dizzy" Dicks rated high praise for his defensive tactics during the 1962 season. *Tyee yearbook, 1963*

cheating!' I said, 'No I'm not! I study!' So from then on I was their academic guy. In my junior year, Coach [Jim] Owens, who liked the fact that I was a good student, comes up to me and says, 'I want you to run for the Board of Control because they have control over our budget.' So now I'm on the ASUW Board of Control."

The yearbooks from Dicks' first years at the UW are time capsules from an incredibly white world. There were fewer than a hundred minority students among the university's 23,300 undergraduates during his freshman year, 1959-60. Charles Odegaard, the university's new president, was a visionary Ivy League intellectual intent on elevating the UW to the first rank of American public universities. But diversity was not on the fast track. In Dicks' days as an undergrad, the handful of African Americans at the university were almost all athletes. George Fleming, a fleet halfback and clutch-time kicker, was the co-most valuable player in the Huskies' 44-8 upset victory over Wisconsin in the 1960 Rose Bowl. Fleming was elected to the Legislature in 1968 as Dicks was headed for the other Washington.

DICKS' TEAMMATES nicknamed him "Dizzy" because he was a natural-born raconteur—not because of a concussion he sustained during practice in the fall of 1962. *The Seattle Times* illustrated the impact with a photo of what happened to a football helmet liner when a 16-pound lead weight was dropped on it from a height of 12 feet. "Witnesses estimate the dimensions of that [dramatic] dent match those on the headgear Dicks turned in" after the full speed, head-on, helmet-to-helmet collision with a teammate. "That the Husky linebacker was not killed is a marvel of science," sportswriter Bob Schwarzmann wrote. "Without the protection [of his helmet] the result to Dicks' skull would have matched the dimensions of a stepped-on egg." Dicks shook that one off. They gave him a new helmet, "and the next day I was kicked in the side of the head. It cracked the helmet and I was laid up with a concussion. I'm now on my third helmet…I'm a pretty expensive item," he told the sportswriter, laughing.

Dicks shakes his head in wonderment 56 years later as examines a yellowed clipping featuring the photo of the crushed helmet liner. "People like to quote Lyndon Johnson as saying 'There's nothing wrong with Jerry Ford, except that he played football too long

Big John Meyers (No. 79) and Norm Dicks (No. 63) were two of the most durable Huskies in 1961. *Tyee yearbook, 1962*

without a helmet,' " Dicks says. "Actually, Johnson had an even better line. 'Jerry's a nice guy,' he said, 'but he played center, so he saw the world upside down!' "

Dicks cackles. Then his brow furrows again. "I'm really fortunate that I never had a serious head injury. I led the team in tackles in 1961 and 1962. My first start was at Champaign-Urbana against the University of Illinois in 1961. Bobby Monroe, one of our running backs, comes up to me right before the game and says, 'Dicks we're going to see what you're made of today!' I had to play the whole game because everyone else at my position was injured. In those were days you played both ways, offense and defense. I made 13 tackles, 12 assists and two interceptions. We won 20-7 and I was player of the game. Afterward, I said, 'Well, Bobby, was that good enough?' "

His play was way better than good enough in the 1962 Apple Cup, played before a record crowd of 35,700 at wind-whipped Joe Albi Stadium in Spokane. It was the last game of Dicks' college career. With 55 seconds remaining in 21-21 deadlock, Dicks intercepted a pass and plunged two yards to the WSU 7-yard-line. The Huskies took the lead with a

field goal and added a safety when they swarmed the Cougs' stellar quarterback, Dave Mathieson, who had passed for 363 yards. Five points in 20 seconds produced jubilation among the 17 UW seniors. They carried Dicks off the field on their shoulders. "It was about time," he said in the locker room. "I've dropped three interceptions, and the guys have been giving me gas all year." Dicks remembers Mathieson as a warrior. "I'd have felt like less of a person if we'd played for the tie," the old Cougar said years later.

Gladiatorial nostalgia can't dispel the fact that football was a dangerous game back then, Dicks says. "And it's still dangerous, even with far better helmets and other gear." The new research on chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE), a degenerative brain disease caused by repeated blows to the head, worries the former Husky gridder. "I told my sons that my advice for my grandchildren is 'Don't let them play football.' Flag football is fine, but tackle football is dangerous. I've even thought about donating my brain to the UW Medical School to see why some players who sustain concussions have cognitive problems later in life while others don't. We've lost a lot of guys I played with in that era, so it would be worth a study. Others I played with, including fraternity brothers, are alive and well, closing in on 80. Several had brilliant careers in business and the professions. I seem to have done all right, too. I loved playing football, but I'm one of the lucky ones. I didn't sustain any permanent injuries."

DICKS, an academic standout by any measure, was named one of the top scholar-athletes in the conference in 1961 and 1962. He enrolled in law school in 1963 after receiving his degree in political science, but dropped out before long because he was "completely spent" from the rigors of maintaining honor-roll grades while playing varsity football. He worked for Boise Cascade as a corrugated box salesman before joining Kaiser Gypsum as an administrative assistant to the manager of its Seattle plant.

When Dicks re-enrolled in law school in 1965, the campus was in the throes of change. No longer happy to be "honeys" pursuing an "M.R.S." degree, UW coeds won an end to their dorm curfews. The spring 1968 edition of *tyee,* the student magazine, explored "The New Morality," including the notion that "it's ludicrous to declare it's wrong to have sex with anyone you're not married too." The Students for a Democratic Society conducted a mock war crimes trial that indicted the university for complicity in the Vietnam war and racism. And *tyee* offered a detailed primer for white folks on how not to be a "racist dog pig." For starters, "Who you calling 'Negro'?—"the term is 'black.' " On the afternoon of May 20, 1968, three dozen members of the Black Student Union invaded the university's administrative offices, demanding changes in admission policies and Black Studies classes taught by black professors. There were only around 200 black students among the university's 30,000 undergraduates.

The sit-in ended four hours later when the administration agreed to double black enrollment and hire more minority staff and faculty. A month earlier, at a campus memo-

A student demonstration on the University of Washington campus in 1967. *tyee magazine, Autumn 1967*

rial for the slain Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., President Odegaard declared racism had to be "purged" from the university. Now he announced that the number of black professors, "already up to 10 from one in the previous year, would increase to 15" through special recruiting efforts. The University also set out to conduct research projects and training sessions in Seattle's Central Area, home to most of King County's blacks. Wary black activists declared, "We see the University as an imperial power and the ghetto as a colony."

THE TIMES were changing, but love is always in the air. Dicks and five friends organized a singles group called The Never on Friday Club. When Suzanne "Suzie" Callison, a vivacious young woman who worked at a travel agency, showed up one night Norm wasted little time in asking her for a date. "Everyone knew who he was," Suzie remembers, but she had no idea he was a big man on campus. Though she had deep Seattle roots—her grandfather, George W. Dilling, was mayor in 1911—she grew up in Eastern Washington and graduated from the University of Arizona. Norm and Suzie had their first date in June of 1967, got engaged in July and were married in August.

Before his third year of law school, thanks to his support of John J. O'Connell, Dicks secured an internship with the Washington State Attorney General's Office, which was aggressively promoting consumer protection. He also had a life-changing conversation with Senator Magnuson's 35-year-old chief of staff, Gerald Grinstein. The son of the UW football team's doctor, Grinstein was a graduate of Yale University and Harvard Law School. His dynamism as chief counsel to the U.S. Senate Commerce Committee had elevated it to a leadership role in consumer protection.

"We had talked for about 45 minutes, focusing on Senator Magnuson's work in appropriations and consumer protection, when Jerry says, 'Why don't you come and work for the senator as a legislative assistant?' I figured I had about 5 to 10 seconds to decide

Dicks and Magnuson in the early 1970s. *University Libraries, University of Washington Special Collections, PH Coll 638.3036 Warren G. Magnuson photograph collection*

my future. I said, 'I'd love to do that, but I have an obligation to John O'Connell I just can't walk away from.' " Grinstein was impressed.

Dicks passed the bar exam in the middle of O'Connell's campaign for governor. When the attorney general lost to Dan Evans, Dicks called Grinstein. Magnuson had just won his fifth term in the Senate with a campaign slogan that italicized his consumer protection legislation: "Maggie Keeps the Big Boys Honest." Norm and Suzie packed all their stuff into a baby blue Ford Mustang with a rooftop carrier and headed east. They arrived in D.C. on November 17, 1968.

"I was a legislative assistant—and a junior one at that," Dicks remembers, "but I got to spend a lot of time with the senator." Magnuson loved the energy Grinstein and his successor, Stan Barer, brought to the office. The late Norm Maleng, a UW Law School standout who went on to become King County prosecutor, was an earlier Commerce Committee intern for Magnuson. There was a ton of talent in Magnuson's milieu. Nixon's domestic affairs assistant, John Ehrlichman, told Jermaine Magnuson that her husband's young aides were "always buzzing around everywhere." So she dubbed them "bumblebees." Grinstein presides when alumni of the colony get together, Dicks says.

Every day was like a master's-degree program in the art of political deal-making. Magnuson, in action, was actually more artist than professor. In his 31 years in Congress, he had sponsored landmark consumer protection legislation, promoted groundbreaking medical research and, perhaps most notably, "shepherded through a deeply divided Congress the most controversial section of the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964—Title II, which outlawed racial discrimination in public accommodations such as hotels, restaurants, transportation facilities, and theaters." During his final 12 years in the Senate, Magnuson would protect Puget Sound from supertankers, help save the American fishing industry and rescue the Northwest's iconic orcas from becoming circus animals. It was an extraordinary last hurrah.

The senatorial tag-team of Magnuson and Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson was one of the most formidable in American history. "And I got to work closely with both," Dicks says.

AS DICKS was learning the ropes, Nixon's pledge to end the war was proving easier said than done, racial tensions were rising and Boeing was about to be in big trouble. Inflation, fueled in part by the cost of the war, produced a disastrous debut for the 747 jumbo jet. Then in the winter of 1971, the U.S. Senate rejected funding for the SST, Boeing's Supersonic Transport. "I worked on the SST for Magnuson—and for Senator Jackson as well—because it was an appropriations issue. Losing the SST was a blow that turned out to be a blessing in disguise for Boeing," Dicks says. "The British and French built the Concorde, which never was a real success commercially. But the reality for the time being was that Boeing had over-extended itself with the 747, and 65,000 workers lost their jobs between 1968 and 1971. Handling the 'Boeing Bust' was my biggest responsibility. We passed three bills that extended emergency unemployment compensation and authorized food stamps in addition to surplus commodity distribution. Magnuson also pushed through $5 million in grants to the Neighbors in Need program."

The state weathered the storm because there was a bipartisan sense that "we're all in this together" rather than political grandstanding, Dicks says. "Wes Uhlman was mayor of Seattle, John Spellman was King County executive and Dan Evans was governor. Spellman's father had been an assistant coach when Magnuson was on the Husky scrub team at the UW in the 1920s. They all respected Magnuson because he could work both sides of the aisle. That's one of the big lessons I learned from him. After we passed that legislation to help ease the impact of the Boeing Bust, I remember one of my great moments as an aide to the senator. We were riding over to the Senate in a little underground train at the Capitol and Maggie said, 'You just won me two gut victories. *I will never forget it.* You're just like me, Norm. You love comin' up here every day and gettin' something done.' It was the only time he said something like that in the nine years I worked for him. That was very important to me," Dicks says, savoring the moment all over again.

Another illustrative story was sure to follow—one that speaks volumes about

"The Dance of Legislation," the title of a classic book about the legislative process written by another former Magnuson aide, Eric Redman. Dicks tells it this way:

> One night after we passed the Airport & Airway Development Act of 1970, I was in the hallway right outside Magnuson's office. The press secretary was arguing with someone over who was going to take Maggie home because the senator had to be driven. Mike Mansfield, the majority leader, was walking by because his office was right next to Magnuson's. "I'll take Maggie home," he says. "I've got something I want to talk to him about." We said, "Oh no, Mr. Leader, you don't have to." And he said, *"I want to do it."*
>
> The next day I got a call from Senator Mansfield's top guy, Charlie Ferris. He says, "Norm, Maggie and The Leader drove home together last night." I said, "I'm well aware of that." And he said, "Well, we want to introduce an amendment to the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to lower the voting age to 18. Normally we'd have Senator Kennedy do it but he's out of the country. We want Magnuson to do it." So now this is my new assignment. I called the Judiciary Committee and talked to Kennedy's people. They said there were two ways to make it happen. One was a constitutional amendment, which is very difficult, requiring a two-thirds vote of both houses and ratification by three-quarters of the states. Alternatively we could do it legislatively and see if lowering the voting age survived a test in the courts. Of course, I went for the easier route because when you worked for Maggie you wanted to get things done.
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> So the legislation comes over from the House. The House did not want any amendments. But we have Maggie argue, "Hey, we've got these kids under 21 fighting in Vietnam. They ought to be able to vote!" The amendment passed like 67 to 18. Big vote. Then we worried it was going to die in the conference committee negotiations between the House and the Senate. But 84-year-old Manny Celler, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was facing a challenge from Liz Holtzman, a young lawyer who said he was out of touch. Celler needs all the votes he can get, so he says, "Hey, we want 18-year-olds to be able to vote!" The House approves lowering the voting age. People worry Nixon will veto the bill. But he wants it, too. He signs it and asks the attorney general to expedite a court test. Oregon and Texas challenge the law. Then it goes to the U.S. Supreme Court on an emergency action. The court, on a 5-4 decision,

says you can lower the voting age to 18 in federal elections by legislation, but you can't do it by legislation in state and local elections. So we prepared a constitutional amendment to clarify the situation. Congress passed the 26th Amendment in March of 1971 and the states promptly ratified it. Lowering the voting age to 18 was first proposed by Senator Kennedy. But Senator Magnuson played a key role in making it happen. That's often overlooked by historians. And if we hadn't opted to achieve it through a majority vote in Congress it wouldn't have happened. If we had tried to do it as a constitutional amendment we couldn't have pulled it off.

That's the kind of stuff you get to do when you're working for a senator who is liked by everybody, number three or four in seniority, chairman of the Commerce Committee and Chairman of Health, Education and Welfare Appropriations with half of the budget under his jurisdiction. That's enormous clout.

It was a real education. Every day.

As Magnuson grew older, his step slowed by diabetes, some whispered that his mental acuity was also waning. They chuckled at his gaffes and malapropisms, especially when he called French President Georges Pompidou "Poopidoo." But that was just the senator's whimsical side. Dicks has a rest-of-the-story footnote to a widely repeated, ostensibly embarrassing telephone conversation between Magnuson and Wilbur Mills, the powerful chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee:

We needed more money for unemployment compensation during the Boeing Bust. So Magnuson gets on the phone and says, "Orville, we really need your help on the unemployment comp."

"Okay, Warren," Mills says. "I'll take care of it. Don't worry." Click.

"How did I do?" Maggie asks his staff. I think it was Stan Barer who said, "You were great, senator, but it's 'Wilbur,' not Orville. You had the wrong Wright brother."

Magnuson doesn't say another word.

A few years later, after Mills left Congress in the wake of a scandal over his antics with a stripper named Fanne Foxe, he became a lobbyist. I spotted him in the House members' dining room.

"Mr. Chairman, welcome back!" I said. "We miss you. You know, I work for Senator Magnuson and I was there in the room when he called you and referred to you as 'Orville.' "

Mills smiled. "Well, when Maggie and I were in the House together we went out for drinks. And one night I asked him, 'Do you mind being called 'Maggie'? And he said, 'My friends call me 'Warren' and I prefer 'Warren.' What about you?' And I said, 'Well, my father wanted to name me Orville-Wilbur Mills. But, my mother wouldn't allow it. So, that's how I became Wilbur.' And Maggie says, 'Which would you have rather been, Orville or Wilbur? And I said, 'I think I would've rather been Orville.' And Maggie said, 'For you and I, it'll always be Orville!' "

Dicks with House Speaker Tom Foley of Spokane. *The Seattle Times*

"We underestimated our senator," Dicks says. "Always a mistake."

Dicks also remembers the day he handed the senator a three-page memo, which Magnuson quickly scanned.

"Senator," he said, "you didn't really read that."

"Ask me a question," Magnuson said. Dicks asked a seemingly tough question. Then another. And another. "He answered them all. He was amazing. He had incredible smarts. Not everyone will say that. But I dealt with him every day. Unfortunately, the cameras caught him stumbling on the steps of *Air Force One* in 1980 when he arrived with Jimmy Carter to review the damage from Mount St. Helens. It made him seem even older than 75. That was devastating."

Slade Gorton sent Magnuson into retirement by emphasizing that after 44 years in Congress Magnuson deserved the thanks of a grateful nation—and a gold watch. He wanted to be "Washington's Next Great Senator!"

Four years earlier, at the age of 35, Dicks had won a seat in Congress and a spot on the Appropriations Committee—perhaps because his mother was Irish. Maggie was impressed but not surprised.

DICKS WEATHERED the Gingrich insurgency of 1994

The Washington State congressional delegation in the 1980s. Sitting, from left, Senator Slade Gorton, Congressman Joel Pritchard and Senator Dan Evans. Back row, from left, Congressmen Rod Chandler, Al Swift, Norm Dicks, Tom Foley, Sid Morrison, Mike Lowry and Don Bonker. *Washington State Archives*

when five of his fellow Democrats in the House—Maria Cantwell, Jolene Unsoeld, Jay Inslee, Mike Kreidler and, shockingly, Speaker of the House Tom Foley—went down to defeat. Dicks soldiered on with the patience and persuasion he had learned working for Magnuson. Dicks became an expert on defense and national security issues, and in 1998 was awarded the CIA Director's Medal for his service on the House Intelligence Committee.

After 30 years on the House Appropriations Subcommittee for Interior and Environment, he was elevated to the chairmanship in 2007. Three years later, he became chairman of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee.

Bringing it all back home, Dicks secured federal funds to revitalize downtown Tacoma and the historic waterfront of his home town, Bremerton. The Tacoma project is anchored by the UW's thriving second campus, the Union Station courthouse and four museums. Dicks brokered the historic land claims settlement with the Puyallup Tribe and spearheaded removal of the two dams on the Elwha River on the Olympic Peninsula.

"When I wanted something done in the House for our delegation, I always went to Norm first," Slade Gorton said in 2012 when Dicks announced he would not seek a 19th term. "I am a considerable admirer."

In 36 years in Congress, Dicks never forgot the lessons he learned from Magnuson and his days as a Husky linebacker: Take care of your constituents and do your homework.

He returned home often, developed a great staff and campaigned door to door every two years. "On the football team, we always said you should never take anything lightly. You had to be prepared for every game. That's the way I approached elections. You need to make sure people know you still want the job."

John C. Hughes
Legacy Washington
Office of the Secretary of State

Source Notes

All quotes from the subject of this profile are from Legacy Washington interviews in 2018, unless otherwise noted.

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1968: The Year That Rocked Washington looks back at 1968 and its impact on Washington state through the stories of some remarkable people who lived through it. On college campuses, the campaign trail and evergreen peaks, Washingtonians were spurred to action. It was the year when Vietnam, civil rights, women's liberation and conservation coalesced—the year when tragedy led the 6 o'clock news with numbing regularity. 1968 changed us in ways still rippling through our society a half century later. *1968: The Year That Rocked Washington* features a collection of online stories and an exhibit at the Washington State Capitol in the fall of 2018. Legacy Washington documents the activism and aftershocks of a landmark year in world history. www.sos.wa.gov/legacy/sixty-eight/