Robert F. Goldsworthy

An Oral History

Interviewed by Sharon Boswell

Washington State Oral History Program
Office of the Secretary of State
Ralph Munro, Secretary of State

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To my wife, Jean, and to my son, Robert, and my daughter, Jill.

Jean shared the anxieties and uncertainties of two wars. All three shared the elation of political victory and the many days of separation which followed. Those in politics will understand.

Through it all, my family kept their loyalty and sense of humor.

FOREWORD

BOB GOLDSWORTHY

Bob Goldsworthy and I were both elected to the Legislature for the first time in 1956. We were among the first members of what would become, in a few years, a whole new generation of Republican legislators and officeholders.

Bob was always a friend to everyone. With his long experience in farming and in the Air Force, he wielded substantial influence in agricultural and military affairs. He was most influential, however, when he became chairman of the House Appropriations Committee in 1967. By then, I was governor and I depended on Bob's leadership to produce a good budget; one that would adequately finance education, better transportation facilities, and the preservation of the environment.

We did not always agree, especially on the need for tax reform. Nevertheless, when I advocated a state income tax in 1970, Bob provided decisive help in getting the issue through the Legislature and onto the ballot. He could have tried to kill it in a legislative committee, but he was so loyal that he was willing to put the issue to the voters, even though he didn't like it much.

I've always been immensely grateful to my Republican colleagues in the House of Representatives who worked closely with me in the Legislature and then supported me so well in my campaign for governor and during my terms in office. Bob Goldsworthy was one of the finest, sharing his knowledge, wisdom and friendship over many years–a true citizen legislator.

DANIEL J. EVANS
Washington State Governor
United States Senator

FOREWORD

BOB GOLDSWORTHY

Bob Goldsworthy is an excellent person with a marvelous sense of humor. He was also a superb legislator. He held several important committee memberships in the legislature, the most important one being the House Appropriations Committee. He was a serious lawmaker, but he always found the humor in a problem or issue, even in those issues that were basically serious. That was very refreshing for a university president who was quite anxious to have his presentation well received. He was clearly one of the top leaders among our state officials. He possessed a clear vision of the important needs of the state and the courage to make decisions as a legislator in keeping with that vision.

Bob is the grandson of an Eastern Washington pioneer who acquired a tract of land through the Homestead Act near Rosalia, Washington. Like his father and grandfather, Bob loved farming and ran the family farm until he became interested in state government. For sixteen years he served our state in the legislature, and became one of the most respected and popular public servants in Washington State.

Although Representative Goldsworthy was always interested in higher education, in part because of his interest in Washington State University, he insisted that we support our plea for additional funding with convincing facts. I recall that he was particularly dubious about our use of data comparing our university with comparable institutions to support our requests for additional funding. He was convinced that this amounted to comparing apples with oranges. But, if we were well enough prepared in other respects, we could count on his support. He was not

by any stretch of the imagination a single issue lawmaker, nor was he interested only in Eastern Washington. He was above everything a fair-minded leader with a statewide focus. It was obvious that he enjoyed the respect of his colleagues on both sides of the aisle.

Finally, Bob Goldsworthy is a man of integrity. Not once did he commit his support for a piece of legislation, and later withdraw that support in the face of opposition or for political pressure. He was a man of his word. He enjoyed being a public servant and he was highly respected for his professional and personal honesty.

I return to a topic I began with. Bob Goldsworthy is a bright, serious person with an infectious sense of humor, a knack for participating in state government and unimpeachable integrity. We could use more like him now with the challenging problems facing our state and nation.

GLENN TERRELL
President Emeritus
Washington State University

PREFACE

The Washington State Oral History Program documents the formation of public policy in Washington State by interviewing those closely involved with state politics and publishing their edited transcripts. Each oral history is a valuable record of an individual's contributions and convictions, interpretation of events and relationships with other participants in the civic life of the state. Read as a series, these oral histories reveal the complex interweaving of the personal and political, and the formal and informal processes that are makings of public policy.

Candidates for interview series are chosen by the Legislative Advisory Committee. Representative Robert Goldsworthy ably served the 9th District for sixteen years, many of them as chairman of the Appropriations Committee and the Republican Caucus. He also served on the Interim Budget Committee and later on the Higher Education Council. Clearly he was deeply involved in the affairs of the state during his long tenure in the Legislature and in his other activities. His recollections of these years offer an insightful perspective on the politics of the period.

Representative Goldsworthy's life of public service included an arduous career in the military, including two terms of active service in the Pacific Theater of World War II and the Korean War. His experience as a prisoner of war greatly influenced his subsequent path in life. For that reason, and for its own sake, that dramatic story has been included in this publication.

Because unedited transcripts can be so confusing to read, we edit for clarity and coherence. Our copyeditor has removed repetitions, corrected spellings and grammar, and checked dates. Careful readers may still find errors, for which we apologize.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Washington State Oral History Program owes thanks to many.

We would like to extend our particular thanks to Bob Goldsworthy for his warm humor and caring attention to detail and process. We are especially grateful to both Bob and Jean Goldsworthy for sharing with us the account of their moving return visit to Japan, where they met with Mrs. Kobayashi, the widow of the pilot who shot down Bob's airplane during World War II. It is the measure of all of them that such a meeting took place and that it was an occasion of reaching out across barriers of language, culture and history, ending in hugs and a feeling of connection. We appreciate Bob's great patience and understanding when our fiscal woes delayed the printing of his memoirs.

Members of our Legislative Advisory Committee have consistently provided encouragement, ideas, and political savvy. We appreciate their guidance and unfailing interest in the program.

At present the committee includes Senators Eugene Prince, Sid Snyder, Shirley Winsley, and Al Bauer; Representatives Karen Keiser, Sandra Romero, Don Carlson, and Kathy Lambert; Secretary of the Senate Tony Cook, and the Chief Clerks of the House, Tim Martin and Dean Foster. Ex officio members are Mr. Warren Bishop, Mr. David Nicandri, and former Senators Robert Bailey and Alan Thompson. We would also like to thank former

Secretary of the Senate Mike O'Connell for his crucial support in times of need.

Secretary of State Ralph Munro and Deputy Secretary of State Tracy Guerin have been a constant support. Their encouragement and care have sustained the program.

Our oral histories are printed by the State Department of Printing. State Printer George Morton, Operations Manager Dick Yarboro, Production Planner Evonne Anderson, Composing Supervisor Steve Pfeiffer, Press Supervisor Don Reese, Bindery Supervisor Ron Mosman, and Estimator Kelley Kellerman, and the efficient production planning staff have greatly aided us in the production of this book. We thank them for their help.

All those named gave more than we asked. It is a privilege to acknowledge them.

DIANNE BRIDGMAN
Manager, Oral History Program

INTRODUCTION

INTERVIEWING ROBERT F. GOLDSWORTHY

When I first walked into the Goldsworthy apartment in Spokane, a wonderful, spicy aroma filled the room. Bob Goldsworthy was preparing a huge pot of chili for his children and other relatives who were coming to visit later that day. Unfortunately, I didn't get to taste any of that chili, but I did sample the warmth and hospitality that characterizes the Goldsworthys. Friendly, open, talkative, approaching life with remarkable energy and excitement, both Bob Goldsworthy and his wife Jean quickly made me feel like a member of their family.

As an interviewer, part of my job is to help narrators become as comfortable as possible, but I quickly found that with the Goldsworthys, the process worked in reverse. Whether it was treating me to tasty meals at their favorite lunch spot or setting aside interview time while in Seattle for a birthday celebration, they constantly focused on my schedule and tried to accommodate me.

No wonder Bob Goldsworthy was so beloved by constituents! During the course of our interviews, I came to believe that much of Representative Goldsworthy's drive, sincere interest in the well-being of others, and personal commitment to public service were shaped by his experiences in World War II. Long months spent in Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, beaten and malnourished, would have left many of us withdrawn, embittered, or permanently damaged. But Bob Goldsworthy came away from this hideous episode with a determination to do more, to see more and to make a difference.

He brought that determination to his work in agriculture, to his career in the Legislature, and to his activities in retirement. Doing a good job was obviously important to him, but beyond that lay vast possibilities for accomplishing even more.

I particularly came to admire Bob Goldsworthy for his irrepressible enthusiasm, his obvious sincerity, and the generosity of his intentions. His style is down-home and friendly, but beneath is substance and depth.

His humanity is part of everything he does.

SHARON BOSWELL
Interviewer

BIOGRAPHY

ROBERT F. GOLDSWORTHY

Robert F. Goldsworthy grew up near Rosalia, Washington. The family farm was homesteaded in 1880 by his grandfather, John Henry Goldsworthy. After attending a rural school and Rosalia High School, he entered Washington State College. He graduated with a degree in Speech in 1939. Robert worked as an announcer with radio station KFPY until entering flight training with the Army Air Corps. He received his pilot's rating and commission as Second Lieutenant in 1940, and then served as a flight instructor. Assigned to a B-29 Heavy Bombardment Wing, he was sent to Saipan for the bombing offensive against mainland Japan. His plane was shot down over Tokyo on December 3, 1944, and he was held as a Prisoner of War until Japanese surrender.

Robert Goldsworthy left the Air Force in December of 1946, and returned to the Rosalia area to run the family farm. He was recalled to active duty in 1951 and participated overseas in the Korean War. He remained active in the Reserve Forces and served on the US Air Force Reserve Policy Board. He retired from the Air Force in 1975 with the rank of Major General.

While continuing to farm after his military duty in Korea, he became active in Washington State politics. In 1956 he was elected to the state House of Representatives. He served the people of the 9th District for sixteen years. He was chairman of the Appropriations Committee and the Republican Caucus. Representative Goldsworthy was also a member of the Interim Budget Committee of which he was chairman for a time. After leaving the Legislature, he was appointed to the Higher Education Council. He be-

longed to many fraternal and military organizations. He was the state commander of the Ex-Prisoners of War. In 1979 Washington State University honored him with its Alumni Achievement Award for distinguished service to the University.

In 1940 he married Jean Comegy. They have two children, Robert, Jr. of Rosalia, and Jill Doughtery of Yakima, and five grandchildren. After turning over the management of the farm to their son in 1992, Representative and Mrs. Goldsworthy moved to Spokane. They have enjoyed extensive world traveling. Robert is pursuing his retirement hobby of oil painting.

FARM AND FAMILY

Ms. Boswell: The way I usually start is to just ask you to tell me about your family, your grandparents, how they got to the Northwest, and how they chose this area.

Mr. Goldsworthy: My grandfather was John Henry. He was born in Wisconsin, and some of that family had come over from England years before. My grandmother was a Booth and they came over from England. We never could figure out quite why they came over because my grandmother was from a fairly well-to-do family for those days in England. But she did come around anyway and then she met my grandfather. My grandfather and his brother had taken advantage of the Homestead Act at the time, so they homesteaded on the place down here where I grew up. By that time, my grandmother had come to California. My grandfather came up to homestead here near Colfax and Rosalia. My grandmother followed, and they farmed with other relatives that had also come up. My grandfather had a brother and they all homesteaded in the same area.

Ms. Boswell: Was his family a farming family to begin with?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. My grandmother came from a mining family in England, and John Henry hadn't really been a farmer. He was in a good many things. He mined some in California when he was there, and he did some farming, and gradually decided to come up here to homestead.

Ms. Boswell: When they came up and homesteaded, was that late nineteenth century?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I have the original Homestead Act on our farm. It was 1882, as I remember. They had been there before. They came in and got all the acreage they could have, he and his brother, and another relative, people that I'd never known. I'd heard about Uncle Joe and Uncle Bill, and all the relatives, but I never knew any of them. They kind of went their own way or died, and the farm consolidated itself into what I remember when I was very young, or before I was born.

Ms. Boswell: When they homesteaded, had they actually homesteaded adjacent pieces, so that it could be essentially all one piece?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. They were all together, neighbors, so my dad and my grandfather, John Henry, had consolidated some of those pieces. When my dad farmed, some of the land was owned by other members of the family. I had an aunt in Bellingham that owned eighty acres, and another aunt that owned eighty acres. So, we finally accumulated that land, bought some more, and some was left to us, eventually turning it into what it is now.

Ms. Boswell: Was that pretty typical in the area around where you were? Had many of the other farms around there been purchased in the same manner?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Families came in and farmed together, and gradually the farms got bigger as neighbors and others died, left, or couldn't make it. Where our farm is now, where my son is, used to belong to several neighbors around there that have long gone just because they sold out or

couldn't make it. A lot of problems began with the high wheat prices after the war. Expenses started going up and things looked good, the wheat was good, and people bought more and more land. Then all of a sudden the bottom dropped out and they couldn't pay for it. They couldn't pay for their equipment that they all went out and bought on time, so they would lose the land to other farmers that had not extended themselves, like my dad. He was quite frugal.

My grandchildren say, "Sure, grandpa, tell us about the big Depression." Probably you do that with your folks, when they want to talk about how tough things were in the 1930s. I say, "Oh, you ratty little kids." I tell them I got a nickel once a week, or maybe once a month, to spend in town on Saturday night. My grandchildren get harvest wages. A nickel, they wouldn't even pick a nickel off the street if they saw it, and I pick up pennies.

But it's a different age and a different era. People lost their farms by overextending when things looked good. Especially, when wheat went up to almost six dollars here in the 1950s or early 1960s. I can't remember exactly when that was. In the 1960s? People overextended themselves. They thought wheat was always going to be great, so they bought expensive tractors and combines and then all of a sudden next year's wheat wasn't near six dollars. It went back down to three and lower, and so they couldn't pay for any of that stuff.

Ms. Boswell: Your grandparents, did you have much interaction with them? Were they alive when you were a child?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. My grandfather, John Henry, he died before I was born. My grandmother Booth lived in the little town of Oakesdale when my dad was growing up. When I was in high school in Rosalia she lived in a little house in Rosalia. She was quite a devout lady, a tiny little thing, that had a lot of tragedy in her life to some extent.

When they were on the farm she had a son that was traveling around; he was in Chicago, and was killed in a railroad accident. My grandmother didn't know anything about it until she got a letter or a wire from the police in Chicago wondering what to do with the body. But she had a great, strong faith, and she managed to handle tragedy. She came up, as I had mentioned, from California in a covered wagon with a very primitive type life, with a couple of small boys. Of course, farm life in those days was very rugged.

Ms. Boswell: Did she ever tell you stories about being on the farm?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, not too much. I was going from grade school into high school and I used to stop to see her occasionally when I was walking to school. When I got my first clarinet, I had to stop and show her I could play a tune. She was always proud of all of her grandchildren, but, just like kids are, I didn't have time enough to really visit. I used to ask her some about her life in England because England in those days seemed like the end of the world. She'd tell me stories about when she was a little girl, and this sort of thing, which always interested me very much.

Ms. Boswell: Was she happy with her choice of coming to America?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, I think so. She never indicated one way or the other, as far as I knew. It didn't occur to me to ever question whether she'd made a right choice, or whether she was happy. I grew

up on the farm, and I assumed that was what everybody did. Very normal.

Ms. Boswell: What faith was she? What religion?

Mrs. Goldsworthy: She was Protestant.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Protestant, but we had that German Methodist church in Rosalia. She went to the Methodist Church, most of the time. She was a Protestant, and in a small town it didn't make much difference. You had the Methodist church, which had been the German Methodist church, the Catholic Church, and the Christian church. My folks used to go to the Christian church, and I was baptized in the Christian church in Rosalia. But for most of our lives we went to the Methodist.

Ms. Boswell: How did your parents meet?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Down at Washington State University. My dad grew up on the farm, and my mom grew up in Spokane. Her parents had come up from California. My mom was born in Maine and then she came, through a series of events to Washington. My dad, of course, was born right there on the farm. My dad was quite prominent on the campus down there at Washington State University. It wasn't Washington State College then, rather it was the Washington Agricultural School. It turned into Washington State College. He was president of the student body and mom was elected as secretary of the student body so they worked together. My dad was quite a football player and an athlete. He was also editor of the *Chinook*, which is the college yearbook. He won scholarship awards, and was on the debate team. He just did everything very well.

When they met, I think my dad was smitten right from the start. My mom was a twin, and a very tiny woman. I don't think she ever weighed a hundred pounds in her life. Right after they were married, my dad coached for awhile after he got out of school. He coached and taught school over here at Davenport. Then he went up to Alberta, Canada, where he managed a big wheat farm, and my mother used to tell stories about that. I've seen pictures—just an old farmhouse in the middle of the prairie. There wasn't a tree, there wasn't a bush, there was nothing. My little mom hadn't done much heavy labor all her life, and she used to say, "Oh, that wind. I remember, if anything, farming in Alberta, that the wind blew constantly." So they did that for three years. For my mom, that was the tough part of her life.

Ms. Boswell: She would have been real young, too.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. She was just out of college. They managed. Everybody did. Boy, my mother used to talk about those days, living out there on that prairie with that constant wind. The winters were bitter cold and blowing snow, and the summer was blowing dust.

Of course, all my dad wanted to do was farm. He just loved the soil and growing things. He thought it was great.

Ms. Boswell: Why would he choose Alberta rather than some where else?

Mr. Goldsworthy: He was either picked to go up there and manage this place or asked by, well, it wasn't really a consortium, but it wasn't an individual ownership of this Alberta farm either. So he had the opportunity to go up through the owners to manage it for them. He kind of jumped at it

Ms. Boswell: Did he have many brothers and sisters?

Mr. Goldsworthy: My father's parents, John Henry and Eliza, had six children, plus Eliza's first born, Ernie, who was born in England. He was my dad's half brother and he was the one killed in an accident in Chicago. The children were Jennie May, Gilbert Percival, Ethel, Emily Henrietta—Aunt Net, Alice Louise—Aunt Lou, and my father.

Jennie May was born in 1872 and died in 1874. She was killed when a gun kept above the door fell and discharged. Gilbert was born in 1874 and died in 1875. Ethel was born in 1878 and died in 1936 in Baker, Oregon. Aunt Net died in Bellingham in 1958. Aunt Lou was born in 1880 and died in 1957 in Rosalia. So I only knew my Aunt Net and Aunt Lou.

When my father went back to the farm there at Rosalia, he had one sister that lived close by, Aunt Lou, but she married and they lived in Bellingham. Aunt Lou's husband, Merritt Knapp, used to come back and work on the farm quite a bit. In his later years, he lived near our farm and he would help in the harvest. I used to work alongside Uncle Merritt and I admired him and enjoyed working the harvest fields with him.

Aunt Lou would help my mother on the farm, especially during the harvest season when there were lots of men to cook for.

My Aunt Net married Carl Cozier and they Lived in Bellingham. Uncle Carl was a veterinarian. There is a school in Bellingham named after him.

Ms. Boswell: I was just curious more about his growing up. If he was so popular in college, or whatever, was an emphasis on education a strong family tradition?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, not really. His sisters that I knew didn't go down to Washington State University for more than a year or so. My dad was quite motivated in this way. When he began playing football, he was quite a football star, captain of the team, he really put an emphasis on getting his degree. My grandmother, his mother, was dead set against him playing football, and so my dad played and my grandmother never knew anything about it until later. She was just absolutely set against it. It was a violent game, and she was a sweet, little old lady that she could not see a son of hers doing anything like that. My dad was—well, he was inducted into the football hall of fame this last year down at WSU, which surprised us because he was one of the old, old-timers, and they generally don't go back like that. We went down and accepted the award for him. I have a picture of him I'll show you in his football suit. We were quite proud of him.

He was captain of the team, the only Washington State University team that ever went undefeated and unscored on for the whole season. He was awarded a football that, unlike football today, was kind of a round thing, more like a pumpkin, much rounder and fatter than our footballs today. They had on it "Captain H.E. Goldsworthy" and all the teams that they played, and all the scores of the undefeated season. My brother and I used to play with that football all the time when we were kids. We used to just kick it all over the place, and then suddenly one day we realized this is an historic football. So years later, in fact, in the last few years we had it restored and I took it down to Washington State University. They put it into the trophy case in the alumni room. And then he was inducted into the hall of fame a year ago. Jean and I went down and accepted

the award for him.

Ms. Boswell: That was quite an honor.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. If he could have only known that. You know, when he was on the board of regents, he had a building named after him on the campus. He was pleased to death. That's when Albert Rosellini was governor. Rosellini came over here for the dedication of the building, and my dad made his little talk, and he said then that generally, honors like this come after you're dead. He was so happy that he was still alive to see it. But I think even that building on the campus named after him, his being inducted in the hall of fame would have been the greatest, was absolutely, the greatest thrill of his life. I hope wherever he is, he knew he was making it in. He was the only one of his brothers and sisters that really had a formal education like that.

Ms. Boswell: Was the same thing true with athletics? Was he the main one that was interested in athletics?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. And I don't know why he got into football, but he did as soon as he got down there to Washington State University. It was a little different setup then. They had kind of a prep school involved instead of a high school. He went in to the school down there, so, actually, he had about six years at Washington State University.

Mom went down there. She and her twin sister. They were charter members of the Theta house and my dad was a charter member of what came to be the Sigma Nu fraternity. All our cousins, uncles, aunts, everybody went to Washington State. Many of them, like my brother and I did, joined the Sigma Nu fraternity. Jean, I wanted her to join the Thetas, but no, she wouldn't join the Thetas. She preferred the Alpha Chi Omegas. My mom lived to be ninety-six, and her twin sister went on to be one hundred and four, living in a retirement home in California. She was the oldest living graduate of Washington State University until she died a few years ago.

Ms. Boswell: They must have also been fairly unusual in going to college within that era.

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was a little unusual, especially for my dad to be so motivated to go to college when all he wanted to do was farm. Although he did teach school for awhile after he graduated. But, whatever he did, he always got back to the land. He couldn't get away from it.

Ms. Boswell: Would your mother have pursued an agricultural program, too, when she was at WSU?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. It was generally acceptable for young ladies in those days to take home EC, and this sort of thing. They were going to be homemakers, not career women, and so mom generally followed that kind of a program. Probably surprised her as much as anybody when she married a man who was going to go back to farm. She had two brothers and they were quite visionary. He brothers started the Broadview Dairy here in Spokane, and eventually sold out to Carnation, what grew to be the Carnation Company, so they did quite well. They made quite a bit of money doing this. Down at Rosalia where I grew up, they had the Broadview barns, with big dairy herds. When they sold out to Carnation, they went into other things. Both my uncles, Uncle Ed and Uncle Frank, were both big men and had

these great ideas and they made money and they lost money. That's the sort of family that my mom grew up with, so I'm sure she had no idea of ever ending up on a farm at all.

Ms. Boswell: So, your dad was really drawn back to the land? Had he done a lot of the farm work growing up?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. In fact, I've heard him say that he had to work too hard as a kid. That his father, I've got pictures of him, had a great big bushy beard like people did in those days. Of course, I never knew him or saw him. My dad always said that he had to work too hard as a kid on the farm, and, of course, it gave him a good work ethic. I think that he had a feeling that his dad worked him too much and there was not a real close family feeling there as far as I could determine. Why it was this way, I don't know. I've heard my dad tell stories when he was out in bitter cold days at eight years old with the team of horses working the farm. He believed that he shouldn't have had to work that hard. Consequently, I think that my brother and I didn't have to really work like he did on the farm. You grew up on a farm, you grew up in a hayfield, in the harvest field, and all this sort of thing. But we were becoming mechanized at the time, so I never had to worry much about driving teams of horses. We had a tractor by the time I was old enough to do farm work, and so I could sit on a tractor instead.

Ms. Boswell: But, perhaps reaction to his work experience had a profound affect on him?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think it did a little bit, because he just never made us work long, long hours out in the fields. Of course at harvest time we had to start pretty young, working on the combines and the tractor in the summertime. My brother and I hated haying more than anything, because everything was manual. You're shocking bundles of hay all day long, it'd be hot, and you'd be thirsty. So, my dad made us do that because you had to get it done. But other than that, we weren't made to do an awful lot of mending of harness and this sort of thing, which you could do all winter long when you have horses. We used to have to milk the cow, take care of the stock, the pigs, and the cows, but that was just part of growing up on a farm.

Ms. Boswell: Did the girls of the family work hard also?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. I can remember his sister, Aunt Lou, that lived in the area much of the time when I was growing up. Her husband, Uncle Merritt Knapp, he was kind of a—I could say a shiftless bum, but that isn't quite right, because he was quite a guy. He was a great mechanical genius, but he just kind of wandered around doing things he wanted to do. He was always working on machinery of some sort, and the county hired him to run their graders and heavy equipment. They built a house not far from where we lived on the farm for awhile.

The housewives in those days spent a lot of time in the kitchen canning. We always had big vegetable gardens and fruit orchards. Those harvest meals, maybe you know about those women at harvest time. We used to have a hired crew of quite a few men at harvest time and you'd always have meals with maybe three kinds of meat such as: beef, pork, ham, or fried chicken three times a day. Plus all kinds of vegetables, two or three kinds of pie, hot bread; these farm wives

just lived in the kitchen. It was a matter of pride with them to put on a display of food that impressed people so much they would like to come back and work at that farm. I used to kill myself. I wish I could eat like that now.

Ms. Boswell: I did a little bit of haying for neighbors when we lived up on the ranch north of here, and they would do that too, but it's real hard to go back out to work after you've eaten all that well.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, I know it. You'd have to eat like that at lunch, and then we'd be allowed to rest for about ten minutes, and then get back on that combine or on that tractor and just fight sleep all afternoon. It was always a little sideline on how well the farmers used to eat because they grew everything.

The town people on Sunday—I can hear my grandmother talking about this—the banker in town that wouldn't speak too much to the farm people during the week, but on Sunday, why the banker and other people would all get in their buggies and come around and visit right at dinner time. Every Sunday he would show up in his buggy with his family right at dinner time, but they never, ever, invited her to their home in town. Even a little town like Rosalia, the town people just felt themselves up a little higher than those farm families, except when it came time to eat. Of course, we always had to feed the minister. We'd take turns.

Everybody in the church would invite the minister home for dinner, and that was just part of the tradition of what you did with the minister. And, of course, the minister used to show up at odd times, always at meal time, and want to come visiting. I remember my grandmother laughing about it. She said, "I never did get inside that banker's house in Rosalia." But she sure used to feed his family a lot on Sundays.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of that, besides the sort of city, farm people relationship, what was the relationship like with the banker? Were many people trying to borrow money at the time? When you look at American history, you always read about the farmers hating the bankers because they felt that they were unfair in terms of their loan policies, at least in the early part of the twentieth century. Was that feeling there, too?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, to some extent, as I remember. I really don't remember too much about it, nor did I care much about it. I can just remember my grandmother laughing about how they used to come out and eat. The farmers generally were living a lot on borrowed money. But they had good farms in those days. They made money. They were diversified, raising cattle and pigs. Of course, everything was done by horses, so they all had large amounts of workhorses, and we always grew up riding ponies.

[End of Tape 1, Side 1]

Ms. Boswell: So, you also raised some cattle on your farm?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. When Jean and I went back to the farm we had some cattle out there, and two horses, but I was never much inclined on raising livestock of any kind. We'd just got out of the service, and I'd been all through World War II, and when I went back to the farm, it really was kind of against my wishes. I didn't particularly want to go back to the farm. I wanted to stay in the Air Force and make it a career, but my dad was getting to where somebody was going to have to go back and help him. And, I'll have to say, Jean being a farm girl, she

wanted to go back to the farm. You know, women always get their way.

Ms. Boswell: I wish that were always the case.

Mr. Goldsworthy: During my prisoner of war experience, I'd gotten down to about eighty-five pounds. So when I came back I ate too much, got too fat, and I had back problems. That's one reason I thought, well, the healthiest thing I could do was to get out and go back and help my dad and take over. As I mentioned, Jean was very much inclined to do the same. She didn't particularly care about me flying airplanes for the rest of my life.

Ms. Boswell: Especially not after your experience.

Mr. Goldsworthy: She knew every time I got in an airplane, why, the next visitor she would have would be the chaplain saying that I'd crashed someplace, that the wing had fallen off or the engine had quit. I regretted it for awhile until—I stayed in the Air Force reserve—we finally got airplanes, so I was getting quite a bit of flying. Of course, it got me recalled into Korea because I stayed in the reserves. I had to go back and I flew another combat tour in Korea, and then when I got out I was happy. The Air Force had kind of bypassed me. Things were different, instead of being in the Army Air Corps we had a separate force in the Air Force. Then I got into politics. I'm getting ahead here. Then we were very content to stay on the farm.

So, under duress in the beginning, we got rid of all the cows and all the horses. But I did like to raise chickens. Oh, I tell you, I had more fun because they have such a caste system, you probably know, because maybe you raised chickens.

Ms. Boswell: Actually, we even have a chicken in Seattle, right now.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh really? That's great. You know they have a pecking order that is pretty rigid in a flock of chickens. I didn't have many, maybe thirty-five, forty hens and a couple of banties. I would mark them so I could see the pecking order change during the day or during the week. I had a lot of fun with chickens, and until I got high cholesterol, I used to live on eggs.

Ms. Boswell: Did you do that as a child, too? Raise chickens?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We always had chickens.

Ms. Boswell: Did you like working on the farm as a child? You mentioned that you were not sure you wanted to go back.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, I can't say that I liked farm work, necessarily, and I used to envy my friends in town that, in the summertime, they just do what kids do in town. They didn't have to work other than chores.

We moved in town when my dad went to Olympia. He was in the Legislature. I lived with my aunts. One time down at Garfield, I went to school down there, I stayed with my mother's younger sister that lived there and they farmed. One session I lived with the uncle that I'd mentioned, the mechanical genius, and I lived with them in Bellingham. These were tough times. I was a small kid right off the farm and I'd never been around kids, much other than my brother and the neighbor boys.

Our country schoolhouse only had six or seven kids at the most. Only one other kid in my grade. The teacher had to teach all grades, you understand how that goes.

So, when I moved into a Bellingham school I had an awful time. I was the butt of every school bully. They get a kid from the farm, and I didn't know anything, so every kid in the school that wanted to beat up on me did, and half of the girls. So, I didn't particularly enjoy those days, moving around like that. I was glad to get back to the farm. But when I was about in the seventh grade, I guess, my dad moved us to Rosalia. We still farmed, but then we lived in town. So, from then on I lived in town.

Ms. Boswell: Why did he make that choice? Why did he decide to move into town?

Mr. Goldsworthy: My dad started the Rosalia Producers, which is a grain co-op. He was the first president and he stayed president for a long time, so it was easier for him to run the co-op living in town. We had a hired man, lifelong, who was there when I was born. He was a Texan. He and his wife had a girl, Louise, who was just my age, and I went to school with her out in the country schoolhouse. So they stayed and they managed the place just for wages. My dad, during the war, tried to take him in as a partner. No, he didn't want to do it, it was too risky. Just pay him his wages. And he was on the farm when I came back out of the service, and Jean and I told him to stay there. He was a good mechanic, a carpenter, one of those people who can do anything. No, he was ready to retire, so he went down to Colfax and lived with his daughter, Louise, which was a good thing. I don't know what Jean and I would have done. We had a little boy then. Our son was only two and a half years old. What I'd have done in an old farmhouse living with a hired man like that. But then he took over when my dad moved into Rosalia.

Ms. Boswell: Did you get a strong sense from your dad of the love of agriculture? Was that something he sort of made apparent to his kids or was it more by living through the experience?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, we knew he had it. He was quite talented. He was a talented storyteller and we used to urge him to write his stories down. He could write poetry that you can't believe. Funny things. And he would sit in the fields all day and make up these poems. My brother did make a collection of those we saved. All he ever wanted to do is farm. But both my brother and I growing up on the farm, wanted no part of it.

Ms. Boswell: Were you and your brother close?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. Now we are. When growing up, we weren't very much. There was about four years difference. He was older than I, so when he was in high school I was still down in grade school. He went on to Washington State University while I was still in high school, so it wasn't until we both got into the Air Force, and he was only six months ahead of me through flying school, that we really grew close. From those days we had much in common, and I enjoy being with him. We see him frequently.

Ms. Boswell: While growing up, did you two get along?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, I was going to kill him many times. He was always pounding on me and he was an athlete and I was not, consequently he was pounding on me most of my life. He was always bigger and I couldn't ever get back at him until he got out of college. He majored in journalism and was going on to do newspaper work. He ended up

in Kansas City with a life insurance company. That was around 1937, along in there, when jobs were still pretty tough; you know we were still in the Depression and the war had not started. He only sold one policy, and that was to me, which my dad paid for. Later that year he came back from Kansas City, he'd gotten married, and I'd been sowing sacks in harvest time and working on the farm. I'd grown by that time. I was over six feet and about his height and almost as heavy, but I'd been sowing sacks, and I could do one-arm push-ups, or chin-ups, and so we had one last friendly fight,. I flipped him and sat on him. That made it all worthwhile; but it took many years before I ever flipped him down. That's the last wrestling match, I guess, we ever had.

Ms. Boswell: Were you two in school together, too, at the country school?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, we went to country school. In fact, that little country school, about a mile from our farm, they called it the Goldsworthy school district, and Goldsworthy school. My dad had gone to school in the same little building. He had the same teacher that my brother and I had, Alice Gormley. She's been dead many, many years now, but she lived about a mile and a half, two miles, from the schoolhouse. She walked every day in the winters that we used to have, zero degree temperatures, blizzards. She would walk every day to that country schoolhouse and get the fire going in a big old potbellied stove so it would be warm by the time the students came. She lived with her brother, neither of them were ever married. He farmed, and Miss Gormley taught. She was a rugged lady. She never missed a day, but my dad, my brother, and I went to the same little schoolhouse with the same teacher. My brother and I had other teachers later.

Ms. Boswell: Was the kind of education that she was able to provide fairly broad?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, I guess that the state had certain books that all schools had to have, and so she would have those. We were studying the same things I suppose the kids in town were. Never gave it much of a thought. But it was pretty tough because she taught all eight grades, and as I remember, we had three of us for awhile in my grade, Louise, that I grew up with, and another boy that lived down the way. There were two in my brother's class, that would be about four years ahead of me. But she just taught all of us, and a lot of times we would intermingle and she'd be teaching the eighth grade and she'd let us little kids come on up and sit in with them and learn things that way. We did much more than when I went to school in Rosalia, interacting with each other in little plays and skits which I grew up to dearly love. That's why I went into dramatic arts and communications, my major down at Washington State. We did a lot more of that sort of thing.

Ms. Boswell: At the country school?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, at the country school.

Ms. Boswell: Was there a situation where the kids would have to leave, to say, to help with the harvest, at points?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, the harvest, generally, would be before school started, but sometimes, yeah, we'd adjust, since it was an all grade school. Most of the families could get along without us in harvest time because they always had harvest crews. Now we do it all

ourselves. Jean and I did our own harvest for years when we got our first self-propelled combine. When we first got back to the farm, I had to hire a crew in harvest time. Maybe two extra people, is all. Jean would much rather drive wheat truck than cook for hired men, and I don't blame her.

Ms. Boswell: I am familiar with that, myself. In terms of at home, your dad had been so successful in college, and he was a writer, and he does all these things. Was politics something that just was part of his broader interest?

Mr. Goldsworthy: He felt strongly on a lot of things, especially in the farm area. He thought that the farmers should have their voice on this co-op. He was instrumental in, and on the board of, the Northwest Grain Growers Association headquarters in Portland, which we sell through constantly. In fact, I had an old-timer there in Rosalia tell me one time after my dad had died that everything good that happened in agriculture in that area had my dad's stamp on it.

Ms. Boswell: Where do you think that came from?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, I guess he just grew up on the farm, and he just loved farming. Never wanted to do anything else. Politics came along to him, I think, because he wanted to make a difference someplace. He just had this great desire, and he was such a talented man. And he just plain—well, he would probably resent it being called an activist because he was very much a conservative, and activism to him would be a protester of some sort—but he was an activist in agriculture and politics was just a natural thing to get into to represent an agricultural community.

Ms. Boswell: Did he run for any other office before he went to the Legislature?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. He used to be on the school board, of course, for that little country school, but then, who else was going to be on it? It was in our district, our school district, so it was called the Goldsworthy school. That little schoolhouse was there when I went back to farm. Unfortunately, my dad and I were burning stumps near the schoolhouse and a little spark somehow got over on the roof of that schoolhouse, and it just went up like that. I felt very badly about that. It had a lot of old school desks in it, and you can sell those at a garage sale. They pick up those things like mad. All the blackboards and the old maps that we used to have on the wall back in the 1930s and the 1920s. A lot of books, not worth much, but books that I grew up with of all kinds. Oh, I felt terrible when that school house burned.

Ms. Boswell: It had been not in use?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. It had it been all boarded and locked up. I used to go in there and wander around once in awhile and remember what it was like to go to school there.

Ms. Boswell: So it was actually on part of your property?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, it was right on our land.

Ms. Boswell: Was that fairly common to have the schools on people's property?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, a lot of those little country schoolhouses had to be on somebody's land, and generally they were named after whosoever property they were on.

We had an old-timer there, a man

named L.D. Johnson, and he and my dad really kept the school going. We have a lot of that Johnson land still all around us. Of course, he'd been dead for quite a few years.

Ms. Boswell: Did they actually build the building, too?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Uh-huh. Just a one room with two cloakrooms. One for the girls and one for the boys. And two little outhouses in back, and we also had a woodshed and a stable because we used to ride horses—a lot of us rode horses to school—and we'd just tie them up there. It was only about a mile away from our farmhouse, so we walked. In the wintertime, sometimes, we'd ride horses. It was just typical of growing up on a farm in the 1920s. I never thought there was any other way of life.

I used to envy the kids in town, especially when we moved in town, then I was very happy to be in there. Of course, I went through high school in Rosalia.

Ms. Boswell: When your dad was in the Legislature in the 1920s, you were still pretty young, right?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Let's see, he went—1920 was his first session—to 1932, I guess, when he was defeated. I was born in 1917, so he was in the Legislature a few years after that. In 1929, the first session they had in the new Capitol, the Capitol now, I was in the sixth grade and a page. My brother had paged the year before, the last session they had in the old Capitol building. But I was in that new one, and I think that's one of the reasons I stayed so interested in politics. There was something about those marble halls of that Capitol that stayed with me all my life. It was a thrill to be in that building.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me about it. That session, did he say, "Come live with me and page?" How did that get set up, and what was it like?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Generally, my mom stayed home during the sessions. Of course, they were only sixty days. So, even when we were living on the farm, we went to town and would rent a house for the sixty days while he was in Olympia. Then as soon as he would come back, we'd move back on the farm. I got a little taste of city living while he was in Olympia.

Ms. Boswell: Why was that done? Just to make it easier for your mom?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, to make it easier for my mother. Living out there on the farm in those winters, we didn't have anything but wood stoves and my mom was, as I mentioned, a little, tiny thing and wasn't the strongest little gal in the world. With two growing boys, my dad just put us in town and moved back to the farm when he came home.

When my brother went over to page, he moved the family over, and that's when I went to school in Bellingham. When I went over to page, we rented an apartment there in Olympia.

Ms. Boswell: How would you get over there from the farm?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We went over on the train. We had an apartment only a few blocks from the Capitol, so we didn't have a car or anything. My dad would just walk every place. Of course, people did have transportation and I remember my dad took me to the ocean with some of his colleagues. I'd never seen the ocean before. Oh, gee, I can remember my first glimpse—I couldn't believe

anything being that big. You could stand on that ocean beach and just look out forever! I was thrilled. I remember I just never wanted to leave, I wanted to stay there for the rest of my life and look at that ocean. Kids that lived over there might say the same thing about a wheat field, I don't know.

Ms. Boswell: So he would, generally then, just go off on the train every year?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was for just sixty days every two years. I think they got five dollars a day. He just plain wanted to serve. He had a great desire to represent an agricultural area. Ironically, he ended up chairman of the Appropriations Committee. That's one reason I kind of wanted to get on Appropriations, to follow along with work that he had done.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me a little bit about what you would do, over there as a page in a typical day.

Mr. Goldsworthy: As I remember, we only had six pages in the House and six in the Senate. We'd generally show up during the sessions and run errands. Everything was voice roll call, no voting machine. They finally got one. We were just little errand boys, like pages are now.

Ms. Boswell: Did you go to school, too?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I should have. I took schoolbooks, but I never did quite catch up. I wasn't a very good student. I missed two months of the sixth grade, and I had a little problem with school after that. I figured if it doesn't come natural, to heck with it. But I enjoyed the paging. I got two dollars a day.

Ms. Boswell: That was pretty good.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes, it was great. I gave it to my dad. It was a thrill. I can still go in the roll call, still through the G's, because every vote used to be an oral roll call, and I used to be able to go through the whole ninety-nine members. I can still go through the G's and H's.

Mrs. Goldsworthy: Do that, Bob. I'd like to hear you do that.

Ms. Boswell: I'm not trying to test you.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Albert, Allen, Aspinwall, Bach, Banker, Barlow, Beck, Bennett, Benson, Biesen, Booth, Bostwick, Butterworth, Canfield, Cory, Columback, Canfield, Danskin, Davis, Denman, Durkee, Durrant, Falkner, Freese, Gear, Gilbert, Gillett, Galsgow, Goldsworthy, Griffin, Hall, Hartung, Hayden, Hess, Hill, and that's about as far as I can go.

Ms. Boswell: Bravo!

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know why I can go that far, but I can.

Ms. Boswell: That's fantastic.

Mr. Goldsworthy: And Biesen was a lobbyist when I was there, and every once in awhile I'd tell him that I could go through his roll call—Benson, Biesen, Booth, Bostwick, Butterworth, and Canfield, who was his relative, Damon Canfield, when I was there, so those two names I can remember from when I was a page.

Ms. Boswell: So, when they weren't in session, what would you do?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Generally, we hung around in the Capitol building. We had a little page room, which they still have. In fact, the same one that's there now. We had a little electric board up there that, if

the light would flash, why, somebody wanted you. So, we just stayed around the page room in case we were needed.

Now, the pages and the bill clerks have different duties. The bill clerks, there are many more of them, and they keep the bill books up. When the bills are printed they come to every desk and put the bills in. We never had to do that sort of thing. They had other committee clerks that did that.

I was what, eleven years old, so I was just an errand boy. Somebody snapped their finger, I popped to—"Go find somebody for me, go down to the bill room and get me this."

Ms. Boswell: Were there certain legislators that you either really liked or really disliked?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't really know. I can remember this Barlow—Barlow, Beck, Benson, Biesen, Booth, Bostwick—so, Barlow, I can remember him because when we finished the session he gave us all a little pocketknife. I kept that for years, and finally I lost it on the playground in Rosalia, and a kid found it but he wouldn't give it back to me. He said he didn't find it, but I know he did.

But, other than that, not really. I had many memories of that session, of paging, but not of specific legislators. In some ways that affected me as a great thrill of my life at that time.

Ms. Boswell: We were talking about the page shift, and I wondered, what was the new building like then? Was it still under construction, or was it all finished?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was all finished. They had moved in it that year. That was the first session. In fact, I think they had moved in the session before, but just the last couple weeks or so of the session. When I was there, I believe that was 1929, it was the first full session. It was a marvelous building. It still is. All that marble. The governor at the time got most of that from Italy as ballast on a ship, or ships, plural. The rest came from Alaska, Germany, and Vermont. And so he got that very cheaply. And they patterned it, of course, after the national Capitol. I just thought it was wonderful to wander around those marble halls. I'd never seen anything so magnificent in my life. Second to the ocean, the Capitol building was magnificent.

Ms. Boswell: Your dad, then, his primary interest was Appropriations?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, and higher education. Of course, he always was a great booster of Washington State University, since so many of the family had gone there. Especially in athletics.

He used to scare us to death. Come football season, he'd be a wild man. He'd load up the family, we had an old 1926 Dodge touring car, and he would take us all down to the game. He would—full throttle—pass on curves, and pass on blind hills. He passed everything on the road. He was just a crazy man during football season.

Ms. Boswell: He wanted to get there?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yeah, get there. And if we lost, that'd be a tragedy.

[End of Tape 1, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: But all his life, in fact in his later years, he had a little angina problem and he had to take his nitroglycerin pills. And so in the 1950s when we were first back on the farm, we used to go to all the football games, and then we would drive down to Pullman

and the coach would have his Monday morning quarterback meetings. We'd go to the Cub to have lunch, and the coach would have the game films. He wouldn't miss one of those at all. I'd have to drive him down every week for that. We wouldn't let him listen to it because his heart would get acting up—he'd get too excited. He'd have to have his little nitroglycerin pills with him all the time to calm his heart. Finally, in the last few years of his life, we just were not going to listen to these football games. He never lost his enthusiasm for Washington State athletics.

Oh, I can remember some of those drives down to Pullman. The roads were narrow. He used to come down to all the games, then, but it was not quite as exciting for us because we're already there. I didn't have to drive with him then.

Ms. Boswell: Was there a lot of controversy in higher education over the funding of the University of Washington versus Washington State University? Was there a rivalry between eastern Washington and western Washington over support of higher education?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Of course, I didn't pay much attention to it then. But like now, western Washington rather dominated the state. To some extent, the feeling was the same when Bud Huntley and I were in Olympia: that western Washington kind of considered the farm areas over here as little country cousins. Now, because travel is so easy, and the highways are so good, people are going back and forth more. Businesses are not constrained by the Cascade Mountains. The State of Washington is all one nice, good, big state. We found we were always kind of fighting the University of Washington people, somewhat, for money. And, of course, we always thought the University of Washington was quite snooty, because they considered us little country cousins, "Moo U," and all that sort of thing.

Ms. Boswell: You still hear that.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yeah, sure. We always felt like we were fighting for every appropriation we got, although we used to come out very well in highway appropriations in eastern Washington.

Ms. Boswell: Was that as much of an issue when your dad was in the Legislature? Highways?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I really don't remember too much. I think it was to an extent. I used to talk to him when I was in, saying, "Can you imagine us having a bill like this?" He would say, "Yes, because we had the same thing about thirty years ago." He said the big issues are public schools and money, and things didn't change much over that time.

Ms. Boswell: Did he ever tell you why he got interested in Appropriations?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, I never really asked him why. Maybe he just got on that committee at first and stayed with it. He never really talked much about it, nor did I ever think to ask him why.

Ms. Boswell: Did he enjoy the Legislature?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes he did, very much.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me the story about the election he lost.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That was a fight between the "wet" and the "dry" issue at

that time. My dad was a very moral man; as far as compromising on voting for the wets, he just wouldn't do it. I can remember when in his hometown the tavern owners came up and said, "We want to support you, because we always have, but we want you to support this issue." And my dad wouldn't do it. He said no, he would not, and so they voted against him. And as I remember he lost by about eighty-seven votes, something like that, and this one issue would have put him in the Senate if he had wanted to compromise, but he just wouldn't do it.

Ms. Boswell: Do you think that was based on his moral principles, generally?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, he just didn't believe in voting for the liquor issue. He was a very moderate man but he smoked, and we never could understand why he smoked. Both me and my brothers remember his fingers being just brown. All our lives we had a memory of those brown fingers because he always had a cigarette between them. A great athlete like he was and everything, and he smoked. He told me once that he liked the taste of whiskey and the reason he never drank was because he was afraid. He had just a thing about voting for the liquor issue and he wouldn't do it.

Ms. Boswell: Did he run a campaign, do you remember as a child? Did you help him campaign?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I can remember him having posters out and letters, but I never helped him. When he ran for the Senate I was a sophomore at WSC. Campaigning was altogether different then. He used to go around and make a lot of speeches, I remember, at Grange halls and farm bureau meetings.

Ms. Boswell: So the year he actually lost, he was in the process of running for the Senate rather than the House?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes.

COLLEGE AND FLIGHT SCHOOL

Ms. Boswell: You said your brother went to WSU first, and then you followed, and you had been in high school in Rosalia?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, we both went through high school in Rosalia, and my brother stayed out of college a year and worked in the warehouse there in town where he took a postgraduate course of some sort there at Rosalia High School. He was only three years ahead of me when he went down to school, instead of four. So, he was there when I started in 1935.

Ms. Boswell: That was during the Depression, and I know you were telling me your grandchildren always asked you about it, but what was happening on the farm at that time? Was it difficult?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, it was. We didn't know it, particularly. I remember asking my dad once when I was a little kid how much money he had, and he said he thought he had around forty-five dollars, and I don't think he was kidding. There wasn't any money in those days. Of course, we raised everything but I had a job when I went to school in Pullman. I had to have a job.

My brother was in his last year but he was student body president and he got a little money from that and he had an athletic scholarship, so he was getting a ride of some sort. He was president of the Sigma Nu fraternity house when I went down and pledged and he got a little off his house bill. My dad had the two of us in college at one time, which was going to be a burden. Well, I was a houseboy at the Kappa house. I can remember my dad in 1937 saying, "If we get forty bushels to the acre," he says, "you can quit your job and I'm going to buy a new Buick." And by george, he got forty bushels to the acre, so he bought a 1937 Buick which was a fancy car, and I quit my job. Of course my brother was out of school then, too.

Then we got into the war years and farmers did very well. If you were a farmer you could get gas. A lot of the other rationing, of course, didn't hurt them much. Meat rationing didn't bother them because they had their own. Gas rationing didn't bother them because they had to have farm gas. So, the farmers weren't really hard up against it, other than if you depended on labor, and there was very little farm labor around because they were all in the service.

Ms. Boswell: There is sort of an accepted historical picture of farms, even in the 1920s and into the 1930s, that the difficulties of the farm presaged those of the Depression. I wondered if that is wholly true. For example, out here, was there a sense as you were growing up that the farm economy was really poor?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I didn't pay much attention. Our farm economy really wasn't too bad in the 1930s during the Great Depression. There was no money, no one had any money, particularly, but we lived pretty good. I had a good childhood and youth living out there on that farm. Even moving into a little town like Rosalia, we had something like a hundred and twenty in high school, so all the things that we could do, I couldn't have done in a bigger school. I played

football in high school—wasn't very good. I was on the debate team—wasn't very good. Both Jean and I played in the band and in the orchestra. We weren't very good, but you had the chance of doing all of that. And Jean and I liked dramatic arts so much we won a big contest for one act plays, and got a pennant to hang in the school. Jean and I had the leads in that.

Ms. Boswell: So you grew up with Jean?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, she came up from the little town of Thornton. She went to grade school in Thornton, and came to high school in Rosalia. I was a junior when she was a freshman and even in those days we were kind of attracted to each other. We didn't go steady, but we dated some, then just gradually figured that this was going to be our life, we were going to be together. And we went steady all through college, although she was two years behind me.

Ms. Boswell: So, overall then, even when you were in college, the effects of the Depression were not, except for having to work, very noticeable?

Mr. Goldsworthy: They weren't really too noticeable to us, 'cause everybody was experiencing hard times, whether you came from the farm or the city. A lot of people worked down there. Many had to have jobs, and a lot of people, of course, had their cars and lived pretty fat on the hog, I suppose like it is now. But the Depression had a great effect upon school appropriations because there just wasn't that kind of money around. As far as we were concerned it didn't affect us. I didn't pay any attention to it.

Ms. Boswell: What was the perception in farm communities of Roosevelt at that time? Did they like the agricultural programs that were put through in the New Deal?

Mr. Goldsworthy: My dad, being a staunch Republican all his life, didn't like Roosevelt at all. I grew up hearing what a terrible man Roosevelt was. Nevertheless, the CCCs, and programs were good and they put a lot of people to work. It cost money of course, but Roosevelt, I think, put in some real good reconstruction programs which had to be done. Then the war started and everything changed. Everybody had a job or went into the service.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any agricultural adjustment act programs? Did some of the agricultural subsidy programs affect the Palouse farmers?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't remember that we had anything like that. I don't think there was any sort of a subsidy program in those years.

Ms. Boswell: Did a lot of students have to leave Washington State University during that period?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was a smaller school. I think our student body was only about five thousand when I started. The University of Washington, I suppose, was probably around ten thousand, maybe not that much. The fraternities seemed to be filled. People were pledging and the independents were independenting. I knew I had to work because when two of us were in school at the same time it was a pretty bad burden for the cash flow.

Ms. Boswell: What about other extracurricular activities? Did you get involved in campus politics?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, yes, I did, later. I did quite a bit on campus in drama groups. I was a charter member of the national collegiate radio guild, and we had a good radio station at Pullman College. Washington State University was one of the few colleges in the country that got into this, and originally that's what I wanted to do with my life, be in radio. We did a lot of work at KWSC. I was too little and too cowardly to make the football team, so I was a football manager. I ended up a junior manager but I didn't make senior manager. I was always fighting grades, throughout my time down there, making grades until my last year, when I made the good grade list. Then, you find out how to get along with the professors and the teachers after awhile, and how to get good grades. I was in quite a few college plays, on the radio, and the extra activity as football manager. That was my main interest, more than going to class and studying.

Ms. Boswell: So that dramatic interest kind of evolved out of the country school plays, then?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I kind of think maybe so. I was always kind of a loud-mouth, show-off—Jean just came in, she will agree—and so I just automatically got into dramatic art and that sort of thing.

Ms. Boswell: So, you were interested in drama, and your brother was interested in football and head of the student body?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, he was president of the student body, and my dad had been president of the student body in his turn. I was president of the senior class, so I did get into politics in school a little bit. I belonged to this—I forget the name of it—it's a political, campus politics, a Greek name to it which I can't even remember now, but I was a member of that, representing the Greeks. The independents had an organization, too, whatever their name was. The independents had a student body president one time when I was down there, so there's always a little, not a conflict, but the Greeks were trying to get their people in office, and the independents trying to get theirs in. I went in as senior class president.

Ms. Boswell: Did you enjoy fraternity life?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, I suppose. I never considered not doing it. I think I'd have been just as happy, maybe I'd have been better off if I'd been in a dorm. No, it was just kind of understood that I was going to go down and join the Sigma Nu fraternity since my dad and four cousins were Sigma Nu's in turn, and my uncle, two uncles. That's just what we did. So I never considered not going into it.

Ms. Boswell: As class president, did you have a particular platform?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Nah. I can't even remember what we did as a class. We had certain functions that we put on, and we donated money to something or other, I can't quite remember. But no, I didn't run on any particular platform. I just ran as a representative of the Greeks over the independents, and won through that, mainly, I guess.

Ms. Boswell: Was there a sense then that you liked office or power?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Uh-huh. I enjoyed the office. There wasn't an awful lot of power, other than it was a prestige thing,

which I enjoyed. I would probably liked to have been student body president since my dad and my brother had been. But I was very glad to be senior class president. I was on the student control board my freshman year, and I didn't know what that was about. I was kind of a dumb kid. But that was a prestige factor and, I remember, I got a pen and pencil set, which I lost pretty fast. Anyway, there were not a great deal of duties connected with being senior class president, but I enjoyed the prestige of it.

Ms. Boswell: Once you graduated, what were your plans?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I wanted to get into radio and I did. I got on as a radio announcer here in Spokane with a CBS station. It's KXLY now, it was KFPY in those days. The station took two of us on that had worked in KWSU or KWSC out on the campus. The idea was one of us was going to keep the job and one didn't, and the other kid got it. I wasn't very good at that, either. He kept the job, and I went around the state and interviewed at some other radio stations. By that time my brother had come back from his job in Kansas City with the insurance company, and while he was working at odd jobs, he joined the Army Air Corps. I was kind of interested in what he was doing and flying airplanes.

I was always kind of a nut on airplanes. Ever since I was a little kid if I ever got any money, I used to go down to the drugstore and read those pulp magazines—*Wings, Flying Aces*—all those things. I was just fascinated with World War I flying stories. My mother used to howl and fuss, and I'd hide them under my mattress, where every mother knows to look under the mattress for those things. But I just lived for those flying stories. Then, when Lindbergh made his crossing, I bought model airplanes and I just lived with airplanes.

Then my brother joined. By that time I had lost my job as a radio announcer, and so I hitchhiked around the state to interviews. I went to Seattle, Centralia, and Chehalis. There was a fellow who ran the station at Centralia that had graduated from Washington State University, and I thought maybe I'd get on with him. I hitchhiked to Walla Walla, KUJ, the radio station, and I came home and hadn't heard anything from anybody, and then they had the flying cadet examination board out here at Gonzaga. I just happened to see it in the paper. So, I didn't say anything to my folks. I hitchhiked to Spokane, went out to Gonzaga, took the physical examination, and signed up.

We had a little problem that night. I was supposed to go down and have a date with Jean. She was down at Thornton, but they dilated my eyes and said don't drive or do anything like that for awhile. I had to call her up and say I wasn't coming down. She got mad but I couldn't say on the phone with my folks listening why I couldn't come down, because I'd had my eyes dilated on the physical exam. Jean got over it in time. I got accepted into the Army Air Corps right after that, then I heard from KUJ that I could have gone down there and gone to work on that radio station. So, it was just that close. But, it was a good thing because the war had come. I would have either been drafted, or I would have joined up anyway.

Ms. Boswell: How much ahead of the actual war did you get commissioned?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I got commissioned in October of 1940, so I was a little over a

year as a pilot with a second Lieutenant's commission before the war.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me about that. What was the pilot training like?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We had three months of primary school, and they had several primary schools around the country. My brother went to Santa Maria in California. My class was ordered to report to Glendale, California. Those that made it there went on to Randolph Field in San Antonio for basic training. And then those that made their basic training went to Kelly Field. At that time, basic and advanced flying school were Randolph Field and Kelly Field, but then with the expansion of the Air Corps, they started having advanced training bases all over the country. Most of them were down South, but they had them in California, Oklahoma, Texas, and the eastern part of the country. Historically, Randolph Field and Kelly Field go clear back to World War I. They called Randolph the West Point of the Air, so I was glad that I could go to Randolph. To graduate your basic at Randolph was a great moment because that was an historic old field. Kelly Field was the same way. That was activated during World War One.

Ms. Boswell: Was this something that you really enjoyed doing?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I did. I enjoyed flying from my first ride. I was thrilled. An old PT 17 biplane, open cockpit, put on that helmet and those goggles, and got in. I tell you, my instructor took me on my very first ride and I knew then that flying was for me. I just couldn't get enough. I had a good time, and as I remember, we had to get sixty hours of flying in primary school. We washed out about half of my class in primary, and then went to Randolph Field, where we lost another fifteen percent or so of the class. When we graduated there, we went on to advanced flying school at Kelly. We were all pretty well sure of making it. I don't know that we lost anybody. Once you got into advanced, unless something drastic happened, you were pretty well assured of making it. So, we got our commissions and our wings and our nice, new uniforms.

Ms. Boswell: What was the intent before the war? What did you foresee as being your service, or what you would do?

Mr. Goldsworthy: As reserve officers, we were signed up for a certain period of time, a couple of years I think. I didn't really look ahead that far to know that I would probably come back home. A lot of those reserve officers, old-timers, were kept on as flight instructors. Like in primary school, that was a civilian school, but my instructor was a lieutenant. A reservist, he wasn't on active duty, but he was paid as a reserve officer.

I really didn't think much ahead at the time. All I knew was that I just wanted to fly. I ended up instructing in advanced flying school at Brooks Field, which is in San Antonio. That was a great life. I liked to fly, and the cadets always think their instructor is one of the greatest guys in the world, you know. My instructor is better than your instructor. Some guys don't like their instructors, but nevertheless, it was a good life.

Ms. Boswell: I was just going to ask you, did Jean come along then?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, she came down and we were married at Randolph Field chapel in December of 1940. That was

just three months after I was commissioned. Then we rented a little house there. Those were good years. It was exciting, I was a flight instructor and could fly all I wanted to. It was exciting with all of us. Classmates were getting married, and we got together down there to play bridge, go to the club, and drink beer. I wouldn't have traded the experience—they could have offered me anything—being a second lieutenant, flight instructor, and living down there in San Antonio for anything. I got my first car down there.

Then the war came along. I wanted to get in the war, but Jean couldn't understand that, and we used to have some fights.

[End of Tape 2, Side 1]

Mr. Goldsworthy: In those days, we'd already been through the Battle of Britain and the RAF had defeated the German Air Force. Then, we were taking a big pounding around the world, in the Philippines, Pearl Harbor, we were losing everyplace. Some way, I just saw that this is the biggest thing of my lifetime right now, this war. And if I don't get in it, I'm going to have missed something. Kind of a dumb attitude, and Jean could not understand it at all—why in the world I wanted to go and get killed. But you never think you're going to get killed. Somebody else will, but you're not going to. I just knew that I had trained as a pilot and I thought I was a good one, and I wanted to get into combat. When I did, I kind of wished I hadn't.

Nevertheless, after that I stayed on in the training command. I volunteered for B-17s at Sebring, Florida. I thought I'd get on over into the old 8th Air Force, or the 9th Air Force in Europe. But instead, they sent me to B-24s in Tennessee. As soon as I got out of that, they kept me on as an instructor again. So I ended up down in Alabama. We started a B-24 school down there. And then when the new B-29s came out, I volunteered for those, and was accepted to that training. So, I didn't get overseas until 1944 when the B-29s started air operations against Japan itself.

Ms. Boswell: Being both an instructor and a pilot, wouldn't they have ultimately forced you into the military whether you volunteered or not?

Mr. Goldsworthy: If I hadn't gone into the old Army Air Corps, if I hadn't volunteered in the first place and the war started, if I'd been a radio announcer down in Walla Walla, they'd have grabbed me in a hurry. Jean was teaching school and I doubt if we'd have gotten married as quickly as we did. I'd had no plans of going back to the farm, although my dad said, "Come back and we'll build you a house, get you a car, whatever, and you can set up your life." I didn't want to go back to the farm in those days, which is just as well, because when the war started I would never have stayed there. If I hadn't volunteered, after the war started, I'd have been drafted.

Ms. Boswell: And then you wouldn't have had as much choice?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I might have gone into pilot training even at that point, but then you wouldn't know where you're going.

Ms. Boswell: How did your dad feel about the whole pilot part of your life?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think he was kind of proud that both his sons were commissioned and were pilots. My folks

never quite understood our feeling about flying. My brother had it to some extent, too. Of course, he stayed in. He was a career officer. My folks never really understood how we felt about flying. A lot of people didn't. A lot of people didn't want any part of airplanes; it just happened that we did. I couldn't imagine doing anything else after that first ride.

Ms. Boswell: So, you got into the B-29 program and then you were, what, commissioned to go where?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I was sent to Kansas and joined a B-29 group that had already been training. I'd had quite a bit of four-engine time because I'd been an instructor in B-24s for a couple of years, and then in B-17s, so you build up a lot of flying time. I went in as an operations officer in a group that had already been in training. I joined them in the summer of 1944. They were fighting for Saipan, which was to be our base, because the Mariana Islands were within range of hitting Honshu or Tokyo, itself. We had B-29s flying out of India at that time. I had some friends that flew there. They were having to fly fuel into China, and fly out of China, but they didn't have the fuel or the range to hit anything but the very lower end of the Japanese islands. And so as soon as they invaded Saipan and we took that island, why they started immediately building runways and just as soon as that island was secure, we moved in. There was still some fighting, up in the north end of the island. On one of my first missions, we got shot at coming back over the north part of Saipan. After that we used to make wide turns around to come in over the ocean until they secured the island. They wanted to get that operation against Japan just as quickly as they could get going.

Ms. Boswell: Do you remember how you felt about it at that time? Once you were thrust into the war itself, was there fear, was there exhilaration. What were your expectations?

Mr. Goldsworthy: For me it was exciting. I never did have a thought that I wasn't going to do my thirty missions or whatever and fly home. I knew some people probably weren't going to make it, but I never had the idea that it was going to be me. It was kind of exciting. Over there, on that little Pacific island with a group of people that I'd trained with and we're all there doing the same thing, there was an esprit de corps among the flying crews in a combat situation that you don't get any other place. And I think the same thing happened with the tank crews, or a platoon of infantry. You work together, train together, and fight side by side. It's a feeling that you just can't quite describe. It's exhilaration. Maybe I should have been scared if I'd lasted a little longer. I only made three and a half missions and I never had time to get scared. When I was scared, it was too late. I just had the feeling in the beginning that I had to get in the war.

MILITARY SERVICE AND THE POW EXPERIENCE

Ms. Boswell: You've written about your POW experience, but do you mind talking about it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, not at all.

Ms. Boswell: It was your fourth mission?

Mr. Goldsworthy: This was my third mission over Tokyo. We'd made one mission down to Truk—the Japanese still had submarine pens down there on the little island of Truk. It was more a training mission than anything else because Truk was pretty well isolated. The Japanese weren't hurting anybody, their army couldn't supply them. The soldiers were all starving to death anyway, but they ran us down there to bomb Truk. Those first missions, we were hitting targets in Tokyo. They had a great big engine factory right in the outskirts of Tokyo, between Tokyo and Yokohama. The Nakagima aircraft engine factory, target 357. We lost more airplanes over that target than any target in Japan. They had it ringed with antiaircraft, and they had a lot of fighter bases all around there. We found out after the war that we had pretty well knocked that target out, but they kept repairing it and the photographs would show that it was still in operation, so we'd send another raid over it.

Ms. Boswell: In reality, it wasn't in operation?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. We'd pretty well knocked it out over the first bunch of raids. In those days, we didn't know about the jet stream. Now, everybody is familiar with the jet stream. We used to fly up and use Mount Fuji as our aiming point, where you'd turn over that for the target run. Our bombardiers were having a hard time because our ground speeds—we indicated two hundred ten miles an hour, always in flying, regardless of our altitude. And then you'd get a two hundred and fifty mile an hour tail wind—we were going over those targets so fast that the bombardiers were having an awful time. One mission they ran us the other way, and so what was our groundspeed, it was about fifty miles an hour. My gosh, you take a bomb run going fifty or sixty or seventy miles an hour over the ground would take you forever, and you're under fire all that time. We were flying at thirty-three thousand feet and they plotted these tremendously high winds up there which now we understand as the jet stream. We plot it every day. We know exactly where that jet stream is. In those days they never heard of a jet stream. Nothing had ever flown up there. But anyway, it was just one of the little things that we had to meet and figure out how to handle. We lost, I think, some sixty B-29s during the course of the war over that one target.

Ms. Boswell: You mentioned the exhilaration, but was there some sobering sense that you were going over this target where logically you could get killed?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. You were aware of that all the time, but we really didn't dwell on it too much. It's a long, boring flight up there. It's over three thousand miles, to Tokyo and back to Saipan, and so our first missions were

running us about sixteen hours. We would get in formation and fly low, then when we'd start climbing to altitude, before we hit Japan itself. And then the short time that you hit the coast in point over the island, pick up your IP, and get your bombing run out of the way, then we'd go up in formation. Going home we'd generally split up and go back individually, so gasoline was always a worry. It was an extreme range, and we'd go home on reduced power to just barely keep us going so we'd have enough gasoline. A lot of planes did run out of gas on the return flight.

Ms. Boswell: Once they do that, is there any way you can control them?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, you just have to ditch. And we did have to ditch. We had three submarines between the Mariana Islands and Tokyo for rescue. They were out there on a certain station, and we knew where they were approximately. But three in fifteen hundred miles of ocean did not give too high a rescue capability.

When they finally invaded Iwo Jima, and later on Okinawa, then we had emergency bases for airplanes to go in if we ran out of gas. They could go into Iwo Jima. But in those days, the Japanese had Iwo and Okinawa, and so we had to skirt around them. Gasoline was always a factor, we were always right on the ultimate edge of fuel starvation.

Ms. Boswell: I was surprised when I was reading your account at how many people were on board a B-29.

Mr. Goldsworthy: The normal crew was eleven. My last one, I had an extra man aboard who was out of wing headquarters. My group commander used to fly with me quite a bit. He replaced my regular co-pilot. And then a friend of his out of wing headquarters, another full colonel, decided he wanted to make a mission, so he thought he'd go along with this friend, my group commander, and just picked the wrong airplane. I had twelve on the airplane.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me about that mission.

Mr. Goldsworthy: It started out like the rest. We dropped our bombs all right, we were the lead plane, and at that time we hadn't really run into much fighter opposition. That day, the Jap fighters were up in force and our intelligence said that the Japanese had no fighters that will perform very well at thirty-three thousand feet, the altitude we were bombing. But we ran into them and they were performing very well. They came in above us and making head-on passes. The very first one that came in got my wing, my gas tank. The very first, dumb Japanese fighter I saw. It was what we called a "tony," and he was above us and came in on a head-on pass, rolled out underneath, he was very close and got away with it. I had one of my right gunners call up and say, "We're losing a lot of gas out of the right wing." So I asked him, "What do you think we're losing?" He said, "By the looks we're losing about five hundred gallons a minute. It's just gushing out." I knew right then that we weren't going to go home.

We were always under radio silence, which was a mistake, because when we did bail out I kept radio silence, otherwise I could have told the people in the formation, "Hey, we're getting out of the airplane." Then they could have reported that we were bailing so somebody might have known we're alive. I did have the

radioman start calling the emergency frequency for the subs to see if I couldn't get out far enough to ditch and get close enough to where a sub was so we could get picked up. We caught on fire right after that and so we had no choice. We had to get out.

Ms. Boswell: You mentioned in your account the feeling coming down in the air.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I couldn't believe it. Kind of like a dream. I was in my parachute and it was a beautiful, clear day and all of Japan was out there below me, and I knew I was in for great trouble. I couldn't believe that there I was sitting in a parachute over Japan, knowing that this is where I was going to be until that war was over. We always felt that we were going to win the war, all right.

Ms. Boswell: I remember reading that some of the parachutes actually burst into flames.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Just one. I thought it was my bombardier, I don't know if it was or not but I saw one off in the distance. When I went out, I fell free for awhile because we were at such high altitude and I think that my little bombardier might have popped his, or some way his backpack caught fire.

Ms. Boswell: When you landed, was there any possibility of finding cover in a building?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, it was right on the outskirts of Tokyo and a very heavily populated area. There were houses everyplace, little gardens and rice paddies. I fell in a little clearing with a little rice paddy. I thought at first, maybe I could get up into the mountains, hide, and survive some way. The mountains were a far piece away, really. Then I thought, if I could hide and make my way down to the ocean, into Tokyo Bay, I might be able to hide and steal a boat of some sort. Well, that was about as likely as getting to the mountains. There was just nothing. I was six feet one and there's no mistaking an American in Japan. I was just caught, that's all there was to it. I was trapped between civilians and a group of soldiers. Of course, they could see me coming down, they could see all the parachutes.

Ms. Boswell: Were the other people nearby you at all?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. Not where I was. We were put together a little later on in the prison, but, as far as I could tell, nine got out of the airplane. The most I ever saw was five, and three of us got home.

Ms. Boswell: Only three out of the whole twelve?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Um-hum. Three out of the twelve survived.

Ms. Boswell: To what do you attribute that? The fact that you were able to survive against the odds?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. I've wondered many times: Why me? And all the others that didn't. I think my tail gunner went down in the airplane. I think my navigator—the fire was all around his area when the airplane interior was on fire—I think he burned up. The radioman was in the same place. I don't think they ever got out.

But I was in a group of cells there, and one of my gunners was in there, and at Christmas time they took him out, took

him right in front of my cell, and he was fine. There was nothing wrong with him. He disappeared without a trace. After the war was over I tried to find him—our intelligence people took all our statements, and they tried to find him too, and there was absolutely no trace of any of the crew. Intelligence said one Japanese record had my engineer, a first lieutenant, dead of injuries, but the one gunner that survived with me said that he had seen him on the ground, and he had no injuries. So, they shot him, I guess. It's a mystery what happened to him. There's never been a trace at all.

Ms. Boswell: The treatment that you tell about, it was obviously extremely harsh.

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was a bad time. But you do what you do to survive. You just survive from day to day. We were locked in these cells down in the Tokyo federal prison, and we were considered war criminals. That's why we were never reported as POWs. So, Jean never knew at all that I was a POW, 'til after the war.

It was just lack of food and that winter we spent in the cells down in Tokyo. We had no heat in the cells, and it was bitterly cold. All we wore was just a summer flying suit. They wouldn't let us wear our shoes and socks in the cells. It was just a bitterly cold, harsh winter with no food, and a lot of beatings. It was a bad time.

Ms. Boswell: Mentally and psychologically, how did you get through that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. You just live through what you have to. One thing that I worked on—after you lose so much weight, I got down below about ninety pounds, by the way, you get in kind of a haze, a fog. I was just so hungry, so cold, and so miserable, I would try to get mentally out of myself, and work on driving from Rosalia out to the farm. Not just imagining the scenery, but actually like I'm sitting back of the wheel of a car, and actually living it, every little landmark, every little thing. I would go by a neighbor's house, over a bridge, everything, just like I was doing it, not as I imagined. And, surprisingly, I worked my way down to getting out of myself and make that trip. I'd try to do it going to Spokane, but it was too far. Going from Rosalia back to the farm, or from the farm into Rosalia, I could kind of forget where I was, put myself in the seat of a car, in back of a wheel. It wasn't until I was really too weak to stand or move around that I could really accomplish this. It was something to work on.

Other than that, I just thought about food. Day, after day, after day, I dreamed of eating everything I'd ever eaten in my life, and what I was going to eat when I got home. And even after prison camp, we just talked of food incessantly.

Ms. Boswell: I would think that would have made it harder for you, thinking of food all the time.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, a lot of people said: "Let's don't talk about food." We had a Marine pilot that was shot down and they returned a fountain pen to him, a Parker 51 that was full of ink, and we used to steal rice paper—they'd give us a tea bag occasionally, or a box—and we'd take that so we could write on it. So, I've got about four or five hundred recipes and things to eat after I got home that we would write down. I saved all those, and my first meal that I was going to have and things like that.

Ms. Boswell: So you really had no way of keeping a diary, at least for the first part?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. If they'd ever caught you writing anything, it would have been off with your head, even in prison camp. When we were down in the cells—it was just a bare cell with four little blankets, which we couldn't use until it got bitterly cold. They let us wrap up. But we never had our clothes off, never had a bath, never shaved, never brushed our teeth. Didn't have anything for about the first seven months, I guess, before I got to take a bath of a sort—hot water in a little bucket.

Ms. Boswell: Did you ever think you weren't going to make it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Those first days, first months down in the cells in Tokyo, you just kind of lived day to day. You never knew. I went out twice for execution, which they called off at the last minute. Why, I have no understanding of this at all. I thought I was going to be shot, and a lot of them were. Some crew members, not any of mine, had to dig graves for their crew mates and throw them in and cover them up. Some of them watched a couple of their crew members being shot, and then they made big holes to put them in. So, we knew they were very capable of executing us.

I had been given a trial and I knew that they gave my crew life imprisonment, which I kind of laughed at: "This war is going to last long enough for you to win, and they're going to be in prison for the rest of their lives?" And, they were going to give me the death sentence which would be carried out. We knew that they did that. Why mine didn't go through, I don't know.

I used to dream all the time about getting home, but then, when we got out to the prison camp, yeah, I kind of thought, yes, I think I'm going to survive this. We got a little more to eat when we got out in the camp, and we were out away from the bombings. When I was in Tokyo I was right down in the middle the bombings and the fire raids, and so I thought it was very likely I was not going to get home.

Ms. Boswell: What precipitated the move to the prison camp?

Mr. Goldsworthy: They kept us in solitary confinement during our interrogation days for so long, I think they were just getting more prisoners. We were losing planes, and they needed the space. The Kempi Tai federal prison I was in, fire bombs hit that and burned it down after I was moved out of it. They just were getting more and more B-29 POWs, so they moved us out, I think, to make room. They were through with me, anyway. There was no reason to keep me down in that cell down in Tokyo. I was too weak to stand unassisted, so what was the purpose?

Ms. Boswell: Was what they were doing against the conventions of war?

Mr. Goldsworthy: They said that we were criminals, and we were not protected under the Geneva Convention, or anything. Of course, they'd never signed that. They said nothing applied to us as prisoners of war. We had bombed the homeland, we had killed the women and the kids, and all that, and we were not considered war prisoners. We were war criminals.

Of course, we surrendered. They didn't look kindly upon their people

surrendering. I don't know if you've ever seen pictures of the suicide cliff there that's on Saipan, the Japanese civilians throwing themselves off a four hundred foot cliff there. Mothers holding babies in arms and throwing themselves off, rather than be captured. They had been told that their treatment as prisoners by Americans would be unspeakable. Death was preferable. I toured around those suicide cliffs, I've got pictures, and I've seen many films that our forces made. They used to, with loudspeakers, with Japanese-speaking interpreters, to tell them to surrender, to come out, they'd be well-treated, but so many women would throw themselves off of that cliff. Either into the ocean or on the rocks. You just can't understand, but that's what they believed. The Japanese soldier wasn't going to surrender. Some did, of course, but death was honorable. Surrendering, they could never go back to Japan again, other than in disgrace.

Ms. Boswell: What is it you had been trained to do, if this kind of situation came up?

[End of Tape 2, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: We were told to escape, if you can. Of course with us, there was no escape. We had no such code that said to die rather than surrender. And, of course, the people in the Philippines, Wainwright surrendered the troops there. There was no stigma upon this at all, of our people surrendering. You live for a better day. But, for the Japanese, it was dishonorable.

Ms. Boswell: You said in your book that when you were interrogated, you gave them false information and did whatever you could to mislead them.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. Of course, you're supposed to give name, rank and serial number. That is all right in theory, depending on who your enemy is.

Our POWs in Vietnam, they came back and said there's no question that they'll get anything they want out of you. In Korea they tried to brainwash the prisoners. Ours was just plain old brutal treatment. They never tried to brainwash me. In Korea, the Communists tried to put them in indoctrination schools and get them to turn, or to make false information, and this sort of thing. They also starved them to death and beat them very badly. In Vietnam, they did much of the same thing, trying to get them to cooperate with the enemy and to make statements that weren't true. But the torture there was so systematic and terrible that it would make anybody sign anything. There comes a point where you want to die, but you can't.

I signed something, I don't know what it was, it was all in Japanese. It was, I suppose, a confession saying that I had bombed civilian targets. I imagine I did. You're bombing from thirty-three thousand feet and we weren't all that good at the time. We were new at the game and during those fire raids we just burned out Tokyo. Several hundred thousand Japanese burned up in those fire raids. More than they lost with the atomic bomb. That was the policy—go out and burn down the city. And so they did.

With us, they had asked me questions that they knew the answer to, and if I was lying then I was going to be treated very badly. And so, I thought, well, that will go two ways. I'm being treated very badly anyway, so let's try it. So, I gave them a big, whopping lie on something and nothing happened. So I knew that this was going to be my salvation; just lie

as much as I could and if I got away with it fine, and if I didn't get away with it, get ready for another beating. A lot of people kind of got on to this same thing because the Japanese really had a lot of information about us and about the B-29s, so there's nothing I could say to them that would help them any. I was just a pilot, an operations officer of a squadron. So as far as I knew what our future plans were, other than we were going to win the war with the B-29, there was nothing I could tell them.

Ms. Boswell: Do you think they really thought they could get something different? Did they think the pilots would have more strategic information?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. My group commander, a colonel, he made it, but I don't know what they did with him exactly. This other—my wing A-3 officer—an operations officer that was flying with me, only lived about two months. He was in the cell next to me. He kind of lost his mind. They just treated him terribly and he was lying. We couldn't talk at all together, but we'd whisper a little bit if the guard wasn't watching us. They just beat him and starved him to death. He kind of lost his mind, there, toward the end, just before he died. Everybody had to figure out a way to get through it. I gave an awful lot of misinformation, some of it I got caught on and some of it I didn't.

Ms. Boswell: It sounds like they really knew most of it anyway.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. They had all our tech orders on the B-29. They knew much about it. I went out, as I mentioned in that story, to a B-17 they had in the airport on Christmas eve of 1944. I think, I'm not sure, it was on the other side of Tokyo from where I was and they wanted me to show them how to fly it. The airplane was in pretty good shape. I don't know where they got it. The batteries in it were good, and they had a lot of people all crowded around. They had some newsreel people taking pictures and Japanese all over the wings peering in. I was put inside in the left seat, in the pilot's seat, and they had a Japanese pilot in the right seat and my interpreter stood between the seats. I kind of wanted to talk with that Japanese pilot, but every time I'd say something they'd slug me around awhile. The airplane was in good shape, but I gave them as much bad information on flying that as I possibly could. They had airplanes just as good as ours. They must have had hundreds of pilots there that could fly that airplane and knew that I was lying through my teeth on power settings, and that sort of thing. Why they did it, I don't know. It seemed kind of stupid. But they wrote down everything I said and drew pictures of all the controls the way I told them to do everything, which was just backwards of the way you do it. I just gave everything just completely backwards.

Then I got back in my cell that night and I said, "They're going to kill me." They knew I was lying. At least that Japanese pilot did; I think he was one of their test pilots—good Lord, he was an experienced pilot. He probably had as many flying hours as I had. He must have known I was lying, but they took it all down. I knew they were going to come in there and kill me for that, I just knew it. But I went out twice to that same B-17. I don't know, it was weird.

I kind of liked the experience. The first time I got to ride in the staff car, a little old car crowded in between two guards with their rifles, and the interpreter

sat up in front. But it was warm, with the sun shining through the windows, and I was so cold. The second time we went out, a few days later, it was snowing and bitterly cold. It was a bad trip, that second one.

Ms. Boswell: The prison camp, as opposed to the prison in Tokyo, tell me more about that.

Mr. Goldsworthy: They had about five hundred and fifty people in there. It was about halfway between Tokyo and Yokohama and was fenced in on a little land fill in Tokyo Bay. There was a little bridge we had to walk across to get to it. The camp was filled up with the survivors of the Philippines, the death march, British from Singapore, some Navy people, and some people from the ship, the Houston, that I believe, went down in the Leyte Gulf. There were thirty-six of us and we were still war criminals on special status, when we were put in the camp. We had a fence around us inside the regular fence. We weren't allowed to talk with the other prisoners and were kept under guard all the time, twenty-four hours a day. The regular prisoners, we called them regular prisoners, a lot of them were on work details and went down to the Tokyo docks and worked. They had the run of the camp. But we were always under guard in our one barracks, and never allowed out. The worst part was, as criminals we only got half the amount of food that the other prisoners were getting and they were starving to death. Although the food was more than we got when I was in solitary confinement down in Tokyo.

Ms. Boswell: And you were able to talk with each other a bit? Right?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. We worked out a deal with the prisoners outside our fence and when they'd get news, they would get somebody on their side of the fence. We'd put somebody on our side, and they'd give us the news. We heard that President Roosevelt had died, and we knew when the fight for Okinawa was going on. Of course, it was getting to where we knew we were going to win. But other than that, there was a radio in the Japanese headquarters building there, and the regular prisoners had an old-timer there that had lived in Japan most of his life, and, of course, could read and understand Japanese. He would listen to the radio—work outside around the building—and kind of catch up on things. The regular prisoners who worked on the docks would steal newspapers, and bring them back to the camp. Most of it was a lot of propaganda.

Ms. Boswell: Very few, if any, of the men there, spoke Japanese?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, it was very rare that anybody spoke any Japanese. Boy, I wish I could have. In those early days, they asked me if I could speak Japanese. I said, no, then they said a lot of things. I knew they were talking about my immediate execution to see if I would give a little flicker of an eyelash knowing what they're saying. But, of course, I didn't. So I did not react to what they were saying. I'm sure they were testing me. We had to do our roll calls morning and night in Japanese, and there were certain Japanese language words that we picked up, just phrases, not conversational.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any Japanese soldiers who tried to be nicer, to help you out?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not really help us out. There were some that were nicer than others, that didn't really physically mistreat us. Some would, quite a bit. We had a couple that I thought were pretty nice little fellas that we used to chat with, sometimes. Surprisingly, a number of Japanese could speak English to some extent. Of course, they had to take it in schools. Most of the guards that we had were pretty low order. Even so, our number one guard, "Old Horseface," as we called him, he picked up enough English to order us around a little bit. He wasn't too bad, other than if you break a rule, which is very easy to do, because you don't know them all, he was always knocking us around with his rifle butt, and knocking us down, and this sort of thing.

Ms. Boswell: I can't imagine. You didn't receive any kind of medical attention, did you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No.

Ms. Boswell: Did they do that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. When my hands were burned in the airplane I did have a doctor come in and help me when I was in the cell down in Tokyo. My hands got pretty badly infected and he came in and put some disinfectant on and kind of tore the old, burned skin off.

He was kind of a nice fellow, that doctor, but he had a nurse with him, and oh, she hated me. The way she just looked at me, she could have killed me. The doctor took one hand while she took the other with a kind of tweezer thing. The doctor was very gentle. They had to pull all this old skin off and get down to where the good skin was. That nurse, she just jabbed those tweezers in me and she ripped good skin as well as bad skin, and oh man, it hurt! The doctor calmed her down, but she was mad!

Ms. Boswell: Was the fact that you could talk to other prisoners, did that make your experience a lot easier?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Once we got out to prison camp, with the thirty-six of us locked up together there, then we developed some good friendships.

We used to quarrel a lot. Little things would be very annoying because you're still on the verge of starving to death and it makes you very edgy. Little things that people would do would drive you crazy. I knew a fellow who found a little fork out in the garden. We always laughed about this because it was a little, tiny fork like a child's fork, with two little tines on it, and when they'd come in with our bowl of rice, he would sit there and eat with that little fork, grain by grain. Everybody would look at him and get so mad at him with that fork. Finally, I think somebody broke it, just furious with him and the way he'd eat that rice.

Another fellow that's a good friend today, an old master sergeant, used to sit a certain way with his legs crossed. I'd look across at him and I'd get so mad at him I could have killed him. Just the way he sat when he ate his rice.

And I was doing things that annoyed them. But we ended up friends. I sustained one friend when he was going to give up, and he did the same with me. He lives in Menlo Park in California, and we still talk on the phone every so often. We just get on and chat. Sometimes he was going to quit, then I would buck him up, and we just ended up very close friends. This guy that I couldn't stand the way he ate his rice, we see him at a reunion once in awhile and we ended up

very good friends. There's little things that are very irritating because of the life you're leading.

There was practically no sanitation. So, consequently, our clothes were filled with lice and fleas. All the time you had something crawling on you, day and night. Only once did they take our clothes and put them in some boiling water and gave them back to us. It didn't last very long. It was just a filthy way to live. But the Japanese were bothered with fleas the same way we were. They could keep their clothes a little better, but we were just constantly covered with lice. The flies in the summertime were just terrible, mosquitoes, this sort of thing, but with all the other things you had wrong, these were minor annoyances. You can put up with it.

Ms. Boswell: Did you set up, amongst the thirty-six of you, certain rules about how things would work amongst you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not really. We didn't have any military organization like the big camps in Germany, for example. I have some friends who were German POWs. They did, they had senior officers, and they worked it out, they were still American soldiers and airmen, and they tried to conduct themselves as such. We didn't have anything like that. We had our two colonels, full colonels, and one of them was our leader as far as on our *tenko* or roll call. He would be the one that would report to the Japanese whatever had to be reported. Other than that, whether you were a private or a full colonel, there was not much distinction. There was just all thirty-six of us locked up together, there were probably a third of us who were officers but it didn't make any difference.

Our barracks had a wooden floor with two platforms on each side. We had a little space about two feet square that was all ours. Just jammed shoulder to shoulder. Since we had our own little space, we tried to respect each man's little space.

Ms. Boswell: Was there ever any problem with people trying to steal food, when you were that hungry and starving?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. When we were working outside in the gardens, that summer of 1945, that was our work. They'd take us outside, always under guard. The area had been burned and bombed so much it was just rubble. We cleaned out the burned-out houses, got down to bare ground, and then they would give us carrot seed and *daikon*, which is a big cucumber, and we would grow those things. There was a temptation when things were growing to steal them, but when the food grew in, it wasn't much of a temptation to eat anything unless it could be cooked. We used to have great arguments, and I still don't know the answer. Like if you take a carrot in the garden which has been human-excrement fertilized, would you die if you ate it? But, if you scraped the skin off the carrot, is it all right underneath? I've never had a satisfactory answer, but we thought, "Yeah, if you ever stole a little carrot and scraped it off, got down inside, why, it'd be all right to eat." And some did.

I stayed away from that. I was deathly afraid, getting toward the end of the war, of something going wrong and not making it. I did get amoebic dysentery the day the war ended, when I got so sick and had yellow jaundice at the same time. I was very sick after the war was over.

We were very careful not to drink anything. They would give us boiled

water. Everything that we got to eat—of course the rice was safe—it was all boiled. That's all there was. Very seldom did we get anything like a vegetable. Once in awhile, they'd come in with a little piece of fish, or a fish head, which are not bad. Very small little fish head, but if you just pop it in your mouth and chew it up, bones and all, of course, anything was good.

We had some problem toward the end of the war of people getting a little braver and trying to get a civilian to give them some food of some sort. I'd never smoked before, but I started when we could get cigarettes. That was a luxury we just grabbed at. But we got so few cigarettes we'd swipe butts on the street. The Japanese weren't very inclined to throw away much of a cigarette.

As I mentioned, one of the worst beatings I ever had was from the women when I was captured. They gave me an awful working over. Toward the end of the war, they started to be the nicest. They would whisper sometimes, "*sikoshi mada senso owari:* Pretty soon the war will be over." Sometimes they would throw down a cigarette. They had to be pretty careful because the soldiers treated their own people pretty badly. I've seen soldiers slap around civilians. One little old man threw down a cigarette where we could pick it up and Horseface saw him and just slapped him around unmercifully. Just beat on him. He wanted to do that for us, so you could see the attitude of the Japanese was getting a little better.

The men—a lot of them toward the end of the war—the ones that were real mean, after the atomic bomb was dropped, they cleared out because they knew the war was going to be over. The day the war did end, the real bad people in our camp just disappeared. They just took them out and they left a skeleton crew of Japanese in there. Those who were considered special prisoners, the B-29 people, were still under guard two weeks after the war was over and were still confined to a barracks under guard. Finally, the regular prisoners outside our fence went to the camp commander and said, "Hey, we're just waiting to be liberated, now let these guys out in the camp. This is ridiculous." So, that long after the war, we finally got out.

Ms. Boswell: Can you remember how you felt, when the liberation forces appeared?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I mentioned that after the war was over I was so sick for a couple of weeks that I just didn't care much of what was going on.

Ms. Boswell: Did you have any medical help at the end?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not for about ten days. They had an American doctor in camp, but he didn't have any equipment, and hardly any medicines. But, when we were allowed out into the camp, they took me down to him. I had yellow jaundice, but one of the prisoners got some sugar and gave it to me. Where he got it, I don't know. The doctor gave me a shot in the back of something that stopped my amoebic dysentery. Then I started feeling better.

Harold Stassen, you remember, ran for governor or president so many times? He was a lieutenant commander in the Navy, he was the one that came in, since we were in Tokyo Bay in this little land fill, and the water was right up all around the camp, he came in some landing craft from a ship out there. They knew where the camp was, and he was the one that came

in with the troops to liberate us. Our Japanese camp colonel ran out there and said, "You can't do it, I have no authority from Tokyo to let any of these people go." And Stassen picked him up. He was a great, big man, anyway, about 6' 4," something like that, and I remember he picked up that Japanese colonel by the front of his tunic and lifted him off the ground, and he said, "I have no need for orders from Tokyo to do what I want to with these American prisoners." And so, that ended that. Then they brought in some landing craft. I was still pretty sick, so I went out on the very first landing craft to the hospital ship Benevolence, which was just anchored out about three miles out in Tokyo Bay.

I tell you, I got on that and I saw that old prison camp recede. They had a ladder from the ship coming down where they tied up so we could get up. They had about twelve of us, I guess, on that first boatload out, and I couldn't get up that ladder. I just was too weak. A couple of sailors looked down at me, and I can remember them, they rushed down that gangway and they picked me up. I must have weighed about eighty-five, ninety pounds, so they must have thought it was no load at all. They took our old filthy clothes, and put us in the shower. There were a couple of nurses down there at the bottom of the gangway who were the most beautiful women I'd ever seen in my life. They might have been real dogs, but they looked so clean and starched up so nicely. I got in that shower and I just didn't want to get out. That hot water, I just luxuriated in that shower.

They assigned us, I think, eight people to a room with four double deck bunks. Then the doctors immediately got us in for examination. They were trying to find out the ones who could be moved right away to a troop carrier, or a ship for immediate transport back to the US. They put them on those ships, and the ones that they wanted to keep under observation, they kept on the hospital ship, and I was one of those, along with my friend, Hap. I stayed there for a couple weeks, on the hospital ship.

We stayed on there until we got a little strength back, and started to put on weight. They flew us down to Guam, and I was in the hospital there at Guam for a couple of weeks. Then they flew us back to Hawaii and on to Letterman General. All this time we're just eating our fool heads off, and getting sick most of the time from overeating.

Ms. Boswell: They didn't try to put you on a diet?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, they tried, but it was impossible. On the hospital ship they had us on a very bland diet because we couldn't keep much down. But, as soon as they'd leave us alone, why, we'd run down and eat with the ship's crew. Those sailors, down there in the cafeteria line, they'd load us up a plate, those tin trays that they'd eat on, and they'd load us up with food, and I'd eat and throw up, eat and throw up. No matter how much you ate, you were still hungry.

That was the problem, we'd been starved for so long, I can't explain what that constant hunger is like. So, even after we were so full we couldn't eat anymore, you were just as hungry as when you started. So, we'd eat some more. We'd get cartons of candy bars, and just eat the whole carton. We'd just eat everything we could find. Well, of course, that gradually lessened as we started putting on weight.

Then, I got sent down to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, then on to Baxter General Hospital in

Spokane.

[End of Tape 3, Side 1]

Mr. Goldsworthy: Old Baxter General was right out there in Spokane. You can see the VA hospital through the window, and that's where—that white building way out there—that's the Veterans Administration. I was put in the hospital there for a couple of months. I got to where I could leave and then Jean and I got the use of an apartment here in Spokane.

I was off about three months before they put me back on active duty. They were very good down there; they gave me a lot of examinations and worked on my teeth. I hadn't had a toothbrush in a year. I had boils, and I had a lot of infection. The amoebic dysentery was still with me. It takes awhile to get rid of all that stuff. They were very good out here though, and got me cleaned up.

Ms. Boswell: I'm surprised they put you back on active duty.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I could have been discharged if I'd wanted to, but I was still thinking of making a career out of the military. They were giving examinations for the regular Air Force and most everybody was taking those to stay on in. I still wasn't completely decided. I went down to March Field in California, Riverside, then Jean came down and joined me there and we were sent to Tucson to a bomb wing there. We were in Tucson about a year at Davis Monthan Air Base, when we decided to get out.

I'd joined the Army Air Corps before I got the job in Walla Walla. When I was still on active duty, I'd signed up for air attaché work, and I'd get a choice of what I wanted to do. I'd go to Columbia University for about a year learning the language and I was signed up to go to Rio in the air attaché's office there, after I learned my Spanish. I never heard anything from them, so, I finally took my separation and came back.

One of the first letters I received after I left the Army was my acceptance into Columbia for air attaché training. I just missed that one, but it worked out for the best. I'd probably have never learned to speak Spanish, anyway. Foreign languages were very tough for me. I took German in high school and college, and all I can say is "guten morgan."

Ms. Boswell: Health-wise, were you plagued thereafter by health problems?

Mr. Goldsworthy: To some extent. I did have back problems. A lot of people got out with back problems. I'd had too many clubbings and my toenails used to fall off. They'd grow in and fall off. I have one toenail that still falls off, occasionally. I had them knocked off with a rifle butt one day, my toenails. I don't know whether that's the cause of it or not, but every once in awhile Jean would find a toenail in the bed, it'd come off during the night. And, I still have stomach problems. My feet were frozen, and I don't have much feeling in my feet. I can't tell hot or cold with my feet. I'm getting a military compensation for that, plus my stomach problems. I have to keep antacids and everything with me all the time. After I first got home to the farm, a certain time every morning, I would get a terrible stomach ache. It was just almost like I'd set an alarm clock. I knew when it was coming. Kind of like a hiatal hernia, only it wasn't. I still get them sometimes at night. Antacids will handle it pretty well, so I have to keep them with me constantly.

But other than that, I get along pretty well. I still get back problems occasionally, and stomach aches, but my hearing has held up pretty well. Have to have glasses to read now, but then, so do a lot of people. I have high cholesterol, but my blood pressure always stayed very good, so I don't have any problems there. I came out very well as compared with many of them.

Ms. Boswell: What about psychologically? Did you have any problems?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh no, I never had much problem. When I first came home I used to have some nightmares, and thrash around some. A lot of people did. I had more problems if I didn't talk about it than if I did. If I tried to bottle it up. But a lot of people wouldn't talk about their experiences at all. I found it helped me to talk about it. Jean might have seen psychological problems. I was inclined to stay in a beer hall too much, lots of times.

That was one thing, when I first came back to the farm. Of course, the war had been over a couple of years but we found that all of us who were veterans, discharged and home, seemed to have to get together and talk about the war. Or, maybe we wouldn't talk about the war, but we'd just have to get together. Jean used to hate it when I'd got down into town to get a haircut because I'd end up in "Ye Town Tavern" drinking beer with all the other guys that were around town who also had been veterans. We finally got over that, but not until after I drank my share of Olympia beer. Jean would always hate it when I'd go to town, 'cause then she knew I'd be late for dinner.

We had our little groups of people around town that had not gone in the service but stayed home on the farm. The ones that did go in the service and the ones who stayed home—the two didn't mix, sometimes. Not that we had any particular problem, 'cause they were all our neighbors and friends from grade school. But some of them ducked military service by getting farm exemptions. Of course, some of them had to stay home on the farm, I know that. But we looked with a little scorn upon those, even though they were our friends.

Ms. Boswell: It must have been hard for Jean, too. To have not known what had happened to you for that long, and then to have you come back in that shape.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. She moved to Seattle with her sister and went to business school. She got a job, she can tell you about that part of her life. She had no reason to think we were alive at all. Since I was leading the formation, I had planes on each side, but all they saw was that my plane was on fire. They reported a wing was coming off, and saw no 'chutes. That's all she had to go on. Her telegram from the War Department just said "missing in action."

Ms. Boswell: Had she pretty much given up?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. She didn't think there was a chance in the world, with the report that she got from people on the flight. No 'chutes, wing falling apart, on fire. No, she never gave a thought that I was alive. And, I don't think my folks ever did, either. I had a nice little certificate from the state college. It made my mother so mad. "In memorium for Major Robert Goldsworthy, who gave his life for his country." One of those little things, you

know, from the state college. I've got that around here, someplace. Made my mother quite angry. I don't think she thought there was any chance of it.

But then, I had a brother who was flying over in the Philippines at the time, and he was having his own problems; so it was war. We were very lucky, our family, because both of us came home.

I had a cousin that was very badly burned in a plane crash up in the Aleutians. He survived. His three brothers, my cousins, were all in the service. They all survived. So, as a family, we were very lucky. We didn't lose any of my immediate family. My cousin that was so badly burned, he was a radar expert, he wasn't a pilot. He was flying in a B-25 that crashed on takeoff and burned. Everybody else was killed and he was thrown into a ditch at the crash. No one saw him for awhile. His face, his hands, his arms, everything was burned. Somebody said, "Hey, there's somebody here. There's another body." Fortunately, they got him immediately to a burn center, to medical equipment and medical treatment. He was in the hospital a long time. He has this burned look—I haven't seen much of him over the years.

He was a very talented musician. Played in the band. He could play piano, guitar, all this sort of thing. But his hands were burned, so with therapy he would force himself to play. Then he started giving lessons to everybody in the hospital that wanted them. He'd teach them how to play the ukulele, the guitar, and all other instruments. Mentally, he survived very nicely. He worked for many years. He's retired on the East Coast, still living with this burned look that all burned people have. They had to reconstruct the ears, lips, and nose. He had it really a lot worse than I did. After the war he had all that reconstructive surgery he had to go through.

But other than that, my brother had to bail out behind enemy territory but he was rescued right away. So, the three of us were the only ones—from the whole family—we were very, very, lucky.

Ms. Boswell: What, ultimately, made you decide to get out of the military, whereas your brother ended up staying in?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Number one, my dad—we thought he was old—but he was a lot younger than I am now, and we knew that he was going to have to get rid of the farm. The time had come when he couldn't farm full time like he was doing. He was in his sixties, which seems young to me now, but we knew the time was coming when one of us ought to go back and take over the farm. My brother was more inclined than I was for a military career. As I mentioned earlier, I thought for my health I should get back to the farm. I should be the one to do it because I would probably get back to good health better in that type of farm life and my brother didn't need it. Besides, my brother's wife was an Army brat. Her father was career army, so she'd grown up in the Army and wanted no part of the farm. Not a bit. She wanted a military career. It just all worked out that I would be the one to come back.

Ms. Boswell: And you had a child, then, too.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. Our boy was going on three. He wanted no part of me when I got back from overseas. My brother had one that was a year older than ours and he went through the same thing. The kids didn't take to us very well. And our son, living with Jean, her sister, and

her mother over in Seattle, being raised by women, didn't remember me at all. He was just a year old when I went overseas.

We had to take turns eating up here when I was in the hospital. They'd come in and I'd take them out to dinner. I'd take Bob Junior around the block and walk with him while Jean ate and she would take him out around the block for awhile, while I ate. It was a difficult time 'til the family got to be a family unit again. Then I got put back on active duty. We were fortunate when I was stationed down in Tucson, Arizona at Davis Monthan, my brother came back and was stationed down there as well for a short time. So we got a house together and Bob and his cousin, Eddie, they grew up together. Everything worked out fine then. Then they went on to Fort Worth and on to their military career and we came back to the farm.

Ms. Boswell: So you were all there kind of together to deliberate over the idea of your returning to the farm?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. We had a good time. He was air inspector there at Davis Monthan and I was operations officer for one of the bomb wings. We were not exactly in the same outfit, but we lived together and it worked out very nicely. We've had a good relationship ever since that time.

Later, when I got out of politics, and my brother had retired from the Air Force, we all started traveling, and made a lot of good trips together. We went to China, on an African safari, and to the capitals of Europe. We enjoyed traveling together. Just this last summer we went to central Europe together. We used to go to Hawaii and spend three months at the same time in the same condo. But now that he's down in Riverside, we don't get together that much.

In the old war years, he was in the Pentagon and I was flying back in Korea. I used to write to him and say, "I'm just a reservist fighting your dumb war for you. Why don't you regulars come back here and fight your dumb war?" He'd write back and say, "No, it's very dangerous where you are. The Pentagon isn't very good, but I'm not getting shot at, just stay where you are." And so we had that sort of a good relationship.

Ms. Boswell: And you weren't bitter? You weren't bitter about your experience with the Japanese?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. When I first came home I was kind of bitter. I can understand being hungry because they were hungry. I can't understand the beatings I used to get, but they didn't think much about it because they beat on their own civilian people. And I can understand their culture being a war criminal, not a prisoner of war, because in their culture, we were criminals. I knew all this, but I was bitter over a lot of things. For example, the bitterly cold winters, and it was against the rules to wear our socks in the cell. Even that would have helped. I used to have spare blankets around, but the rules were I could only have four blankets. What difference did it make if they'd given me a couple of extra blankets? Things like that. The stupid, dumb, Japanese. I never wanted to see one again in my life!

Now, I've been back to Japan several times and the Japanese are beautiful people. The country is a beautiful country, but when I first got home I felt like I'd kill every Jap I could ever find. As soon as you got your stomach full and you have a nice, clean bed to sleep in at

night, then all that fades into the distance.

Ms. Boswell: Going back, there wasn't an angst?

Mr. Goldsworthy: The first time when I went back to Korea, I hit a little Japanese that I shouldn't have. I just slugged him. And all he was trying to do was help me carry my bags from the airplane. I was very much ashamed of that, but it got something out of my system. After that, I was fine.

When I was stationed in Tokyo, at Yakota Air Base, the headquarters of our bomber command there, I got a car with a Japanese driver that could speak a little English and I went back to my old prison camp, which was still standing. They had the fence down and had Japanese families living in there. I took a lot of cigarettes, candy bars, some canned turkey, and canned hams and I then went and passed around to the families that were living in our particular barracks that I'd lived in. I gave candy to the kids and then I went out to the little town of Omori where we used to grow our gardens and tried to find a couple of women that I remembered had treated me kindly, but I couldn't. Everything had grown up—little shacks everyplace—everything looked different. I just couldn't find them. I had a good time passing out everything I could.

Ms. Boswell: So there was still extreme poverty in that area?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. They were just living like Japanese families with no homes. I guess they were all working, but I don't know what poverty meant to them—their homes had been burned down. My gosh, Tokyo was just burned to rubble and they were rebuilding, so our barracks were pretty nice for Japanese families to live in. Had a lot of them living in there. I'd give them a pack of cigarettes and the women would giggle and cover their face up with their hands. They never liked people to see them laugh. In my little fractured Japanese I told them I used to live in that barracks, so it was fun. I had a good time. I had no bitterness toward them, whatsoever. We had a lot of Japanese working for us, of course, in the military. No, I was very glad.

I wanted to take Jean back to Japan 'cause I've always had a special feeling from the POW days. Japanese culture fascinated me.

Ms. Boswell: Did you want to mention that story too, the one you told on the way here about coming back from the war and the feelings it produced.

Mr. Goldsworthy: You were wondering about my feelings when the war was over. One thing I might mention, when we knew the war was over, that first day or night, everybody kind of got by themselves. Instead of being jubilant, yes we're going home and all this, everybody kind of found a little corner all to their own. I know I did. I didn't want to talk to anybody. "It's over, I survived. I'm a survivor, I made it, I'm going to go home."

The one thing that I mentioned to you, I thought it was interesting, an odd feeling possibly, but when I was in Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, we got a free phone call to call home, but I didn't know where my folks were. I did not know where Jean was. I knew she'd gone to Seattle to stay with her sister, but that'd been a year ago, or less, and I didn't know where my brother was. I knew he would probably be over in the war because he was flying B-25s, ready to go.

I just didn't know anything and I was afraid to find out, 'cause I was afraid I'd find out bad news. What if something had happened to my mom and dad? We used to talk in prison once in awhile, when we were out together at the prison camp: "What do you do if you get home and find your wife is remarried?" Since we'd never been reported as POWs, everybody thought we were dead. We used to discuss this a little bit, so I thought, "What if I call home and some husband answers the phone?" Or, find that my brother had been killed in the war or something like that. I just couldn't bring myself to call with my free phone call.

When I finally did make myself go into a little phone booth there at the hospital and was getting the call in to Jean's sister, who I knew would probably be in Seattle because she lived there and taught school, and just as they were getting ready to place the call, why, my friend, Hap Halloran came in and said, "Hey, I found an ice cream parlor here in the hospital where they make those big sundaes and the big milk shakes; it's just beyond belief! A marshmallow sundae." So I quickly hung up the phone, rather than try to talk with Jean, kind of relieved that I could get out of making that call. So we went down and we had a couple of sundaes, a milk shake and stuffed ourselves on ice cream again.

But then two or three days later, I did call and everything was fine. That was great. I got to talk with my folks and with Jean, and found out she wasn't remarried, but she'd gone to business school and had a good job. She just got the job shortly before the war was over. And so everything was fine.

Ms. Boswell: They had word, you said, that you were still alive, but they didn't know where you were then, either?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. When I got on the hospital ship, there was a *New York Times* correspondent that interviewed some of us and he had in his story just a little, tiny thing. It just said, "Major Goldsworthy had been held in solitary confinement for six months." It didn't say whether I was alive or dead. So my aunt and uncle in New York City saw that and called my folks. They pondered over that at great length, Did that mean that I was alive or dead? So they called the paper in New York and the paper had no more information than what had been reported, but they said, "We do not think our correspondent would say that unless he was alive and had talked with him," which had been the case. So, anyway, finally further reports came through, and the Red Cross sent wires for us all when we were on the hospital ship.

Ms. Boswell: But they wouldn't know where you were, or how to contact you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, they didn't. Just that little, tiny notice that they happened to see.

Ms. Boswell: Compare that to your experiences in Korea. You came back home from World War II, you were getting healthy, and still in the Air Force.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes.

Ms. Boswell: And then you ended up back in Korea. Tell me about that.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I came back to the farm and I stayed in the active reserve force. We had a B-29 reserve group here in Spokane at Fairchild Air Base, and then when the Korean War started, they activated my wing. They called us a wing

then, not a group. Instead of going together as we were training out here, they just split everybody up. Some of them weren't called; in fact, most of them went to various places all over the country. I was called and went to bomber command headquarters in Tokyo. I stayed there for a little while. There wasn't much for me to do, they didn't really have a job for me. So they sent me down to Okinawa and I was deputy wing commander of a bomb wing there on Okinawa. I stayed there, on Okinawa, during most of my tour.

We flew missions every third night. We were all flying all night missions at that time with B-29s, the same old airplanes we had been flying in World War II. It wasn't a bad tour at all. We didn't have any fighter cover because we were flying at night. We flew at night because the MIG-15, the Russian fighter, proved to be very deadly and could shoot down a B-29 any time they wanted to, and we didn't have much fighter cover.

The wing that I joined over there lost, as I remember, eight B-29s out of nine in just one quick moment. The MIGs came on through just to show they could do it, I guess. The one plane that did survive crash-landed, and the crew escaped. All the rest of them were lost. That was the last daytime mission for B-29s. They called it Black Tuesday and it just happened to be the group that I went over to join. Thank goodness it was all over. When I got there, they had begun night missions and all we had to worry about was anti-aircraft fire or trouble with the airplane, which you always have. But enemy action was not very deadly at that time. Their anti-aircraft fire wasn't very accurate and we never had to worry about fighters. It was an easy tour and I didn't have to fly all the time because I was a deputy commander, and so we just flew with various crews when we wanted to fly with one.

Ms. Boswell: Did you have any sort of residual, I don't know if it's fear, but worry when you went out, that the same thing would happen to you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, I did. I was a little nervous about it. On one of our early missions, we had an engine fire up over North Korea and were about fifty miles from line easy, the line between the North and the South. We could see the searchlights up there where the battle line was, because at nighttime they had searchlights going constantly all the way across the peninsula of Korea. You could see a lot of activity, ground flares, tracer bullets, artillery firing, all this sort of thing. We always had a saying in flying, "If you get an engine fire, either it goes out immediately, or you go out," and I said to myself, "I cannot put another tour in a prison camp, and I'm going to take my chance in the airplane." The rest of the crew called us airborne commanders, ABCs, of the bomber stream that we were in. One of us from staff would fly on every mission as airborne commander and I might have waited longer than was prudent because that thing could blow and I had the crew in there, too, and I thought I'd better get out, but heaven was smiling. Some way, that fire went out all by itself.

I said that we were going to bail just as soon as we get across line.

[End of Tape 3, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: For some reason, I don't know why, the fire went out all by itself. We couldn't feather the prop, we had a windmilling prop so we knew we couldn't get back to Okinawa, anyway.

So, we put in at an emergency strip in Japan, at Atasuka, Japan, which we all liked to go in because they had the greatest hot baths in the world. A hot-su bath. Man, you get in from a mission, or for some reason go to Atasuka, you head for those bathhouses and soak in those hot, hot tubs and get a rubdown. The little Japanese girls would rub all the sore muscles, and oh, they used to be great! The airline pilots flying into Japan would immediately go down to Tokyo on San—the name of it—a hot bath place down in Tokyo.

Other than that, the missions were fairly easy. They were all radar bombing, interdiction type bombing. We were after railroads and bridges and I don't know if we did much damage. That completed the tour, just doing that sort of thing.

I left Okinawa and went back up into Tokyo to bomber command for awhile and then back home, to be stationed out at Fairchild for a year.

Ms. Boswell: For a whole year?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Almost a year after I got back. I completed my two year tour and then I was right home, so as soon as I finished up, why, right back to the farm.

But I didn't think I could ever go through another prison camp. I'd been talking so much about that prison camp, I guess I've never forgotten it. It's been a big thing in my life. It's always there, not that it bothers me.

Ms. Boswell: Do you still visualize it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I know those Korean prison camps were pretty bad, too. Don't get taken prisoner by Koreans, Chinese, Vietnamese, or the so-called yellow race, I guess. Of course the Germans were pretty bad, too, on occasion, but generally the Luftwaffa people treated our Air Force fairly well. Of course, there were many exceptions.

Ms. Boswell: What would you say about American treatment of POWs? I know we didn't have a lot of POWs per se.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Once they got in our camps, they lived very well. Now, the Germans that came on over to the US we let them run the camps pretty well and organize them the way they wanted. And, of course, they never had any problem with hunger or anything like that. They were well-equipped and well-fed.

And the Japanese prisoners that we took—there weren't many because they wouldn't allow themselves to be taken prisoner—they were treated well. They were well-fed. They didn't like our food, I heard. When I was on Guam in the hospital there, why, we saw some of the Japanese that were working around there as POWs and somebody told us that they had trouble getting them to eat ham and eggs, our kind of food. They wanted rice, so we generally gave them supplies and they could cook their own food, and set up their own kitchens.

The fighting in some of those islands, Tarawa and down in Bougainville, you didn't take prisoners. The Japanese certainly couldn't take a prisoner, because they were going to be annihilated anyway. And what would an American Marine division going into Tarawa do with prisoners? They had no place for them. They couldn't do it. You fought until they were dead. They did take some prisoners of course, and I understand that there was some brutality. Not like what we faced, but a Japanese prisoner was likely to get slugged in the face by some Marine that just saw his buddy killed.

That happened, but by and large our prisoners were treated as you expected we would.

Ms. Boswell: Would you, say, in terms of morale, in terms of your feeling of serving a cause, were they as strong in Korea as they were in World War II?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, it was a very funny war. Jean and I have commented on this. When we came back from World War II, everybody returned a hero. I got a letter from President Truman for being a returning POW, this sort of thing. There were ticker-tape parades.

When people came back from Korea, they went back to their life. No one noticed they were gone. No one noticed they came back. That isn't completely true. But in my case, I'd been in Korea six months I guess, and Jean ran into a good friend of mine in the little town of Rosalia, a farmer that I used to see quite often, and he says, "Where's Bob, I haven't seen him around for awhile?" Well, hell, I'd been in Korea for six months. Jean was trying to tell him about one of the missions I'd written about where there was a lot of anti-aircraft fire and she said that his eyes just kind of glazed over. He had never been in the service. He wasn't in World War II and he had no more interest in hearing about Korea or what I was doing. He didn't even realize I'd been gone. So, I came back to the farm when I got out the second time, from Fairchild, I just went back home and started working. No one said, "Welcome home." It was kind of that way.

Korea was a funny war. It was a deadly war. They lost more than they did in Vietnam. Those Marines that retreated out of the Chosin reservoir , it was about as brutal a retreat as any person could do. Bitter, bitter cold weather. Chinese chasing them, not equipped properly. Those people that made that Chosin reservoir fight and retreat, they went through anything as bad as anybody ever did, but then they were free men. It was a very, very mean war and it didn't capture the people as much. Nobody came home to ticker-tape parades.

Ms. Boswell: What about the soldiers themselves? Did you feel that same sort of esprit de corps or mission of duty when you were fighting?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes, yes. When you're there, sure. You had the same esprit de corps among your crew members because the threat's always there. You're under enemy fire and it makes you band together pretty well. On our flight crews, I was flying as a full colonel, and I'd talk very informally with my tail gunner that might be a two-striper. We didn't hold much formality at all. The flight crew was like a happy family. You had to depend on each other and so it was just a tight-knit group of people.

Ms. Boswell: What was it like coming back home then, after that? Was there an adjustment anywhere near—I mean, you had been in a prisoner of war camp before—so I'm sure the adjustment then was much greater. Was a period of adjustment necessary?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not really. Not for me, because stationed here at Fairchild, the farm was only forty miles away. On weekends I used to drive on down and do a little work at harvest time and drive a tractor. I put my year's tour out here at Fairchild and just moved back to the old farmhouse and went right on. There wasn't much of an adjustment. I was, of

course, glad to get home.

It was a different life than during World War II, for us, the air war. We weren't faced with that heavy opposition that the Japanese gave us. We just didn't have it. Now, the fighter people and the light bomber people flying in Korea, they were having one heck of a tough air war. Our F-80s, our first-line fighter, was obsolete. It wouldn't stand up to a MIG-15 in any way. When we started getting our swept-wing F-86s over there and our F-84s, we dominated the air but it was a tough air war, with the low level strafing and bombing. For us, with the heavy bombers, it was fairly easy. Not that I wasn't happy to get home.

Ms. Boswell: Your sense of the military was what, after the war?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I still stayed in the active reserve, but I was much more content on the farm because the Air Force—they were in new uniforms—that's when they went to the blues and flying had just gone past me a little bit. New technology. Of course, we were flying the old B-29s in Korea, but back here we moved into the B-36, if you remember that, a great, big old—had six pusher propellers on the thing, and four jet engines—the biggest airplane that was ever in the air. And then we went into B-52s, all jet. Everything had just passed me. I wasn't flying enough to feel like I was competent in any of the cockpits of any of those airplanes.

Ms. Boswell: Did you still love flying as much?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. I liked to get in all the airplanes I could. I finally broke down and bought an airplane, much as Jean hated that. But, she took flying lessons, she soloed, and had her student license. I thought that might help things a little bit, "We'll keep the airplane," but it got to be that every time she'd get in our airplane her knuckles would get white so it wasn't worth it. I wasn't flying enough then, so we finally sold the airplane and I haven't been up in a light airplane since. That's been about ten years.

I still like to fly. I have complete faith in airplanes. I like commercial flying and I just like to be around airplanes. I promised, when we sold ours, I said, "I won't get in a little one again." We survived it, so we'll hang it up, and that's it.

My son owned, I think he had a Cherokee for awhile, and he and his boys did a lot of flying, but I never went up with him. I wanted to several times. He'd say, "Come on." He'd fly up to Priest Lake, beautiful day, "Let's go up and shoot some landings." I said, "No, I promised your mom I was out of them." But, still on a nice day I used to kind of want to. It would be fun to go up and play around with the clouds and shoot some landings, just play around. It's gone past me now. I don't worry about it.

4

ENTERING THE LEGISLATURE

Ms. Boswell: Yesterday, we were talking briefly about your impressions of the effect of war on notions of public service. I wanted to come back to that and talk about how the war affected your ideas of public service. Your dad had been in the Legislature; you certainly had a political interest, but what kind of effect did the war have on that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think I mentioned that it sounds kind of corny to say it, but I sort of had a feeling that I had served my country in war now I'd like to serve it in peace. I had a feeling that after the wartime experience I would like to make a contribution to the state or to my county, or whatever in peacetime. Not that I was going to make much of a difference on what had happened, but I just wanted to make a contribution because of the experiences I'd had. I wasn't going to join any anti-war movements or anything like that, but I just had the desire to serve. From my old days as a page, and I did really like that state capitol so much, I always had it in mind sometime that it would be fun to serve in the Legislature, if the time ever came.

When I went back after World War II, I was president of the county Young Republican organization, so I did get politically active when I got back. I used to help some of our candidates run for the Legislature. I would go out on fund-raising drives within my precinct and do things that the president of the Young Republicans would do. I was also active with the state Young Republican organization. The state president at that time was J. Chester Gordon, who went to the Legislature and whose place I took when I finally went. He was from Lacrosse, which is a farming area not far from us. I used to travel with him, go to the state conventions and the state meetings of the Young Republicans. I did stay active and when I went to Korea, I still had it in mind: "When I get home, I think I'm going to make a run for state office."

So, I had that in mind when the time came. In 1956 Marshall Neill, who was our representative, and J. Chester Gordon, both were in the House. When Marshall Neill went to the Senate, I filed for a run for his seat but so did Bud Huntley. I knew Bud, but we weren't close at that time. I thought, "Can I beat Bud, or can't I?" I should have known better, no one was going to beat Bud because he knew everybody in that county. Well-respected. The family was well-respected.

But I thought, I'd come back after World War II, I made a lot of speeches. Everybody was very interested in POW experiences and every organization in the county, in turn, would have me come in as a speaker, which I enjoyed doing. I thought, "Maybe that's enough to get me a good bunch of supporters, maybe enough to get elected." Well, as it turned out, J. Chester Gordon got out of the Legislature and went to Alaska, which left two seats open, and Bud beat me anyway. If there hadn't been two seats, I'd never have made it, because Bud was the top vote-getter, and I would have come in second to him. It was just the

fortunes of it all that it ended up with Marshall Neill going to the Senate, and Gordon going to Alaska and leaving two seats. We did have primary opposition and we had general election opposition, but Bud and I both got a good vote.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the first campaign, tell me what that was like? How did you marshal your forces?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Both of us were novices, but we did have a background of politics because of our family history. We used to put ads in the paper; I never did go in for radio, it was too expensive. And we never got any money, we financed our own campaigns. But what we tried to do was just cover the county as much as we could, speaking to groups. All groups like to have a speaker, and who's better to have than someone running for office?

I doorbelled a lot. Jean and I, together, we hit every little town in the whole district, in the whole county, doorbelling. Now, Bud didn't do much of that because he was pretty well-known. He didn't have to, but Jean and I did. We had campaign literature and went to St. John, Lacrosse, Endicott, Palouse, Garfield, Oakesdale, and just door-belled.

Ms. Boswell: It is amazing that you could hit—all those locations that's a big territory to cover, though.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yeah. We started stopping at farmhouses and I timed it. Like leaving Lacrosse and driving to Colfax, a distance of what, twenty some miles, and the length of time it takes to drive off the highway, drive up to a farmhouse, knock on the door, get back in your car, and get back on the highway, you could waste a whole morning and get maybe a dozen or more houses. So, we didn't do it, we just doorbelled in the cities and towns where we could just walk up and down, block after block and knock on doors. I felt that I had to do it because I wasn't that well-known. I'd been gone too long.

Ms. Boswell: Were people pretty receptive to you as a veteran?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Even the ones you know aren't going to vote for you are always very nice. My last campaign, when I went for the Senate, I was out here in the valley and we ran into a lot of opposition out there because we were strangers from the farm and we were going into Senator Day's district. But people by and large, they were always very nice to you. I got chased by some dogs occasionally in the Valley. Some people said, "Nope, I'm not going to vote for you." Well, that's fine, I don't expect everybody to. I was treated poorly in some places, but then that's part of the game. That never worried me.

Ms. Boswell: How did you view politics at that time? I'm assuming you continued to be a Republican, but were your views changed at all by the war, or by other circumstances?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I was pretty solid in Republican politics, so when we got into Olympia my first term, as you know there's a big division between those two parties on the floor of the House. And even though you agree on so much, the fights come on the things that you don't agree on and that's what's visible. It's what gets tempers flaring. But as you get more experienced in the game, the political game, then you realize that you fight for what you believe in. The other

side is fighting for theirs, but there's no reason you shouldn't go out and get together afterward and have lunch, or go to dinner, or whatever, and be good friends.

I had a lot of good friends on the Democratic side, which today I respect very much. But, you could still fight like cats and dogs over certain principles of the Democrat and Republican philosophy. We used to wonder, even when Rosellini was governor, my first session, when he came in to make his speech before the joint House and Senate, should we stand up when he comes in, or show our displeasure by keeping in our seats? We decided, what the heck, he's our governor whether we're a Republican or Democrat, he's the governor of the State of Washington, and I'm going to show him respect as being governor.

But when Dan Evans went in and came into a joint House and Senate for a speech at the beginning of the session, half of the Democrats wouldn't stand up. A lot of them wouldn't. So, they had the same thing, and we'd say, "What's the matter with you guys, he's your governor, too? Well, you didn't feel that way when Rosellini was governor." Kind of childish in a way, but that's politics.

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that you were comfortable as you began to campaign being a "politician?" The role that you had to take, was that a comfortable role?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, I always felt comfortable. We had, I always felt, good support from my district. I didn't feel at any time that I was uncomfortable with the role. In fact, it's hard—I think we mentioned before, not to let it go to your head a little bit when you get your finger on that voting button over there.

Your constituents, in a place like Whitman County, a rural area, are quick to let you know if they think that you're losing a little touch with them. And so it brings your feet back to the ground in a hurry. So, you just don't take that chance.

Ms. Boswell: Did some of the people that you were both running with and ultimately serving with in Olympia, was there a sense about being veterans, being part of a group? A sort of special group of either legislators or citizens at that time?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We felt that we were part of a special—we felt like we were kind of an elite group. Really, we're just citizen legislators, and it goes back to the other statement that you have to keep your feet on the ground because it's easy to get thinking you're a little too elite, sometimes. There was something about all of us being invited to the Governor's Mansion; he had a dinner at the beginning of every session. And so all of us would get over to the mansion and everybody'd get a couple of drinks, everybody was congenial, and somebody that you just had a terrible floor fight with, you'd get there with your arms around each other singing the Washington State fight song or something. There was a good feeling of all of us being part of a team. We're doing something for the state. We got there by hard work. All of us know what the other guy did to get there because we had to do the same thing. So it was kind of heady stuff sometimes. Going to the Governor's Ball and dressing up, it was exciting for us in those beginning sessions.

Ms. Boswell: I was curious, somebody had mentioned to me once, at least, that

they felt like they were part of a class, a class almost like a school class. That there was sort of self-awareness as a group of the veterans, in particular, that they were more focused, more interested in their work guided by their experiences. I wondered if you felt that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think there's truth to that. Especially after you've been there several terms, several sessions. You start out in the back of the House chamber and as your seat moves forward a little bit each time, you end up in the front row. Then you feel a little superiority and you have to kind of fight that, because some of the freshmen coming in each year are just as smart as the ones that have been there several years. But you always kind of feel a little superiority to the new guys. And, of course, if they're smart, they listen to the veterans. I did. I certainly did when I was a freshman legislator. I went to the voice of experience, which was the old-timers.

Ms. Boswell: Can you remember your first experience or your first day in the Legislature? What was it like?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was just very exciting. I told Jean one time that just standing up when the flag came in, to me, was the thrill of my life. I was there, a member of the Legislature, standing at my desk, the pages would bring the flag down and we'd stand and salute the flag, then have the prayer in the morning, and then the roll call. I just couldn't imagine a greater thing in life than just standing there answering the roll call. It was a thrill.

When John O'Brien was Speaker, they used to say a freshman didn't say a word on the floor of that House other than answer "yes" at the roll call for the first thirty days. There was a feeling like that. It isn't that way much any more. In those days, there was a little feeling that freshmen kept their place.

I think the Legislature has progressed far beyond that now. Now that they're on annual sessions, and they're getting good salaries. We got fifteen dollars a day, which went up to twenty-five after awhile. We felt we should keep our place.

Ms. Boswell: When you had campaigned, did you have a platform or a specific issue that had sort of gripped you, that you carried over when you started in the Legislature?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not really. We used to put ads in the paper: "We're for mom's apple pie" type thing. "We're for not increasing taxes, and we're for balancing the budget, and we're for spending reform, and we're going to take care of everybody at the same time." It's the same thing they're saying now and it's the same thing my dad said, I think, when he was running. But as far as a platform, we just had the Republican platform, generally. We adhered to Republican Party politics and the Democrats adhered to theirs. I was very careful not to make any kind of a promise: "I'm going to do this or that for anybody," because they always come back and bite you.

Ms. Boswell: Were you relatively young in the Legislature, at that time?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, let's see. I was forty. That was 1956, 1957 was the first session, and so I was born in 1917, I was forty years old.

Ms. Boswell: I guess I was looking at, in the post-war years, the legislators would

probably be a little older because many of them had served in the war. I don't know if that's even true or not.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. By and large, the legislators we were with were a little older than we were. My class that went in, Dan Evans was a member of that class, and ended up a three-term governor. But we were all about the same age-group. Everybody that had been there was a little older than we were. I think the oldest member we had on the Republican side was, Griffin, from Newport, and he was 80-some then. He only was there one term.

Ms. Boswell: How did you learn the ropes? You were thrust into this situation, and how do you learn what to do? How to put together a bill, or what's the best procedure?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Just by asking and watching and learning that way. One of the Democrat members was very good on parliamentary procedures and he gave us a lecture right away for all the freshmen of both parties on the rules of the House.

[End of Tape 4, Side 1]

Ms. Boswell: In the middle of the Eisenhower era, was there a sense when you ran, in at least the first session or so, of identifying with Eisenhower who was also a veteran? Did that have any spill-over into state politics or not?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, I don't think so.

Ms. Boswell: I just wondered about that. How did your family feel about you going into politics?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Of course, Jean was excited about it. My folks were, I think, all for me giving it a go.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any logistical problems about going to Olympia like your own family had faced when your dad was a legislator?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. Our daughter was young then, too, but we took them over with us and put them in school in Olympia.

Ms. Boswell: You actually did take them?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. They went to school. One year my daughter paged, so she missed some school, but they didn't page for the—well, maybe they did page for the whole time. One year, my son paged and then went into the service. When he came back, he worked over in the bill room one session. He had a lot of input, a lot of experience in Olympia. And my daughter had the year she paged, and then went to school over at UPS and got a job school-teaching in Tumwater. So she was around the Capitol quite a bit and quite familiar with politics and everything we were doing. They kind of grew up in that environment.

Ms. Boswell: Was it a hard transition to try to go to school there, just for a few months?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, it was. Wasn't so much for Jill, she was quite an outgoing person. It was kind of tough for my son. He wasn't one to make friends all that much. He was a small kid and kind of a loner over there. Now, he's 6-feet-4, and 200 and some pounds. Then, he was kind of slow in growing and he wasn't an athlete, so he wasn't turning out for anything. In sixty days, you don't turn out for basketball or anything,

anyway. He just kind of stayed by himself. It was good experience because when he went over as a page, he knew what it was all about, because he spent a lot of time down around the Capitol with me. He was well-indoctrinated into the system.

Ms. Boswell: What was your living arrangement there in Olympia when you would go over for just sixty days?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We lived all over the place. The first time, we lived in a house up on Capitol Way, about eight blocks from the Capitol. One time we had an apartment out on the Sound, some little apartment house out there. Can't remember what it was. Then we rented a house for two sessions just a couple blocks from the Capitol. The time I stayed over by myself, when Jean stayed home with our daughter and didn't take her out of school, I had an apartment. A little one-room apartment very close to the Capitol. So I lived there. Then we had, up on the south hill, an apartment there. So, wherever you could get.

We generally would watch the ads. The first time we had a little trouble. We didn't know the routine exactly. After that, we started early and got a place to stay.

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that it was financially a less than rewarding experience? It seems as though you didn't get paid very much and you were taking off a lot of time. Was it more of an expense than a pleasure?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, it was an expense. We got our travel pay, of course, and a lot of the people that live over around that area could go home on weekends and still get paid, and some of them just commuted. They didn't have a place in Olympia. Well, we had to rent a home or an apartment, and were there to stay until the end of the session. We used to come out all right, but it would be an expense.

Later on, when we were on interim committees, and the pay went up—we raised the pay up to twenty-four hundred dollars, I think, a year—then that amply covered our rent. We had two cars over there, which was an expense. But we never suffered any financial hardship doing this, but you never made any money in it either.

Ms. Boswell: I think Mr. Huntley had said that there were times when it probably ended up costing you more to be there than you actually got paid.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, those first years when you didn't get paid hardly anything, that's true. But when our pay went up, we about broke even. We didn't live very high on the hog and it would depend on what kind of a unit you were renting whether everything went into renting a house or an apartment.

Ms. Boswell: One other thing that people have mentioned is that some, not all, legislators who went over to Olympia got sucked into the social whirl. The cocktail parties and all those kinds of things. Was that something that you got involved in or not?

Mr. Goldsworthy: That was a big part of Olympia when we first got over there. The Legislature was more like that then, than it certainly is now. When I got out, we were putting in more work with less perks. But, when you're there for sixty days every two years, there was a lot of social activities, and people got together a

little more, I think. They used to have the "Wildlife Committee" meeting.

Ms. Boswell: What was that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: The "Wildlife Committee" meeting had nothing to do with the Fish and Game Department. It was everybody take their own bottle and end up at some little hall someplace in Tumwater or something, to hear a band and dance. So, everybody used to go out to those things. They'd put a notice on your desk: "Wildlife Committee meeting, Friday night at seven o'clock, at such and such location." One of the perks when I first got over there, the brewery industry would give everybody a case of beer every week.

But, in later sessions, they canceled all that. Some people, committee chairmen, would get perks like bottles of liquor from lobbyists and a lot of dinners. I used to have plenty of opportunity, but I would never accept anything from a lobbyist. I even quit going to dinners.

I asked Damon Canfield once, who was the old-timer from the Granger area, Yakima, Sunnyside, along in that district. We'd get so many invitations for dinners which were by the lobbyists, and I asked, "What do you do? What one of these do you take?" And he says, "Take every one that's free." And some, you go out with the Grange people sometime, they'd make you buy your own dinner. And Damon says, "If they're not going to buy my dinner, I don't go." And so I always remembered that. If you got a free dinner—go.

I think there was a lot more of that then, than there is now, because there are more restrictions on lobbying and lobby funds. It has to be reported more stringently than it used to be. Our first time over there, and years before, the lobbyists had a free run to entertain you all they wanted to.

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that free dinners and such would really affect your thinking about an issue?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. It didn't. I used to have the National Guard people take me out occasionally because they knew I was on their side anyway, with my military background. I'd get with those people down at Camp Murray there at Tacoma, at the National Guard headquarters, and I used to fly with the Air National Guard, so I wouldn't say that they were influencing me much, because they were on my side and I was on their side anyway.

I had an old high school teacher that was head of the teachers retirement fund there in Olympia, Ed Rogel. Did you ever know him?

Ms. Boswell: I've heard the name.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think he's in a nursing home, if he's still living. He was one of my favorite teachers in high school and he used to take me out to dinner every once in awhile, mainly for more money and the teacher's retirement, which we did what we could anyway.

I used to use the lobbyists for more than going out and let them entertain me. I would use them as a source of information because they're professionals in what they're doing back there. If I didn't know something, I'd run to a lobbyist, or whatever it was, and sit down and talk to him. I used to take them out to lunch sometimes. Chester Biesen, who was there with my dad, was a lobbyist for cities and counties. He used to take me out to lunch or dinner every once in awhile, but then I finally quit accepting

dinners.

My last several sessions, I didn't go out very much. The nursing home people gave me some money once and I sent it back because I didn't have a hard race. Some of my races, I never had any opposition at all, so why take money? I would never have felt obligated if I had cashed their check. But I said, "I have no opposition this year. Give this money to somebody that really needs it that you would like to help."

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that just trying to learn the ropes and what to do in the Legislature, when you first got there, that lobbyists were useful at all? In terms of helping you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. There are lobbyists, and then there are lobbyists. Some of them could be a nuisance. In those early days when we were there, as the minority party, we had no offices. We had no secretaries. If we needed a secretary, we'd have to call down to the pool, and they would assign somebody to come up and take some letters for you. But our office was our desk. And then you're fair game. It was awfully hard to get anything done, with some of the lobbyists wandering up and down the aisles. When the session is over, they're allowed on the floor of the House. That's the only place they could get you because there was no other place, and I understood their problem. Or else they would take you out for dinner at night, and then give their pitch.

Later on when we got our offices and a secretary, why then you had a place to do your work and you were kind of out of the way. I appreciated a good professional lobbyist, 'cause he knew things that I didn't know.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any in particular that you thought were either particularly good or bad lobbyists?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, golly, I really don't—we had lobbyists for the farm bureau, for the Grange. I used to get together with them quite often. I was on the Agricultural Committee, so we would see quite a bit of Lars Nelson—I don't know if you ever knew him. He was a strong Grange man, head of the state Grange, and he was always there. He farmed over near St. John, so Elmer Huntley knew him very well. They farmed pretty close together.

When I was on Appropriations, everybody that wanted money was a lobbyist, so you had swarms of lobbyists. But, I guess there were some that I didn't like as well as others, but I can't remember who they were. The ones I didn't care much about were the ones that were pounding me for money when we didn't have it. And not seeing the other side. I used to get some phone calls occasionally. There was some doctor in Seattle who called about the arboretum out there by the University of Washington, and there wasn't enough money going into the project—and that's when I was chairman of the Appropriations Committee—and he was a little irate. I wasn't there when he called, so I called him back, which surprised him, I think. He said, "Well, you know there's more to this world than just people. There's something to the value of the beauty of plants and trees and all this." And I said, "Absolutely. But you'll probably have a hard time selling that to somebody in a nursing home that's getting only thirty-five cents a day for their meals." He wasn't a professional lobbyist, he was just on the board, or had something to do with that arboretum. He

only had one interest and that was to get money for that. Of course, everybody else only had one interest, too.

I felt sometimes that the WEA used to get a little overbearing. I liked their lobbyists all right, but they were a pretty strong union and of course, they were always after more money, which is nothing new. Just like the higher Ed, too. But they were more inclined, I think, than some of the other lobbyists to pound on you a little bit.

Ms. Boswell: That sort of began to turn you off more?

Mr. Goldsworthy: A little bit, yes. I started to feel that sometimes they were more of an enemy than they were of trying to cooperate. Like this Ed Rogel, the teacher with the pension union of teachers, he was one of the greatest guys I've ever known. We had a head of the WEA that went to the National Educational Association. He was a real great guy, but nevertheless, there was a feeling then that the WEA was more Democrat than they were Republican, you've probably run across this.

So, some of those organizations, like the unions, they supported all Democrat candidates. They didn't support many Republicans. We had unions down at Washington State University, but I didn't have much unionization in Whitman County. And when they did come in and try to unionize our farm labor and our grain elevator operators, we fought them all we could because it would kill a lot of farmers if they could unionize farm help. Our farm help I'd get out of a tavern. I need a tractor driver, I'd go into the tavern in Rosalia and get a guy off a barstool that wanted a few days work. And so unionizing those people would be impossible.

They tried to unionize our elevator operators to where they could strike at harvest time. I thought this strike at harvest time, which they did in California, was to despicable, to urge elevator operators to strike in the middle of harvest.

Ms. Boswell: Did the Unions seem to be in favor of one party over another?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. We couldn't handle that at all. I think we always felt that unions were pro-Democrat and anti-Republican. And to some extent it was true, although we did a lot of legislation, union favored legislation, which I thought was good.

Nevertheless, the WEA always seemed, when I was in Finance, that they were pounding me more than I thought was necessary, 'cause we were doing what we could anyway. Jean was a schoolteacher, my brother-in-law was a schoolteacher, my sister-in-law was a schoolteacher, and my daughter was a schoolteacher—I was surrounded by schoolteachers. We were trying the best we could to get them pay raises, as much as the budget would allow, but we never felt that we could do anything right with the WEA, being a Republican.

Ms. Boswell: Did you actually have an agenda, certain bills or just generally, programs that you wanted to institute when you first came?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. I didn't. A lot of people thought that the mark of a good legislator was to get your name on as many bills as you could so people could look in the Journal and see you were prime sponsor on two dozen bills or something. I never felt that way, and I never tried. I had a few things that I

sponsored, but when I was chairman of Appropriations, I had quite a few title-only bills in. Knowing what was coming up with a fiscal impact, I could pull that out, a title-only bill and I would be the sponsor of it. So, I had a lot of those.

I got a bill through that I thought I should for reserve forces to take their two-week training sometime during the year, instead of, if they work for state government or county government or city government having to take it during their two-week vacation. I was a prime sponsor and I got some help with it.

And, I got in a lot of trouble with the chamber of commerce right here in Spokane because our chamber people were having to give them two more weeks. They didn't think that was very good, and these were good, strong Republicans down at the Spokane Club. I talked to them one night and they jumped all over me for that legislation. They said, "What are you doing to us?" I said, "Don't tell me your problems. These guys are giving up a lot of their life to serve in the military in this capacity, and they deserve not to have to go to a two week tour on their vacation." Well, anyway, that was just one of the things that I was interested in getting through.

I sponsored one piece of legislation that I got in a lot of trouble over. Who was this Communist organizer we had in the country? He was an American citizen, but he was the head of the American Communist Party. I can't think of his name. Anyway, he was going around on the college university campuses, talking to the students. This was fine with me, but I'd put in legislation one time to prohibit him from speaking for free on a university or college campus. Speak all he wants, but let him hire his own hall downtown. I encouraged the students to go hear him, but I didn't think the taxpayers had to pay for a place for him to speak preaching sedition and trying to overthrowing the government by force, which is what he was doing. And, oh boy! Did I run into—I bet every college or university student in the country wrote to me on what a biased right-winger I was. They took it up in the press. I was getting a lot of press out of Pullman because some students were quite irate. And I said, "I don't care. I want you to hear this fellow, but I don't want the taxpayers paying for a forum, picking up the tab for him to preach what he's preaching."

Bud Huntley came to me one time with Marshall Neill and said, "The press down here, the Pullman paper, is getting letters to the editor, and saying what are you thinking?" Somebody would write in: "Now here's a great patriotic American with a great war interest, and listen to what he's got to say." And the other guy would write in and say, "He's so far right of Genghis Khan, how can we believe anything that he says from now on?" And Bud says, "How can we get Bob off of this thing? How can we?" Marshall Neill said, "Hell, he's getting his name in the paper every week, so keep it going, just keep it going as long as you can." And he was about right. Turned out it didn't hurt me any, but I sure ran into a buzz saw on that, and I was really sincere on what I tried to do.

To answer the first question, no, I didn't try to get my name on much legislation at all. I worked with my committee on the legislation that we had before the committee. But to get my name on a lot of bills as a sponsor, no. It didn't mean anything to me, nor did it to the people back in my district. They didn't look to see how many bills I was sponsoring.

Ms. Boswell: What about the committee process? How did you get on committees? Did you have any choice the first few years? How did that work?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We had a choice. When we were first elected we got a letter from our caucus. We all got a letter with all the committees and we'd list our first, second, third, and fourth preferences of committees we'd like to serve on. Not saying we'd get it, but the attorneys usually put down Judiciary; farmers put down Agriculture. So Bud and I got together and we decided. He was interested in Banks and Banking. He was on the board of Old National, he wasn't then, but he was later on. He might have got on the Ag Committee because he was a farmer, too, but his father was head of the Transportation Department for a long time, so we just decided among ourselves. I would ask for Ag and Appropriations, 'cause I had an interest there, and Higher Ed. Bud could have been on Higher Ed, too, but he took Banks and Banking and Transportation. I was on Cities and Counties for awhile. We were always on about four or five committees. I got my choices and Bud got his. They tried to give people their first and second choice as much as possible. We'd give them to the majority party, and they'd fit us in where they could, for the number of slots that we had.

Ms. Boswell: In the earlier years of your service in the Legislature, for example when you were serving on the Agricultural Committee, what were some of the most important issues to you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Really, as far as wheat farmers over here, we didn't have too much. We had our wheat commission and everything that was running along pretty well. No, there wasn't much that my district was too concerned with, being an agricultural district.

We ran into more problem with—like the apple growers, the growers, the packers, and the producers—which we didn't have as wheat growers. The fruit people were coming in constantly and fussing with the producers and the packers. We used to have an awful lot of Ag legislation, which sometimes I didn't know which side to take since a lot of times these fruit people have issues that arose between them. We used to also have trouble with Timber.

There was an issue one time between the people that thought the coyotes were eating the chickens, and people lose their tempers pretty fast over something like that. It didn't make much difference to me, but you have to take a side or else bury it in committee, which we did.

Other than that I got off of Ag after a couple of years and stayed on Appropriations. Then, when I was caucus chairman, I had my leadership just give me two committees, Higher Ed and Appropriations and that's all I could handle, plus being caucus chairman. I was so busy. I was on a couple of other committees at the time and they took me off.

Ms. Boswell: Was the number of committees that an individual had relatively standard, or did it really vary?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It varied, but it was relatively standard. I think everybody generally served on four committees. Some who were on lesser committees, might be on five and some, like myself when I was too busy, got it down to two. Higher Ed was a busy committee. We were constantly having hearings. On Appropriations, we had to hear every

agency of the state on their budget hearings. We'd go until one o'clock in the morning, and you know how that goes. Anyway, Sherry, it just never quits on those hearings. When I was on Ag, the farmers always had to be the first up in the morning, so I was always having an eight o'clock committee hearing on agriculture, the very first one, and then staying up until one o'clock in the morning on Appropriations hearings. It got to be too much.

When we got to be a majority party, and especially when the governor would have meetings every morning, or maybe three mornings a week over in the mansion for breakfast. We'd get the chairman of Appropriations, chairman of Revenue and Tax, the majority floor leader, the whip, and the caucus chairman and this sort of thing, both in the House and the Senate and we'd meet over at the mansion. I thought this was great. Here I am, the governor's inviting me for breakfast; although I think I mentioned in the beginning of our talk that I never was one of the insiders. I wasn't a great politician. I didn't play that role very comfortably. I liked to be on both sides of the aisle, working with Democrats as well as Republicans. I just wasn't a great political animal. So, I thought it was good to be included in this, the Governor's Mansion, but then we always met there at seven o'clock in the morning, and after getting to bed at two, sometimes I felt guilty trying to stay awake with the governor having me for breakfast. It was an exciting time.

Ms. Boswell: One of the other committees that I noticed you served on for awhile was called the Military, Veterans and Civil Defense. I was curious about what kinds of issues they handled. That seemed like a natural committee for you to have been on.

Mr. Goldsworthy: There wasn't a great deal on the state level. We dealt mostly with the National Guard because that was a state military organization. Why the governor had to have a fighter squadron in the Guard, I do not know. It was located under the air defense command.

During my first session, I was the vice chairman of the Veterans' Affairs Committee, the only time a minority party member was vice chairman of the committee.

[End of Tape 4, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: In our very first session as freshmen, the Veterans' Affairs committee didn't amount to a great deal, and the chairman was a kid named Art Avey, from Kettle Falls, who had been a World War II veteran and flown B-24s. I had flown B-24s, too, for quite awhile. We were good friends and I was his vice chairman, which was a surprise because, I was the only minority party member, and a freshman that had any office like being a chairman or vice chairman. Of course, the minority party never had a chairmanship, anyway, so I thought this was pretty good. No one back home cared whether I was the vice chairman of a committee or not. I had my name on a door down in the basement of the building, which I was never allowed in anyway. I had my name on an office, but I never went in it.

On that committee, we were mostly dealing with the budget of the National Guard. We had some fussing around with the National Guard selling armories, which were out of date. We've got one here in Spokane, and one in Tacoma. They had an armory that they wanted to sell to the state, and a lot of people

thought they were trying to pull a deal. "What's the Army trying to do with that armory? Why are they trying to get state money?" One of our congressmen, Jim McDermott, was on the committee and I always got along with him very well, but he was very suspicious of anything that the military wanted to do. And so he thought, "Why are they selling those armories? What's behind all this? There's something very sneaky going on here." He ran for governor in the 1960s. Didn't make it. He came through with a trailer house, came and stayed at my place out at the farm. Here he was, one of the wild liberals, one of the liberal Democrats, and I took him in town and introduced him all over Rosalia because I liked him very much. He made his race this year for Congress. Anyway, that was about what we did on the Military Affairs Committee. It wasn't a very heavy committee at all.

LEGISLATIVE WORK: 1957-1965

Ms. Boswell: But you started pretty much from the beginning, too, with Appropriations, didn't you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I got on Appropriations in the very first session. I stayed on that my whole legislative career.

Ms. Boswell: Was that sort of a coup to be on Appropriations your freshman year?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, we were entitled to one big committee. Appropriations, Revenue and Tax, Ways and Means when we were in the majority. We didn't have Ways and Means. Before we had Ways and Means with subcommittees of Appropriations and Revenue and Tax.

Ms. Boswell: Would you explain that? I wasn't quite sure how that works. The original committee was Ways and Means?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. They had a chairman of Ways and Means, then a subcommittee of Revenue and Tax, and Appropriations. But the chairman of Ways and Means was head of the whole bit, and that was a pretty good position. When we went in the majority in 1965, when Dan Evans went in as governor, we did away with Ways and Means and had a major committee of Appropriations and a major committee of Revenue and Tax. I don't know whether the Democrats brought that other back or not, but all the time we were in the majority, we didn't have Ways and Means. That made me a little mad, because I would have been chairman of Ways and Means. But we were supposed to get one major committee. Of course, to some, Fish and Game, Parks, and this sort of thing was a major committee depending on their district. I asked for Appropriations.

Ms. Boswell: Why was that of particular interest?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think one reason is my dad served on it all his time and was chairman of Appropriations, and because I had Washington State University in my district. The lifeblood of every institution was money and I was going to watch out for Washington State University to the best of my ability. Other people who had the University of Washington, or Central Washington University, or Eastern Washington University, or Western Washington University, did the same thing. They had a big institution in their area and they'd get on where they could kind of keep their eye out for it. So, I felt the same way. And also, staying on Higher Ed. I was on that all the time.

Ms. Boswell: What was it like—you were in the minority for several sessions when you first got there—to be in the minority as opposed to running the show as the majority?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It is a different thing. When you're not responsible for anything, it's easy to oppose everything the majority does if you don't agree with them. And even if you do agree with them, you kind of oppose on a matter of principle sometimes. When you're in the majority, you're responsible for the result.

In fact, we had caucuses on this when

we were in the minority. When I was on Appropriations we'd say "What are we going to do?" We decided we'll come out with our budget, we'll present it knowing it's not going anyplace. So we worked hard on a minority budget to present. One of the reasons was so that the people back home could see that we're being very active, being in the minority, knowing the majority wasn't going to pay a bit of attention to our budget, which they didn't. But we went to all the meetings. We worked with the majority on preparing the budget to the best of our ability as much as they would listen to us.

I was telling Jean today, when I went in as chairman of Appropriations the first year that we had the majority, I made a little speech to the committee and I welcomed everybody. I told them it was a hard-working committee and they would stay up and lose a lot of sleep and this sort of thing, but I said that I wanted everybody to feel when this is all over and this budget comes before the House, that every one of them would have a feeling that they had contributed to this budget. I happened to be looking at Buster Brouillet and he was kind of smiling and nudged somebody like, "Oh sure, you bet we're going to have an input." But it's true, when it gets right down to it, it's the governor's budget, and it's our budget.

There's a lot of legislation that comes before the Appropriations committee. Legislation with a fiscal impact that doesn't deal directly with the budget, so we had to be very careful. It was a big committee. I had to be sure that I always had a Republican majority in the committee and I had my committee clerk constantly taking roll to see that if any time I looked around and there were more Democrats in that room than there were Republicans, I stayed off of some legislation that the Democrats wanted. If something was already up and I lost my majority, we sometimes adjourned the committee. I'd have a member of my party all ready to move we adjourn, which takes precedence over any other motion that might be before the committee. It's the only way, but you have to be very careful. We would pair a Democrat and a Republican so that one wouldn't have an advantage. That was a normal way of handling that. We had to be very careful.

When the Democrats controlled the House, they had to do the same thing. They couldn't allow a Republican majority in there on something over an important piece of legislation, anymore than we could let them.

Ms. Boswell: Were there people, whether they were on the committees, or just generally, that acted as sort of mentors that helped you learn the ropes and do the right thing, as far as know who to talk to or what to do?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, sure. Our senior members. I never hesitated to ask advice from the senior members. But we always elected a floor leader, a caucus chairman, and a minority floor leader; of course they were all senior members. When I was a freshman and sophomore, I'd talk to them constantly. I just didn't want to take a chance on making a silly ass of myself from stupidity, of which I had plenty.

Zeke Clark, a lawyer from Seattle, ran for governor one time. I don't know if you remember that name or not. He's dead now. He was our majority leader one time. Zeke was a strong University of Washington man, and he was always needling me good-naturedly about Washington State University. I'd always

go to Zeke or Damon Canfield on anything that I needed to know. He was one of the greatest guys I've ever known. I'd always run down to his desk. His wife got Alzheimer's and he lost her, and then died a couple of years later. I always sent him a Christmas card and he'd always, until he couldn't write any more, write back. A newcomer is silly not to take the advice of senior members.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any legislators, aside from those that helped you, that you particularly admired or thought were really good?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. I liked Damon, and there were a lot that I served with that I thought were just excellent. There were some that were mediocre and there were some that I felt were a little over-aged to be there; they were ineffectual but they were still getting elected. By and large, I had great admiration for anybody that could get there and serve. Even the ones I violently disagreed with. There were very few that I stayed away from completely.

I served on the budget conference committee several times and that was a toughie. It was an even-up committee, as you know—we had just as many Democrats as Republicans. But that's where the budget always went. We'd pass our budget and it'd go to the Senate. The Senate would have their budget, controlled by the Democrats and automatically we're going to conference. So many things went to conference between the House and Senate when you had one party in the House and a different party in the Senate. So you knew you were heading for a conference committee.

Ms. Boswell: When would you do that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: One time during the special session our leadership consisted of Stew Bledsoe, he was our majority assistant floor leader, Slade Gorton was the floor leader, Don Eldridge was Speaker, Tommy Copeland was whip, and Dan Evans was governor. We decided, I had the Appropriations Committee, we would show the state that we could get a budget out in sixty days. And so we did. The little meetings we had at the Governor's Mansion for breakfast, every time I'd have to report on how far we were on the budget. And I'd say, "Hey, you want this budget out in sixty days, we'll get it out in sixty days, and you know very well it's not going to go anyplace, 'cause the Senate's not going to pay any attention to it, and it's not particularly a very good budget." No, they decided, this was going to show the state we could do it, 'cause it was the House's turn to write the budget. So I got it out in sixty days. The last night of the regular session we stayed up until about four in the morning passing that sucker. My committee wrote it, and got it out in sixty days. The Senate immediately rejected it, and it goes into conference committee. And nobody in the state cared whether we got that out in sixty days or not. It didn't make a bit of difference. We just worked night after night, and it was kind of dumb, but it went to conference committee and we pounded it out there, just where we knew it would be finalized. So, that's how we did it.

For some reason they decided that "We're going to show that the Republicans are responsible and we can do it in sixty days!" So, we did it. Nobody paid a bit of attention to it. But we felt, as the minority party, we didn't have much say in anything, of course. But we'd put out a program to prove that

Republicans had an alternative to what the Democrats were going to do. And, of course, when the Democrats were in the minority, they were doing the same thing to prove to their constituents that they weren't there just being obstructionists, they were there to propose positive legislation. So, regardless of whether you were majority or minority, you're trying to do the same thing, only one's going to go through and one isn't.

Ms. Boswell: What was it like working with Governor Rosellini? When you started, he was in his first term, wasn't he?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I was a freshman. Dan Evans was the one that beat Rosellini. No, I never had too much to do with Rosellini because we were in the minority all the time. We never had the governor coming in our caucus and talking to us like we did when we had our governor.

If we had some legislation to pass, we'd go down and meet in the governor's office. I always thought it was kind of a thrill to get down there. I'm in the governor's office, look at me!

I worked, one time, on civil defense in those years of being so scared of communism and everybody was putting shelters in their backyards. I'd gone back to SAC headquarters in Omaha and taken a school on fallout, which examined its results, how the winds handled it, and what you do to protect yourself. Jean and I fixed our basement up at the farm with emergency rations and sandbagged our basement windows so we could live down there if we had to. I had been making some speeches around, I had charts on the fallout flow from Hanford, and this sort of thing. I had written to Governor Rosellini and told him that I had a lot of results on this because Olympia was also preparing for this with a lot of emergency rations down in the Capitol. He wrote back, very nice, and said he had people working on that civil defense. So, that's about all I had with him.

Ms. Boswell: Do you think he got a bad reputation later?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, I don't know. He had favorable press over on that side. When we ran Dan Evans, as in any political race, we were saying terrible things about Rosellini, and they were saying terrible things about Dan Evans. It was just politics. You get used to it. But I never cared too much for this mudslinging type politics, which is the reason I stayed out of getting controversial like that. I just didn't play that game very well. I wish I could have sometimes. I thought it would be fun to get in there and fight around, but I wasn't very good at that.

Ms. Boswell: You said earlier that in terms of Democrat vs. Republican, you were not the sort to practice strong partisan politics. Do you want to talk about that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Here in the county, we weren't really divided all that much. There were a lot of good, strong Democrats and liberals and there were a lot of good, conservative Republicans. But we're talking about an agricultural area. There wasn't an awful lot to fight about other than I'm a liberal Democrat or I'm a conservative Republican. But I had a lot of good Democrat support. I think it's more true in a rural area like this where there is one special interest, agriculture, rather than the real urbanized

area, like Seattle, where people are fighting for multiple special interests.

And so, I just didn't get into real partisan political infighting. I didn't want to make any enemies on the Democrat side because I had things I wanted to get through. They needed me, too, on a lot of things, as far as appropriations go, so I just stayed out as much as I could of the partisan battles. It was fun on the floor of the House to hear our leadership and their leadership get into great parliamentary fights.

I was generally not a favorite with the unions of the state because we were not involved much with unions in our area. We talked about it. Bud Huntley and I got together and said, "When we get our stationery made up, our legislative stationery, they will either put the union bug on or not put it on." And Bud said, "What should we do? If we put that union bug on, a lot of people at home are mad because they don't like unions." I said, "I don't care. Put it on. It doesn't make any difference to me." Bud said, "You think we should? Well, they got a union down at Washington State University, the campus, all the engineers, the groundskeepers, and everybody, and maybe they'll get mad at us." I said, "I don't care who's mad and who isn't. Let's put it on, and who cares." As it turned out, nobody cared, I don't think. But it was a little issue that we had to thrash out.

I don't know why it seemed to be that the unions—you're involved with the university, and are probably more in favor of unions and the teachers' union than I would be—were a little more inclined to be overbearing in their demands than would, say, the apple union, or the Apple Commission in Wenatchee Valley. Although I had no fuss with the teachers' union other than they are inclined to have tunnel vision when it comes to appropriations, which I can understand. Hell, if I were a schoolteacher, I would feel the same way. I would want to be getting my pension and my pay raises.

You've got two sides of everything, and I always knew there were two sides to every question that ever came before me. So you better find them both out.

Ms. Boswell: How important was the caucus in the Republican party?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was very important. In the first place, you tried to keep your members together on crucial votes. Sometimes it was pretty hard to do. We had quite a fight on giving public money to private schools, which would let the Catholic schools educate and get some public money because they're having non-Catholic students and they're taking the burden off of public schools by educating them. You know that argument. And I had that in my committee. The caucus tried to have me hold it, and not bring it up for a vote. But that's another thing I didn't feel comfortable in doing—that is burying a bill because I didn't like it. Somebody liked it, so I scheduled every bill that came up before me unless it was some frivolous thing that everybody wanted buried.

But the caucus is very important because they're going to make decisions on this. And if we lose something on a very close vote, and the other side wins because we have two members flake off, it's very important. That happens. The caucus, that's where we settle our agendas, it's where we made our policy, and it's very important to have a strong caucus system.

Ms. Boswell: How does the caucus

actually work? When the caucus met, what happened? How did business get done? I've never understood the process within the caucus.

Mr. Goldsworthy: A lot of times if there was a floor battle and we were getting eaten up by parliamentary procedures, either majority or minority, sometimes we would call a caucus right there. So, we'd go into our caucus room and we'd try to thrash this out so we're not getting our heads beaten in by getting parliamentary procedure going against us. That would happen once in awhile.

Mostly, we would discuss legislation, partisan legislation that is coming up for a second reading or for final passage. So, we'd get in, and we'd see for sure who's for it and against it, get our heads counted, and see how we can pass it or defeat it. Most of our caucuses, when I was caucus chairman, always had a little agenda and I'd tell them when we first got in there, "We're going to take this, and this, and this. This legislation on nursing homes, and we're going to discuss this legislation on something else, to see where we stand," because a lot of these things are nonpartisan.

We had people, like Ed Harris from Spokane, on the nursing homes issue. He'd married a gal—his first wife, Marge, had died—who had nursing homes. So he used to get up and pound us, because he wanted more money for nursing homes. We'd tell him in caucus, "Ed, this is not a caucus decision. This is individual." And he'd say, "Because I've been a good member, I expect this caucus to go with me." "Ed, the caucus isn't going to go with you, as a caucus. Each individual has got a reason to vote for this or not vote for this." That's the type of thing we would hash out.

Sometimes, on the budget, the governor would come up when we were in the majority. Dan Evans would come up and pound us a little bit. He couldn't understand why we're doing this and why we're not getting money for that. And we didn't agree with Evans all the time when he was governor. We had different priorities than he did. He'd get unhappy with us. He cut, for example, extension service, which is very important in an agricultural area. He cut five million dollars out of our extension service. And so all that session I was working with the lobbyists of Ag people to get the money put back in. I finally got it in our budget in the House four million. Well Dan Evans didn't like that at all. He called me on the carpet down there and came up to our caucus. He said, "I don't understand, I'm your governor. You're supposed to make me look good." Well, we knew that, and we tried to make him look good, but I wasn't going to make him look good and save money to put some other place, at the expense of my constituents.

I had a letter from a little girl, I got a lot of letters from kids, because 4-H would be cut. I had a little girl write in and say, "Why do you hate my horse?" I got so many letters and this wasn't just from my district, so I wasn't going to answer it, and my secretary said, "Do you care if I answer that little girl?" And I said, "No, I don't mind at all." So she did. She wrote a nice letter, "I don't hate your horse, I'm going to do the best I can for your horse." But, I can remember that—"Why do you hate my horse?"

Ms. Boswell: Was it essentially incumbent on the caucus chair to persuade and/or cajole? What kind of characteristics would a caucus chair have to have to keep people in line?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We also had a whip,

and it was generally his duty to count noses on a vote. The caucus chair would interpret new rules that came in on what lobbyists can do and cannot do. Rules as far as reporting income on our per diem and this sort of thing. We had changes on that all the time. I, as caucus chairman, would generally get all that information and take it to the caucus.

Primarily, we just conducted a meeting and let everybody have their say, and to see that the meeting was run in a proper manner, and not everybody talking at once, which can happen. People would get their tempers up a little bit. So when I was caucus chairman, I tried mainly to just run a meeting in the proper way, and to see that the legislation that had to be discussed was brought up.

[End of Tape 5, Side 1]

Mr. Goldsworthy: Buster Brouillet, he was caucus chair at the same time I was, probably did about the same thing in his caucus.

Ms. Boswell: I was just curious about the dynamics between your floor leader and the caucus chair?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We used to get together, just the leadership, have our meetings, and figure out the strategy that we're going to use for that day, that week, this piece of legislation, or whatever. And then we'd call the caucus together, present it, and decide the position. Of course, the caucus was made up of individuals and every one of them were voted in by their people, so they're not really bound a bit by that. If they don't agree with what the caucus leadership has decided, they'll say so and go their own way. That happens. It's sometimes very hard to keep a caucus together on some controversial legislation. We tried all the time. We tried to keep a uniform face in front of the people, so they could kind of trust what we were doing behind those closed doors. But, after all, everybody is representing his or her own district.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of power, and I don't know if you can even estimate it in this way, is the caucus, especially for the minority party, really the seat of the power within the party?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, I would say so. All the decisions are made in your caucus. It's not saying it's necessarily binding, but that's where the decisions and the policy are made. It's very important.

Ms. Boswell: I was curious about whether that's really where the power is, or whether it was more an open forum on the floor?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. Generally when you get in your floor battles, your caucus has already developed a policy for it. Not necessarily. Of course in the majority party the power's back in that Speaker's office. But he comes to the caucus and generally lays down pretty firm rules on what that party is going to do. They don't have to, of course, but then, when you have a Speaker, he's a pretty powerful member of the Legislature. In addition, you've elected him to be Speaker, so he wields a pretty good whip. But, nevertheless, the caucus determines what the party is all about.

Ms. Boswell: During your first couple of terms, or right after your first couple of terms, one of the big issues that had come up was redistricting. *Baker v. Carr*. Can you tell me about your perspective on redistricting?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Of course, everybody is very selfish about his district. The first debate that came up when I was a freshman in 1957 was redistricting. We had to redistrict and we had quite a fight on that. We so desperately wanted to protect our area, and as it turned out, our district stayed pretty intact. We lost a member here in Spokane, James Winton lost his seat, because we were looking out for ourselves too much. But later on, when we'd get into redistricting fights, when the Democrats had control they wanted to push through gerrymandered redistricting. And when we had control, we were trying to do the same thing on the Republican side.

You've talked with Senator Greive quite a bit and he worked on redistricting. I'll tell you, his districts were something to behold! None of them were taken very seriously because of the gerrymandering that he was doing.

Slade Gorton was our redistricting master. Slade, a brilliant mind, knew the little precincts across the state. I could mention a little precinct down here by the Snake River which I hardly knew about, and Slade would know the boundaries of it. He was a smart son of a gun. Greive had that same knowledge with his redistricting, but he was changing quite a bit because if one wouldn't go, he'd write something else. I met with the redistricting committee just a few times. But we kept trying different people, trying to get something together that would go. Anything we did could not be passed in the Senate anyway and nothing Greive could do could pass in the House, but he was always calling us down to look at his latest plan. We'd just go and look at our own plan, and reject it, and they'd look at what Slade or what we had done, and reject it.

But, when they got the committee that did this, the redistricting that finally got me, why that was pretty well out of the Legislature, and so I don't know just how they did it.

Ms. Boswell: Oh really? I didn't realize that there was a redistricting commission.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. They had some judges on there. Supposed to have been a nonpartisan type committee that did that, but I always figured somebody got me. I couldn't figure any sense to their redistricting that picked off my little, tiny bit of Whitman County and put me up in the Spokane Valley. It was a tough job, that redistricting.

Ms. Boswell: I guess they obviously spent huge amounts of time trying to figure out what they were going to do.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Very difficult.

Ms. Boswell: You were talking about Slade Gorton before and I want to go back to him for a minute. Tell me about him as a politician. You knew him in the Legislature. You were just saying that he was very smart. Tell me more about him, how he handled himself.

Mr. Goldsworthy: He was very smooth. When he was our floor leader, he kept good control, and he knew what was going on everyplace. Kind of like Bud Huntley. He just had that ability, and he would pretend sometimes like he wasn't paying any attention to what was going on, then all of a sudden come in with the solution to it. And we wondered, well, was he listening or wasn't he? But then, you knew he was.

I had some violent arguments with him on occasion, because I don't think he

knew where eastern Washington was when he first went in the Legislature. He'd never been on the campus of Washington State University and he did not care. That showed. He got defeated for his Senate race because he'd forgotten eastern Washington. That's what defeated him when Brock Adams went in. Of course, the next time he ran, he came into eastern Washington and campaigned very heavily over here and they put him back in the Senate.

As a legislator, he was smart and knowledgeable. Very smooth. Handled the caucus as firmly as a floor leader, as he should. I didn't agree with him a lot, but a lot of it was territorial. He didn't know a sprig of wheat and I didn't know a ferryboat, nevertheless, you have to work together. I always admired Slade for his ability and his knowledge. He was smart.

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that some of the negative campaigns about him in the recent elections accurate? Was he a little bit arrogant?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh I think so, yes, That's one thing that hurt him when he got beat after his first term in the Senate. He was a little arrogant. I don't think he means to be cold, but he had that façade a little bit to people that didn't know him very well.

Jean always laughs, and I doubt if Slade even remembers it. On the floor we had some kind of a battle going on when I was caucus chairman. Slade had done something that I thought was kind of a double-cross of what I was doing while Jean was up in the balcony. I went down the aisle and hit him with my newspaper over the head, and I really don't remember, but Jean kind of gasped and laughed about that. She told a million people, I guess, that I went down and hit Slade over the head with my newspaper.

He had the ear of the governor, of course. And he and Mary Ellen McCaffree, if you ever knew her—she was in the House with us from Seattle—and these people were the first ones that encouraged Dan Evans running for governor. We didn't think Dan had a prayer because Dan was kind of cold, reserved—he didn't speak well at all. And when he came over here and brought his attorney to the House, everybody thought the other fellow should have been running for governor, not Dan.

Dan, himself, was kind of like Slade in a way. Very intelligent, very smart, had his finger on everything. You couldn't stump him. But he didn't speak very well at the beginning. He finally got to be quite a good speaker and he always made a lot of sense. But he wasn't a forceful, dynamic speaker like that.

Ms. Boswell: Did that sway people? Especially in the early years of your terms? Was the leadership made up primarily of people who could speak well?

Mr. Goldsworthy: A lot of them. John O'Brien as Speaker, man, he was a strong leader of that party and what John O'Brien wanted to get through, he generally got. I won't say that he was a great orator, but he could stand on his feet and talk and get his point across very well. He didn't waste a lot of words, but he could talk for a half an hour or he could talk for three minutes, and he had your attention all the time.

There were some good orators. You mentioned Sam Smith. Sam was a great orator. It was great to listen to him make a speech. And some others there that were just fun to listen to. They were great

speakers on both sides. That didn't necessarily mean that they were that good a legislator, but people sure liked to listen to them. It was just like listening to an old-timer up there haranguing the crowd, an old medicine man from the back end of his wagon, getting the crowds around for his snake oil.

And we had some very dull speakers that everybody listened to because they made a lot of sense. And they had the knowledge that we needed.

Ms. Boswell: Did it just become apparent over time who had the knowledge and who didn't?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. You can generally tell. Most everybody was knowledgeable in their way. Some I never felt were doing too much but come, keep their seat warm, and vote right. It's why their districts sent them there, to vote right.

This kid, Bill McCormick, went in at the same time that I did, from Spokane. I liked Bill. He was a great guy but he died while he was in office. His wife was appointed to his seat. She was a wonderful gal, but she never spoke a word on the floor of the House—just never made a speech in her life. But she voted with the party, and she did right. She did her homework and everything, but you didn't have to get up and make a speech in order to be there. She just didn't like public speaking, and never did it.

Ms. Boswell: What about some of the other women who served in the Legislature when you were there?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. Catherine May, of course, went to Congress. She was quite a gal. Maggie Hurley on the Democrat side; I always thought Maggie was one of the real strong gals. A lot of them were very, very competent legislators. Some of them I didn't agree with.

That little Doris Johnson from Pasco, oh, she was partisan! If it was Republican, it was to be hated! And she was a nice little gal, but she could not say one word without slamming the Republicans. So, we got to where we didn't pay any attention to her in her committees. She was smart. She was a schoolteacher. I liked Doris, but, boy, our side just got to where if she'd get to her feet on the floor of the House, we'd all start turning a deaf ear. We told Doris that on many an occasion. In fact, I talked to one of the Democrat caucus members and I said, "Does she just hate Republicans so much, or is she like that all the time?" He says, "Oh, you ought to hear her in our caucus sometimes. She really gets angry at everybody." But, she was a good, hard-working gal and did her homework. Well, we had ours on our side that were just the same.

Ms. Boswell: Could you detect any kind of—sexism is a strong word—but did anything have to do with gender in terms of respect?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, I really don't think so. I used to think that when they'd talk about the smoke-filled committee rooms, they sure were. I hadn't smoked much, but some of those rooms were so cloudy with smoke and I'd think of some of those little gals in there. Ella Wintler, she was there when I was there. I hadn't thought of her in a long time, and she was getting up in her seventies then. She'd get in those committee rooms and just cough and hack all the time and I felt so sorry for her. But, then she didn't stay

too long.

But, no, I never felt there was any feeling of sexism or that we didn't have the same feeling for the House members that were female as males. Some of them were smarter than the males by far. Some on our side, Mary Ellen McCaffrey, for example, her husband was a professor at the University of Washington, and she went and worked for Dan Evans on his tax reforms. Very smart gal. All of them were. Of course, Catherine May went to Congress. But they all went through the same process to get elected that everybody else did, and so their people elected them.

Gladys Kirk, I think she died a few years back, from Seattle, her husband was in the Legislature and he didn't care for it too much, so he got out and she ran. And she stayed in quite awhile. Very smart lady.

Maggie Hurley, I don't see her much. She must be in her 80s now. I thought she was one of the real, fine legislators of either sex. She was in the coalition, of course, so we worked with Maggie.

Ms. Boswell: Could you tell me about the coalition?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We thought it was exciting because it put us in control after having years of being in the minority. And all of a sudden we had committees.

Ms. Boswell: Which year do you really see that coming to the fore?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Let's see, that had to be—Bill Day was Speaker—that had to be about 1962, I think. That session of 1962. Jean, do you remember what year the coalition was?

Mrs. Goldsworthy: I would say, 1963—let's see, it was before Dan went in.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. Uh-huh. Bill Day, he was the Speaker, that was the deal we made. I know the coalitionists never went to their Democrat caucus. They didn't, of course, come to ours either. So, they were just out, and we thought, "Gee, it's going to ruin those people forever," but it didn't. Next year, new people, new freshmen. Democrat leadership, they were right back in again. I think they had one more year in the majority, and then we took over the majority on the Republican side.

Ms. Boswell: Actually, the Republicans took over in 1967, back over entirely. That was the first time. In 1965 it was still pretty well Democratic.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That would have allowed us to do it then. I thought it was a pretty good session. We did get out with a balanced budget without taxes, and it was kind of fun. We had control without really being the majority party, so it was an odd situation. We had a chance to do that later on with our side, but we decided not to.

When Tom Copeland got defeated as Speaker, he was acting Speaker when Eldridge, Don Eldridge, went to the Liquor Board, so Tom Copeland was Speaker pro tem, then he was acting Speaker. Tom Swayze, an attorney there in Tacoma, beat him out by a vote for Speaker. Tom would have liked to set up a coalition, and he needed my vote to do it. I told Tom I didn't think it was smart, I just didn't.

Ms. Boswell: Why?

Mr. Goldsworthy: For me to join the Democrats to put Tom in as Speaker, and they probably would have done it because then they would have been back in

control, Tom needed two votes, mine and a kid named Paul Barden. Maybe you know Paul, he was on the city council for awhile in Seattle, or commission, or something. I think Paul might have gone with it, but I went in for a little session with Tom and I didn't think it was smart for our party. I didn't want to be a part of it. I said, "The caucus made their decision. Tom Swayze is the Speaker." And so, that's what we did. Tom did say, "Well, okay." But then he went to our caucus and we made a caucus decision on this.

We already made the decision that Tom Swayze was going to be the Speaker and he just won by a vote or two. But Tom wanted to be nominated, so he could get up and not accept the nomination. So, he wanted me to make a speech. And this was a toughie. Really one of the hardest speeches I think I ever made. But, I did get up and nominate Tom. I just told them that I was going against all tradition, our caucus had made the decision, but here I was going against everything the House had done for all their years, but I was nominating another man for Speaker to put before the House. Then Tom got up afterward, after I put him into nomination, and refused the nomination, which gave him a chance to make his speech. But, we had it all set in caucus exactly what we were going to do, and everybody agreed to it.

But Mrs. Swayze, Tom Swayze's mother, she'd been in the Legislature with me, too, for awhile, until she got out. She was sitting there in the wings and wasn't privy to our decision on this. I felt pretty bad for Mrs. Swayze having to sit there and listen to me get up and nominate Tom for Speaker, Tom Copeland, after she was there to see her son sworn in as Speaker. But then, she found out what it was all about. I felt kind of bad. I really didn't want to do that. I didn't want to at all. It was just an awfully hard speech to make. But that was a decision passed on by the caucus, we'd do it that way. And so that was fine.

Ms. Boswell: Did you see yourself, generally, as a loyal party person, overall?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think so. I never bolted my party ranks. I stayed with the party. I used to have that question brought to me sometimes in campaigns in the county, how strong I was. But, I admitted, I've supported Democrat candidates on a local level if I thought they were better than what my party put up. As far as national politics, I never bolted my party. I never crossed the line. My dad would get out of his grave if he ever thought that I had ever crossed the ticket.

I used to have people ask me about the party platform. And a lot of times I didn't agree with the party platform, completely. The last few years, especially, when the real conservatives—I don't really agree with our so-called religious right that has kind of taken over. I've gone to our state conventions where that Seattle real rightist outfit would take over the convention, and they would boo and stomp anybody down that wanted to speak that didn't agree with them. I never liked that, and I never agreed with our party platform that had to give in to a lot of the demands, because I was kind of a moderate Republican all my life.

I would tell people that I never paid much attention to our party platform when I was over there. Sometimes I didn't even know what all was in the party platform because I wasn't going to be bound by somebody who had nothing to do with my district. And generally, on basic issues, I always said let's have a

party Republican policy rather than a twenty-page platform that we had to adopt item by item. Let's get a policy. This is our Republican policy. But I could never sell that. Maybe it was just as well. People like to have their say, and the people that go to those state conventions like to be able to get up and say what they want to say and they deserve it. So this is their one chance to spout off.

I'm more of a pro-choice than I am a pro-life and I just hated to see our party get chewed up to pieces because of that abortion issue. I said, "That's not anything that our party has to take a stand on. It's ridiculous. This is an individual thing, and to a great extent it's a religious decision by a lot of people, it's nothing to put in a party platform." But for a long time, they had to put in there pro-life, to satisfy a certain group of very vocal people in the party.

Ms. Boswell: What was the attitude, generally speaking, toward the overall party platform among the legislators themselves?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't think that most of the legislators on both sides felt too bound by their party platform, other than the general statement of principle. But it all depends. Sometimes you get one out there that I could agree with on everything, and that's fine. But I never had someone come up before the floor of the House and say, "Let me go back to my state platform and look through it, and see what they say about that, and what did my Republican convention say about this?" I don't think many people did. I don't think Bud Huntley ever did. We used to talk about it sometimes: "What's the state platform say about this?" "Don't care. This is the way it's going to be."

Ms. Boswell: When you saw yourself as a legislator, how would you assess your effectiveness? Where were you most effective do you think?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think I was probably most effective on Appropriations, on getting the bills up and getting them through. And working with both sides to get the best compromise on the state budget that I could get.

On our state community college system, we used to be under the school districts as you probably remember, and we broke off from that. I was not on that legislation but I used to work with Gordy Sandison in the Senate who was a prime mover on that community college legislation. I was very proud of the final result that we got on there, although I was not very visible on that legislation, other than working on the fiscal impact to the school districts in the state and what was the final result of our community college system. I felt very good at having a part in the sweeping legislation for developing our community colleges.

I felt good one time. You know Adele Ferguson, I suppose, from Bremerton, the columnist. When I was on Rules Committee one time, she had a story on the members of Rules and she made the statement in there, a little biography on all of us, and said, "The strongest member of the Rules Committee probably is Representative Goldsworthy, because he doesn't want anything." Then she said, "Of course, he's going to watch out for Washington State University."

[End of Tape 5, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: I took it as a compliment because I was not tied in to pushing any special interest legislation

through and that I was trying to work out legislation benefiting everybody. I remember her making that statement and I felt good about it, because I felt that did sort of typify my attitude toward my approach to politics.

I never worried much about publicity because, coming from Whitman County, we didn't make the news very often. And, to a lot of people from the big urban districts, getting your name in the paper is your lifeblood. I'll have to tell you a story of Adele Ferguson.

You know we had a House restaurant down below? We developed a little cafeteria, so the House members could go down and eat. I can remember my dad, when he was in the Legislature, said just before the session was over, all the lobbyists and everybody would rush down to the House public cafeteria and the members might have an hour recess to eat and you couldn't ever get in. Then, we started our little restaurant down there, a nonprofit thing, we just paid what it cost to run it. But all the press were allowed to go down and they'd do the same thing—just before we'd call a recess for lunch, a thousand members of the press would rush down there to get in line. So, I brought up to our caucus the idea of barring the press from our restaurant. I said, "There's no reason for the press to eat down there." It was a very secret meeting held behind closed doors in our caucus. We took no real action on it then, but we did discuss it; and as soon as we opened the caucus door and walked out, Adele Ferguson was the first one to the door. She says, "Hey, Goldsworthy! What's this about you keeping us out of the restaurant?"

"That's secret. How'd you know that?"

"I'm never going to spell your name right again."

I said, "What did I care, the press never spelled it right, anyway." This is all the publicity I get.

It was in fun, because I always admired Adele Ferguson. I thought she was one of the greatest political writers we had. She and Jack Pyle from the *Tacoma News Tribune*, and John Lemon from over here in Spokane. We had some great political reporters, and I thought Adele was one of the greatest.

"What's this about keeping us out of the restaurant?" Well, I had a little chat with her. So, what happened, though, they gave us a list, and she said, "You know that we never report anything we hear down in that cafeteria." I said, "Sure, Adele. A good reporter hears something in that cafeteria, you can't tell me that it's not going to get investigated."

"No, no, we don't do it that way." And she was a very honest person, and I think she would not hear private conversation or sit at the table and hear something that we say in confidence, because she had a lot of ethics. She was a great reporter. But some of them were not that way.

And so as it turned out, I gave a bunch of questions to the Democrat caucus, to see what they thought about it, which they immediately threw away. They just threw everything in the wastebasket and wouldn't even talk to me about it. So I said, "Well, all right, we'll take care of it."

Well, here is what finally happened, the press people themselves gave us a list of the ones that would eat down in the House cafeteria, and they cut out some of these people. For example, there was a reporter from the *New Republic* or something, from the Tri-City area, some little monthly newspaper—very right-wing thing—and he used to eat down there. After they came up with the list,

little people like that had to eat somewhere else. He was legitimate I guess, but he wasn't a pressman like what we had reporting for the *P-I* or the *Spokesman* or the *Tri-City Herald*, or any of those papers. So, they gave us a list and said, "How about this?" And they divided it up between the House and the Senate. So many of them would eat in the Senate and so many in the House. Good, responsible people. I was sure that things got public that we talked about down there.

Ms. Boswell: How did she know when you were talking about it when you were just barely walking out the door? Had somebody already told her?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. I always accused them of having a bug in our caucus room.

And that rumor got around once, when Dan Evans went in as governor, that the mansion was bugged. That Rosellini left some bugs around, and was in to the Speaker's office. Anyway, the State Patrol came in and every once in awhile they'd sweep the mansion for bugs, but I'm sure they didn't have our place bugged.

But, I don't know how Adele—she would never tell me—no one knew about it really, until I got in the caucus room and brought it up. Now, I might have said something to somebody, you know a good reporter, a good pressman, finds things out before they even happen. It always amused me how quickly nothing was a secret around there. You know there's a leak in everyplace. I used to accuse Buster that his bug in our caucus room was better than the one we had in their caucus room.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the press from your district, did the *Spokesman* cover some of Whitman County?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, yes. They were a good eastern Washington paper. The *Spokesman-Review* covered much of eastern Washington, including places from Yakima to the Tri-Cities; although they have their own papers, the *Spokesman-Review* still had coverage in that area. In those days they were a fairly Republican paper. It's kind of changed now. They came on out for Foley this election. With a new team in the *Spokesman-Review*, they're much more of a liberal paper than they were when I was in Olympia. We enjoyed John Lemon, a very good political writer here, and Jack Fischer. All of them knew their business very well, but from Whitman County, I didn't get my name in the paper much, or Bud didn't, too much, but we never expected it. When we ran we had eight weeklies in Whitman County. Now there's only one.

Ms. Boswell: Eight weeklies?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. Palouse, Pullman, Rosalia, Colfax, Tekoa, Fairfield, Endicott, and St. John all had a little papers. Just little weeklies, some of them didn't amount to much, but we had that number of papers. They were more interested in other things rather than covering the Legislature.

Bud and I used to make a broadcast back to KCLX. We used to do it once a week, and then we put an answering service in there at KCLX, so we could go in and call on the telephone, and make a report on the answering service. Then they could play it on the radio.

But we never worried much about getting our name in the local paper. Our county seat, Colfax, covered us pretty

well. They were a favorable paper to us. Always quite friendly. Bill Wilmot was the editor and he had a policy that he didn't give anybody much free publicity. If they want their name in the paper, they take out an ad and pay for it. I used to give him stories, sometimes, which he'd completely ignore because he'd say I was looking for publicity, which generally I was. If I made a Lincoln Day speech someplace, he'd cover it, and he'd report on that sort of thing. Or, either Bud or I would make a speech to the grain growers, any organization around, why, the paper would cover it pretty well. Other than that, we never got much statewide publicity because of the area we reported, and it didn't make any difference. We weren't looking for it. I never cared much whether I got my name in the paper or not.

Ms. Boswell: I would have thought, with Appropriations, that everybody would have been interested in what that committee did.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, they were, but much of the work on Appropriations happens late, and who's going to report on a committee hearing that goes until two o'clock in the morning? They'll wait until the final product is out, and see what we've got to say about it, and what the final figure is, then we'd get some good publicity on it.

I never used to speak on the floor too much, and that's the way you get in the paper. A lot of the people from the big areas were speaking all the time. They'd speak on everything! Who was it, Wes Uhlman, I think, he was mayor of Seattle, wasn't he? He went in with me and was on Appropriations. Wes would get up and he would talk on any subject. He talked very well. He was very knowledgeable, but he would talk on everything! And, consequently, he'd get his name in the paper quite a bit.

Ms. Boswell: Did you think the press reporting was relatively fair, overall? What they did do? Some people I've talked to felt that there were many in the press that had their own axes to grind, who didn't report very fairly.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I felt that they reported very well. Sometimes they threw in a story—this Jack Pyle axed me once in the *Tacoma News Tribune* because I held, for awhile, both the chairmanship caucus and the Appropriation Committee, which, until that time, had never been done. I was going to quit one, I just was not sure which, yet. I had one of my members in my caucus from that area go to Jack Pyle and hint at a story that I had made a deal with the Speaker in order to keep both jobs, and I swung some votes in order to get the Speaker, which was Don Eldridge at the time. That came out in quite a column, and I went and got Jack Pyle—do you know him at all, or is he still writing? I haven't heard of him for years. I said, "Come on. We're going up here and let you hear the Speaker tell what kind of a deal I made with him." I just made him go right on up there to Don Eldridge and say, "Here's the story."

He said, "Well, no. I make no deals with anybody." He said, "I appointed him chairman of the Appropriations Committee because he's been on it ever since he was first here, and the caucus elected him caucus chairman. I had nothing to do with that."

I was going to resign as caucus chairman and let my critic go in. I didn't know he was after the job, to tell you the truth. I was elected by the caucus before

the session when we elect our leadership. It made me so damn mad, I refused. I just kept the job. I said, "Dammit, I was elected." But it was too much, I shouldn't have had held both positions. With Appropriations and Higher Ed at the time, then also caucus chairman, I simply had too much work. It would have been much better to have somebody else have the caucus, someone who could have devoted much more time to it than I. But, the dispute got my back up. It made me angry.

But that was one time that Jack Pyle wrote a very critical story, which was not true. He never made a retraction, however. I kind of laughed afterward with him and said, "Jack, I was kind of waiting to see your next story." Well, he went on to other things and never made a retraction. But it didn't make any difference. My side, my area, never saw it, so what do I care. If my local paper had picked it up or something, I might have been a little more upset.

Ms. Boswell: So you don't have a sense that in your district, at least, that people really paid a whole lot of attention to how the press reported at all on what you did?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not too much. They had their own ideas of what was going on. We reported back to the district. We used to have breakfast meetings back home, and Bud and I would get on a conference call while they were having their breakfast down at the state college, or at the courthouse, or something, and everybody'd ask us questions. We kept close contact like that, and with the radio, and coming back as much as we could.

Our press never picked up much on what the Spokane papers were saying. Of course, the Spokane papers covered the area thoroughly, so our county papers didn't pick up on that much. Unless something developed that affects the district, why, they'd pick up what Bud or I had done or what we had said. If Bud or I had made a speech on the floor, they would print some of it. Other than that, though, we didn't worry much about it.

No, I felt the press was very fair as far as my participation with them.

Ms. Boswell: You, Bud Huntley, and Marshall Neill had a sort of triumvirate of power over here, though, that was respected, but I don't know if it was feared.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think we had a good representation from our district. We got along well together. We each kept in our own area of expertise if we could, we advised each other, we kept each other informed, and it worked out very well.

Ms. Boswell: Was that an unusual situation?

Mr. Goldsworthy: A little bit. Walla Walla, when they had Tom Copeland and Maury Ahlquist, and their senator, who was that, Herb Freise? They had sort of the same deal, which you got somewhat, from the rural counties. We were particularly strong, inasmuch as Marshall Neill was a very strong legislator, and, of course, he went to the state Supreme Court. If we'd had him from some place other than Whitman County, we might have made him governor. Or, he would have gone to Congress if he had desired to do so. But, for a lot of those lawyers—the Supreme Court, and then going on to a federal bench, is the ultimate. But, Marshall died of cancer way before his time. I thought he was one of the greatest people we could have had representing us. Of course, he was an attorney for the

Washington State University, too. Everywhere Marshall went he was well-respected. He was part of Dan Evans' little cabinet and he helped Dan. When Dan first went in, he called Marshall to help him formulate his budget. That's when Marshall was on Senate Appropriations.

Ms. Boswell: He was on Senate Appropriations and you were the head of Appropriations in the House?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I was on the committee in the House, but I didn't have the seniority that Marshall had at the time. It wasn't until after Dan was in that I was appointed chairman. I thought there was just no limit to what Marshall might have done if he had desired. Nixon could have picked him up, but he wanted to be a judge. He was an attorney. He didn't want any political appointment other than getting on that federal bench.

[End of Tape 6, Side 1]

Mr. Goldsworthy: There is quite a bit of legislation, quite a bit I say advisedly, that doesn't deserve, really, to have a hearing. It's just put in because somebody had a little pressure from back home, some little group back in their home district saying, "I want this, so let's get our legislator to put in a bill." Then we'll look at it, see that it has a fiscal impact, and bring it in. I would still bring it up, although the sponsor of the bill wouldn't push it. It was strictly for somebody back home that wanted it. So we would dispose of things like that pretty quickly. But, I'd still bring it on up so at least the legislator involved could go back home and say, even if he was an opponent of mine, he could go back home and say, "Well, look guys, I tried, but the chairman of the committee wouldn't support it," or the committee as a whole wouldn't.

Ms. Boswell: Can you walk me through, quickly, the whole process of the budget, because it's confusing to me, how it all fits together. The different groups that want money, or the different departments, will submit what they think are their needs?

Mr. Goldsworthy: First of all, the governor, at the beginning of the session, will have his joint House and Senate meeting. He'll present his plan for the state, and a lot of it is his budget. Then we will get submitted to us the governor's budget. It's a big book about three or so inches thick, and that is the budget that we have to work with. Then our job is to go through that, and approve or disapprove or change, all the budget figures in there. This is done through the hearings by all the departments. They will come on in, we will schedule them, so that everybody knows when their department is due in for their hearing. These are budget hearings, not legislation that will have a fiscal impact on them, which is treated a little differently. Say, for example, the University of Washington, wants to know what date that they are due to meet before the Appropriations Committee. We, then, send out notices all over the state to anybody that is interested, or that wants to testify, and the university, of course, brings in their own team. Then we give them their hour in court to present their budget.

On a bill that will have just a fiscal impact we will tell the bill's sponsor, I'll schedule them, what date I'm going to consider this bill. Then they can get all the people that they want to come on in and testify. Also, it's publicized so that people around the state who are interested in that bill, and the prime movers to get someone to introduce it, can come on in with their lobbyists. We will schedule them all. We will have a complete list of everybody that's going to testify, and there might be two or three, or there might be twenty that want to, so we give them all their day. On that bill, we will discuss it before the whole Appropriations Committee, and when we pass it with a majority, it goes on out to the floor of the House and is introduced and comes in for second reading, which is when anybody can amend it. So, everybody gets a crack at that bill, and the appropriations in it. If it passes the House it comes back to schedule for a third reading, and that is for final passage. No more amendments.

As far as the budget for the departments go, they have made their pitch to us, and then we take this in executive session or closed session, and

we decide through days and days and days of debate how much money to give them. We decided whether to cut out some of the capital that they have requested for buildings. Or, one of the favorite things that departments always do, they put in thousands of dollars for typewriters, because you can't prove whether typewriters have been damaged or not, but they always come in for typewriter replacement. I had my committee clerk, one time, go to some of those departments and see if those typewriters were functioning. They all worked, so they didn't have any need for more. So, I cut down appropriations on their requests for typewriters. It was a piddling amount of money, but nevertheless, it's kind of what departments will do, so you don't know how much is left in there that is similar to requests for new typewriters.

Anyway, after we discuss that, then it goes into the main budget bill, which takes the same process as any other bill with a fiscal impact. It goes through second reading with amendments, and third reading. But generally, the bill gets tied up at the end of the session and can't be passed, so it goes to conference committee. Then the six members sit down and do everything all over again, only they don't have the hearings, but they call in people that they want to talk to for answers to questions, this sort of thing. Generally, the conference committee is just battling out the differences between the majority and minority party on any budget request. Handle it in conference and what comes out of the conference committee is it. You have to pass it or defeat it.

Ms. Boswell: The process begins with the governor's budget, generally. Is that budget request pretty much agreed to by the caucus or by his party before it's submitted?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It's pretty much agreed to by his party. Although, it's subject to change constantly, and that's what the process is all about during the legislative session. What comes out is not the governor's budget, obviously. Too many changes are made.

But we always have to consider the revenue and tax. We've got so much money, where does it go? You've got two areas, really, education and public assistance. Education, includes both K-12 and higher ed. Public assistance and Education take about seventy percent of the budget right there. So, anytime you're trying to find money or anything, or you want to make cuts, why, that's where you go. Well, people don't take cuts in education very calmly because they generally get a little more all the time, because of the cost of doing business. But everybody is mad with public assistance. If you want to save money, you go into public assistance, but where? They're cut down, too. Everybody is mad at these people: "They're on food stamps, welfare. Make 'em get out and work." And so, you'll sit and you'll have many battles on this sort of thing. If you want to give incentive for people to work, you have to give them an education and someplace to allow them to work, and that takes more money. So, it's always a struggle to find the money to do the programs you want. Then you have the others that cost money that bust the budget if they get too many pieces of legislation with a fiscal impact. So, you have to watch it pretty closely.

Ms. Boswell: Is that essentially up to the chair to do the monitoring?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, the chairman,

whoever he is, schedules these things and brings them out when he wants them to come. As I said, I never bottled up bills, but I did schedule some to where it would make it pretty tough.

Ms. Boswell: Now it comes out, huh?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I tried to give everything a pretty fair hearing.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of philosophy of the budget, at least from the Republicans' perspective, what were your overall goals in terms of the budget? In terms of getting money and spending it? Did you have certain areas where—you were talking about public assistance for example—is that more of a partisan thing? When the Democrats were in power, then it wouldn't be public assistance, but other areas that would be cut?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It's not all that partisan. Generally, you figure the liberals of both parties are going to try to increase public assistance. It kind of goes with the territory, their wanting to do more. The real conservatives of both parties say, "Make 'em get out and work. If they want state money, get out and work."

We did have our law, the residence requirement, my first session, where you had to be a resident of the state for a year, as I remember, before you were eligible for public assistance. Then the Supreme Court knocked that down, and said that no state could have a residency law, it's unconstitutional. We, at the time, had a fairly liberal public assistance law, our benefits were better than neighboring states. So we had an influx of people immediately coming in and getting on our public assistance rolls, which took our budget way out of whack from what we had planned on. But that was something that had to be dealt with, and the revenue and tax people get talking about increasing the cigarette tax, liquor tax, and sales tax. So it all gets in, but because all of a sudden the state has got so much responsibility, they've got to pay for it. This was none of our doing. The conservatives did try to keep away from having to go into that residency requirement, but if the courts knock it down, there isn't anything you can do.

Ms. Boswell: I was curious about, in terms of the budget, you always hear about the "balanced budget." Tell me, having had all the experience you did in terms of developing these budgets, was a balanced budget a reasonable goal? Was it something that you tried to do?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It's balanced, inasmuch as you're getting as much in as you're spending. That is the goal, and it doesn't always work that way because you get into some deficit spending.

One of the problems that happens is people will pass legislation that has a fiscal impact, but won't appropriate the money for it. Therefore, you've got the legislation, but it's not funded. So, if you fund it and haven't got the money to pay for it, you have to raise a tax someplace. It is called unfunded liability. They pass something, and then don't get the money for it, but you've got the law on the book, and it can't be enforced, because there's no appropriation. That's the big problem, of course: trying to keep within your revenue and tax.

Ms. Boswell: Does that responsibility of trying to figure out where that money is coming from primarily fall on you? Who has to make those budgetary tinkering kinds of decisions?

Mr. Goldsworthy: If the legislation passes it, then it's there, but there's no money appropriated for it, but it's on the books. It's passed by the whole Legislature. And they recognize it, too, that the legislation's there, but it's not funded. It's not a good way to legislate, but nevertheless it happens quite often.

You always try to work within the amount of money that's coming in, of course. That's the goal.

Ms. Boswell: It seems to me, at least today, that you can estimate you are going to get this much money. But do various national and local economic considerations affect the amount of revenue you are able to generate?

Mr. Goldsworthy: That's right. The economic situation of the state or the nation can get you out of whack in a hurry. The federal government will do the same thing. They will put things on the state where the state has no money, and they're still doing that. They've always done it. "This is a state requirement, but we're not going to give you any money to do it." That's why I think right now, today, they're talking about this problem.

The governors, at their recent governors' conference, said, "Don't do this. If you're going to give us a mandate, give us the money, or else don't give us the mandate. Let us handle it." That's sort of the same thing we wanted to do: to get rid of these unfunded bills—why pass them if we're not going to fund them? But some do.

Every department comes in with a tremendous increase in their requests, we know it and they know it. They know they're not going to get it, so in their budget meetings among themselves, they kind of figure how much to ask. "We're not going to get it, but if we ask for this amount, they'll only cut us down this amount, why it's still more than we thought we were going to get in the first place." So this is constantly going on within every department in the state. "What do we ask for?" We try to tell them to come in with their capital requests. "How many buildings does Washington State University or the University of Washington need?" for their laboratories and this sort of thing. "Give us a fair estimate on this." But, we know it's inflated, and they know they're going to get cut down, so you work from that point. Obviously, the university will come in with the request that is the most desirable, but they know that there's not enough money for it. We always tried to tell them, get their priorities on their capital projects. "You want a new building for a science lab, where does that fit in with the new library addition?" Come in with your first, second, third, and fourth priority so it can be looked at in that manner." They're smart people, writing those budgets for the departments, and they know what they're doing. They come in with requests they can substantiate. They've got the facts and figures showing why they need it, but knowing they're not going to get it all because there's not that much money.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of your own committee, how does the staff work? Does the staff first review these different departmental requests and then pass on recommendations to you? I don't quite understand the whole process.

Mr. Goldsworthy: The legislative staff, or the department staff?

Ms. Boswell: The legislative staff on your committee.

Mr. Goldsworthy: They work directly with me or with the party. We don't have huge staffs. I had one committee clerk and a secretary for Appropriations. That was all the staff that I had. The governor's got a big staff, of course. He has his whole budgetary office. The Senate and the House don't have any large staff, at all.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of really going through all these departmental budgets and determining what's fat and what's not, is that something the members of the committee essentially had to do personally?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We always had subcommittees. Take a little one like the Supreme Court. They come in with their budget, and they've got expenses down there, so I have a subcommittee that does all these small departments. The Insurance Department, they will come on in and I will have a subcommittee that meets with them originally, and then they end up by giving their testimony before the whole committee. For every department, I would have subcommittees to initially get together with their staffs and go over the budget requests, then we'd bring it on into the full committee.

Ms. Boswell: I see. As chair, tell me your role overall. You have to oversee all of these subcommittees?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. They were all members of the majority party, and I would get together with my subcommittees. I would on Higher Education. I had a subcommittee chairman on Higher Ed. But Higher Ed wouldn't necessarily meet with a few people, like the small departments might, but I would have the subcommittee chairman handle the meetings, instead of me doing it all the time. And the subcommittee on Fish and Game, whoever might be there would come on in and handle the meeting before the whole committee. Or, I might do it myself if I wanted to chair the Appropriations meeting with the University of Washington or Washington State University, or whatever. But I would have a subcommittee assigned to them.

Ms. Boswell: Do you, as chair, have a handle on every budget and every various budget request?

Mr. Goldsworthy: You try to. You can't, obviously, because it's too big. Going through that budget book, it's almost impossible to keep a handle on it. That's why you appoint subcommittee chairmen that will do one little part of it. For example, I had a subcommittee chairman that would meet with the various community college presidents before they would appear before the whole committee. Lots of times I would go out with my subcommittee chairman and maybe a couple of members of Appropriations and meet downtown with the president of Evergreen. Or, come over to Ellensburg and meet the president there and talk with some of his staff before they'd come for the budget requests, to kind of get an idea of what they wanted. We would go to all the state's institutions. The Interim budget committee used to do that, but I would also have a subcommittee on prisons, for example, and we might run over to see Bobbie Ray who was the warden at the time at the state penitentiary and chat with him. But that gets so time-consuming. You just don't have time for all this stuff.

But I tried to keep a pretty good handle on the main appropriations. Too many,

like the Canal Commission, didn't pay much attention to that. Of course, a lot of the little ones gave you the most trouble. The Arts Commission, they had a lady lobbyist for the Arts Commission. We had state money going in there. I was always a little opposed to it. I said, "Let the arts be supported by the people that buy art. Why is that a state-supported line item in the budget? Supporting artists that can't sell their stuff." Well, of course, there were plenty of arguments: "Well, artists can starve to death, too. They should be supported because art is art, and we can't live by bread alone." I never was able to cut down the Arts Commission like I had always tried.

Ms. Boswell: When you say you didn't have much luck in getting rid of it, is it just not getting a majority, right?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, it would go to a vote of the committee, and if most of the committee wants to support the Canal Commission or the Arts Commission, there's nothing I could do to stop it other than to twist some arms. It's a vote of the committee that does it.

Ms. Boswell: You always hear about the sort of horse-trading and arm-twisting that supposedly goes on behind the scenes, and I would think, especially in Appropriations, that there are going to be so many interests, and obviously the money is what you have to have. Did you find a lot of pressure brought to bear on you in terms of that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. There's a lot of pressure on all the committee members. Especially with the schoolteachers we had. Our Washington Education Association can put on a lot of pressure. You take a schoolteacher that is a Republican, supposedly trying to hold down the budget, as opposed to the liberal side that will increase it, especially in education, why, then these people are hard-pressed to hold their line, and we understood this.

Did you know Jerry Saling? Did you ever meet him? He was my vice chairman one year. He was a teacher and president of the Spokane Community College. He got his doctorate from Washington State University and later went back and went into the Senate. Anyway, Jerry was a very strong legislator, but he had the WEA, when he was a teacher, pounding on him all the time to get more money and yet he was vice chairman of the Appropriations Committee where he had to endeavor to hold down the budget, somewhat, from their requests. Now, WEA would come in with some tremendous budget requests for the Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction and all of education. Then we got away from executive committee hearings. Everything had to be open. And so, it was pretty hard for a teacher-legislator to go against the WEA requests when there's two hundred of them sitting out there in the committee room watching you. Or, from your district, fifty teachers from your district over here watching what you're doing on that committee—it makes it very difficult. So, that kind of pressure can get pretty hot and heavy.

But that's why we, in our caucuses and as a party, try to hold down expanding the budget too much, because we know that we've got to pay for it and everybody understands this. It's pretty difficult when you're looking from the area up there where all the committee members are, looking in that hearing room, and seeing a couple hundred people that you know are going to oppose everything you're going to do. But, there again, that goes with the

territory and is part of the game. Jerry Saling was a very good House member and a good college president, who went back to the Senate and was a very strong senator. Just to pick out an example. This is a little tightrope that a lot of those people had to walk. All the departments would fill committee rooms with members generally very interested in what you were doing.

A lot of times on the budget on schools, for example, coming from eastern Washington, we'd have to get money—we called it for remote and necessary school districts. Where we've got a school bus going thirty-five miles in winter in a blizzard picking up kids, it's a lot different than a school bus in King County, although they can get bad weather, too. But that's part of the appropriation for remote and necessary districts. I always had a fuss with Martin Durkan. He was chairman of Appropriations in the Senate. We'd get into the conference committee and he'd say, "All right, I suppose we've got to keep money in there for remote and necessary school districts." I'd say, "Martin, if you'd get over into eastern Washington sometime, and see what a farm looks like, and what the distances are, why, you'd understand." I always liked Martin Durkan. He ran for governor and was a strong candidate, and also a very good senator. His word was always good. But, we'd always get into things like this remote, "And oh, sure, sure we've got to get remote and necessary school district money in here. Damn right we do." And there was a reason for it, but just a little thing like that was always in the budget and all these little things mount up to a great amount when you start adding them together.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the conference committee and coming to some kind of agreement between the House and the Senate, was some of that done beforehand? Would you meet with Durkan and talk about these things before you went about it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. Very little. I sometimes would go over to his office and talk to him, but he had his problems and I had mine. They'd trade off, House and Senate. One session the House will write the budget and the next session the Senate will write the budget. So, if he has the responsibility of writing the budget, we're also writing it, but we know that the Senate budget is coming to us first and then we will amend or substitute our budget for it and send it back to the Senate. They're going to discredit the budget.

[End of Tape 7, Side 1]

Mr. Goldsworthy: We had the majority in the House when that I was the head of Appropriations. Martin Durkan had the majority, with the Democrats in the Senate, and he had Appropriations, so naturally we knew that we're not passing their budget and we know they're not passing our budget. There were areas for compromise, all right, a lot of areas, so we didn't mess with them. But we know we're going to conference committee, and Martin Durkan and I would be on the committee. Jerry Kopet from Spokane, was on the committee with me. Later on Jerry left to be president of the college.

Sometimes we would call people in when we're deliberating. Mostly, we'd have them write letters, and if some department didn't think they got a fair shake, "Well, write us a letter." We would take and discuss all those letters. I kept a file as everybody else did, and we

would consider every letter or group of letters that would come in, and we'd try to make a decision from that point.

Generally, many of the decisions were made in the individual budgets, or close enough so that we didn't have any fight. It was just over, like the insurance commissioner and the attorney general, for example. And we said, "Let's put that last, or over remote and necessary school districts." We'd just keep that in.

We were held up one time for quite awhile with a problem. Jack Hood, who'd served in the House with me, was the head of the Liquor Commission. The state runs the liquor stores, so Jack Hood came in and he wanted a pretty good appropriation to get surveillance cameras in the warehouses, because people were breaking into those things, and it was a tremendous loss to the state. We were losing about thirty percent of all deliveries. Well, it was a little thing, but we got a lot of discussion on this, and finally Martin Durkan said, "Oh, well, he's a friend of yours, isn't he?" "Well sure he's a friend of mine, but how much are we going to save the state?" "Well, we can't prove it's going to save the state." So, we got an appropriation to purchase surveillance cameras and it did save the state. But, how much, I don't know. It's hard to say. Between those container ships and getting to the retailer, an awful lot of things disappear.

But this was the type of small thing that will tie up a conference committee. Of course the big ones, public education, higher education, and all that, you're pretty well decided before you get going, because they've had the same committee hearings that we have. And generally you're pretty close together on it. It's what you can afford more than give them everything they want, which we'd like to do, but you've got so much money and it only goes so far. The big decisions on public welfare and this sort of thing, you're not that far apart when you get on the conference committee.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of individual personalities on the committees, were they able at times to sway the committee and to get their desires? Were there some personalities that just stuck to their position and would not compromise?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, there are strong personalities in any walk of life and it's no different on a committee. Somebody'd get in there that is a great orator and everybody likes and they'll get more things through than somebody that you don't trust too much. There are those kind, too, that are strictly tunnel vision. They only think of their district, and will go to bat for everything for the district and refuse to help anybody else on other pieces of legislation. We had some like that, absolutely, I didn't trust their word. They'd say one thing one day, and do something else when it came to a vote. And so, they'd have a harder time getting things through than somebody that's a personality kid that everybody likes. They're liked because they are trustworthy, not just because they go out and have a beer after the session, and tell war stories.

Those people, like Martin Durkan, for example, he was a strong Democrat over there, but Marshall Neill told me one time that if Martin Durkan gave you his word on something, it's binding, it's good. You'll never worry about it, and I never did, although we were on opposite sides of the aisle. But, personalities obviously come into play.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the structuring of the committee, did you make any

changes in the way that the whole process operated when you took over as chairman?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not too much. I tried. I got a resolution put through the Legislature that gave me a certain amount of funds, and through my staff, to investigate other ways of presenting the budget. I went down to Oregon and met with people down there at the Capitol in Salem. Our budget comes in one great, big old budget. We vote on it and that's that. We either accept it or amend it, but it's one great, big budget. Oregon, at the time, brought in legislation by department. For example, they would study this one out, and then they would pass that part of the budget and it was out of the way. Then they'd bring in their roads and bridges, or public assistance, or capital improvements in state buildings, or whatever, and they would take them separately and bring them in and pass them. Then they would all be put into the big budget. A lot of that made a lot of sense to me. That was part of my instructions that I got through on the resolution that I passed through the House to let me do this.

I went down to Utah, Salt Lake City, and visited with some of their appropriations people and some of the governor's staff there. They had some good ideas on what they did that I thought I could incorporate. But as it turned out, this was my last session, and the next time up I got defeated, so it was all wasted effort, really. I turned all this over to the next chairman of Appropriations. I can't remember who took over, but we weren't in power any more, so nothing was ever done. If I could have done this earlier, I might have made a difference.

But, to answer your one specific question, it's the one thing that I really put effort and time and travel in to improve the method of passing our state budget.

Ms. Boswell: Were there any changes?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't think it was changed any. I think we're still doing it the same way. And, maybe I couldn't have gotten it through, or maybe it wasn't the best, but I wanted to incorporate some of the good ideas from other states and see if we could improve. It might have made a difference, it might not have. I'll never know, but it was a big project for me at the time.

Ms. Boswell: Clarify for me how this process works along with the caucus. When you made decisions about the budget, do you need to talk to the caucus?

Mr. Goldsworthy: The very first thing we do when we get our budget written and passed out of Appropriations Committee, is take it to the caucus. This is what we've got. The caucus can change it; they can say, "No, we don't like this." Of course, I tried to keep the caucus advised on what is happening while we're discussing things. And so, we'd get in a night meeting, and go through the budget from beginning to end. Then we'd get all the things that the caucus just will not work on or pass, and our caucus as well as the Democrat Caucus, would have the option of making amendments on the floor on the second reading.

A representative by the name of Arlie DeJarnatt, who I liked very much and respected, was from the West Coast, and he was one of the ranking members of the Democrat Caucus on Appropriations. So, generally, no one ever did this but me, and maybe it wasn't smart, but as soon as I got that budget printed and knew I had the votes, I would take it into Arlie. It used to

be top secret, you never let anybody see that, but I would take it into Arlie and say, "Take this back to your people and let them look at it, and see what we have done, and know that I've got the votes to get it out of committee." No chairman of Appropriations has ever done this. You keep that so secret that no one looks at it until it's passed to the floor of the House for second reading. I just thought it was only fair. They've got to vote on it, too, and so Arlie would do that.

One time somebody stole the budget out of my secretary's desk, which was locked. I don't know where they got it. Somebody from Grays Harbor, one of the Democrat leaders came in and handed it to me, and I said, "Where in the hell did you get this?" They had the thing. I thought, if I know how it was stolen then I've got to pursue it, so what the heck, I was going to give it to DeJarnatt anyway. But I said, "I do this because you don't make any big committee fight, because I've got the votes, and I wouldn't put it out if I didn't have the votes. I've got the votes, so save it all for the floor on second reading." And fine, he would take it and talk to his leaders on it, so they knew what was in the budget, so they could come on in. No surprises, and he would let me know what amendments they were going to make. Of course, you can't tell exactly, because anybody can make an amendment, but the amendments his caucus would make Arlie would generally let me know, so we knew what was coming up. Then we'd bring it onto the floor—and both caucuses knew what was in the bill—and fight it out then on the floor.

Ms. Boswell: What kinds of criticism or problems did you usually have with the caucus? Would it be just what was in and out, or what kinds of changes would they want to make?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Mostly special interest; you didn't get enough money, public education didn't get enough money, so all the members of the WEA or the teachers in the caucus would question this. Or, a special interest in most any department of the state. If you had the Walla Walla penitentiary in your district, why, you'd question the amount of money we'd give to Walla Walla, or to the Department of Corrections. Or, out here at Medical Lake, with the corrections there, somebody from Spokane was always questioning that. And, of course, the nursing homes, as I mentioned. They don't think enough money went in that, if you had a nursing home in your area. So, it was generally that differences were special interest differences.

Ms. Boswell: What about the governor, himself? It started out as his budget. Does he sort of keep tabs and put pressure along the way, or does he wait 'til its been looked over, amended, and passed?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. He's always keeping tabs. He's got a big budget office. He's got his head on the budget, so I used to try to keep them pretty well briefed on what I'm doing because I don't like to work in secrecy, and I don't like any surprises pulled on me if I can help it. I don't like to pull them on anybody else because we're supposed to be working together for getting out a state budget. The governor didn't personally, take too big a hand, but then he was always aware of what we were doing because of his budget staff.

And then we'd have our Budget Committee. This is not a legislative committee, and it works for both Houses. What'd we call it? Well, I guess that was

it, the Legislative Budget Committee, that worked down in the Capitol on the bottom floor. We had a professional staff there. They were invaluable to us, and they worked with both the House and Senate.

Ms. Boswell: What kind of services did they provide?

Mr. Goldsworthy: A lot of investigative work. They would work with us, with the Budget Committee, the legislative appointed Budget Committee, the interim committee. We would work, always, through this civilian—if you want to call them that—professional staff. They would go through any legislation coming up with a big fiscal impact. We'd turn it over to them and let them study it, because they had the professional staff to do it. These were all pretty smart budget people, and much more.

I could take a bill in my committee and get my committee clerk and say, "Go through this and pick out the main parts of this bill," and he could do that pretty well, but the fiscal impact of this, he wouldn't have the expertise to do it, and I wouldn't have the time to do it. I would have the Legislative Budget Committee downstairs look at it, and they would make a good evaluation of it.

Ms. Boswell: And then normally, you would follow with their recommendation?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh, by and large, we did. They didn't make any political decisions; they would just come out with the questions that we wanted them to answer. I never knew whether they leaned Democrat or Republican, we never asked. I know that our head of the Legislative Budget Committee went to work for Martin Durkan when I was gone, so I always assumed maybe he was a Democrat, but no one would ever know because they were strictly a nonpartisan outfit just working for both parties in both the House and Senate.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of their positions, are they appointed?

Mr. Goldsworthy: They are hired by the Legislature. We changed chairmen a couple of times. They were really hired by the Interim Budget Committee.

I don't know if you remember John Goldmark. It was his family that was murdered not long ago. John Goldmark went in the same time I did. A real competent fellow, very liberal. We worked together pretty well on a lot of things where I was on the conservative side, but it didn't make much difference. John wanted to change the staff of the Interim budget committee that met once a month or more during the two-year period we were not in session so we would meet and during the time we had quite a session, of trying to find a new chairman,. I don't think we called it chairman, but anyway, we had applications from all over the country. And so we would meet with them for interviews, and we finally found a new head of that Budget Committee and hired him.

Ms. Boswell: Why would he have wanted to go through that process? The person who was there was not competent?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think John Goldmark felt that the present chairman of the Interim Budget Committee—of the professional staff—had been there too long. I think he just wanted some new blood in there. I thought he was very good—Dr. Ellis—I thought he was a very competent man, but he had been there quite awhile. We all had a vote, but he

just kind of talked us into it. "Let's get a new face in here." And so, we did. I liked Dr. Ellis, he went on with other state jobs and was a very competent man.

Ms. Boswell: Did you meet with the Interim Budget Committee? Was that something that you were on?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I was on that, and I think that's one reason I went into the head of Appropriations. That was a rather select group of the Appropriations people in both the House and Senate, both Republican and Democrat. It was an even-up committee, so no party had control, and we changed the chairmanship of that—first we'd have a Senate majority, and then we'd have the House majority—and so I had my turn as being the chairman of the Interim Budget Committee.

We met all over the state during the interim, hearing all these budget requests and going through the institutions involved. Mostly involved with institutions of higher Ed and correctional institutions, prisons, mental institutions and all that. We tried during the interim period to hit most all of those, which was very time-consuming.

Ms. Boswell: That didn't actually substitute for hearings later?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No. It just let us visit the institution itself. We had a lot of fun going to some of those institutions. Some of them were very discouraging. We went down to Centralia, they have a school there for wayward girls and boys, and they'd had a big riot. They had a girl—it was a long time ago and I don't know what happened to her—who was very intelligent, just smart as a whip, but she was always in trouble. Ran away from home at about thirteen, and had her own stable of girls that she ran. She wasn't on drugs or anything, she was just plain incorrigible, you just couldn't get her to obey any of the rules. She was in there, and she organized the girls—I can't quite remember—but anyway, out of a clear, blue sky they had a riot. She engineered it, and for no reason they beat up one of the lady cooks and one of the matrons very badly. Then, the gal escaped. A lot of equipment was torn up and they threw typewriters all over the place. This was years ago, but the last I heard, somebody thought that this gal was down in California still in the profession of some sort. Last I ever heard of her.

So, we'd go out there, and after a riot like this we tried to assess: "Now, why did this happen?" And, of course, I was just a farmer from Whitman County, I'm not a psychologist. What would cause these girls to suddenly riot against people they liked? This cook was well-liked, and they beat her unmercifully. You wonder why. Well, that's up to the professional people to decide why, because we have to decide on the money to investigate it, or the money that goes into our professional staffs of the state that can determine why these things happen.

Damon Canfield, good Damon. Oh, I liked that man. They had mirrors in the girls' rooms set in steel frames so they could not be broken—well, this makes no sense. I went through a lot of military life where all I had was a little steel mirror, and several million people in the service were issued little steel mirrors for shaving, why couldn't we have that? Oh, couldn't do that anymore than you could serve margarine in the prisons. You had to serve real butter. Well, this sort of thing used to drive Damon up the wall. He had never been in the service, but I forget, these mirrors cost something like eighty-

five dollars a piece to get these set in steel and embedded in the walls so that they couldn't be taken out, and the girls couldn't get at them for slashing their wrists, or for a weapon. A steel mirror could have been just as safe, and probably cost thirty-five cents. Discussing these things would tie us up for days.

And, when they came out with margarine, we wanted to serve margarine in the prisons, which would save an awful lot of money on the prison budget, but we couldn't do it, that was inhuman treatment. Half of the nation was eating margarine, and still do, but you had to give the prisoners butter. And so, those little things we always thought could save a lot of money in the budget, but you can't get them passed, so why get tied up with them?

Marshall Neill and I had a meal in the penitentiary. Marshall was on the budget committee from the Senate. A real nice guy served us our dinner, and we were in the maximum security part of the prison. We were meeting there with Bobby Ray, who was the warden, and after it was all done this guy was calling us "Sir," and "Can I help you?" and all that, and I said, "What in the world is that fellow in here for? He ought to be out with a nice job outside selling cars." Well, it turned out, he'd murdered his wife and a couple of neighbor kids. He was on life sentence for murder. And so, you never know. I always remembered that fellow because he was such a nice guy.

Ms. Boswell: So you would go out to all different kinds of institutions, then?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. We'd generally try, over the two years in between sessions, or when we got into annual sessions—we'd go up to Fort Worden with that boys' school up there—all the correctional schools and all the mental schools, where they had the mental retardation. I always hated those. I disliked going into the hospitals and nursing homes. Down at Vancouver they have a school for the deaf, and we'd always go down there. Every time, you went you wanted to give more and more money to those places; because you look at the volunteers working with little, blind and deaf kids.

There was a little kid at Selah, a school out there. I can't remember his name. He was stunted in growth. He was smart, but couldn't read or write. Very interested in airplanes, and when we first met there somebody told the little kid that I was a jet pilot, so he just hung on me. He wanted to talk airplanes, but he couldn't read and write. And I'd say, "Why don't you look at books?" He says, "I've got television." He says, "I don't have to read, and I don't have to write. What do I want to write? I've got television." I said, "There's a world in books that you could read about flying, and all the airplanes." "I got television." He was not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he had an interest in airplanes. A sharp little kid, but perfectly happy. He would never get out of that institution. I don't know whatever happened to him. He was in his early teens as I remember, and stunted in every respect. I thought that if he'd been motivated, he probably could have held a job someplace, in one of these sheltered workshops. There's another thing that we tried to give as much money as we could.

All these places had volunteers. I had great sympathy for their budget requests. They were doing more than a lot of places that had full professional paid help. Some of these volunteer workers are so dedicated.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the whole

budget process, were you mostly, in the interim, visiting places that didn't have lobbyists? Or why would you focus particularly on, say, prisons?

Mr. Goldsworthy: They would have lobbyists. The Department of Corrections was a professional department in Olympia, but we would go just to see what the institution was all about. Sometimes they would be requesting a capital output for a new wing, when they would have one wing half-empty, for example. This is the sort of thing we wanted to see.

Generally, we didn't know near as much as the professional people in the Department of Corrections. We knew that. But, sometimes, it would give us ammunition to either oppose a big, heavy request, or to add to a request if they didn't think they were getting enough. We couldn't get to every institution in the state in one year, but we tried to spread them out so we could go to quite a few. Out here in Medical Lake they had experimentation on animals, monkeys, and I went out there by myself one time to see what I personally thought—and they warned me, now you're going to see a monkey's brain exposed.

[End of Tape 7, Side 2]

LEGISLATIVE WORK: 1965-1972

Ms. Boswell: Last time we were talking about the general budget process and how it worked, and about the strategies you used as chair of the Appropriations Committee. What I'd like to do is talk now about that specific era in which you served on the Appropriations Committee and the actual years in which you chaired. You began as chair in 1967 and had also been vice chair before that. Tell me about the economic situation in terms of the state budget, and possibly how it changed over your time on the Appropriations Committee.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That's a long time ago. But as I remember, Dan Evans went in as governor in 1965, and I think Don Eldridge was elected then to Speaker of the House, and that's when I was appointed as Appropriations chairman. It seemed like the budget was never really focused too much on the economic situation of the state. The departments all came in with their requests, and these things had all been planned quite a few years ahead of time. They scale these things to their own needs and what they think they can get through the Legislature. But we always started out the session with a joint meeting of the House and Senate where the governor would present his budget. And this had all been worked out. When Dan Evans went in, Marshall Neill, who was in the Senate then from our district, was sort of an adviser to Dan Evans on putting out his first budget. Of course, he had just gone in as governor, and he had a lot of work to do between when he was elected governor and January when he came in with his first budget. The departments never had time to get to Dan as governor and present all the facts and figures of what they wanted, both capital and operating.

The economic situation in the state really didn't make much difference at the time whether it was high or low, or unemployment was high or low, because the institutions already had their budgets pretty well in mind on what they wanted. Their flow charts were all made out—"This year we're going to ask for a new library, next year we're going to get the science building, and this year we're going to go so far on teachers' and professors' salaries, next year we'll get an increase."

Then we'd come in for the governor to present his budget—Rosellini did the same thing when he was governor, he had more time to prepare his—but Dan came in with his budget shortly after his election. The Senate would all come over and sit in the House chamber because it was bigger. We'd all have to get up and give our seats to our senator. Bud Huntley, darn him, would always stay in his seat because he got more votes than I did, and I think he figured he was senior member. So I'd always have to get up and give my nice, comfortable House chair to Senator Neill, and I would have to have a folding chair, which they always set up in the aisle. Just like Gingrich got his nose out of joint because he had to get off the rear of the airplane. Anyway, that has nothing to do with it.

The governor would give his budget, and we'd go through it with him. That was the basis from which we started. If the Senate was going to write the budget, then they would take the governor's budget. The Senate and the House took turns writing the budget, but we'd all start

from the governor's budget. That's when we would start holding our hearings and just try to reconcile our income with what we're going to spend. Of course, the asking budget is millions and millions over what we could possibly give.

You show me the budget of the University of Washington or Washington State University, and it's going to be about fifty or a hundred million more than they know they're going to get, but that's what they come in and ask for. So we'd just have to winnow out everything that we could in order to fit with what the taxes were going to bring in.

Ms. Boswell: In 1970 and 1971, certainly, the economy was not as prosperous as it had been. How soon does that begin to factor into the budget planning, or does it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: It doesn't factor in very much other than if our tax revenues are not coming in at the rate that we'd expected them to two years ago; obviously, we're going to have to cut some place. But it didn't make much difference as far as the departments and their asking budgets. They still stuck to their plan and what they were going to go for.

Also, we had a lot of legislation that would come in that had a fiscal impact and we never knew what that was going to be until we got the legislation introduced. I kept a little running chart on that all the time. We knew what the departments wanted and about where that was in relationship to what our tax revenue income would be. But when you get five or ten pieces of legislation all calling for twenty million dollars apiece, then you have to add that on to everything else and that's where your budget gets out of whack. It's just a constant balancing act between what you can give and what the revenue and tax can give you.

You have to work pretty closely with revenue/tax and appropriations and with the minority party. Everybody knows the problem. When John O'Brien was Speaker—he was a good, strong Speaker and I liked John O'Brien—but I'll tell you, he was tough, and he didn't work with the minority party at all. Of course, they had a big majority. One year we only had thirty-three Republicans, so we didn't amount to much at all in the deliberations of anything on the floor of the House. They had more arguments between the Democrats than they did with us because there weren't enough of us to make any difference. John O'Brien, bless him, ran that place as a Speaker should. As much as I used to get mad and say, "Why don't you recognize some of the minority once in awhile when we want to get up and say something?" He'd just look at me like: "Sit down and be quiet. If we want anything from you we'll ask you." That's the way a good, strong Speaker operates, no doubt about it. But, I'm off the track here, already.

As far as the economic situation in the state, it affects what you can give because the tax revenues are down. It doesn't affect very much on what the departments are asking. Whether it's a nursing home, a mental institution, the University of Washington, a state prison or whatever, they're all going to come in with their ideal asking budget, knowing they won't get it.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of priorities for cutting, would you as the leader of the committee or would the committee itself establish certain priorities? I mean, if we're going to have to cut, it's going to be in these kinds of areas, or is it really just department by department, budget by

budget?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We'd take it department by department. We did not want to cut into education too much because that's the basis of the future of our state, we all thought. Cutting into social services is very difficult because of people screaming that you were hurting the poor people, or the crippled, or the halt and the lame, and all that. But you take public assistance and education—both higher and public education—you're getting about seventy percent of the budget. So when you start making any cuts, you're going to have to get into those areas. It's not so much of making a cut—it's that you're not giving what they want, or not increasing to the extent they want. Professors' salaries are always a big deal because they wanted more increases than we could possibly give, and stay within our budget. So many of the little budgets, I think we talked about the canal commission, did we mention that?

Ms. Boswell: Yes.

Mr. Goldsworthy: It's a little peanut, but somebody wants it so badly—and so you can cut that out, or cut something out of the state libraries—you're not getting enough money to do any good so, to get any kinds of cuts, or there again, not the increases that they want, you've got to get into the big appropriation areas. That's education, public welfare, prisons and all of those sort of things. The governor would have different priorities than we would in the House.

For example, I guess it was my first year as chairman of Appropriations, Governor Evans wasn't all in favor of the nursing home increases. I had traveled around to a lot of the nursing homes and I was rather sympathetic to them. I think we covered some of this in the previous interview, but Dan would want to cut them down to thirty-five cents a day for the meals or something—and I wanted to put more into that. In fact, I had a real good friend of mine that ran a nursing home in Colfax, Roy McDonald, whom I would go down and talk to and he would take me around to show me what cuts would do here. I'd visited other nursing homes, so I'd put more money in the budget than Dan did in his governor's budget, which put his budget a little out of whack, but we had to find the money someplace.

Same thing with the Extension Service. Dan Evans cut down our Extension Service, which was pretty important in our rural counties. He cut out five million dollars in the Extension Service, and I got four million put back. I don't know if I mentioned that letter I got from a little girl that said, "Why do you hate my horse?" When the extension money was cut off, the 4-H and 4-F kids, were getting cut out of their Extension Service facilities or the Extension Service operations that would help them in the Future Farmers of America and all this. But I did put back a little more than four million into the budget for that, and that would take Dan Evans' budget a little more out of whack. This is the type of legislation you had to get introduced into the budget, which is still a balancing act—you've got only so much money.

Ms. Boswell: I noticed that the newspapers in reporting, especially the 1971 budget year, essentially implied that all the cuts were coming from public assistance in particular. Was that primarily what you were saying earlier, that because you're not increasing the budget, therefore, it appears that you're cutting it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, if they don't get the increase, why, we're cutting the budget. And in some places we did have to cut; I really can't recall, it's been too long. We had a lot of people on the Republican side, some of the real conservatives, that would like to have taken public assistance and just cut it in half. They'd say, "You people don't want to work, we're not going to support you. If you're going to be lazy, do it on your own time, go get a job." You've heard this so many times.

Cecil Clark from Wapato was my seat mate one session. A real nice guy and a very good legislator, but he was just dead set against deadbeats on welfare. He said, "They can get a job." So we put him in charge of a subcommittee to find out where the cuts would come in our public assistance law. He worked all session, and by golly, he didn't come up with anyplace that he felt we could really cut. It was that difficult. However, there were a lot of deadbeats that were taking advantage of our welfare law.

I forget what year it was when the federal government decided that we could not have a residency requirement. We always had a one-year residency before you could get on our public assistance. When they declared that unconstitutional, we just had swarms of people coming into the state of Washington, because we had a very liberal welfare law. We had an influx of people that was just breaking the system. And so we had to tighten up a little bit. It's a difficult situation. You want to help people and it's your duty to do that if you can, but every time somebody at home would go in a supermarket and somebody would buy a lot of groceries with food stamps, then go out and get into a red convertible, Lincoln Continental or something, and drive off, I would start getting phone calls. I'd say, "Why didn't you get their license number? Don't call me. Get the license number and turn them in. No, that's what we've got you in Olympia for. Well, I can't do anything about it." It's just part of the job that comes to you occasionally, trying to keep people happy.

Ms. Boswell: And those are just the big areas that attract attention?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Those are the big areas.

Ms. Boswell: One of Dan Evans' interests, and something that I think became much more of a national issue during this time, was the environment. How did issues of the environment fit into this whole appropriations and planning process?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not very much. Much of the environment was a national problem. Spotted Owls, land use, and all this, but we didn't have too much state legislation on the environment. I'm trying to think of some examples—we did with the Indians and the fisheries, that's not exactly an environmental situation.

Ms. Boswell: Shoreline management type issues?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. But I cannot think of any real specific legislation or problems that came up as far as environmental concerns. Land management is always a little issue that sits in the background, but not nearly as much then as it is now. Now land management can go on your farms and dictate an awful lot of things you can and cannot do. But this is mostly a federal requirement.

Ms. Boswell: What was it like working

with Evans? Generally speaking, was he easy for you to work with? Did you usually agree?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. He was our governor. There again, we get into the old liberal/conservative fight throughout the state. Dan was a liberal and he was the governor. First one we'd had in a long time. When he went in he pulled in a Republican House and Senate for the first time. So I was going to support Dan all I possibly could.

I'd get in a lot of trouble with a lot of people in my own district who were very conservative. I'm conservative, all right, but I'm kind of a middle-of-the road type Republican. In Olympia we had to work with both sides, or you'd never get anything done. Being a little on the conservative side, unless you are one hundred percent solid, rock conservative, you're nothing with those conservatives and they won't back you. In some of our state conventions that we had after Dan was governor—Gummy Johnson, you remember, was our state chairman—gee, the conservatives hated Gummy and they hated Dan. I would try to talk to them in my own district: "Hey look, we've got a majority in the House and the Senate now. Don't fight it. Would you rather lose your real ultra-right program and not have control of the House and Senate?" And they would. If you're not going to support them one hundred percent on their program, why then they're not going to support you. We always had that sort of a battle going on.

I guess in the 1969 campaign, maybe it was Dan Evans' last, he was governor three times, and he put a letter out to all of us saying: "If it's better in your district to disavow me and to say that you don't support me at all, go ahead. If it's going to get you elected by completely cutting yourself off from me, don't think you're going to hurt my feelings because I want you to get elected." And some people would do that. Perry Woodall in Yakima, he's gone now but he didn't like Dan Evans at all, but he was a good conservative Republican leader in the Senate. He cut himself off from Dan Evans completely. Some people did that. I just wouldn't.

I didn't agree with him on everything, and a lot of his liberal programs didn't set well in my area. I got in a lot of problems one time with a state income tax that Dan wanted.

Ms. Boswell: That's what I was going to ask you about next. Please do talk about it.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Dan wanted a graduated state income tax, and I went back home in time and made a Lincoln Day speech at Colfax to the county Republicans. This was going to be a big issue in the election, and so I told them: "I'm going to talk about a state income tax." That's about as far as some of the real ultraconservatives listened. They didn't hear me say, "I do not support a state income tax. I'm telling you about this because it's going to be a very big issue in the next election, and you must know what it's all about." Oh boy! I got a vicious letter from a fellow in my own hometown. He said, "You and Gene Prince are two of the most hated men in Olympia. You go back there and you start talking income tax." And I wrote and said, "Fred, if you'd been at the meeting, which you were not, you would have heard that I did not support the state income tax, but it's going to be a big issue on the ballot and the governor wants you to vote for or against." I did not support Dan on his income tax, and it was a very

big thing with Dan. He always wanted an income tax. The school people always wanted an income tax. Everybody who thought they could get more money out of the state all wanted a graduated income tax.

I did introduce a flat income tax one time, and I never asked any Republican to go with me on it. But I had a group of people at home in the farming community down around Pullman that were interested in a flat income tax to see what it would amount to. So I worked up with our budget committee, our professional staff, legislation introducing a flat income tax. It did not get out of committee, which I knew it wouldn't. Maggie Hurley was on that committee and Sid Flanagan and a lot of people who understood what I was doing all right. I knew it wouldn't get out of committee, but I did it because I had a group of people who really wanted to see if it would go anyplace.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me about the strong opposition to the tax. On what did you base your major arguments against it?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We were a sales tax state. If Dan Evans wanted to get his income tax in there, let's get a constitutional amendment in there of some sort, or a constitutional restriction that the sales tax could not be increased or that it would go down. We never could get that through, so we were going to end up with both a sales tax, a high sales tax, and an income tax. We had the B&O tax, business and occupation tax, which is a terrible tax that a business pays on its gross. It's one of the most regressive taxes that we have. So we all tried to say, "All right, if we go to this income tax, then let's eliminate the B&O tax entirely." We couldn't get that through, so we just opposed an income tax. In fairness to the people, let's go one way or the other. We're already a sales tax state, so we keep it that way. Right today, I wouldn't try a flat income tax or a national sales tax, I think, but that's a different situation now from what we were talking about. At that time if they wanted to go for an income tax, I tried to get this flat rate tax rather than the graduated, which is what we were going to refuse to buy. It might have been if we could have dropped the sales tax and gone the income tax route, it might have passed. We had a lot of support for it. All the school forces were highly in favor of a graduated net.

Ms. Boswell: I've read in recent times that at least some commentators suggest that the state will never get a state income tax, but it will also never get its budget in good order because of the way the funding sources are.

Mr. Goldsworthy: There's some truth to that, but you've got to balance the thing. You can't have a high sales tax and then throw on a graduated net income tax. Some states have, but their sales tax isn't as high as ours. A lot of people would be very happy to get rid of our sales tax, or get it lowered down to three percent and throw on a net income tax. By and large, the state has had a chance to vote on a graduated net income tax many times, and they've turned it down every time. I don't think under the present system they're ever going to pass it. They have to make some adjustments with their other tax base.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of working with Dan Evans—I just wanted to go back to that for a moment, you had mentioned in an earlier interview that you'd often have meetings two or three times a week and breakfast at the governor's office with the

heads of some of the important committees. What kinds of information would be exchanged at those meetings? Was that a common way for the governor to deal with various members of the important committees?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Generally this would come about toward the end of the session. Dan would call us in. I would be there, the chairman of the Revenue and Tax, the majority leader, assistant majority leader, the whip, and caucus chairman. And we'd sit around. Sometimes we'd go in and have breakfast, a sweet roll, coffee—sometimes we'd be too busy and we'd just run on in. Mainly, it was just like a staff meeting. We'd discuss where we were on certain very important pieces of legislation. My part would be: "Where am I with the budget? I've got so many hearings left and I can, by such and such a date, predict and project that I will be finished with my hearings. And then we'll start committee executive action to get the budget ready."

Revenue and Tax would be reporting on the tax bills that had come through and where they stood. The majority leader would be talking quite a bit on interaction with the minority, and what cooperation we're going to get on certain big bills that we had pending. It was this sort of discussion that would go on. We'd talk for an hour or so and then break it up and go back to work.

A lot of times, my main problem was staying awake. I was very happy to be included at the Governor's Mansion, but when we'd all meet at seven in the morning, if I'd been out to a two o'clock hearing the night before, I just didn't get enough sleep to try to stay alert. It was pretty difficult, so sometimes I had to kind of slap my face a little bit and drink more coffee. I could do my presentation all right but I'd get listening to some of the others and my head would drop a little bit. And you hate to go to sleep in front of the governor.

Ms. Boswell: That might not be a good thing.

Mr. Goldsworthy: But working with Dan I always thought it was very good. He was a good friend, and, like myself, had served in World War II and in Korea. I arranged to have him taken down to McChord Field and got him a ride in an F-106 fighter interceptor that we had flying there. I was assigned to McChord Field, so I went through the commanding general of the air division there at McChord and the wing commander, and we got the paper work done and got him permission to have a ride. I took him to McChord from Olympia, and they had a flight jacket with his name on it and everything. I got some pictures of that, and they took Dan up in that F-106 and afterward we took him to a little private dinner with the commanding general of the 22nd Air Division and had a great time.

So I got along fine with Dan, although I did not support him on all his programs. He was a liberal and I was a conservative, but nevertheless, he was my governor and I tried to make him look as good as I could all the time without jeopardizing my whole district. I had close neighbors on the farm that just did not like Dan at all because he was a liberal governor.

Ms. Boswell: As a legislator, where do you fall in terms of the notion that you have to represent your constituency, but you also have to represent what you consider to be good government and good values?

[End of Tape 8, Side 1]

Ms. Boswell: When you have strong interest groups, say more conservative Republicans in the case of your district, is it always a balancing act, or is there a point you reach where you say, "I'm sorry, I can't help you," and that's that? How do you balance that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: There is somewhat of a balancing act. I never had too much trouble. My district was a farm area and it also had a state university and a county seat in it, of course. The state university in Pullman is the biggest population center and their interests are different than the farmers. But nevertheless, I'm sent there by a farm county, and I always remember the people who sent me there. I never really did have too many cases where the interest of my electorate and the interests of the state would conflict. Sometimes it did.

My first loyalty, if I could keep it that way, was to the people who gave me the votes to get me over there to represent them. But you also are a state representative, and you've got to remember that you're representing the whole state, too, inasmuch as you're a part of the lawmaking process for the state of Washington. Some people had more difficulty with that when they came from a district that is diametrically opposed to what the majority of the legislative people are trying to do. I never really had that kind of a problem.

There was always a little dichotomy between Washington State University and the farm community. The farmers are by and large a fairly conservative group of people, and the university is in there wanting more and more and more state money. The farmers are there thinking: "Those professors are getting an average of $60,000 a year for teaching three classes a week. Why don't they get out and work for a living if they don't get what they want?"

You hear this argument constantly. And the professors are saying, "I'm not getting as much as the professors at the University of Washington, and research is a big part of my responsibility to higher education, so I should be granted more money for research and keep me out of the classroom because that's just for the younger, first-year professors. Let them go to the classroom. I'm a research professor." Well obviously both sides are wrong, and to some extent, both sides are right. We used to cut down a little bit to make the professors put in more classroom hours—and we used to have some of the dumbest research subjects that you can imagine: What makes a gnat sneeze; give somebody $80,000 to go to South America to find out why certain frogs croak a certain way. It would drive you crazy to read some of those. But you go to the university and talk to them about it, why, they've got a good reason for it. For a layman, you can get talked into things you don't want to be talked into because you think that maybe they're smarter than you are, and they have a reason for doing it. But this always is part of the program. Things you've got to think about and make a decision on, and try to keep both sides happy if you can, which is not very possible much of the time.

To really answer your question, I always remembered the people that sent me there but I always remembered, too, that I'm in a statewide office inasmuch as I'm a state representative, and you keep the balance between the two as good as you can, and do as good a job as you can for both. But Number one, I tried to take care of the people back home first.

Ms. Boswell: In an austere budget year like 1971, if education, in fact, is such a big portion of the budget that's so difficult to cut, did you find that since you are from a district with the state university in it that you needed to lean somewhat more toward supporting higher education than primary education? I know that in the education budgets there's a certain amount you need to run the schools, but when you're talking about cutting again were there any sort of priorities made in terms of education, within education, or infighting within education?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I personally used to go to bat for higher Ed because I did have the university in my district. I can't say that we neglected the K-12. We used to have a lot of fights on kindergarten, of course, but K-12, their budget was pretty well set. With higher Ed you had the capital outlay—they're always wanting new buildings and new facilities, especially in the sciences and the libraries. And so I think that I probably put more emphasis on higher education.

You can't ignore K-12 at all, because that's where it all starts. I just hated to see any kid that was smart enough to have an education, higher education, available to him not be able to have it. Another thing we used to discuss quite a bit is whether every kid needs a four-year college education. I said, "No, they don't. A lot of kids can go to community college." That's why we have a very strong community college system in the state. I forget what session it was, I think 1967, when we separated the community colleges from the school districts. It was a real smart piece of legislation. A lot of kids should go to what we would call "trade schools," but they don't want to. Instead, they want to attend the liberal arts community college. Let them go and learn a trade. Those people go out and get jobs, when a lot of people graduating don't get a job. So I was all for expanding our community college system. But I hated to have any kid that had the money and the brains, not be able to get a higher education opportunity just because we didn't have room for him someplace.

Ms. Boswell: Did you find that the universities would sometimes battle you, though? For example, over appropriations made to community colleges? Wasn't there a lot of infighting over that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: The colleges and universities were always battling for more money, but I never really ran into any competition with community colleges. We kept that altogether separate, and I never had one of the college presidents or his budget staff come to me and say, "Hey, you're giving Spokane Community College a little better deal than you're giving us." I never had any of that.

But we were always running into competition among the universities for more money. One thing that I used to argue with the presidents of all the schools, they would come in with their charts showing their standing with ten comparable universities around the nation. And they were always right at the bottom of the list on capital and the professors' salaries, and research grants. The university would do it—Professor Odegaard, we had Dr. French and Dr. Terrell when he came in. I told Dr. Terrell, "Don't come in with those charts. I could go out and I could get ten comparable universities where you're at the top of the thing." "Oh no, no. We take just the universities that are closest to us on everything, curriculum, research, facilities, and we're right at the bottom. Teachers' and professors' salaries." I

would say, "Just give me five minutes and I'll come in with a chart that shows you're right at the top." We never really used to take those charts too seriously, but they always did. Every school, Bellingham (Western Washington University), Ellensburg (Central Washington University), Cheney (Eastern Washington University), you name it, everyone would come in with their charts and they were always right at the bottom of the list.

I used to have a lot of fun with Dr. Terrell, whom I thought of very highly. He was a great guy, great president. Sam Smith is now there, and I think highly of him.

By the way, I just read in the paper that Sam Smith, the former legislator, had died. He was the second black legislator that we had. We had Charley Stokes on our side of the aisle, but Sam, what an orator. He was a spellbinder when he made a speech. He was a fine fellow.

Ms. Boswell: Do you have any good Sam Smith stories? It seems like most people I talk to have a story or two about him, ways that they like to remember him?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I remember after the 1965 session—do you remember the earthquake that we had? The session was over and we were going into special session. But that day we were just waiting, just in-between, and Sam was at his desk. Maybe you've heard this from somebody else.

Ms. Boswell: No.

Mr. Goldsworthy: When the earthquake hit some glass fell down out of the dome, and Sam had just left his desk and the glass came down right where his desk was in the House Chamber. It fell right down there and if he'd been sitting there it might have hurt him badly. He said afterward that he was the only "white" black man they ever had in the House, when he looked at his desk and saw that glass all over where he had just been sitting. He said, "I was so scared." We all howled at that. He was that kind of a guy, he was a tremendous fellow.

Ms. Boswell: I think he'd been ill for quite a long time.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That's what somebody told me. I saw it in Adele Ferguson's column in our Colfax paper. You know her.

Ms. Boswell: I know of her, yes.

Mr. Goldsworthy: She was quite a gal. I didn't know it until I saw her column last week.

Ms. Boswell: They had a large funeral, with thousands of people. Most were people he had affected throughout the community. It was quite a tribute to him.

On another topic, one of the things that you've always supported was benefits and help for veterans in various ways. I noticed that in the 1970s in particular, you had a particular interest in some bonus issues for Vietnam vets. I wondered if you'd talk a little about that?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes. I had received a World War II veterans bonus, and I could have been eligible for a Korean veterans bonus, but I left that in the treasury. When the Vietnam veterans bonus came up, I had some of the veterans groups around working with me. I put this in one time and Dan Evans vetoed it. I would not have pursued this, except that we had passed a gas tax after World War II to

fund the veterans bonus. So I thought that the veterans bonus in Korea is all gone. Everything had been paid off, so drop the—cigarette tax is what it was, not a gas tax—cigarette tax. So drop that tax. I told Dan that if you drop that tax then I wouldn't put in that veteran's bonus bill. But if the tax was going to stay on, then it should go for veterans bonus. He said that, no, he wouldn't drop the tax and he wasn't going to do the veterans bonus either. So I wrote a letter to the attorney general, that's when Slade was attorney general, and asked for a legal ruling on that. Whether it was legal to take that cigarette tax, which was earmarked for a veterans bonus, keep it and use it for the general fund or whatever. Of course, he wrote back and said that, yes, it was. I said, "All right, we've got the tax on, I'm going to submit the veterans bonus bill again." I worked that up but Dan vetoed it, and wouldn't support it, so the only thing I could get through—and I got a lot of criticism on this from the veterans—is that anybody who wore the service ribbon from Vietnam, which means you had to be overseas, you had to be in the area in order to get a service record, would be entitled to the veterans bonus. I thought if I could get that through, then next time I could get it for all veterans. Of course, next time I wasn't there. I was defeated for the Senate. So nothing was done. I got a lot of criticism from veterans groups because every veteran said, "It wasn't my fault I wasn't over in Vietnam. I served in uniform. I was at camp so-and-so, and I put in three years. Just because I was in the States doesn't mean that I should not be given that veterans bonus." And I agreed one hundred percent, but I couldn't get it through.

Ms. Boswell: Why would Evans have been so cold to those bonuses?

Mr. Goldsworthy: He just didn't buy a veterans bonus. I'm sure he got his World War II veterans bonus, but he wanted that Vietnam money, and it was a considerable amount, and he thought that if we're going to give a bonus to everybody who fights—Panama or Grenada, or whatever—it just doesn't make sense. So he was just not going to support any veterans bonus. But he should have taken the tax off then, I thought. No one saw it but me.

Ms. Boswell: What was the climate or the atmosphere in America at that time? The growing antiwar sentiment? How much did that affect interest in veterans payments?

Mr. Goldsworthy: If you remember, the fellows that came home after Vietnam couldn't even admit that they had been in the service; they'd go back on the university campuses and they were just ignored. They were treated very poorly. I suppose as far as the citizens' support for anything like that, it wouldn't have been very good. I never went out and made a poll, I just thought the money was there and it was earmarked for veterans bonus and by golly, the veterans were going to get it.

I don't think there would have been any big demonstrations against veterans getting their bonus by the time I would have gotten it through. That was 1970 or so, 1971 that last election. I don't think the attitude of the people toward the returning veterans was such that it would have made any difference.

Ms. Boswell: What do you think since that time about the treatment of veterans, and particularly Vietnam veterans? How do you view it now?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I was just terribly ashamed about the 1960s generation. I've got a daughter and a son of that 1960s generation. Of course, my son was in the Army, in mechanized in Germany, but he was a little before.

I just couldn't believe that anybody that got drafted or volunteered and served in Vietnam would come back to the attitudes of their own peers, and their own age group, as they did. I just was terribly disappointed in that generation.

Of course, with my military background, I thought they put in honorable service. It was a dumb war, but nevertheless it was there and we had to have somebody go over and fight it. Wrong or right, these young kids went over and did what their country asked them to do. I've seen these people go off to Canada to get out of the service. Seeing our president—I'll get that one in—refuse to serve and now he's sending troops to Bosnia, but he wouldn't serve himself. He demonstrated against our people in Russia and in England with others of the hippie generation, I guess. I was very turned off by that whole movement.

I used to come on our campuses and watch some of the demonstrations at the time of the Vietnam War. As miserable as that war was, they should not have treated their returning veterans the way they did.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of those years and your constituency over in eastern Washington, I know you worked closely with Elmer, "Bud" Huntley and also the senator from that area, Marshall Neill. Can you tell me a little more about how you worked together, and how that affected the kind of legislators you became?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Bud and I were very fortunate in having Marshall Neill. He had been in the House. He had been the floor leader and had gone on to the Senate. When Dan Evans went in as governor, Marshall was kind of a right-hand man to Dan Evans. He was a well-respected, experienced legislator when Bud and I went in as freshmen. We had him as a constant source of information on things that we knew nothing about. But I think I mentioned before that Bud and I each took our own little committees that we wanted to run for. He went on Highways and I went on Budget. I went on Agriculture and I forget what he went on, but anyway we said before we went, "I'll ask for these committees and you ask for those committees." Everybody tried to get their Number one committee. Mine was Appropriations, Budget, and Higher Education. Marshall Neill, of course, had knowledge of all of it since he'd been in the House a couple of times before.

We used to get together every so often and compare notes. Bud and I were right in the House together in our first year as freshmen, we were seat mates, and we were comparing notes all the time. Comparing letters we'd get from home. Although we'd generally both get the same letter, sometimes I'd get different input than Bud would. Then we'd go over and sit with Marshall, or after the sessions we'd sit with Marshall, constantly trying to upgrade our thinking toward our district according to the information that was coming to the three of us. In that way I thought that we could better represent all the people, and we had a good working relationship that way. There were no jealousies, no feeling of competition. Of course, there never would be with Marshall.

Some of the people who had two strong representatives from one district,

why, there'd be a little infighting as to who was going to get the most publicity or this sort of thing. Bud and I never had to go through that. We never felt any kind of competition between us. We each did our own job our own way, and we shared all information, and I thought it worked out very well.

Ms. Boswell: Seems like that would be certainly the best for your constituents.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. It was kind of silly to have any infighting going on. We weren't fighting for publicity—paper headlines—because in our little county papers we didn't get all that many headlines. They would watch and see what we were doing and report on it. They would never come out with: "Bud Huntley introduces something," and when I did mine, "Golly, why didn't I get my name in the paper?" I could have cared less if my name was in the paper.

Ms. Boswell: I'm curious. I just read an article where at one point you said, "I may not be the head of the Appropriations Committee next time because I didn't vote right for Speaker of the House." I think this was in 1970 or something. I was wondering about that comment and about the kind of infighting that sort of punishes you if you didn't vote the right way. Do you remember that situation?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Let's see. Was I talking about when Tom Swayze went in as Speaker, and Tom Copeland lost?

Ms. Boswell: I think that may have been it.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Could have been. I don't feel that there were any reprisals. I don't know how much I went into that.

Tom Copeland was Speaker pro tem when Don Eldridge went to the Liquor Board. I was a good friend of Tom and I thought he was a very capable man.

We did have a caucus battle which surprised me because I thought surely Tom would go in as Speaker. He was the obvious choice. Tom Swayze was a nice, competent legislator, and he was an attorney. When he was put up for Speaker, I didn't really realize that we were going to have such a split as we had in the caucus. But we did, and I was working for Tom Copeland and I could see that some of the new freshmen who came in were kind of straddling the fence on this thing a little bit. But I still thought Tom had it.

Jerry Kopet from Spokane was engineering Tom Swayze. He did not like the way the caucus had been going, so he was working the other way. I didn't know this for awhile.

Anyway, we came down to our caucus meeting where we were going to elect the Speaker and Tom had asked me if I would nominate him, and I did. Then Jerry Kopet nominated Tom Swayze. I thought Tom Copeland would have it easily. By george, they both came in and Tom Swayze won by a vote! That was that. He was going to be Speaker. So there was a little bitterness at the time with some of the old-timers that were supporting Tom Copeland. Tom wanted the chance to be nominated on the floor of the House, which had never been done before.

We had a caucus meeting on this, and he said that he wanted me to nominate him, and give him a chance to get up and refuse the nomination. Sort of give him a chance, I think, to square himself with all the Democrats and everybody else that were all sure that Tom was going in as Speaker. I did, and Jean was in the gallery that day, and I'll tell you that was

the hardest speech I ever made, going against the caucus decision that Tom Swayze was going to be our Speaker. Especially Mrs. Swayze, Tom's mother, who was sitting out in the bar of the House outside listening to all this, and she didn't know what was going on. So I got up and nominated Tom. I said that this goes against every tradition that had ever been done in the House. Then Tom got up and made his speech on refusing the nomination.

Then it was all over, but for awhile the caucus members were a little divided because we thought it was all set for Tom Copeland. But after all, it was a caucus decision. This all blew over, and we went ahead to do our business and to do it the best we could.

Jerry Kopet, he's not alive now, engineered Tom Swayze's election. He did a very good job. This is what politics is all about. This is the name of the game.

Ms. Boswell: Would you say that overall the Republican caucus was generally pretty contentious, or not?

Mr. Goldsworthy: You always had some good, wholehearted, wholesome bickerings going on in the caucus. You get—I forget how many of us there were in the majority when we first went in the majority, sixty or something like that—not quite a constitutional majority. But everyone's a prima donna in his own right. Everyone's representing a different area. Everyone thinks his place is more important than anybody else, and when you get legislation that affects one area over another area like highways, for example, you can get some bitterness going on, and some hot and heavy arguments. In appropriations where some area thinks they're not getting a square deal, you get a lot of tough arguments. But by and large in the caucus, everybody recognizes who they are and what they are, and that you have to keep a united front or else you're going to lose.

When somebody drops off from your caucus, that means when you're closed, the other side is going to pick it up. It was always the job of the whip to go around and collect the votes to see how everybody was voting on a certain subject. If we didn't have the votes we wouldn't bring the bill out or up for second reading. He'd have to keep track of the amendments that were going in. The Democrats, of course, had the same problems when they were in the majority.

A lot of time there was just regional opposition to something or a philosophical opposition to a bill, but we didn't ask people to change.

I don't know if I've mentioned this, we talked a little bit on this before, on the nursing homes. I said I gave more money into those than Governor Evans wanted and he was a little angry. He took me down to his office for a talking-to a couple of times, but I just disagreed with his stand on his appropriation for nursing homes and said so. I put it in the budget and got it through.

A very good friend of ours, Ed Harris, was married to a nursing home operator. Ed would get up in caucus wanting more support for nursing homes, and he put it on a personal basis. He'd say, "Now I just depend on you to support me on this. I'm a good member of this caucus. My wife is a nursing home operator." I'm just bringing this one out as an example. The caucus didn't want to discuss it. Finally in caucus I had to tell Ed, since I was caucus chairman, that this was not a caucus matter. I could say I was supporting him on his nursing home request, but not to put it on a personal basis by asking the caucus for one

hundred percent support.

[End of Tape 8, Side 2]

Mr. Goldsworthy: I told them in the caucus that this was not a caucus matter, but this is something the members are going to have to decide for their own positions. And just because he was a good friend and a caucus member did not necessarily mean that they had to support him when they didn't believe in his position. Well, Ed was a very good, close, friend of ours. Jean and his first wife, Marge, were very close friends, and I hated to oppose Ed but I didn't think it was a caucus vote—we wouldn't support him just because he was a member of our caucus. We didn't believe in that appropriation.

But this is some of the little things that went on in caucus where we would have disagreements, but we recognized that everybody has his own ideas and we'd have to present them to the caucus or sell them the best way we can. If we can't, why go on. Ed never really held that against me because I supported him and the caucus did not support him.

Ms. Boswell: What kind of a personality do you need in the role of caucus chair?

Mr. Goldsworthy: You have to learn to cry a lot in private and laugh in public. Really, it was very interesting. I figured as caucus chairman I had to run a good meeting if I could. I had to get everybody there who wanted to say something. I always presented a program before the caucus meeting and said, "I want to talk about this, this, and this," and let everybody have his say. I did not cut anybody off. That was just part of running the meeting.

Then, outside of the actual meeting, I tried to keep up with any new rules and regulations that were going to be affecting us as a party. Of course Buster Brouillet was chairman of his Democratic caucus at the same time that I was. He was a great guy to work with. He would be doing the same thing.

There would be new regulations coming along as far as per diem rates or what we could list on our per diem, what the income tax would be looking for as far as what we were taking as exemptions, and this sort of thing.

Ms. Goldsworthy: Sharon, may I interject something?

Ms. Boswell: Sure.

Ms. Goldsworthy: I can remember when Bob—I think Ed Harris nominated you, didn't he for caucus chairman?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes.

Ms. Goldsworthy: I can remember one of the things that Bob later said Ed emphasized in his nominating speech was that Bob was not allied with any group or cliqué. That he was equally friendly with everyone in the caucus. So that's probably what would be one of his characteristics.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That's what I felt you had to be because I didn't take sides with anyone as far as letting anything disrupt the caucus. Sometimes Dan Evans would come in and talk with the caucus and he'd take us to task when he was not getting his budget. He said one time, "I cannot understand you doing this on the budget. Remember, I'm your governor and you should be supporting me." I was caucus chair and I said, "I just support you every time I can, but

because you're my governor doesn't mean I've got to do something I don't believe in just to satisfy my governor, because it's not right."

Well, here is a good example. When we had the attorney general for the first time, Slade Gorton, and we had the insurance commissioner, Karl Herrmann, a Democrat, and when I was on the budget conference committee we always got down to fighting appropriations between the attorney general and Karl Herrmann. The Democrats had that one chairman and then we had the attorney general. So Dan Evans and Slade, when they came in for an increase of one thousand percent or something on the budget for the attorney general's office, it was a tremendous increase and cut down Karl Herrmann's appropriation. Of course on the budget conference committee we're evened up, and we had Martin Durkan in there, and he was going to look out for Karl Herrmann on the insurance commissioner's budget so we just decided why not give each one an equal percentage increase? Otherwise we can fight this for ten years and we'll never settle it. So give them both the same percent increase. That's when Governor Evans came up in the caucus and said, "I just don't understand why." He was really aiming this at me and Jerry Saling, who was my vice chairman at the time. "Why did this happen?" And so I just said, "You know, we are supposed to be a party of conservatism. We're supposed to watch the finances a little bit, that's why we were elected." This tremendous increase to the attorney general's office is not very financially conservative as far as we could see. Just because he's our guy all of a sudden there is this huge increase. And I told him what we did.

Well the caucus bought it, but Governor Evans was shaking his head. Slade Gorton nailed Jerry Saling and me in the cafeteria one day and Jerry said, "Well, I think we did the best we could for you, Slade." He says, "I don't think you did." Slade was a good friend, but this was the way we saw it and that's the way we got it passed, too. We could have fought just those two things, those two departments, we could have been there for a year and never got that squared away other than the way we did it. I thought it was very fair.

Ms. Boswell: Tell me, as long as we're talking about him, about Slade Gorton as a politician. How do you regard him?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Slade was a shrewd, smart guy. He was kind of cold and sometimes kind of hard to work with, but he was on top of everything. He was our floor leader one session when I was caucus chairman. I admire Slade. He was a smart and brilliant fellow. Sometimes he wasn't easy to work with because he was a little on the liberal side and he was also a spokesman for Governor Evans. They were working together. Of course, he was our floor leader and Evans was our governor and both had a liberal side to them, a little more than my district or I would allow. Slade recognized that. He never tried to run over us at all on anything. I thought Slade was a good floor leader. I think he's a good US Senator.

I had some run-ins with him. Just like on his appropriation when he was attorney general, but nothing lasts. He understood what we were trying to do. He wanted more money and if we didn't give it to him, why he would jerk our chain around a little bit because of it, but then go on to something else. He was

very smart.

Ms. Boswell: What kind of a relationship do the caucus chair and floor leader generally have? Do you have to work really closely together to strategize, or do you sort of both operate in your own sphere?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think we should have worked closer than we did. I think Slade and the governor were working very closely together which they'd have to do, of course. I worked closer with Tom Copeland, the Speaker pro-tem, who had to work with Slade and with Stu Bledsoe, who was our minority whip for awhile. Irv Newhouse was whip for awhile because Slade had the ear of the governor more than I did, which is fine. Sometimes I wished that I might have had the ear of the governor a little more. But I could go down and see Dan whenever something came up.

I kind of kept away from them a little bit when I was caucus chairman. I was also the chairman of the Appropriations Committee and I tried to separate my work with the Appropriations Committee ahead of the political part of it with the floor leader, and with Dan Evans. I wanted to keep my work on the Appropriations completely separate. Dan Evans gave us the guide for our budget that he wanted, but we didn't follow it all the way, so I tried to keep that separate. It was hard sometimes as chairman of the caucus to do this, because I felt that I ought to be sitting down with Slade or the governor a little bit more on political measures. Then on the other hand, I've got to keep my duties as caucus chairman and Appropriations chairman separate—I should have given up that chairmanship, the second time I was caucus chairman, when I had the Appropriations Committee because there was a little dichotomy between the two and I found it hard sometimes to separate my duties. We went into it before earlier in the interview on why I kept that caucus job.

It was Jack Pyle that wrote that story, I guess, in the *Tacoma News Tribune* that I'd made a deal, which I had not, but it made me mad. That's why I kept both jobs, and I should not have.

Ms. Boswell: You certainly were a glutton for punishment in terms of the amount of work you had to do, too.

Mr. Goldsworthy: It was too much. I had Higher Education, too, and that was a hard-working committee because that was when we were finalizing the community college system. With Appropriations and Higher Education as well as caucus chairman it was more than I should have had. But as I said, I got my back up a little bit. After that newspaper story—Jack Pyle was a great guy and he just wrote a story that was fed to him so I don't blame him.

Ms. Boswell: Then we move into 1972 and things changed. Tell me about that year and that campaign.

Mr. Goldsworthy: That's when I got redistricted out of my district. We've talked about Senator Greive and all his redistricting plans and the ones that Dan Evans and Slade Gorton were putting out. None of these things were satisfactory to a lot of people. So that's when they appointed this redistricting commission to take over and that's where I ended up in a real odd position with my little, tiny bit of Whitman County stuck into the Spokane Valley.

Spokane Valley is a place all of its

own. It's kind of a little, closed area out there. They don't take to a newcomer coming in too well, although I had tremendous support among the Republicans.

I suppose looking back at it, Jean and I should have just kept out of that, just retired from the Legislature. We had to run against Bill Day a good, competent legislator, who was a senator and who had been Speaker of the House in the coalition years. There was no way I was going to beat Bill Day in his district. I couldn't run for the House.

Now, Jean's farm was down at Thornton and there was a house down there where she grew up. That was in my old district. If I'd wanted to I could have moved down there to the farm and got my mailing address down there, and then just lived at home. Some people tried to do that and one did move into another area so he could keep his old address, but we didn't figure we'd do that. My home was where it was.

I was just slicked out—a very tiny part of my entire district was put up in the Spokane Valley and lower Spokane County, Fairfield, Rockford, all those towns. It was an impossible situation. So we discussed it.

Jim Kuehnle was a representative from the Spokane Valley and Gordy Richardson, who was also a representative from the Fourth District; I could have run against either one of them and tried to keep my House seat, but I didn't want to. They were both Republicans and I didn't want to get into a primary fight. So Jean and I talked this over and we thought, well let's run for the Senate against Bill Day knowing we didn't have a chance at all of ever beating him unless lightning struck. If we're going to get defeated, let's put up a fight.

And so we did. We worked hard, we drove to the Valley and we had some good volunteers up there. I opened an office and we doorbelled even in harvest time when we could get away and talked to every group we could. We spent night after night. We'd drive all the way to Spokane Valley, about forty-five miles, and doorbell until late at night and then drive all the way home and do it again the next night.

We got financial support, which I'd never taken in any other election, and I'd had sixteen years in office and never once did I get a dime. But now I needed money and we got good financial support. I spent my own money, and the people contributed to my campaign about $17,000; we put in about $5,000 of our own. My old committee clerk that I'd had when I was chairman of the Appropriations Committee moved over from Centralia and stayed over at the farm, then drove back and forth. He kind of engineered our campaign. Young kid, Craig Voegele, very competent.

We still get Christmas cards from him. He and my daughter that you just met were good friends. Craig was a great help, but when it was all over, and we knew that we weren't going to make it, we could say to ourselves we did everything we possibly could.

I called Bill Day the next morning and congratulated him on winning. He says, "It was a strange one because Tom Copeland got defeated—he was running for the Senate—and Elmer Huntley got defeated, and I couldn't believe in this world that Elmer Huntley would ever get defeated, but he did." That was a surprise. We had no regrets, spent some money, but what the heck. We went out with a good feeling that we had done our best, but it wasn't in the cards to beat

Bill Day. Bill Day was a pretty good friend after that, too.

There's a lot of things that went on in the campaign that we had nothing to do with as far as newspaper ads. The Senate campaign committee put out some ads that were very detrimental and adverse to Bill Day and his work in the Senate. I had nothing to do with it. It was beyond my control. We ran our campaign the best way we could and didn't get much into personalities.

Bill Day, in fact, tried to get my name submitted on the Highway Commission. That's when Dixy Lee Ray had gone in as governor. We drove across the state to be interviewed by Dixy Lee, but she took that time to leave in her airplane and go to Oregon, so I never got my interview. Well, anyway, it doesn't make any difference. Somebody else got the appointment. But Bill was very generous in getting me over there for that interview.

Ms. Boswell: The whole redistricting process that had sort of ruined your district, was that something that was expected? I know that in the past it had been a fairly partisan practice, but with the commission, did people expect that the redistricting would be a little more fair and it just wasn't?

Mr. Goldsworthy: We thought it was supposed to be more fair—get the politicians out of it—and it should have been fair and equitable, maybe it was. I didn't analyze it afterward all that much. It certainly slicked me out of my district. We thought it would take in Whitman County, and Adams, and Asotin or the counties next to us. We knew we'd take a lot more area, but I thought that I would be left in Whitman County and it was a great surprise when I found out that my little, tiny corner of the county was just slicked off of there like you couldn't believe and put in with Spokane Valley. Other than that, I suppose the redistricting plan was fair enough as far as the state distribution of power.

Ms. Boswell: I was curious because I don't know if you remember this, but there was a protest that was registered, and I guess Elmer Huntley had signed it, about the previous year in 1971 saying that there had been an appropriation for computers from Washington State University to be used in this redistricting process and that it had been sort of snuck through and so there was this protest. I was just curious about whether you remembered that because it seemed somewhat ironic that they had protested this machinery to be used for redistricting and the money for it.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I just don't remember anything about that.

Ms. Boswell: It may have been something relatively obscure, but I happened to read it in the journals and I was curious.

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, I don't remember anything about that.

Ms. Boswell: When you did lose, what about unfinished business? Did you feel like there was some unfinished business?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I'd been working on an appropriation measure to investigate our method of appropriating to all departments of the state. We always take the entire budget and put it onto the desk for final passage all in one great big appropriations bill. You've seen them, and they're big and they include everything.

In Oregon, for example, they take education and pass that. Then they take higher ed. They would take another department and they would pass that and everything is put together at the end. When they're all passed, they go on to something else.

I got a resolution through the House to give me the authority to visit the other states that I wanted to on a per diem basis and investigate to bring in recommendations to make our appropriations, our budget, hearings maybe more efficient, maybe not. At least bring it up for discussion. I had gone to Utah, gone to Idaho, gone to Oregon and I was getting someplace, I thought, with this. I thought I had some real good recommendations I'd bring in.

Then I got defeated. It went no place from then on. No one paid any attention to it. Went right back to the old system of doing business and I guess they're still doing the same, so all that work went for nothing. However, I thought I had something at the time. I really thought that I had an idea here that would bear investigation. If I had been re-elected this was going to be my number one priority to continue that investigation, but I wasn't. The investigation was dropped and everybody started doing business as usual.

We dropped the Ways and Means Committee and we just had a main committee on revenue and tax, and a main committee on appropriations. Before then, before we took the majority, they had the Ways and Means Committee with a subcommittee on revenue and tax and a subcommittee on appropriations. We dropped that and I think as soon as the Democrats went back in, the first thing they did was go back to a Ways and Means chairman. I'm not sure, I didn't follow it that closely after that. At this point, with a subcommittee on appropriations and revenue and tax, it doesn't make any difference, it just gave somebody a chance to have a good-sounding name as chairman of Ways and Means. In fact, I'd kind of liked to have had that, chairman of Ways and Means instead of Appropriations, but then we didn't have it.

Ms. Boswell: Do you have any other regrets at all about the service?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, not really. A lot of legislation that was ongoing still could keep going. You never drop highways, bridges, ferries and you never drop hearings on higher Ed and welfare, it's just an ongoing problem. Right from my dad's day, he had the same things going on.

I'm glad that we got some of those things through, like the community college system. I did get some good appropriations for Washington State University, which everybody knew I'd be partial to. The University of Washington had their own people, too, working for them. Some of the buildings we got for Washington State University, some of the facilities, the science labs; I'm happy that I had something to do with helping get those things funded.

But other than that, it goes on year after year, the same problems. People now are fighting the same thing I did twenty years ago, I guess. There's no great, big earthshaking legislation that I think I was responsible for.

Ms. Boswell: Would you have liked to have been in the Senate? What about the Senate?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Yes, I wish I had gone to the Senate. When Marshall Neill went to the state Supreme Court, I had to make a pretty fast decision. Everybody expected me to move right on into the Senate seat and then appoint the new House member. We talked about it. But I had a certain power base in the House. I was sitting in the front row in the House chamber instead of the back where I'd have gone in the Senate. I was both caucus chairman and the chairman of Appropriations, and I thought I had influence. I wondered if I should give that power up. Whether having that authority could do more for Washington State University and the people of my district than I could going into the Senate as a brand-new freshman sitting in the back row. And there was a certain ego there that I had this good position in the House and I didn't want to give it up. The House was a lot more fun than the Senate we always thought. The House was where the action was. The Senate we thought of as elderly gentlemen sitting around their desks nodding off to sleep and this sort of thing. The House was where the action and the fun was.

And so when Gene Prince and I went back to Whitman County, a fast trip back to a meeting with the central committee, I finally made the decision: "No, I think I'll stay out of the Senate, keep my House seat, and keep the power base that I did have." And then we'd see if Bud Huntley wanted to get off the Transportation Committee and go to the Senate. Gene Prince, who was our sergeant at arms, and I met with Bud. And I said, "Bud, you're going to have to say. We've just got to have your decision." Well, I think he did because his dad had been in the Senate and when I said that we've got to know, Bud said, "Yes."

And so I called up our central committee chairman in Whitman County and I said, "Okay, Bud said he will go for the Senate, and take that Senate seat appointment, and I'm going to stay in the House." And so that's the way it set.

I had a nice letter from Nancy McGregor, who, with her husband, Bill, were prominent and active Republican members in my district. She said I was getting many accolades around the district for my decision.

But I wish very much that I'd taken that Senate seat and let Gene Prince be appointed into my House seat and Bud had stayed on the Transportation Committee, which he liked. That would have been it, but I made the decision and I've regretted it ever since. But if I'd gotten the appointment, then I would have had to run in the district that Elmer had run in, and been defeated. I always thought that I might have won that district, because I had a good power base with Washington State University and they were the ones that really didn't support Bud too much. That was too bad. I thought he would have taken that election very easily, but he didn't beat Donohue for the Senate and I might have. I like to think I could have, but then who knows?

Anyway that's the way it went and I'm sorry to this day that I didn't take that Senate seat. I'd like to have served in the Senate for a little while.

[End of Tape 9, Side 1]

Ms. Boswell: What about life after the Legislature? What did you do then?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, Jean sang and whistled. She had a smile on her face for quite awhile after that before she

started getting back to her normal self.

I missed it for awhile, but when that first session came on we were in Hawaii. I was away to where I wasn't reading the papers and the headlines, because the *Honolulu Advertiser* didn't print anything about Olympia news. We were on Maui and felt very remote from the whole thing. I used to think it would be fun to get in a caucus again and get in some of the fighting and the arguing and all this sort of thing in the caucus. But we decided that I'd had sixteen years of it and that was past us now, I'd been defeated. It was a memory we cherished very much but now it was time to get on with something else.

We had time in the winter to travel and we decided we would see that world that we had never seen before. I didn't see all that much in my service days, I never got to Europe. So Jean and I decided to see some of the capitals of Europe and the world. We went to England and then southern France, Paris, and into Switzerland. Went down into Italy and we took other trips into Greece, through the Greek islands and walked on the marble streets of Ephesus where Cleopatra walked, and we saw the Coliseum.

Mrs. Goldsworthy: And India.

Mr. Goldsworthy: I took Jean back one time to Japan where my old prison camp was. Of course, the camp was no longer there, but she saw the area that we were in.

We went down to Bangkok and to Bali, we went to China, and we went to India. Every place we could think of before the prices got so sky-high. We took a safari in Africa. Those were just great, memorable trips. Now that we've slowed down a little bit, we're still thinking of maybe heading for Antarctica or talking about a trip up the Amazon. Every January, February and March we go to Maui. So doing that, it took all thought of the legislative process out of our minds.

I used to see some of the legislators in those first couple of years after we were out, such as Bud Pardini, from Spokane. "Gee, Bud, I'd like to come back and sit in the caucus again." He said, "Well come on back, we'll put you in." I never did.

I never went back to Olympia during the session, where they always introduce you as a past legislator and walk you down the aisle. I did that with my dad when he visited one time. Bud and I took him down the aisle to the Speaker's rostrum where he was introduced as a past member of the House and everybody stands and claps. And I thought, "I don't want to do that," and I never did.

So I never did get back during session. A few times I've been back and gone up to the Capitol building and seen one of my old seat mates. It was just kind of fun to go back and look. Once you're out, you're out, and there's something about seeing an ex-legislator when you're a seated legislator, you always look at them and think, "Now what are you doing back here?" And I didn't want to be just an old has-been, so I never went back.

Ms. Boswell: And you didn't think about running again?

Mr. Goldsworthy: If I'd ever mentioned that to Jean, there would have been the first divorce.

Mrs. Goldsworthy: Bob, you had your military, too.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Oh yes. I was on my reserve duty and I was a member of the armed forces, reserve forces policy board in Washington DC. That was a three-year appointment. So once a month I had to go back to the Pentagon and that kept me pretty busy for three years. Then I still had my active duty tours that I had to put in and I had to go down to Travis Air Force Base in Sacramento. I was assigned to the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, Nebraska, and for a long time at Colorado Springs, so those trips kept me pretty busy until I retired in 1975 from the Air Force. And that was about it. All our little extracurricular duties were all over and then we concentrated on our travels and our family. I have no regrets, looking back. Our whole legislative experience was nothing but great. My military experience, other than my prisoner of war time, was very rewarding. I look back on our lives—I'm turning seventy-nine now—I have no regrets anyplace along the line.

Ms. Boswell: Your time in the legislature, did it change you as a person? How did it affect you?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I think, probably, it changes you to some extent, inasmuch as you have a greater appreciation for the legislative process and for the give-and-take of both parties and for the cooperation that has to be done in order to get anything done.

My son is on the conservative side and sometimes doesn't think that compromise is a nice word, and I've argued with him on this a lot of times. Politics is a state of compromise and you've just got to learn this if you're going to get anything accomplished. I think in all my legislative career I found this to be true. There were some people that I didn't agree with at all on the other side of the aisle, that I knew I had to compromise with, otherwise I don't win and they don't win. It's not a matter of the win and loss so much as doing something that is proper for your district or for the state, or for your own life. A state of compromise is not a bad word.

Ms. Boswell: In terms of the way the process worked, too, were there things that you saw that you felt should be changed in terms of the whole legislative process?

Mr. Goldsworthy: Not really. This has been the way it is for a long time and I think that if there had been any glaring deficiencies in the process, it might have been changed before this. As I said, I'd like to have been able to change our method of writing our appropriations omnibus budget bill. I couldn't, but nothing was lost, I guess, by my not getting to do that.

We did, during my various terms, rewrite much of the legal code and of course, not being an attorney, I was never into the judicial discussions on this. And I think it was all for the good. Not being an attorney, I can't give you examples of it.

Keith Campbell from Spokane, an attorney, was very interested in this sort of legislation and he used to work very, very hard on this before he was defeated.

A lot of trash goes through, but a lot of good legislation also. There are a lot of things that go through in the heat of the moment which you regret and you have to go back the next session and redo. That happens, but I have a very good feeling on the judicial and the executive process and the legislative process of the state. There are checks

and balances, it's slow and it's cumbersome, but I don't know how else you'd do it.

Ms. Boswell: What do you think are the characteristics that you would say—having served for sixteen years and observed for many more—that make a good legislator? What is it that you need to have or believe in order to be a good legislator?

Mr. Goldsworthy: First of all, you've got to have an open mind. You can't go with a bunch of preset conceptions that you're never going to get rid of. You have to know that everybody there is a strong individual with a set of values that he or she believes in. You have to have an open mind so you can understand where the other guy is coming from so you can discuss issues rationally. And if you go back with a mindset that won't change, you might as well stay home. We've had some like that; they're going to vote a certain way and you'll never change their mind, no matter what. Even if they're wrong, they won't change their minds. That doesn't make, in my mind, a good legislator.

Ms. Boswell: Would you counsel people today, given what you know about the Legislature, would you counsel people to go into government?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I would. Of course, you have to like it. There are a lot of people who just think this is the worst life in the world. But I grew up in a politically active family and liked it. For someone else, they've got to like government and would have to be an activist of some sort to want to take a part in government. You have to have some ideas that are serious enough to want to change government. But if you don't like to do any of that, stay out of it, because it can break your heart.

So many times something was so clear to me that ought to be changed, it's just as clear to somebody else that it shouldn't be and if you let those things keep you awake at night, why, you better not go. You're not going to get your way all the time.

Ms. Boswell: Why do you think the public perception of politicians, in general, and the workings of government has declined as it has in recent times? What's happened?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I kind of wonder about that, sometimes. They rate politicians down with used car salesmen.

Ms. Boswell: And lawyers.

Mr. Goldsworthy: Well, anytime a politician does something that's going to hurt you personally such as, take some of your money or reduce some of your benefits, he's bad. If a politician increases your salary or gives you a new road for your district or anything, why, they're good. People look at politicians and think: "What have you done for me lately?" This is true. They do not look at the overall good of anything you've done or the overall hurt you may have done. It's you've done this to me today, and I don't like it, or else, "Gee, thanks, you gave me this today."

All of politics is a long-range situation. Our nation's Congress even more. We get things done a lot faster than Congress can do back in Washington DC, because they're more deliberative and they've got to have meetings, they've got to go back to their

districts, they've got to study, they've got to appoint a council. We do that to some extent, but ours has got to be a lot faster. So people can see fairly soon, the bad and the good. And if it's good: "Yea guys, way to go!" If it's bad: "You're out of there, friend. Wait 'til next election, you're long gone." And, of course, that's the way it ought to be. It's discouraging sometimes. You think you are right, but you get nailed for something. But that's what it's all about.

Ms. Boswell: But no regrets looking back?

Mr. Goldsworthy: No, no regrets. I'm sorry I didn't take that term in the Senate, but that's my only regret.

Ms. Boswell: Is there anything else you'd like to say or talk about? Things that we haven't covered, or just a statement you'd like to leave?

Mr. Goldsworthy: I don't know. It's been a good life. As I just had another birthday, I can't say it wasn't pleasant growing up on a farm like I did. My worst time in college was fighting grades until my junior and senior years, but it was a good life.

Jean and I have been going around together ever since high school, and now we're going to have our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary coming up, so it's been a good life. I was very happy with my two kids, who you just have met. Jill used to worry me. My son never worried me at all when he was a young kid. When Jill got her driver's license, I was scared to death every time she left the house and drove the car. She was kind of like me, a show-off. But they all turned out well, and I'm very pleased with them.

I had three separate lives, really. I had my military, which I've had off and on all the way from 1940 to 1975, thirty-five years. During that time, of course, I had the farm, which was my main occupation after I got out of the military. A separate life.

Then I had sixteen years of politics. And that's a life all of its own. And so those three separate existences all worked in well together. Not a regret in the world. I just wished it could have gone on a little longer. I'm looking at seventy-nine, thinking that the years are fleeting.

No, no regrets. It's been an interesting "go through," this life.

Ms. Boswell: That's great. Thank you very, very much.

[End of Tape 9, Side 2]

[End of Interview]

OUR LAST MISSION

By Robert F. Goldsworthy
Lieutenant Colonel, Air Force Reserve
Rosalia, Washington, 1948

The crew of the ill-fated plane just before take off: from left to right, Sgt. Geoffery, Sgt. Corrigan, Sgt. Wells, Lt. Edwards, Major Goldsworthy, Lt. Sollock, Lt. Warde, Cpl. Schroeder, Cpl. Abel, and Sgt. Wright.

FOREWORD

1992

Dedicated to the members of our crew who failed to come back from our last mission.

Right after I was repatriated and while I was still in the hospital, my mother and father urged me to write down my POW experiences.

I, too, thought it a good idea, knowing that time would erase many memories. I wanted to write not only actual happenings but to record my thoughts and impressions of what was happening to me day by day. Because of this, some statements that I gave as facts in my book are more truly personal recollections, thoughts and impressions of the moment.

For example, when I was first captured I stated that the civilians beat on me for nearly an hour. That could not have been true or I would never have survived. It seemed that long to me but it probably was five or ten minutes. I later talk about my feet being frozen while in the Kempei Tai cell. I thought so at the time but they simply could not have been frozen but were frostbitten. The condition of my feet was one of my biggest concerns.

Later, when I was taken to the B-17, I mentioned being angry over the Pratt-Whitney stamps on the engines of the parked Japanese airplanes. This was my impression. They looked just like Pratt-Whitney stamps but I was looking at them from underneath a blindfold, so obviously I could not have known. While at the B-17, I tried to confuse the Japanese pilot and my interpreter with lengthy explanations of the radio loop antenna. Who was I kidding? All of their planes were similarly equipped with loop antennas. During the same incident of the B-17, when I showed them all the controls of the plane for takeoff, I gave everything backwards. Low RPM; fuel mixture in auto lean; fuel booster pumps off; cowl flaps closed; full flaps even toyed with having the control locks in place, but that was going a little too far for them to believe.

I wish to emphasize the amount of lying I did during interrogations. Knowing that in time they would beat any kind of statement out of me, I resorted to some real whoppers! Most of the information that I gave during these interrogations were the biggest lies I could think of—it gave me a little bit of joy-and it was strange how many times I did get away with it.

I found out later that many of my comrades resorted to the same tactic.

1

TARGET TOKYO

On December third, 1944, at 8:30 in the morning two groups of B-29's, of about 45 planes each left Saipan for a raid on Tokyo. The first group to take off was led by Major Gay of Spokane, Washington, who lost his life on a later raid. I led the second group.

With me in my plane were Colonel Brugge of the Wing Command, who was along as an observer; Col. Richard King, our group commander, who replaced Lt. Bob Sollock my regular copilot; Lt. Edwards, navigator; Lt. Patykula, bombardier; Lt. Warde, engineer; Sgt. Wright, radioman; Sgt. Goeffrey, CFC gunner; Sgt. Wells, radar; Corporal Abel, ring gunner; Corporal Schroder, right gunner; and Sgt. Corrigan, tail gunner.

On the fifteen hundred mile trek to Tokyo, Major Gay's navigator got just slightly off course, enough that instead of his preceding us over the target we arrived first. This was just a little quirk of fate that was destined to have tragic consequences for most of the men in my plane.

It was a beautiful clear day, Our particular target, the Mitsobisha aircraft engine factory, was clearly outlined 30,000 feet below and Patykula hit it right on the button with all of his bombs. However, we had no time to observe results. It was then, just as we got the "bombs away" signal that all hell seemed to break loose. All fighter planes in the Tokyo-Yokohama area were up waiting for us that day, and being the lead plane we caught the brunt of the attack.

Things happened so fast that to give a chronological account of the happenings of the next few minutes would be impossible. "Tonys" were everywhere, mostly making head-on attacks. The engines of my plane were all open and to good effect. I saw one Jap plane explode from direct hits, another went down trailing smoke and three or four others were seen to be more or less badly damaged. But in the meantime we were taking a terrific beating. Three or four engines were shot out and the communication system, too. All control cables with the exception of one aileron were inoperative. One wing was burning and the front compartment was in flames.

With the intercom being out, the emergency signal to bail out was given with no certainty that it could be heard by all the crew. However it was perfectly apparent to everyone that the ship was disintegrating fast! Here may I get ahead of my story to say that all of the crew did get out, except Edwards, Able and Corrigan. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Edwards was trapped by the flames and Able was seriously wounded during the fight. What happened to Corrigan we never could figure out as he had the easiest escape hatch to reach of any of the crew. Maybe he was hit—maybe he decided to go down with the ship. We will never know.

All my efforts were directed toward keeping the plane on an even keel as long as possible to allow the crew members a chance to bail out. With no power, one wing crumpling and flames licking at the seat of my pants, this was no easy task. After all but Patykula and myself had disappeared from the front end, I turned and yelled to Pat to hurry it up. He seemed in a daze. He was slowly and methodically preparing to jump.

Finally I went back to him and dragged him to the escape hatch. Flames were everywhere. We dropped through the opening. Sometime later I saw Pat's chute open, turn brown and burst into flame. A fine boy, a grand friend, and one of the best bombardiers in the air force, dropped to his death.

The loss of Patykula, Edwards, Able and Corrigan, more than the suffering I later endured, was the thing that tortured me most. Perhaps they were the lucky ones, but I wish they could have had a chance for their lives.

Because of Jap fighters all around, and also because I had forgotten to connect my emergency oxygen cylinder, I chose to make a free fall of what I judged to be about 15,000 feet before pulling my rip cord. I guess that is always an anxious moment. It was doubly so for me, as I suspected fire might have got to my chute, too. A sigh of relief accompanied the jolt of its opening up. I might record here that I was glad I had been raised to believe in prayer. No one who has not bailed out over enemy territory can appreciate how lonesome a trip that is down to terra firma. I prayed plenty on that five mile drop through the ether.

2

MY CHAPTER

I landed safely in a rice paddy on the out-skirts of Tokyo. Taking stock of my situation, it was quite clear that it was not good. Much had happened in a short time. I had lost my plane. I didn't know then how many of my crew had survived the battle. I had seen one drop to his death. And now I discovered that practically all the skin was burned off the backs of both my hands. I was one lone, badly scared flier in the midst of eighty million enemies. No, it wasn't good!

My first thought was to hide 'til nightfall and then try to make my way to the mountains. But there was no place to hide. Presently a Japanese woman came along the road that bordered the field where I had landed and for want of anything better to do I started following her. She appeared frightened and went into a nearby house. After about thirty minutes a crowd of angry civilians, armed with clubs began to gather. About the same time the military, attracted by my parachute, arrived. They were armed with swords only. Remembering the stories of Jap treatment of prisoners I drew my forty-five and debated with myself the advisability of fighting it out. The will to live is strong. I put it back in the holster. The soldiers, frightening looking men, making those frightening animal sounds, and the sullen, threatening civilian crowd closed in. I fully realized that this might be it. I am sure that Jap officer, who came up with his sword pointed at my throat, could he have understood English, would have been as surprised as I was to hear me say "Dr. Livingston, I presume?"

The soldiers took my forty-five, my only weapon, and then deliberately turned me over to the civilians. For an hour as nearly as I could estimate time, they worked me over. One wrinkled, old woman, especially, irked me. Whereas others pounded me with their clubs, she used hers as a prod much as I used to help prod cattle and hogs up the loading chute at home on the farm, only no one was there to caution her against unnecessary roughness as Dad used to caution me. When my guard was up protecting my face, jab would come her club into my ribs or when my arms were lowered I would catch it in my face. I am sure any livestock I may help load in the future will find me inclined toward mercy.

I was beginning to wonder if this was the end. Finally the soldiers rescued me from my reception committee. They bound my hands tightly behind my back with ropes. This, at least, helped deaden the pain from my burns. I was marched down a muddy road. The roadway was lined with jeering Japanese. Little kids would dart out in front of their elders and throw stones at me. Plainly, I was not popular there. After walking for approximately three miles we halted in a small opening among many houses. A small mat was placed on the ground and I, blindfolded by that time, was made to sit down. What we were waiting for I didn't know. I prayed that it wasn't my execution.

After about a two hour wait a truck drove up. It was transportation we had been waiting for. It was getting fairly dark by that time. The other planes would just about be getting back to Saipan. My blindfold was removed and I was motioned into the truck. Several little Jap lanterns were hung around to give light. They reminded me of

Halloween parties of a past day. But this was no party, for me at least.

I sat in the back of the truck with several Jap guards. After about an hour's drive over a very rough road we came to a halt. Then another hour or two of waiting. I have some scars today as a reminder of that wait—scars caused by guards holding lighted matches to my legs. In the truck was a rope with a knot in the end. This they used to pound me over the head. One Jap who could speak a little English came to the truck and asked, "What is your name and cross?" I told him my name but didn't know what he meant by "cross." He asked me over and over and every time I couldn't answer I got pounded over the head with the knotted rope. Finally, it dawned on me that the Japs have difficulty with the letter "L" and what he was asking was, what was my class—what was my rank in other words. I told him—he seemed satisfied and left.

A little later another truck was driven along side the one I was in, and I was transferred to it. Although I was still blindfolded, I was soon able to make out that there were two other prisoners in this truck. Then started one of the longest rides in my life. Not so long in actual time, but trussed up as we were, sitting flat on the floor with nothing to lean against, suffering from cold and shock, in a truck with hard rubber tires and no springs, traveling over a rough road, it seemed an eternity.

I was lucky at that, as my hands were tied in front of me. One of the other prisoners, I did not know then who it was, had his hands tied behind him. He had been sitting all that time with nothing to lean against and with the ropes so tight that all circulation in his hands was cut off. I tried putting my hands up so he could lean against them. I could hear him sigh with relief. So did one of the guards. I got a rap across the hand with his bayonet.

At long last we stopped at what seemed to be a police station. We were taken inside the building, lined up, and an English-speaking Jap asked us our names. It was then I learned that my two fellow prisoners were Cols. Brugge and King. It was Col. Brugge that I had tried to help in the truck.

I was taken into another room for interrogation. The interpreter was bad and though I could understand him fairly well, I was in no mood for questioning so played dumb. No attempt was made to interrogate the other two.

Again we were put into the truck for another eternity of riding.

We finally arrived at what was called Kempei Tai Headquarters. Kempei is their word for military police. It was in reality a federal prison. The three of us were taken to separate rooms for interrogation. In my room were several prison guards, two Jap officers, and an interpreter. I was asked the usual questions—name, rank and serial number. In the next room I could hear someone shouting at Col. Brugge. What he was threatening was not a bit reassuring.

I was then stripped of my wristwatch, dog tag, and everything in my pockets. It wasn't much. In trying to get the buckle off my flying suit they ripped the suit from waist to neck. The cold this rip let in was to cause me much additional misery in the months to come. Next, one of the Jap officers stepped up and without warning slapped me in the face. What I wanted to do to that little Nip must have showed in my eyes so he kept slapping till his arm got tired. I knew that to resist would have been suicide so I took it.

The guards then took me to the door of my little wooden cell where I was

stripped of all my clothing and motioned to enter the door. Now these cell doors were about two feet high and one entered on hands and knees. No guard ever resisted the tempting target thus offered. We soon learned to enter crab—wise. Once inside the cell the guards completed that long and eventful day by working me over with a club. A short time later my shorts, flying-suit and four small blankets were thrown in to me. I rolled up on the floor but no sleep came to me that night.

3

INCARCERATION

I neglected to state that I had a cell mate, a little Jap, who doubtless had committed some federal offense. At five the next morning we were aroused and told to get up. Following the example of my cell mate I folded my blankets and placed them in a corner. Then breakfast was served to my cell mate but none to me. His breakfast consisted of a little bit of rice. It looked horrible. Then a cup of soup. It looked worse. I thought then I never would be able to eat that stuff. If only I could have looked into the future! I hadn't eaten since breakfast the day before on Saipan, but I wasn't hungry, not yet.

Later in the morning I was taken to another part of the prison known as the "stables," as it formerly housed the horses. Here were six cells in a row. Number three cell was to be my home for two long, tortured months. Underneath my blindfold I could see G.I. shoes lined up in front of the other cells. It was a comfort to know I was not alone. I later learned that Corporal Schroeder was in the first cell, Col. King to my right, Col. Brugge on my left and Sgt. Goeffery on the other side of Brugge.

Here began what was to be over four months of solitary confinement, with all the refinements of cruelty that diseased minds could conjure up. Only three of us were destined to survive.

I was motioned into the cell, and not yet having learned the ways of a crab, was assisted by a well directed kick in the seat of the pants. A guard came into the cell with me and showed me the place and way I was to sit. The place was in the center of the cell. The way was at attention, cross-legged on the floor-eyes straight ahead. No movement was allowed, not even of the eyes, and guards paced the corridors continually to see that instructions were obeyed.

At the end of fifteen minutes I thought my back would break. Japanese can sit that way for hours. I can't—but I did, sixteen hours a day for four long months. We lived on hope that tomorrow we would be sent to the prison camp. For a few of us "tomorrow" finally came. For many it was too late.

Kempei Headquarters, where I was incarcerated from Dec. 3, 1944 to February 3, 1945, was a large structure of stone and concrete. The "stables," our particular section, was of wood and had no heat. The sliding doors at the end of the corridor were broken and usually open, allowing the cold wind to whistle through.

My cell was eight by ten and absolutely bare. A hole in the floor in one corner was my latrine or benjo, to use the Jap term. My clothing was a pair of shorts, and my summer flying suit. We were not allowed to wear shoes or socks in the cell. The food consisted of ninety grams of rice a day with occasionally a cup of thin soup. Ninety grams, I believe, figures about a fifth of a pound. Now and then we would get a little fish. This would be cooked head, bones and all. We ate the works. I'll say right here, fish heads are not bad. We would save the eyes for dessert.

It was starvation diet. In four months I lost eighty-five pounds. I had it figured that I would hit an irreducible minimum in weight and strength, and at that level would hold my own. Quite the reverse was true. There was an acceleration in loss of both weight and

strength. My last day in solitary I fell three times, just from weakness, while emptying my “benjo” box. The next morning I couldn’t stand without support. I was told that I was taken out of solitary out of consideration for my weakened condition. I am convinced that if they had not needed my cell for fresh prisoners I would have stayed right there. Any suggestion of consideration by a Jap leaves me cold. But, I am getting ahead of my story.

4

INTERROGATION

Then came the morning of December 5. Forty-eight hours had elapsed since I had taken off from Saipan. Many things had happened to me in those forty-eight hours, but food was not one of them, nor water. A Jap Second Lt. came to my cell. He could speak fairly good English. I was blindfolded and handcuffed. I knew my interrogation was to begin. I was taken from the stables through a small courtyard into the main building. Before the door of a small room the Jap Lt. instructed me how to bow on entering this room. We entered and I bowed as instructed. Seated in this room were two Jap officers and a civilian interpreter. The interpreter with seeming friendliness, asked me to be seated and offered me a cigarette. I refused the cigarette, merely because I didn't smoke, but he put a different construction my refusal and said in very good English, "It is true we are enemies but there is no reason why two fighting men should not smoke together even though we are fighting for different countries." I took the cigarette.

For two weeks, after I was shot down, I had the "shakes." Day and night I shivered as one does from a severe chill, I couldn't stop. It was partly from cold, partly from shock, and no doubt partly from fear, for I can assure you I had too much imagination not to be plenty scared. The interpreter asked my why I shook. I told him I was cold. He had a guard wrap a blanket around me. It was warming but I still shook. The questioning began.

"What is your name, rank, serial number?"

I told them.

"What group and squadron are you from?"

"Sir," I said, "under the rules of international law the only information I am required to give is name, rank and serial number."

He looked at me for a moment, then "You realize of course that we will have this information. Now tell me what group you are from."

I remained silent.

He called a guard and suddenly I was given a terrific blow on the side of the head. The guard had swung his rifle butt.

"Now," he said, "What is your group?"

I was too dazed from the blow to answer at once so he took his cigarette and tamped it out on my hand. When I flinched the guard slapped me in the face.

That was all for me that day. I was let off easy as I later realized. I was taken back to my cell and Col. Brugge was taken in. I wondered how it all would end. The future didn't look too bright.

About five o'clock our evening meal was brought in. It was sixty hours since I had eaten but I still was not hungry. I ate about half of my rice with chop sticks, and very awkwardly, much to the amusement of the guards crowded about my cell. Acting on a hunch I put on an act for the amusement of the guards. I will say they were easily entertained. My hunch was that a laughing guard would be less of a menace than one with a scowl. It didn't always work but it helped. I got it down to a fine art in the weeks and months to come.

At nine o'clock we went to bed. That is, we rolled up in our four small blankets and stretched out on a hard, cold

floor. I shivered all night.

At five o'clock the next morning a guard came into the cell and yelled "shoooo," that meant "roll out." Months later in the prison camp in a playful moment I yelled that hateful word to the other boys and very nearly got my head taken off. They saw no humor in it.

I folded my blankets, placed them in a corner, sat down cross-legged in the center of the cell, eyes to the front and waited. Presently I heard Col. King taken from his cell. More waiting. He was brought back and I was taken again to the interrogation room. The same group was there as on the previous day. I bowed. The interpreter was not so friendly today. No cigarette was offered. He asked my group and squadron. I remained silent. The events of the next hour or so, are not clear in my memory and perhaps that is just as well. In a confused way I remember a guard beating me over the head with a rifle butt. I remember my finger tips being tied tightly together and pencils being inserted between the fingers and twisted till they ground into the bone. I still have scars from that little incident. Exactly how long this lasted I don't know, but gradually the conviction formed in my mind that withholding my group and squadron was not worth being killed for, and I told them. Later our crews were briefed to answer all questions.

The interpreter gave me a cigarette.

Then began questions about the B-29. This seemed to me vital information and again I refused to answer. Again—the guard with the rifle butt.

I was knocked down repeatedly. Presently I got a break. I think it may have saved my life. A smash over the head with the rifle knocked me against a filing cabinet and together we crashed to the floor. One of the drawers of the cabinet came open just in front of my nose and inside I saw the complete tech orders on the B-29, our tech orders. They knew just as much about the plane as I did. That ended my stubborn streak. In the days to follow I gave much misleading information where their knowledge seemed incomplete. Sometimes I got away with it. Other times the rifle butt was used. Asked to draw a map of our field on Saipan, I drew La Guardia Airport as well as I could from memory. They reached into a drawer and pulled out a large scale photograph of Saipan, the best I had seen. Of course, I got the rifle butt for that.

For the better part of two months our interrogation went on, an hour or two a day. The rest of the time we just sat. Day after day, we just sat!

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

A day in solitary went like this: up at five, fold blankets, move to the center of the cell and sit at attention. Breakfast served at seven, lunch at noon, dinner at five and bed at nine. That makes sixteen hours a day, sitting at attention. Go out and sit on your front porch for fifteen minutes in below freezing weather in light coveralls with no underwear, shoes or socks. It will give you an idea. When the weather got around to zero we were allowed to wrap up in our blankets but we were never warm.

I might pause here to relate some of the methods used by the guards for our entertainment. First of all, I might say that my feet and hands were my greatest source of anxiety. We were not allowed to wear shoes or socks in the cell. The cell was without heat and the temperature dropped below zero during the winter. For many weeks I had little use of my burned hands. That made it difficult for me to make the best use of my abbreviated blankets. It was especially difficult for me to keep my feet covered during the nights. They both froze and turned black. When I could get them warmed enough to stimulate circulation the pain was excruciating. The fear of losing my feet dogged me for months. It was many months after my release before feeling was completely restored. My hands as I have noted, were burned in the plane before I bailed out. Strips of skin from the back of my hands hung below my finger tips. I was given no medical attention and they became badly infected. The odor got so bad that when I was taken before officers for interrogation they would cover my hands with paper. When they could no longer stand the odor, and I am sure for that reason only and not from any humanitarianism, they had a doctor apply some dressing and bandages. This was left on for a week. The doctor accompanied by a nurse, came again. The nurse, without soaking the bandages, just yanked them off. Most of the flesh on my hand came away with them. But gradually they healed over. Time accomplishes wonders and I had lots of time.

I received many beatings. In the second prison where I went February 3, they were almost a daily occurrence. Guards would stand me at attention and start slapping with the open hand. Then with a fist, winding up with the gun butt or a club. A favorite pastime of the guards was to take me into a corridor blindfolded and chase me toward an open door at the end. The upper door jam, not designed for a six footer, would catch me above the eyes. If you ever walked into an open door in the dark, you can imagine the shock of running into an obstacle with the speed induced by a bayonet at your back. The torture of this was in regaining consciousness only to look up into the grinning faces of my tormentors. Similarly, they would chase me blindfolded toward steps. I had one stretch of three weeks with a bruised knee that wouldn't support me as a result of this pastime.

I developed bad sores on my posterior from sitting sixteen hours a day. One day a guard caught me sitting slightly off center to ease the pressure of one such sore. He came in the cell and kicked me in the jaw. For many days thereafter I had to shove my rice through jaws that would not open and swallow it unchewed. Luckily my fears of a

fractured jaw proved false. Another day a well directed kick reopened a sore I had spent weeks getting healed over. It took other weeks to repeat the healing process. One learned patience.

As bad as were the beatings and mistreatment, far worse was the cold and the hunger. You can get used to a club, and strangely enough, it sounds worse than it was. But no words can ever describe the torture suffered from cold and hunger.

The hunger was worse than the cold. All my waking hours I thought of food; sleeping I dreamed of food. But never in all my dreams did I get any of the wonderful spreads my imagination conjured up. There was always that feeling of frustration. I have stated that the Japanese like to be entertained. They are like children in some respects. The guards that were over us day and night did not have much to brag about in the way of intelligence. I developed some little games—tricks that would amuse them for days.

From the beginning they were very interested in us. Some knew a few words of English and wanted to learn more. To be doing something we started learning a little Japanese. The first question the guards would ask was, "Are you married?" Not in so many words but they would hold up their little finger (symbol of wife) and ask "wife?" Then they would want to know how many, and would always laugh when we said one.

The language came slowly for me, but I gradually learned to ask for water, to say I was cold, and to count to ten. When we were given rice we had to thank them. One day a guard was trying to teach Col. King to count. The Colonel wasn't doing so well, and finally he shouted, "Go, leave me alone. I'm too hungry to think about your damn language."

We could not talk to each other, but it was permissible to talk with a guard if he started the conversation. It was a great help to my morale to hear others talk. We used to question the guards about the war, but I don't think they knew any more about it than we did, or as much. Many of the guards didn't know about Pearl Harbor, Coral Sea, or any of the battles of the Islands of the Pacific. A few thought we were flying from Hawaii because they knew that they still held Saipan.

Then, one day, I made a terrible mistake. I was exercising my arms trying to get the blood to circulating a little. It was very cold. One of the guards was watching me. He said, "Tyso" the Japanese word of exercise. I told him what it was in English. The word struck his fancy. He got us all out of our blankets to do Japanese "Exercises." It was murder standing on the freezing floor in our bare feet. But it didn't end there. All the guards thought it funny then to get us out to "exercise." Every new guard that came on would do it. The guards changed every hour. All through the following days we would be out of our blankets doing Tyso. The other fellows hated me for having started it.

One guard we named Tyso Joe because he was so rabid on the subject. Just when I'd think I was getting my feet on the road to recovery he would come in and yell, "Tyso." And out of our blankets we would hop to do our duty. I got to hate that word about as much as I did "Shooo." Besides being so cold, the exercise was taking down our strength too rapidly. A person in average shape can do quite a few knee-bends. Two or three was our maximum. After that we would feel dizzy and a little sick. I repented the day I taught them exercise.

After the first few days in prison,

I found my mind dwelling mainly on food. In a couple of weeks it was about all I could think of. And the rest of the fellows were the same. One day a guard stopped by Col. Brugge's cell and asked him what he was thinking of. Col. Brugge told him he was thinking of a five pound cheese he had back home in his locker. Then the guard came to my cell and asked me the same question. I said "I'm thinking how that cheese would go with some rye bread, sardines, cold cuts, potato chips and a quart of milk."

I heard King in the next cell mutter, "My God, Goldy, do you want to kill me?"

I realized we were all getting pretty darned hungry.

At meal times, Col. King would get his bowl of rice before me, being in a cell ahead of me. I used to shut my eyes when our rice came until I heard what Col. King had to say about it. When he'd say, "My Gosh, that won't keep a bird alive," I knew we had had a low blow. When he'd say "You filthy little. . ." I knew it was very low—when he'd just grunt a little, it would be average. It got to be quite a routine.

At night guards would bake potatoes at a little burner at the end of the corridor. The smell almost drove us crazy. Col. King learned the name for potato, emmo. Every night he would ask the guard for a little piece of emmo. The guard would just grin at him. Col. King would shout, "All right, you nasty little pinhead, keep your damn emmo." The guard would just grin.

The worst stretch of the day would be from our evening rice at 5:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. when we went to bed. I used to want to yell and pound my head on the floor, but there was nothing to do but just sit and wait. Eventually nine o'clock would come around.

During all of this time our interrogations were going on. First one of us would be taken out and then another. Sometimes several of us at the same time.

We learned later that B-29 men were briefed before missions that, if captured, it was okay to answer questions. "Don't hold anything back, because anything the Japs could learn would not help them in any way now." If I'd known that it would have saved me many bad days.

One morning I was taken out and into a room filled with civilians. They could speak very good English. They said, "We don't intend to question you. We just thought you might like to come up and rest and talk. There is no reason why we can't talk like civilized people."

Immediately I was on my guard.

They offered me a cigarette and then the questions began. Questions about the United States; about our rationing. I could lie plenty there.

"Is the rationing strict in the States?"

"No, there is practically no rationing."

"Isn't meat rationed?"

"We throw meat to the dogs."

"How about sugar and coffee?"

"Sugar spoils in the stores, and everyone is so tired of drinking coffee they now drink tea."

"Isn't rubber rationed?"

"Yes, everyone is limited to one new car now." We had a very nice little visit and it brightened up my entire day.

Once I was questioned by two naval men. One had been educated at the University of Washington. The first question he asked was if you could still buy plenty of chocolates. He asked where our Navy was and why we didn't fight. I took a chance and said that the Japanese had nothing left with which to

fight. I expected a cuff, but he just laughed a superior laugh and looked down his nose at me.

One little Jap civilian, a black-haired man, acted as my interpreter many times. He was a funny looking little joker about five feet tall. But he always treated me kindly. He had done much traveling through England and the States. After my interrogation he used to let me stay and talk a little. I would ask him why we were treated as we were. He told me we were considered criminals instead of War Prisoners because we had killed civilians. I asked him if he thought they would win the war. He said he didn't know. It was the only time I heard a Jap express doubt.

Many of the questions were downright stupid. They would show me a big photograph of Saipan then point to a little dot on the map and ask me what that was. I wouldn't know, so I'd get slapped. I finally told them "I don't know what everything on the picture is, I was only on Saipan a month and never outside of my own area." That wasn't quite true as I had covered the island several times in a jeep, but what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

They would say, "Now you were there so you tell us what this is," pointing to some speck on the picture. Well, I wouldn't know what it was but it didn't take me long to invent answers.

"What is this?"

"That is a gas truck."

"What is this?"

"That is an air-raid shelter."

"What is this?"

"That is a tractor."

"What is this?"

"That is a spare gas tank."

They seemed satisfied. Then I had more question like this.

"Where did you live?"

"Did you have a chair of your own?"

"Did you have a picture of your wife?"

"How big was the picture?"

"How many legs did your chair have?"

"How long were the legs?"

I had many questions like that. They seemed silly to me, but maybe they got something out of them.

Once I was questioned by two of the leading plane designers from the Empire. They asked questions that would sound silly from a six year old kid here in the States.

Everything I said was taken down in writing. At the end of my interrogation I had to sign a six or seven page statement. Under compulsion I signed that I had deliberately killed civilians instead of bombing military targets. I knew that we were to be tried in a court martial. This was to be the evidence. I learned more about that later.

The questions went on and on. Questions about navigation, radio, radar, guns, bombing, and of course, the questions on flying in Saipan and the States. Many questions I could not answer. They would slap me for awhile, but when convinced that I didn't know the answers, would go on to something else.

On a board in my cell, I scratched my name with my thumb nail. Then I started a calendar, a scratch for every day. I kept thinking that by Christmas we would be sent to the prison camp. I lived for that day.

It was a long time after Christmas before I was to get out of solitary.

6

CHRISTMAS

December 24, the day before Christmas, they came early in the morning and took me out. But I didn't go to the interrogation rooms. I was taken into a little room full of Jap soldiers. Waiting for me was my little black-haired interpreter. He called me Robot, not being able to say Robert. He asked me if I'd had my breakfast yet. Of course I said no. So he had a Jap bring me a bowl of soup and some rice. He said we were going to take a little trip. He also had a slice of bread. When he saw me eyeing that he gave it to me. The first bread I'd had! It was dry and hard, but it tasted delicious. Some more he wrapped up in a handkerchief, for lunch later on, he said. Then he told me we were going across Tokyo to an airfield where they had a B-17 and they wanted to ask me some questions about it. It looked like a pleasant day. I got to wear shoes, but my feet were so swollen that it was difficult to get them on and I couldn't lace them up. Walking was very painful.

I was blindfolded and my bands were tied. A little car drove up and I was pushed in. It was solid comfort. The bright sun shining through the window, warmed me. The seat was nice and soft. I was stuffed in the back seat between a Jap Colonel and a guard. The driver and the interpreter sat in front. I was wishing the drive would last forever. But in an hour we were at our destination.

By tipping my head back as we drove along I could see out underneath my blindfold. What I saw on the trip out and back was a revelation. It was like looking back several centuries. The houses, the people, the streets—it looked like something out of a history book. Up until then I hadn't realized things in Japan could be so bad. Old men and women carrying loads of sticks on their backs; cows and oxen pulling broken-down carts; houses jammed up against each other with no lights or heat. Everywhere there was an open foot of ground, the Japanese had planted a garden. I thought then that the U.S. soldiers would take this place like Grant took Richmond. I'm still convinced that we would have if a landing had been necessary.

At the airfield I got mad immediately. While driving past a bunch of parked Zeros I could plainly see a Pratt-Whitney stamp on the engines. Where or how they got them I don't know. On the field were several of their transport planes. They were our own DC-3s.

Out on one side of the field was our B-17. It was stripped of guns, radio, and equipment. Some mechanics were working on the engines. I was put in the pilot seat, a Jap pilot got in the other seat, the interpreter behind, and about a hundred other Japs were hanging on the outside and top, trying to look in the windows. The catwalk behind us was filled with curious onlookers. The bomb-racks were gone so a lot more could get in there. Then the questions started.

"What is this thing? What is that thing?"

I thought to myself, this is a good time to have some fun without getting slapped around for it.

When the interpreter asked me what the radio compass was—he pointed to the instrument—my answer would be something like this:

"Signals may be received orally or visually, or both, by means of a loop

antenna, which may be either fixed or rotatable. Strictly speaking, the radio compass refers to installations employing a fixed loop and a visual indicator. With the rotatable loop, bearing may be obtained without turning the plane itself. The loop is rotated until the position of minimum signal strength, or "null" is obtained; the bearing of the station may then be read from a graduated dial."

The interpreter had his troubles putting all of this into Japanese. The more he would stammer the more the Jap officers would shout at him. He sweated more on that trip than I did.

They wanted me to show them the position of all the controls for take-off. I showed them how to turn on the switches, generators, boosters, and other controls. They made drawings of everything I did. Then I showed the full throttle and supercharger and full low RPM. They drew the throttle and pitch settings. I can't imagine them actually being dumb enough to try and take off that way. If they did, they would probably have pieces of Wright engines all over Tokyo. It gave me some comfort just thinking about it.

Then came noon and meal time. We got in the car and drove to a large stone building. We went into a room that looked a lot like our interrogation rooms. There were three of us there; the Colonel, the interpreter, and myself. Some other Japs brought them a little container of sand with a couple of live coals on it. That was our heat. The little black interpreter fished out a coal and put it in another container for me. It was a luxury to warm my hands. I wanted to take my shoes off and warm my feet, but figured they probably wouldn't like that.

Then some Japs came to take our order. They seemed more interested in me than in anything else. That noon I ate the same food as the Japanese ate. My meal was just as big as theirs. We each had a bowl of white rice. Another dish had a few slices of dykon, something like our white radish. Along side that was a fish the size of a sardine. Then we had some wonderful bread. I believe it was soy bean bread.

They finished before I did. The Japs eat fast and I was still a little clumsy with chopsticks. And it was almost more than I could eat. I guess my stomach had shrunk. I feared I couldn't keep it down, and was terribly afraid that I might get sick on the way back. But I didn't and everything ended well.

We got back to the prison on Christmas Eve. While waiting in a little room for the guards to come and take me back to my cell, my little interpreter sang "Holy Night, Silent Night" and I joined in with some harmony. I felt something like a human being again. But when I was put back in my cell, I was hit with homesickness such as I had never known before. Christmas Eve in my family is the nicest time of the year. Prison is a poor place to believe in "Peace on Earth and good will toward men."

We looked forward to Christmas day, thinking that we might get a little more to eat. They gave us less than usual.

7

PRISON LIFE

January came, and I scratched up a new month. The first week in January I made a second trip to the B-17. This time in the afternoon, and we got back before time to eat out there. It was a disappointing ride. The day was cold with little snow flurries. It was almost impossible to walk with my feet the way they were.

Coming back the little black-haired interpreter asked me if I was cold—I said yes. He told the little Second Lieutenant, that was with us that day, to take me into a warm room for a little while before taking me to my cell. He was a pretty nice little fellow. We went to a room that was fairly warm. It was full of Japanese officers and soldiers. I had told the little Second Lieutenant how hungry I was and he went off and came back with two little pieces of Japanese bread. They were dry and hard, but did they ever taste good!

All the Japs sat around and grinned while I ate. They asked me many questions. The Second Lieutenant could talk pretty good English and he acted as interpreter. They wanted to know how much I was worth, how much I made a month, if I had a car, was I married, did I go to the movies?

My feet were getting a little tingling sensation in them. I was feeling pretty good. Then I was taken back to my cell.

Of course, everyone was curious as to where I had been. I whispered through the wall to Colonel King what I'd been doing. He was asking me some questions and the Jap guard caught us talking.

He screamed at the top of his voice, pulled out his pistol and made a terrible fuss. He made both of us get out of our blankets and stand at attention in the middle of the floor. I don't know how long we stood there, but it was most of the evening. It was terrible cold, and punishing on my feet, and just when I thought I had done them some good that day. The guard kept running up and down shouting at us and pointing his pistol at us through the bars. I was glad when that day ended.

I found that my mind was beginning to work a little sharper. I could remember things I hadn't thought of in years. One boy told me later that he used to multiply figures. He could easily do in his head what before would have required pencil and paper. He would scratch the problem in the wood to check the answer and he was always right. We all began to daydream a lot. I made up poetry and songs. But mostly, I'd make up things about food. I worked out a deal like Aladdin had with his lamp. I had a little boy bringing me food. The game had rules. The longer I'd play it the more rules I would think up. In the end it got pretty complicated, but I always got my food.

Our interrogations became less frequent. We had many days of just sitting in one spot, never moving except at meal time to get our rice box. At first I dreaded to be taken out to interrogation because of the beatings. Now I hoped to be taken out. I was beginning to hate the sight of that cell.

Col. Brugge's mind began to fail him. He had received pretty bad treatment, mainly I believe, because he was withholding information. Since he was from Wing Headquarters, he had

much more detailed information than had the rest of us, and, real soldier that he was, he refused to divulge it.

One night he came back to the cell after an interrogation and whispered through the wall, "Well, you guys are going out to the prison camp pretty soon, but I will not be with you. They have some special treatment for me."

Why," we wanted to know, "What have you done?"

"I've been a bad boy," he said.

Every day his mind seemed to wander a little more. He began to say thing that we couldn't make out. At night he would have terrible nightmares. It is a terrible thing to see a man, as well mentally and physically as he was, beaten and starved to the point of insanity.

Days and nights became an eternity of waiting.

During the last week of January, Sgt. Goeffery was taken from his cell. We thought perhaps he was going to go to the prison camp, but we never saw or heard of him again.

Later that same night a new prisoner was brought in. We all were awake in our blankets. We could see him being led down to Goeffery's empty cell. He was a big fellow in a winter flying suit. We knew we had a new B-29 prisoner. It was an exciting night.

The afternoon of February 3, 1945, the B-29's hit Tokyo in some strength. We could hear the air raid horns going most of the afternoon and evening. A long three minute blast indicated enemy planes were on the way. Short blasts indicated they were in the immediate area.

About 7:30 that evening the Japs came for Corporal Schroeder and me. We were taken out of the cells, handcuffed and blindfolded.

I thought—at last we are going to prison camp.

The night was bitterly cold. We were taken out and put into a Ford sedan, a staffcar. Through my blindfold, I could see the reflection of burning Tokyo. After a thirty minute ride we pulled into the courtyard of another federal prison. We were taken to a room full of mean-looking Japanese military men. There our blindfolds were taken off and I saw Schroeder for the first time since our capture. I would never have recognized him.

The Japs were reading what was probably our orders for transfer. We were taken down stairs and each put into little cells much like the ones we had just left, only these were much more dirty and dark.

There were three cells in a row. We were separated by the middle cell. Inside my cell was a pile of 18 blankets and two thin straw mats.

They told me I could have a mat and four blankets. I made my bed.

It was so cold I looked longingly at the other blankets. These were soon to get me into trouble.

We both figured that the next day or so we'd go to the camp. I'm glad we did not know of the two long months we were to spend in solitary in this place.

Things started out fairly peacefully. Our food ration was reduced, but with every meal we got a little cup of thin soup. Sometimes we would get soup that was so tasty it would bring tears to my eyes.

The guards in this prison were very mean. They took delight at night in prodding us with a long pointed pole. I hated to go to sleep, because at odd hours during the night, in would come this pole between the bars and prod me up.

We settled down to the old routine of thinking of food and waiting. Finally

that pile of blankets grew to be too much of a temptation.

I sneaked a few until I was wrapped in seven blankets, and I started to get warm. One day the guards got suspicious. They suddenly went into Schroeder's cell and counted his blankets. Luckily, I heard them and quickly threw my three extra blankets back on the pile. I was afraid the guards would notice how badly folded they were. When they finished with Schroeder—he had only his four—they came into my cell. They seemed rather disappointed to find me wrapped up in just my four blankets.

When they left, and when the guard wasn't looking, I sneaked back my blankets. This time I took four extra. Everything was rosy, but they pulled another check in a few days. This time they started with my cell. There was no chance to cover up. They found me with eight blankets. I was slapped around quite a bit and as punishment was made to stand at attention for two hours. Schroeder had sneaked a couple but got them back on the pile during my inspection.

The next day I again snitched three extra blankets.

This went on for the next two months. I would steal some blankets, get caught, get beaten, stand at attention for two or three hours, and then steal some more blankets. The little warmth I got was well worth the punishment.

I was getting so I could sit my sixteen hours in the middle of the floor without much trouble, but it was much more comfortable when I could slip over against the wall and hook my shoulder in front of a two-by-four brace on the wall and lean back a little. This would work for awhile until a guard would make me move back again.

A couple of guards treated us pretty well, but most of them were down right sadistic. One well educated guard took a great delight in hitting us with the long pole between the bars. He took a dislike to Schroeder. He would hit Schroeder and say, "I would like to kill you."

One day when he was hitting me with the pole, I said to him, "Why do you like to beat us?"

He said, "You killed my father, my mother, my brothers and sister. Now I like to kill you."

Later when he came back to my cell I said, "My father, brothers and sisters, and my mother were killed at Pearl Harbor by your airplanes."

He said, "They shouldn't be working there to make war upon the Japanese Empire." I said, "They were working out in their flower gardens when the Japanese plane came over and shot them."

He thought this over for awhile and I noticed a change in him.

He would work on Schroeder, but he didn't bother me after that. I knew quite a bit about music and he used to talk with me sometimes about operas. I didn't know much about opera, but I could talk with him fairly intelligently about a few familiar ones. He seemed to know them all. He explained the famous Japanese operas to me.

My calendar on the wall started to show quite a few days. Then in February came the two-day Navy raid. When the first warnings came the guards came in and put on our blindfolds, handcuffs and ropes. We were taken outside to the little air raid shelters which were dug along the side of the street outside the prison. A newly fallen snow covered everything. In the shelter it was half snow and half mud. When we went out we were allowed to take one blanket. But I was not

privileged to enjoy my blanket. The guard took it to wrap his muddy feet in.

The raid lasted a long time. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it another minute, the all-clear sounded. Inside we'd go, only to hear the alarms sound again. Back outside we'd go. This went on all day. We were given only two meals.

In my cell was a little window high up on the back wall. During the day the black-out drop was lifted and then closed again at night. On this day it was closed all the time so we couldn't see the flames of Tokyo.

The next day the planes were back. This time everyone went to the shelters except Schroeder and me. They left us locked up in the cells without even a guard to watch us. For the first time in three months I got to talk with another American.

I felt better than I had since being shot down. I learned that Schroeder, Goeffery, Wright, Wells and Warde had all gotten out and were captured. They all spent the first night together in the back end of a truck. He didn't think Abel got out of the plane. He had been hit. He didn't know anything about Corrigan or Edwards.

We had a wonderful talk. It finally got around to food and we told each other of everything we had ever eaten in our lives.

The raid was over all too quickly.

Then we had some company. Two Koreans were brought in. They were prisoners but I never learned what they were in for. One was put in with Schroeder and the other in the middle cell. Then things started to get crowded. Two more Jap prisoners were brought in. They were allowed six blankets.

The one with Schroeder could speak excellent English. He was a Christian and a very nice fellow. My cell mate could speak no English, but he indicated with sign language that he liked the Americans and hated the Japanese. It was nice having company. Nice for a few days, but I soon began to long for my old privacy. The English-speaking Korean told us about the Navy raid. We had thought it was B-29's.

My cell mate was taken out about every day for interrogation. He would come back all beaten and bloody. Finally, he came back with a pencil and paper and for a couple of days wrote what I figured was a confession. A few days later he was gone. The one in Schroeder's cell was also taken away.

entirely too realistic.

8

CONDEMNED TO DEATH

Then came one of the lowest nights of my life. I was told that my trial had been completed and that I had been sentenced to death. The rest of my crew had been give life imprisonment. My execution would take place in the morning.

I did not sleep that night! Actually it wasn't as bad as it now sounds. I was in such bad physical condition and so low mentally that I more or less had the feeling of "let's get it over with."

The next morning they came into my cell and wanted to know if I wished to see a Japanese priest. I said no. So they put on handcuffs and blindfolded me and we started out.

In the hall some Japanese officers stopped us. They talked among themselves for a long time. I was taken back to my cell and my blindfold taken off. I wanted desperately to tell Schroeder what was happening. Presently they came back and took me out again. Again we were stopped and another long argument took place. Again I was taken back to the cell and my blindfold removed.

After sitting there for a couple of hours they came and took off my handcuffs. That was the end of that episode. Whether my execution was ordered and the last minute reprieve granted, or the whole procedure a nerve-shattering bluff, I'll never know. I am inclined to believe the former. It was

9

TIME STANDS STILL

We had another visitor. This time one of us. He was a tail-gunner on a B-29 from one of the other groups based on Saipan. He was a big Italian boy. We called him Shine. We could hardly wait for another raid when the guards would hit for the shelters and leave us alone. Finally it came and we really got acquainted.

The first question Shine asked after we identified ourselves was, "Who was the guy that always sang 'You Are My Sunshine' to the Japs at the stables?" I told him it had been me.

Shine almost got into trouble by losing his temper. The guards had one game they liked to play, but it was only good for the one playing.

I learned it fairly early. A guard came up and asked me if I wanted a rice ball. Of course I did. He told me to stick my hand through the little hole they pushed our food through. I stuck my hand through and the guard ground off a couple of fingernails with the heel of his boot.

I could hear them start to play the game with Shine and I couldn't warn him. He got his hand smashed with a rifle butt.

Then he lost his temper and invited the entire Japanese army to step into his cell. I thought for a moment it would, but a guard change came and things quieted down.

A few nights later we had a night raid. It was the beginning of the fire raids. All guards left and the lights were turned off. We immediately started talking. The ack-ack guns were making a terrific racket and we didn't hear one of the guards come back. He caught us talking and things were pretty tough for awhile. Then they left us alone again—or did they? We wanted to talk, but all of us had a feeling that we might not be alone. We kept still as mice. When the lights came on, sure enough, there was a guard standing in front of our cells—a disgruntled guard!

It was after the fire raids that I was interrogated again. My old friend the Captain from the first days of interrogation came to do the honors. He acted very surprised to see me. He said "You don't look very well, are you sick?" I told him I wasn't feeling in the pink of condition.

Then he told me he thought I was at the prison camp. He said he'd seen Col. King and that he had looked well and happy. That was a blow to me—a lie as I later learned. After asking me many questions about incendiary bombing, most of which I couldn't answer, he said, "I think my superiors have forgotten that you are here. I shall speak to them and see if I can't get you to the prison camp."

I practically bowed to the floor!

He also told me that Col. Brugge had died. He would give me no information on the rest of my crew.

I went back to my cell full of news. I told Schroeder and Shine that we'd be out in a few days.

After another month had gone by I realized what a liar my old friend the Captain was. He was the man who had told me at the other prison that they had captured my plane. He explained that it had landed by itself entirely undamaged except for the front bomb-bay. When I left the plane, it was entirely on fire and one wing was coming off. I didn't believe him then either. He was also the man who told me that they had heard

through the Red Cross that my wife had been killed in an automobile accident.

A few days after he had gone, my little black haired interpreter paid me a visit along with two high-ranking Japanese officers.

He wanted to know why we were making war on the civilians. He got pretty excited and twisted my nose and ears. I could only say I was so sorry that all those thousands of poor Japanese had been burned to death. My fingers were crossed.

Then things got crowded. Two Jap prisoners were put in with Harold Schroeder. A Jap deserter was put in with me, and a Jap Naval officer was put in with Shine. This fellow could speak English. We learned that he had been a preacher in Tacoma and had lived in Spokane for a time. He had married a Spokane girl. He, when learning I was from Spokane, asked me all about the Fox theater and the Davenport Hotel.

We thought him a pretty nice fellow, for awhile.

One morning the guard was sweeping in front of the cells. When he went out to put the broom away, the three of us started to talk. This nice Jap told on us and I took a pretty good slapping around. A few days later the same thing happened. The three of us took a licking, and had to stand at attention all that morning. After that we would have nothing to do with him. He would try to talk to us but we wouldn't pay any attention. Finally he gave up.

My cell-mate was a fairly nice sort of person. He had some little pills that he gave me. I didn't know what they were but I ate them and got sick.

He had deserted because he figured they'd get licked in six months and didn't want any part of it. He was taken out and shot.

In a couple of weeks, we were by ourselves again.

The three of us made up many little games. One day one of us would give a party. Harold, for instance, would have a fishing party. All that day, when we could talk, he'd tell us what kind of fish we were going to have, how they were to be fixed, and what we would eat with them. The next day I'd throw a hunting party. We'd have venison and roast pheasant. The next day Shine would have a real old Italian meal. It helped pass the time.

Many of the guards were interested in our movie actresses. They used to ask us questions about Hollywood. I told them that I knew the famous stars personally. In the first prison I gained some fame by telling them I was married to Betty Grable.

Singing is another way we occupied our minds. Under my breath I'd sing all day long. Every morning I'd start with "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

Shine could give a fair imitation of a banjo. He used to amuse the guards with that.

Every morning we had to go out one by one, with guards, to empty our benjo bucket. I noticed that day by day, it got a little heavier.

My strength was going down rapidly.

April second was quite a day in our lives. That evening we had two more American prisoners. A B-29 gunner named McGrath was put in with Schroeder and a Marine pilot, shot down during the Navy strike, was put in with Shine. We were terribly excited. Harold and Shine were getting all the news and I was begging to be told a little. We had the feeling that something was going to happen. A lot did that night.

All that day we had a mean guard.

First he would go into Shine's cell and beat him with a club, and then he'd come into mine. Then into Harold's. Every time we would hear him take the key from the wall, we'd wonder which of us was going to get it.

When McGrath and Don Carlson, the Marine, came in he devoted his efforts to them. It was a poor reception for the new boys. It went on most of the night.

10

RELEASE FROM SOLITARY

The next day we were given water and a mop to clean our cells. It was the first time we had cleaned them. In mid afternoon I was taken out to empty my beno bucket. I fell down repeatedly and found that I could not walk or stand unless assisted. Outside a Jap officer saw me. He came over and said, "You are not looking so well."

I didn't care by that time and voiced my grievance.

He said, "I think I can help you. I'll call my headquarters on the telephone and see if I can't get you out to the prison camp. I'll call them right now and will have you gone inside of an hour.

I thanked and thanked him. The miserable little liar. He knew all along that we were scheduled to go to the prison camp that day.

I went back to the cell and told the boys what was up. Sure enough in about half an hour a bunch of Japanese came to take us out. We were handcuffed and blindfolded. We knew we were on our way to the camp.

The Jap officer did one nice thing, however. Before we left he came up and gave me a cup of coffee.

He said, "You understand that this isn't very good coffee, but it will give you a little strength." It made me think of the five days Harold and I had once gone, in that prison, without any liquid whatsoever.

One guard had been pretty nice to us there. He was on duty the day we left. He had named Shine: the Bear, Me: the Cat, and Harold: the Goat. The last thing I heard when they carried me from that prison was this guard saying, "Good-bye, Cat."

Out in the street was a flat-bottomed truck. I was lifted into it. Already there were several prisoners inside. We were crowded in tightly but we were happy.

For a long time I had dreamed of going to the prison camp. There I imagined the Americans would have more to eat, more freedom, and would be running things themselves. We would play baseball and there would be doctors and everything would be swell.

The day was a little warmer. We were all blindfolded but as usual I could tilt my head back and see out a little. I saw the scrawniest bunch of scarecrows I've ever seen in my life, my fellow prisoners.

On the way, the truck stopped at two other places and picked up two more prisoners. I had not realized so many B-29s had been shot down over Japan until I saw this truck load. I found out later that there were only seventeen of us.

The truck bumped along. Looking out the back I could see the streets of Tokyo. The destruction was terrible. Almost everything had been hit or burned by the bombings.

After about an hour's ride we crossed a little bridge and drove to the gates of what was to be my home for the next five months.

We were taken from the truck and lined up in front of a little wooden shack that was the Japanese Headquarters building. Our blindfolds were removed.

But where were the Americans to greet us? Where were the doctors, and the fellows playing baseball? There were none of those things. The few old prisoners there didn't even look at us. We found out later that they didn't dare.

A few minutes later we were herded into a little guard house. In the back were two little cells just like the ones we had been living in; seven of us officers were put in one cell. The other nine were put in the adjoining cell.

We stood there and looked at each other, afraid to speak. But, when we tried a few whispered words, no guard rushed in so we assumed it was all right. Then started a very hilarious meeting, shaking hands, laughing and crying. One tall, gaunt fellow that I had stood next to in the line before we were brought in came over to me and said, "Hello, Goldy." I looked at him for long seconds and then suddenly realized that this was Colonel King!

Everyone was so happy that we all talked at once. It was bedlam. No one could hear anyone else. The same thing was going on in the other cell with the other fellows. Soon things quieted down a bit and we introduced ourselves. Snuffy Smith, Hap Halloran, Don Carlson, Jim Edwards, and Carp Carpenter. All of us B-29 men, except for Don, the Marine. Snuffy, Hap and Jim were of the same crew. Another of their crew was in the next cell.

And then the meal came in. Curried rice. A big bucket of it. It was far more than I'd had before. We ate and ate, happy as larks.

It got dark and we were given five blankets each. We made our beds but were too busy talking to sleep. Later that night the B-29s came over. It was a big raid and in our area. We could hear the bombs whistling down, but we were too happy to worry where they were going to hit.

At six o'clock the next morning the breakfast came in. A big bucket of rice and a bucket of soup. We could hardly contain ourselves.

All that day we sat around in our blankets and talked. Time passed quickly and our lunch and dinner came. At the evening rice I noticed that I wasn't feeling so well. Neither were any of the other boys. Our stomachs had shrunk so much that they could not take the increase in food. That night I was terribly sick. Every few minutes I'd have to crawl out of my blankets and try to make the benjo hole in the corner of the cell.

The rest of the fellows were the same way. By morning the cell was a terrible mess. We were too sick to clean it up. The boys in the next cell were in the same condition. I could hear them being sick all night long.

During the next few day we gradually grew better. Then we took stock of ourselves.

Col. King, Schroeder and I had been the first shot down. We had not washed ourselves, shaved, or had our clothes off in four and a half months. I weighed about 100 pounds, a drop from 185 pounds. My hair and beard had grown all over my face and down over the back of my flying suit. My teeth were coated dark yellow. I found out later that the other boys were betting 50-50 on whether I'd live or die.

One well-educated English speaking Jap named Mr. Kono seemed to be in charge of us. He came in with many papers to fill out. Questions about our homes, families, stations, ages, etc. He gave us many talks on how to conduct ourselves, how to salute and how to act with Japanese officers. We soon learned to salute everyone, regardless.

Then we learned that we were not to be regular prisoners. All B-29 men and anyone else who had hit the homeland were to be "specials" and would have special confinement. We could not get out into the camp and associate with the

older prisoners, men who had been taken at Wake, the Philippines and in China. This was quite a blow. Our disappointment was great.

The cold was still bothering us. Snuffy, Hap and Jim pooled their blankets and slept together. Col. King and I tried it, but both of us being over six feet, we couldn't keep covered with the short Japanese blankets. We went back to our old way of sleeping alone.

The pleasure of being together began to wear off. Our close confinement made us touchy and temperamental. We found ourselves quarreling a lot. One of the fellows made the remark that he'd just as soon be back in solitary. He didn't mean it but we were getting on each other's nerves pretty badly.

We found ourselves waiting for the day when we would move out of the cells into our special barracks. There were some other B-29 men out in the camp and we were to be put in with them. Mr. Kono came in with some scissors, soap and a razor. We spent a few days clipping our hair and beards.

Then came the day to move out of our cells.

Late in the cold afternoon we were taken out and lined up in front of Headquarters building. Apart from us a little way were the other B-29 men that we were to live with. The camp commander, a Japanese Colonel, made a speech to us. He told us that we were to be special prisoners with none of the privileges of the regular prisoners. He warned us not to attempt to escape. He told us the camp rules. When he had finished he had us come to his table three at a time, and sign a statement saying we understood.

Some of the boys reporting didn't salute right and were slapped around.

Then one of our company was put in charge of us. It was Colonel Richard T. Carmichael from a B-29 group in India. He is one of the colorful figures of this war, a great man and leader. I'll never forget seeing him standing in front of the Japanese Colonel, standing in a freezing wind, clad in a tattered pair of shorts, but with dignity that gave us all a glow of pride.

He received all instructions and was made responsible for us. If any one attempted to escape, Colonel Carmichael would take the punishment.

There was a group of other special prisoners there, but we did not get much of a look at them. We got well acquainted later on.

After the ceremonies, we were all herded into a long wooden barracks. We had our blankets, some glass bowls to put our rice in and the clothes on our backs. We had the back two-thirds of the barracks. Then there was a little thin partition with a door, and the front third was for the other special prisoners. The leader of this group turned out to be Pappy Boyington. He had eighteen in his group. They were not supposed to be specials, but the camp commander had made a mistake. Afterwards he would not admit the mistake, so Pappy and his boys had to remain "specials" for the duration. They were not happy about it.

Except for an armed guard watching us, we were left alone to organize. Everyone was running around trying to meet everyone else. Colonel Carmichael soon got a little order and told us to find who we'd like to sleep next to, and then lay out our blankets. There was a mad scramble, but in an hour we were all settled. The barracks had a dirt floor. On each side of the center aisle were built-up wooden platforms running the length of the barracks. That is where we were to live. Later we got some thin

straw mats to spread out, but they held too many fleas.

Each of us had about two and a half feet of space. There was a shelf running on the back wall that would hold any personal equipment. Our shoes had to be lined up in a neat, orderly manner on the floor in front of our respective beds. During the day our blankets were to be folded in a certain manner and placed against the wall. The side of the building had sliding windows running the full length of the barracks. Most of the windows had been covered with paper, but we soon tore that off. Out in the back we had our own private benjo.

Pappy Boyington's bunch had the same type of quarters. The one small partition separated us. We were not supposed to talk with them, but we could easily do so. The guard wouldn't know whether we were talking with each other or not. They were suspicious, but not understanding English, could not catch us.

The first night the Japs showed us how to line up for "Tenko" or inspection. That was merely a roll call that we had to bear every morning after getting up and every night before going to bed. We would be inspected by a Jap Officer of the Day, a guard, and an interpreter. We had to line up in a certain way, in two rows. Then came the order "Kiotsuke" (attention). "Bungo" (count off). Then we would count off "Ichi, Ni, San, Shi," and woe unto him who made a mistake in the count. We did a lot of practice on that count off and got it pretty good.

That first night we didn't do so well, but we didn't care much as we were all pretty excited.

The next day we were all fairly busy meeting everyone else. There were a great many interesting stories. Most of our stories were similar in many respects. We all had received about the same treatment. A few of the boys had seen their friends shot while in their chutes and then had to bury them at the point of Japanese bayonets.

Mr. Kono came in with some Red Cross tooth powder, tooth brushes, soap, a few razors, a couple of needles and some thread. Some of the fellows that had been at the camp longer had been given a Red Cross food box and sewing kit. The regular prisoners took up a collection of soap, razors, tin mirrors and had Mr. Kono give them to us.

Our clothes were full of lice and fleas. At night, especially, they gave us trouble. A few days later they took our clothes to boil them. That day we shivered in our blankets, but our clothes came back entirely de-loused. And they stayed that way a couple of days!

We were longing for a bath. Instead of taking us to the camp bath house, they sent in a few buckets of water. There were thirty-five of us, but there was no crowding to the buckets. Most of us were too cold to even think about washing. But we did do a fair job on our hair and beards. Then Mr. Kono came in with some barber clippers and scissors. Shine proved to be a good barber. We all had our hair clipped right down to the scalp. My hair was so dirty it was like trying to cut steel wire.

PRISON CAMP

Life here soon fell into a dull routine. After the first week of our meeting and talking with the other fellows, we stayed on our own pile of blankets, scarcely moving all day long. There was a rule that we could not sit on our blankets, but some of us had boils and sores that made it torture to sit on the hard floor. Colonel Carmichael got permission for us to sit on our blankets. After the guards got used to seeing us there, the other fellows moved on theirs one by one until all of us were sitting on our blankets.

Our food at the time was two-thirds of what the regular prisoners were getting. We didn't have the privileges of the small Red Cross library in the camp so there wasn't anything to do but sit. We organized ourselves a little. The rice and soup came in large wooden buckets. We appointed a rice server and soup dipper. Then we divided ourselves into four groups and each group would rotate in serving the rest their rice and soup. It was quite an effort to move. Our turn to serve came about once every five or six days. The rest of the time we could just sit on our blankets and be served. Besides the food dippers and servers, we would rotate on room orderly. There wasn't much to that job except sweeping the dirt floor a couple of times a day and keeping shoes lined up neatly.

After our first sickness we were starting to get hungry again. Most of our talk centered around food. To take our minds off of this we thought we would arrange for entertainment of some sort. Colonel Carmichael appointed me to arrange this. With the help of Lt. Newman of Boston and Corporal McCann of Washington DC, we worked up a program. We worked up a quartet to sing, but the guards stopped that. Too much noise, I guess. One boy, Lt. Kennard, recited Kipling's "I Learned About Women From Her." I recited several poems that I remembered from college. Major Perry gave a talk on navigation.

The program was a success. We arranged more programs. Lt. Newman gave daily instruction in the Japanese language. Cols. King and Carmichael talked on West Point life.

But the whole thing died out very shortly. It was hard to keep up interest and attention. It was too much effort to do anything except just sit. Major Perry had a New Testament. We all took turns reading that. We said grace before each meal and started holding church on Sunday. Lt. Humphreys acted as our preacher. Our quartet worked up several hymns and they sounded very good. The guards, however, usually turned thumbs down on our singing.

Mr. Kono gave us a couple of decks of beat up cards. The regular prisoners sneaked us a few more decks. Then started a continual poker game as well as cribbage, gin rummy and solitaire.

Chips were made out of cardboard and one poker game ran pretty heavy. By the time we were liberated some of the boys were down around $3,000. None of it was ever paid, however.

We started bridge games, but the two or three fellows that were pretty sharp got mad when the rest of us made mistakes.

We began to quarrel more and more. Little arguments would start over absolutely nothing. Mountains were made out of molehills.

We knew little about what was going on in the world. Some of us that had been shot down early got the news from the boys who came down after us, but that was ancient history.

The regular prisoners took quite an interest in us. They couldn't be caught looking at us, but at night we worked a little grapevine system. We appointed two of our men to do the contacting. A couple of others were stationed to watch for the guard. The regular prisoners would do the same. Then at a certain time each night one of the contact men of our group would go out to the benjo, and while the others were waiting for the guard, would talk over the high fence with the contact man for the regular prisoners. Most of our news came from the working party of about 200 that daily were taken to the docks and railroad yards in Tokyo. They picked up a lot of information. One of the old fellows in camp could read and understand Japanese. He would translate stolen Japanese newspapers and would listen in to the Jap news casts over Headquarters' radio. Most of our news was Jap propaganda and a lot of it was plain rumor, but some of it was true. We learned about Iwo Jima falling to our forces. We learned of the end of the war in Germany and of President Roosevelt's death. We also learned, about six times, that Stalin was in the war. We learned from Jap guards that they had once fought on the California coast, that some hot Jap pilot knocked down a B-29 with a rice ball, and that Deanna Durbin had been killed in an automobile accident.

12

OUT TO WORK

Mr. Kono had asked us if we would work in gardens. He said it would be light exercise for us. We all wanted to, badly. We were slowly going stir-silly in our confinement. At Tenko-time, the inspecting officer told us that the next day we would be taken out to work in the gardens. We were very, very happy that night. We were anxious to work, because we had heard that the working party got an increase in rations. Next day, May 3, the guards came for us.

Again that fatal third! I was shot down on December 3. I was removed from solitary in prison number one to solitary in prison number two on February 3. I was taken from solitary to the prison camp on April 3. Outside work began on May 3.

We marched out in military formation. They took us out of the camp, across the bridge and on to the mainland. Turning down the Tokyo-Yokohama highway, we walked for about a quarter of a mile. The civilians all stared. They didn't seem particularly friendly. The destruction along there was terrible. I was getting an idea of what the B-29 bombings had really done. We turned off the highway and were told that this was where we would work. But there were no gardens there, only a burned down factory and a lot of burned out houses. This was to be our garden, but before we could plant, we had to clear out that whole area. We organized ourselves into working groups and started in. In our condition the work was hard, but we were happy. Pappy Boyington's bunch was working near us.

We gradually cleared away the scrap iron, the bricks, tin, lumber, and the rest of the debris. In a week, we got down to ground on several of our plots. We started breaking ground. All the implements we had were some grubbing hoes that the Japs gave us. These had little short handles and it was back-breaking work trying to use them. The ground was hard as cement. We made for ourselves crude rakes and shovels. The Japs treasured those more than their own tools.

Every morning we had to count all tools and take back the same number. It used to amuse us to see them treasure our homemade rakes. We could make them in five minutes and they would shake their heads in wonder over them. They are not a very ingenious race.

The work got too hard for us and we complained about the amount of food we were getting. It wasn't enough to keep us going at that pace. We complained almost nightly to Mr. Kono. Then one night the camp captain came in and made us a speech. He said that due to our good work, we would be given an increase in rations. The next day we were very excited, wondering just how much rice we would get. Then the meals came in. They were cut!

Then the vacation was over. The guards started to push us. We complained to Mr. Kono. He told us that the work was purely voluntary and that we didn't have to work. We told him that we would stay in the barracks then and not work. He said that was okay, but if we didn't work we wouldn't eat. We worked.

We had a big iron kettle and were allowed to boil our clothes, in an effort to control the lice. Also we could boil our drinking water.

Before long we had several fires going and could work around them to keep warm. The weather was still very cold, wet and windy. How I hated the cold. We soon found that it wasn't necessary to do too much, as long as we kept moving. I used to watch Don Carlson, the Marine pilot. He would take a rake and rake up a little pile of dirt. Then he'd rake it into another pile about three inches from the first. Then he'd rake it back. He could stand all day in one spot and rake that little pile of dirt. Gold-bricking with him was a fine art, and no guard ever bothered him. Lots of other fellows would get slapped around for not keeping on the move.

Still, we had to show some results. Some of the work was darned hard. We took turns on the hard labor and then gold-bricked the rest of the time. And, if you think that Americans aren't geniuses as gold-bricks, you should have seen our working party. But we were getting things accomplished. We rather liked to clear a new area because of the things we would find. When you don't have a single possession to your name except the clothes on your back, you start picking up any old thing just to say it is yours. We found chopsticks, little spoons, marbles, colored glass, magnifying glasses, cigarette holders, and all sorts of little things. Besides we found files, saws, hammers and other tools. All of this we sneaked back to the barracks.

Don Carlson found some maps of Japan and Russia, and of the islands in the Pacific. These were prized possessions. We hid them in the benjo and took turns going out to look at them.

We improvised tools to put up extra shelves to build a wash stand. We didn't have any water to wash with, however. Sgt. Carpenter swiped some aluminum and made me a watch band. Luckily, when I got to the prison camp, my watch, dog tags and handkerchief were given back to me. There were only a couple of watches in the barracks and they were highly prized possessions. Don Carlson had been given back his pen and pencil set, a Parker 51, and a scout knife. Those were highly prized. We swiped a bottle of ink out of a Jap house so we could use his pen. Some of the other boys found small knives. They were very useful. But we had to be very careful. Some of the boys would be hammering and sawing. The guard would rush down the aisle to catch them, and no one would be doing anything but just sitting. We could surely make those tools disappear.

Some of us were keeping diaries. We found pencils and scraps of paper while working. Most of us were writing down everything we wanted to eat when we got home. We started to write down recipes of things to cook when we got home. I have a collection of some three hundred. And some of them might bear mentioning. They sound silly now, but when we figured them out, we were deadly serious. They sounded awfully good. Here is a recipe for pie: Graham cracker crust, a thin layer of peanut butter, layer of chopped apples, sprinkle of brown sugar and cinnamon, layer of sliced peaches, a few slices of oranges, pour over a little orange juice, sprinkle liberally with mixed nuts and raisins, cover with shredded coconut, pour over a little honey, sprinkle on some more brown sugar, sprinkle on bits of sweet chocolate, cover with banana cream filling, bake, cover with whipped cream and sliced bananas and serve.

Snuffy and I planned a meal that we would have back in San Francisco with our wives. We didn't come back together so our dream meal was never realized. But this was the dinner:

First course: Bowl of oyster soup, assorted crackers or saltine, rye crisp, oysterettes, ritz, thinsies and grahams.

Second course: Shrimp cocktail.

Third course: Snuffy's super salad. That is a special salad that Snuffy figured out consisting of sliced avocado, pears, grapes, dates, cream cheese, melted marshmallow, mashed banana, English walnuts, pecans and whipped cream.

Fourth course: Large filet mignon wrapped in bacon strips and served on a large fried ham steak.

Vegetable course: Corn on the cob, fresh green buttered peas, candied yams, stuffed baked Irish potatoes, fresh buttered cauliflower, creamed onions and celery.

Bread: Hot buttered parker-house rolls, bite sized biscuits, and hot buttered toast.

Assortments on table: Honey, peanut butter, apple jelly, grape jelly, strawberry jam, Philadelphia cream cheese, sliced velveeta cheese, olives, stuffed celery, radishes, cucumbers, deviled eggs, sliced turnips, sardines, small sweet onions, sweet and dill pickles, Vienna sausages, sliced fresh tomatoes.

Dessert: Strawberry short cake and ice cream. Fresh roasted buttered mixed nuts. Stuffed dates, chocolate covered mints. Tollhouse cookies.

A hot Tom and Jerry before the meal, Sparkling Burgundy with the meal, coffee with dessert. Creme de Menthe after dinner.

I'd still like to try that meal.

13

MORE WORK

The work outside continued. The cold weather continued, and the B-29 raids increased. The Japs had a good system for air raid warnings. When planes were on the way to Japan, horns all over the island would blow a three minute blast. When the planes were close enough to determine the area they would be hitting, that area would be alerted with short blasts in rapid succession. In the beginning, if we were working in the garden and the long blast came, we would be rushed back to camp. Later on we wouldn't be taken back unless the short ones blew. We used to live for those raids. Some of them came very close. I remember one night the horns went off about midnight. Shortly afterwards the guns started shooting. During the night attacks all the lights in camp would go off. We were supposed to stay in our blankets, but it was dark and the guard couldn't see us when we moved around. Snuffy and I got up against the window. We could see the planes in the cones of searchlights. They were our old B-29's, but we were amazed at the low altitudes they were flying. Flack was bursting all around them. It was a beautiful show and lasted until almost four o'clock. Tokyo was left in a sea of flame. One B-29 was knocked down and fell right outside our fence. It made a terrible crash. On several raids the bombs came too close for comfort.

The regular prisoners could go to some air raid shelter that they had dug in the camp. We specials had to stay in the barracks. We could hear bombs coming down. They make a rather terrifying sound on their way down, and you know they are going to be close. Then they hit and go off, shaking the windows and the building. But, they missed, so you sit and wait for the next one. You don't wait long. Some hit within a hundred yards from our barracks.

On one day raid we sat by the windows and watched the formations go over. We counted some five hundred planes before the smoke got so thick from Kawasaka that we couldn't see them any more. We watched one of those formations come right over our camp. They dropped their bombs much too close for comfort.

The raids did much for our morale. We could see from our windows the whole countryside burning up. Then, too, we wouldn't be taken out to work for a couple of days. They seemed loathe to have us view the city in flames.

The entire area around our garden was burned out during one the night raids. We could see the fires start from incendiaries, and they looked like they were right in our garden. An interurban ran from Tokyo to Yokohama right beside the garden. The trains would go for a couple of days and then the tracks would be burnt out. A few weeks later the train would get running, then the planes would hit again. We used to say among ourselves, "The train is running, watch out for a raid tonight."

Toward the end of the war a recon plane would be over every noon. It would fly around in plain sight taking pictures. Not a shot would be fired at it. We called him Photo Joe, and could almost set our watches by him. The Japs even stopped blowing the warning when he came.

It was a comforting thing to see our planes up there like that.

We saw very few Jap planes. Their training was cut down because of the gasoline shortage. We saw some old antique biplanes flying around sounding like Maytag washing machines. We saw quite a few of their twin-engined transports. A sight that made us mad as hell since they were just our DC-3s.

During the fight at Okinawa, we saw many formations of first-line fighters leaving Tokyo and heading in that direction. We didn't know anything about the battle, but we knew something big was going on some place.

We began to have health troubles in the barracks. I noticed one day that my ankles were swollen. I couldn't get my shoes on. Harold Schroeder was the same way. We didn't get too worried, and in a couple of weeks the swelling went down. Later others were having the same trouble. And then we found it was Beri-beri. A couple of regular prisoners slipped us Vitamin 131 pills over the fence one night.

Some of the fellows were having boils. Jack Richards from Washington, DC had a regular epidemic of them. Little Jim Edwards had a couple of bad ones right where he wanted to sit. McCann had a very bad leg. He'd been hit with shrapnel, and his leg was badly infected.

The Japs finally sent in a doctor of sorts to treat us. It was the first medical attention we had received. We had to hold Jim and McCann when he worked on them. He would use a long, sharp prod to clean the wound and then pack it with gauze. He packed enough cloth into Jim's boil to make a shirt. I showed him my sores that were not healing. He dabbed on a little disinfectant. A few that had scabbed over, he ripped off the scabs and dabbed them with some dry cotton.

One of the regular prisoners slipped us a bottle of weak iodine. We started treating ourselves. Then, when Mac's wound was healing, he developed an abscess on his knee. They finally had to operate. They cut deeply into the knee. Of course, he had no anesthetic. He gradually grew stronger.

We suffered from dysentery. That can be very bad. It takes your appetite and if you miss a couple of meals it is almost impossible to gain back the lost strength.

We had a rule that anyone too sick to eat all his rice, could take half ration of rice and a ration and a half of soup. If no rice, he could have a double ration of soup. When we were sick we usually didn't want anything except a quick death.

Poor Snuffy used to have a relapse now and then and I'm afraid that I rather enjoyed it because he usually gave me the rice he couldn't eat. Then that got to be too much of a racket. Too many of the fellows were trading around with the sick. We finally ruled that if anyone was sick, his rice went in the bucket to be rationed out evenly with the rest. We had a lot of trouble over the rationing of our rice and soup.

On July 9, one of the fellows up front with Boyington died. He was a swell boy and died just one year to the day after his capture. It scared the Japs a little and for a few days they eased up on us.

We talked to one guard, who was called Horseface, into letting us make soup out in the garden and eat it during rest period. He finally agreed to let us pull grass and some tops of vegetables. We'd boil this and ration it out. When the young squash started coming in, Colonel Carmichael, by a great feat of diplomacy, talked Horseface into letting us take one little squash. Then when Horseface

wasn't looking he latched on to eight nice long ones. Boy, what a soup we had that day. It was a cup of solid squash. We found the seeds to be particularly good. After that we worked the old racket regularly on unsuspecting Horseface.

But all good things come to an end.

We had a rule that none of us would do any solitary stealing. We knew we'd all get in trouble if anyone was caught. Everyone agreed, but temptation got the better of a couple of the boys. They swiped a little cucumber—and were caught. Horseface beat them up badly. Then he made them beat each other. It lasted for nearly an hour and they took a terrible beating. That night as further punishment, they had to stand at attention in front of the guard house from six until midnight.

But we didn't sympathize with them very much, because as punishment for all of us, Horseface cut out our soup making for ten days. We were never to make soup again. Before ten days were up another boy got caught. And so it went to the end of the war. We surely missed that soup.

We felt so weak all the time that it was an effort to move around. I would rather have had a beating than to take that walk to and from work. My legs always felt like rubber, and I never knew when they were going to give out.

WE MEET THE CIVILIANS

Working outside around civilians gave us an excellent opportunity to watch and study them. They were not supposed to watch us and we were not to pay any attention to them. But whenever a truck full of schoolboys in uniform would go down the street they would all call out insults. They would call us fools and other names that cannot be repeated. One truck load came by with the usual taunts from its occupants, and right there the truck broke down. We had the pleasure of watching the guards work them over a little. We found that the military and civilians didn't get along very well. Once when an old lady stopped to rest and watch us work, a guard went over and knocked her down repeatedly. One nice looking girl used to parade up and down the street before us. We called her the sweater girl because she always wore a tight fitting yellow sweater, to which she did justice. The guard finally worked her over, slapping and knocking her down. She never came again. Another time we saw an old man take a beating for stopping to watch us.

They showed much curiosity toward us and too much hostility for our comfort. We were thankful for our guards and their attitude toward civilians.

One day as we were being marched back to camp, we approached a mob of civilians who appeared to be waiting for us. Most of them were armed with rakes and hoes. Things looked pretty bad. We were not physically capable of fighting much, but we crowded in together resolving to leave a few broken Jap heads should they rush us. We could sense a climax approaching. Then a large truck and trailer drove up and out jumped 200 men that formed the main working party of the regular prisoners. They always unloaded here and marched across the bridge into camp. They sized up the situation at a glance and moved down to reinforce us. Their guards joined ours.

The combined force was too large for the civilians and the guards quickly marched us past into the side street that led to the bridge and camp. For several days after that we were not taken out of the camp. When we did go out everything appeared normal. It was a scare we didn't forget and for a long time we hung pretty well together, and near the guard while out working.

Some of the civilians were quite friendly. Once when I was working out near the street a Jap came along, stopped and casually lit a cigarette. The guard wasn't looking so he quickly tossed down a couple of cigarettes and went on. I took them back to camp with me.

Cigarettes were something we craved. I had never smoked them before, but here they cut the hunger a little as well as giving us a little luxury. But the problem was to get them. We developed into great butt snipers. I wish I had a picture of Colonel Carmichael and Colonel King spotting and snatching old cigarette butts off the street. We saved up all these butts and pooled them. When we had sufficient tobacco we'd roll cigarettes in the barracks. Usually there would be from three to ten on a cigarette. We formed smoking pools. When we could put only three to a cigarette I smoked with the two colonels. If we could get three puffs apiece, we felt we had had a pretty good day. During our rest periods the guards would smoke and

give us the butt. Then all of us would crowd around and try to get a puff. Now it would be a disgusting spectacle, but then it was a matter of great importance to get in the line early enough to get a puff. During the last month of the war we were put on a regular cigarette ration of five cigarettes every ten days. We would cut them into eighths to make them last. We all had fashioned bamboo holders so that we could smoke them down to the end.

After we had been in camp two weeks, we were taken out for a bath. The bath house had two large tubs. Eight men or so could sit in one of these with the water up around their necks. I'm going to have a bath tub like that someday!

When we were taken into the bath house we were told that we could not get in the tubs. There were about fifteen small wooden buckets out of which we had to wash. There were thirty-five of us so each had to take his turn. We were allowed twenty minutes to wash, so on the first night, a few lost out. After that everyone rushed in to get a bucket and we had to set a time limit so that everyone could get a chance to wash. It was wonderful to feel that scalding hot water. Before we got to the water some 500 men had washed in the tubs and the water was none too clean, but we'd dip in our buckets and go to scrubbing. The dirt was so caked into our skin that soap didn't do much. It wasn't until I got down to Guam that I really began to get the dirt out with rubbing alcohol. We got one of these bucket baths about once every three or four weeks. Once when the guard went to sleep, while we were washing, we slipped into the tub. It was wonderful.

To give a full account of everything that happened during those months would be impossible. Every day was the same, yet every day was filled with some new little incidents. Fellows would get caught trying to get a good cigarette out of a civilian and would get beaten. Some days we would have mean guards that would keep us working until we'd nearly drop. Some would be easy and give us fairly long rest periods. Some days we had to work in the rain and live and sleep in wet clothes. Some days were nice and warm with a bright sun, and we could strip down to almost nothing and work. Every day it was—rise at five, work by seven, back in camp at noon for rice, work by one, back to camp for rice at six, and to bed at nine. When a raid was on the lights would be off and we'd be in bed by seven. Some days we were not taken to work and we'd sit around and talk about food and home. Some would sleep. Some continually quarreled. We'd play poker and cribbage with homemade chips and boards. Some would sew on clothes. Many would be sick.

Twice we were taken down to the beach to dig clams for the camp. The first time, when we'd find a clam, we'd crack the shell and eat it. That made the Japs mad so the next time they sent several guards along to watch us. One caught Shine eating a clam. He had to stand at attention out in the water with an incoming tide. When the water got up to his nose they moved him in a little way. They thought this was quite funny.

The little diary I kept gives me certain dates. It wasn't much of a diary, but it was the only thing I could keep hidden from the Japs. My entries go like this:

May 17—Several of us still sick from sour rice. Feel weak as a kitten.

May 18—Very cold. Lice eating on me. Weak and hungry.

May 23—Cold and rainy. Work in afternoon. Feel a little optimistic about the war. Guard says we do not work hard

enough. Feel weak.

May 26—Work again. Big night raid last night. Cup of beans lifted morale. Feel better. Have the G.I.s again.

On May 31—Had a new prisoner join our special group. He was a B-29 pilot that had been kept in the Shenagowia hospital. He had been in pretty bad shape, but lived. We knew that he was supposed to be with us, but didn't expect to see him. His name is Picket and he's from Oregon. A really swell fellow. He had a lot of news to give us that we hadn't heard. The war seemed to be going on fairly well. Some of the stories he told made our blood turn to ice.

15

SUMMERTIME

June 20, twenty of the fellows were taken across Tokyo to dig a tunnel to store food in. The work was for volunteers. I had done too much volunteering, so I kept quiet. Most everyone wanted to go as the Japs told us those in this working party would be given more to eat. It would also be hard work they said. Sixteen of us were left and we worked ourselves into a smooth running outfit. Colonel Carmichael stayed with us. We all got along fine. There wasn't so much of the usual quarreling that we had been used to. The work let up in the garden a little and the guards got more friendly. For a few days, we were kept in the camp to clean up around the barracks. We liked that. We were working in our shorts and it gave the regular prisoners a chance to see our skinny legs and prominent ribs.

Commander Mayer from the ship "Houston" was in the camp, the senior officer of the regular prisoners. He came past Carmichael and whispered that we didn't look so good. That night the regular prisoners slipped us in some extra food. Boyington's group would take half and we would take half. Boy, how that extra rice helped! Then we all got sick. As hungry as we were we couldn't eat. The rice buckets came in and instead of being rationed out, the buckets just sat for anyone that wanted any. We all ran very high fevers and had severe dysentery. Our extra food we gave to Boyington's bunch. Then they all got sick. It was quite a mess. The regular prisoners would see our food buckets go back with the rice still in them. They were pretty worried about us. They started to slip us more vitamin pills when they would get a chance.

About this time a group of Japanese interpreters came into camp. They were students out to practice on the prisoners. The few of us special prisoners were kept in from work to be questioned. We were taken into the bath house where many little tables were set up. Two Japanese interpreters were at each table. The questions were routine. They couldn't speak English very well and we had a lot of trouble understanding them. The first day one of them told me that our subject would be economics. He asked me to explain all about American economics. It was a large order, I told them, and what particular aspect of the subject would they like to hear. They didn't know. With their poor English and my technical answers to a question that I didn't know much about, it wasn't long before we all were very confused. We used to like this questioning because they usually gave us a cigarette. It was a treat to smoke a whole cigarette without having to share it with 30 other men.

On July 9, after we had gone to bed, the other twenty fellows came back from their work detail on the tunnel. They looked bad. They hadn't eaten all day so they were given some noodles in the barracks when they arrived. It brought tears to the eyes of the rest of us to see them eat while we had nothing. They told us about their life during the past twenty days. They had been pushed pretty hard. Colonel King had a big boil under his eye and a few days before a Jap guard had hit him on the boil and smashed it all over his face. He looked bad. They were all sick and the rest of us were thankful that we had not gone on that detail. They said they had been given

more to eat for a week or so and then a new guard change came and they were very bad. One thing they did get was cigarettes. They came in with several packages of British cigarettes. We divided them all out equally and made up a collection to give to Boyington's crew up front.

The next day we were given five more Japanese cigarettes. We felt like the war must be almost over.

With the coming of warm weather we began to have swarms of flies in the day time and mosquitoes and fleas at night. The flies were big and very bold. They would swarm on our rice and when we prodded them, they wouldn't fly away but merely walked around. Our soup began to come with lots of flies. We had contests to see who had the most flies in his cup of soup. Don Carlson won with twenty-seven!

The mosquitoes were equally as big. They would start in about dusk and bite us until morning. At night we would sleep with blankets over our heads. When the weather was very warm, it was suffocating to sleep without air, but the minute one stuck his nose out from under the blanket a swarm of mosquitoes would descend.

At night though, the fleas were the worst. They would stay in our blankets and come out at night when we were still. If you could get in your blankets and get to sleep within three minutes or so they would be okay, but after that the fleas would be crawling. All night long fellows would be up shaking their blankets. But you can't get rid of fleas that way. With the coming of fleas the lice seemed to disappear. Earlier it was the usual thing for all of us to strip down before bedtime and pick out the lice so that we could get some sleep. But you can't find fleas that way.

The raids, day and night, were getting more frequent. It was impossible to sleep during the night raids so we used to watch them out of the windows. The bursting shells, exploding bombs, burning city's, and watchful searchlights made an awe-inspiring scene. Sometimes a burning plane would light up the whole sky.

With all thirty-six of us together again, our old quarreling and bickering started. The guards cracked down on us in the garden. But with so many raids, we were getting the feeling that the war was getting close to an end and we were getting a little more careless.

It was then that Chuck Howard and Harry Hedges were caught stealing the cucumber. The guard was old Horseface, and he beat them until he got tired. Then he made them beat each other. Both boys took a terrible beating. It made our blood boil to have to stand there and watch it. All of us made a mental note as to the first Jap we were "going to get" when the Americans came in.

I will note here that Horseface did get it. He was tried before a War Crimes Commission, and found guilty and given five years of hard labor.

There was no sewage system in the community surrounding the prison camp. Human waste had to be carried off manually. And as our gardens grew, to us prisoners fell the task of sewage disposal. We applied it to our gardens. At first the guard would go with us as we made our rounds. Most of the "benjos" were out in the open where buildings had burned down.

With these emptied, we had to go back into the little town of Omori. It was very interesting. We had a good chance to observe the manner in which the lower class Japanese lived. Once in awhile,

some grateful woman would give the guard some soy beans or a couple of cigarettes, for emptying her benjo. Most of the guards would keep this. Horseface would take about half and give us the rest to split between us. The first time we got seven roasted soy beans apiece.

Later on the guard didn't watch us so closely. We were wandering around the back streets all by ourselves. We usually had three teams hauling. It had been a detail that no one wanted. Besides the type of work, it was very hard and kept you walking continually, and walking was very difficult in our weakened condition. But now this changed a little. The women, instead of giving a handout to the guard, would give it to us. Hap Halloran and I worked together. One day we got nothing. But the next day we got a couple of handfuls of soy beans, a little piece of potato, a rice ball, a dried apricot and seven cigarettes. What a wonderful day it was! We went up and down the street calling our wares like circus barkers. Little kids would follow us and now and then run out and give us some soy beans.

Of course, everyone wanted to get on this detail now. So in fairness we had to work up a roster and take our turn in rotation. This gave every one a chance. But we had to make up other rules. Some days would be no good. If a couple hauled and got no "presentoes," they had to wait their turn to haul again. And no one could eat in the presence of others. What he had given to him, he had to eat where no one could see him. It is a hard thing to be so hungry and then watch someone else eat while you had nothing.

Our "presentoes," of cigarettes, had to come back to the barracks to a common pool. We did pretty well with the cigarettes, too. That was untouched territory back in those streets as far as butt sniping went but we cleaned it shortly. We searched the garbage boxes by the houses to try to find some things that might be eatable.

But like our soup deal and other good things, it had to come to an end. One of the fellows tried to carry things a little too far with a civilian shop keeper and was reported. Horseface almost had a stroke. He lined us up in a row, yelling at us and slapping us. In the end, we had to appoint certain haulers that would keep the job steady, with fixed responsibility. We drew lots for the job—the privilege of cleaning Jap "benjos."

Shine swiped a squash and ate it. A civilian saw him and reported it. Shine's hat was the only thing the Jap could identify and Shine didn't wear it anymore. We were taken one by one over to the civilian family to be identified. They couldn't identify us so nothing was done.

Going out to work we marched by a little shop. In the street in front were some soy beans that had spilled during their unloading. As we marched by several reached down and scooped up some of the beans. Horseface saw it. He stopped us right in the street and called out three of the boys that had taken the beans. He slapped them around for quite awhile, much to the amusement of the civilians.

One of the boys tried to buy something from a civilian and the matter was reported to camp. If no one owned up, the whole group would have to take the punishment. In this instance one innocent man volunteered to take the rap. We found out later who the culprit was. It wasn't his first offense. Prison life brought out the finest in some boys, the worst in others.

16

WE WIN

On the evening of July 28, a new group of twenty men moved in with Boyington's crowd. They had just come down from the Ofuna prison. They had a lot of news to give us, all of it favorable. That and the fact that the whole island was being blasted day after day, made us rather optimistic. With this feeling we let ourselves relax a little, and that got us into more trouble.

We used to have a lot of fun with one little Jap interpreter. He stood about five feet tall. His sword would drag behind him on the ground. He had a passion for American coffee and doughnuts. Every time he'd get a chance he'd ask us about it.

"Can you buy all the coffee you want in the States?"

"For a nickel you can buy all the coffee, with cream and sugar, that you could possibly drink." For a nickel you can eat sweet rolls toasted, with melted butter, and doughnuts, all day long."

By this time his tongue would be hanging out and his eyes would have a glassy stare. We called him Pip-squeak.

All our guards had special names. Of course, there was Horseface. Then we had the Tin Soldier, Baby Dumpling, The Crook, The Fox, Denny Dimwit, Old Man Moe, Little Isaac, The Shadow, The Fang, and even Flat-Top.

I well remember when Denny Dimwit first came on duty. All of us had to suppress laughter. He looked like a moron. We'd look at him and say to each other, "That is the stupidest looking thing I have ever seen." A week or so later we found out that Denny could speak and understand English. But he never let on that he had heard us and he always treated us without malice.

The Crook was the mean guard. He had mean shifty eyes. He seemed to have the intelligence of a six year old child. He was the one that knocked several of my toenails off with his rifle because I wasn't sitting the way he wanted.

Baby Dumpling always treated us nicely because he hated Horseface and he knew that we also hated Horseface. If we had Baby Dumpling to guard our working party we knew we'd have an easy day. He would sneak out a magazine and then hide someplace in the garden to read. We'd keep watch for him. If we saw a camp officer coming down the street, one of us ran to tell Baby Dumpling. He would jump up and stride among us, slapping us, and shouting at the top of his voice. As soon as the officer left, he'd apologize for hitting us, and then disappear with his magazine. He never missed a chance to poke fun at Horseface. But Horseface was the number one guard in the camp.

Everyone was getting a little apprehensive about the end of the war. We were convinced that our chances of surviving an invasion were very slim.

With my watch we used to keep track of our pulse rate. Our average was forty-three or forty-four. For one stretch mine stayed at thirty eight to thirty-nine. To run a fever at night was a common thing. We always had stomach cramps and usually had dysentery. Beriberi had hit about everyone. Colonel Carmichael's ankles looked like footballs. To feel bad was normal, but to get off our feet was serious. It was a relief to get away from that hungry feeling, but if we missed a few meals, it was almost

impossible to gain back that strength. The regular prisoners told us to force it down any time we did not feel like eating. We thought fasting would cure dysentery, but the regular prisoners said to keep eating and it would cure itself sooner or later.

Starting August 10, a lot happened. We had a big raid that morning. There was too much smoke around for us to work in the garden, so we went clamming. This time they had plenty of guards on us so that we couldn't eat any. August 11, the fires were still going and we were not taken to work in the afternoon. That night we had another big raid. We started to lay odds that we'd be home for Thanksgiving. Up until now, it had been "Home for Christmas."

Early on the morning of the thirteenth, we were awakened by the alarms. There was an overcast, but we could hear planes flying above it. We listened and then a few of us said, "Those aren't Jap planes. They are ours. And single engine, too."

We were all crowded around the windows. The sky was breaking a little. Then in an open space we saw a Navy F4F. We went wild. Then the bombs started dropping. We heard one when it left the plane and knew that it would be close. We dove for the dirt floor, the Jap guard beating all of us. A bunch of guys piled on Pickett and kicked him accidentally in the face. When he came to a little bit, he thought a bomb had hit him.

The planes were "pealing-off" through small openings in the overcast. They'd come through, drop their load, and go back up. Never did we pray more earnestly for a clear sky. Those bombs were coming too close to old Omori camp!

All the Japanese office girls had gone to the shelter beside our barracks. Pappy Boyington was coming from the benjo when a bomb came whistling down. He dove for the first cover he could see which was this shelter full of women. He came out faster than he went in. Said it was safer with the bombs!

We watched one plane dive through, right at the camp. The torpedo left his bomb bays. It looked like it was on a straight line with our barracks. We ducked and she hit—a little way off. It knocked a big hole in our bridge as well as breaking all the windows in the barracks.

But the sight of those single engine planes over Japan was a great help to our morale. I remember saying to Hap Halloran, "August is going to be a very big month. I feel it in my bones." He reminded me of that a few days later when the war was over.

That afternoon, after the alert was over, we were taken out to work. Not in the garden however. A few miles away some of the regular prisoners had been digging another tunnel to be used as a place to store food. The morning of this day, some of Boyington's men had been taken over for that work. Now, in the afternoon, it was our turn. It was a long walk and at every step my legs felt like they were going to collapse.

At the tunnel we divided into work parties. I was placed on the dirt hauling detail. Two of us would carry excavated dirt out of the tunnel on a piece of matting slung on a pole over our shoulders. Others were digging, shoveling, and building. It was the hardest work I had run into. When the regular prisoners were taken out there they were given an extra ration of noodles. Of course that didn't go for specials. I'm afraid we made a poor showing, but we were pushed. One

British engineer did most of the pushing. We all made a mental note to "bust his teeth out" when the war ended.

All that afternoon we could hear shooting and bombing a long way in the distance.

The next day, August 14, was very quiet. We were taken back to the garden for work. I wasn't feeling very well and running a high fever.

August 15, of course, was the big day. But it didn't start out so well. We went to work in the garden. Harry Hedges was caught stealing a carrot. A Jap officer beat him for about twenty minutes. Then Horseface took over and beat him for a good hour. I don't know how Harry ever survived. It was the worst beating I've ever seen anyone take. We took him back to camp and he turned a deep purple all over.

At noon when we went in we found ninety-seven new B-29 prisoners in camp. They were specials like the rest of us. We had been moved from our barracks and put into another with the new fellows. They looked terrible. One of the boys had been beaten around his throat, damaging his vocal chords so that he couldn't speak. One was partially paralyzed from beatings. All looked like scarecrows, with beards all over their faces. Then we realized that they looked as we did, when we first got out of solitary.

This barracks we were in now had two little rooms at the end. Colonel Carmichael and Colonel King had one room and Major Ed Perry, navigator, and I had the other room. It seemed wonderful to have that little privacy.

These boys had been kept in the same cells that we'd been in, except that one of those cells sometimes had ten to fifteen men in it.

We had to hurry and eat our rice because we were to go to the tunnel again that afternoon. I was as sick as a dog and knew I'd never make it to the tunnel, and Hap Halloran felt the same way. He said to me, "Goldy, I don't feel that I will come back from that walk today."

We started to march out. Going past headquarters a Jap officer stuck his head out of the window and stopped us. We noticed the office workers clustered around the radio. The girls were all crying. The officer told the guard to take us back to the barracks. It was the most welcome sound I've ever heard from a Jap. Going back to the barracks we noticed big smiles all over the faces of the regular prisoners. Some of them made signs as if to say, "She is all over."

I went into my room and lay down on my blankets. The moment for which I had waited nine tortured months had come and I was too sick to care. The next morning I was a nice yellow all over. I had a good case of yellow jaundice.

During the next few days I was desperately sick. With the war over we more or less took over the camp. Especially the cook shack. That night more rice was brought in than we'd ever seen before. The rest of the fellows got sick from over-eating. The new boys were hit the hardest. Just out of the cells down in Tokyo, they had been on very low rations. They were a very sick bunch.

On August 16, we broke into the storehouse and got all the clothing in there. Colonel Carmichael put me in charge of the rationing and distribution of clothing, and any other equipment we could get. Most of the clothes went to the new boys as they had nothing but rags. This clothing consisted of shorts and shirts from the British Army in China. We got some more tooth brushes, soap, razors, etc. Trying to ration that stuff was

like holding a bone to a dozen starving dogs. And when we got all finished with a certain issue, everyone felt like he had been cheated.

Along with my yellow jaundice, I developed severe amoebic dysentery. From August 17 to August 21, I was too sick to write anything in my diary. August 22 I felt a little better. That day we older B-29 men were made regular prisoners. The other prisoners had gone to the Colonel, the Camp Commander, and insisted that we be let out of camp. So a week after the war was over, the guard was taken off us, and we were allowed to go out into the camp. We were very busy for a few days going around meeting the other fellows. I met the camp mess officer, Lt. Clark. I had flown a couple of years with his brother back in training command. I was going into the second week without having eaten anything. He stole a cup of sugar from the Japs and gave it to me. It was heavenly. I ate it grain by grain and it greatly helped my dysentery.

I met Sgt. Jerry Mix from Spokane, who knew a number of people I knew. We grew to be good friends and his presence in the camp was a pleasant thing for everyone. Captain Ince was from Pasco and was in the radio business. I talked with him as I, too, had once held a radio job for a few weeks.

The camp went on in about the same manner as before. Except there were, of course, no work parties. The mean guards all disappeared the afternoon of the fifteenth. We sat around all day, talking and reading books from the Red Cross library that the Japs had kept from us. All of the B-29 men were sick. Some of us were very sick.

The ninety-seven new men were still on special status. There was no figuring those Japanese. We all were getting the same ration, however.

There wasn't much of a demonstration in camp when we learned for sure that the war was over. Everyone seemed to be a little stunned. Instead of gathering in bunches and talking, everyone seemed to get by himself. That night I noticed that when we went to bed as usual, few of us were able to sleep. We had broken into the supply room and all of us, at last, had plenty of cigarettes. Instead of placing them in a holder and smoking them down to the end, we began to throw away the butts. Little Irwin Newman said, "I've wanted to do this for a year," and he'd light a cigarette, take a puff, and then grind it out under his heel. Newman had been one our of our best butt-snipers.

One night we watched a Jap officer attempt to commit Hari-kari. He was drunk on sake, and had been thwarted in an attempt to come into our barracks and slice a few B-29 men. He went back to his barracks right next to us and got his little knife. He cut open his stomach and his throat. But he didn't die. Finally the American doctor sewed him up. Then he was tossed out on the ground and no one paid any attention to him. He was helpless, hated by us, and in disgrace with the Japanese for failing an attempt at Hari-kari. When I left he was still alive. He was just too mean to die.

On August 25, for the first time since VJ-Day, planes came over. They were Navy planes. They came right down over our camp, dropping candy, cigarettes, gum and newspapers to us. They all had notes attached giving us the latest dope on when we would be liberated. That was when the camp went wild. When those American planes came swooping down with that large American Star on the side, tears rolled down my cheeks. There wasn't a dry eye in the

camp.

From then on, planes were constantly over us. Some would drop little things to eat, some had news cameras grinding away in the back. We would wave like mad, and they would wave back.

We had painted on the tops of buildings that we were a P.W. camp. The food they dropped didn't go very far. We saved it until we could have a regular drawing for every man. I drew a package of Luckies when I was dying for a candy bar.

Then we got enough K-rations to allow one box for every two men. Jim Edwards and I split a dinner box with a can of cheese. I took one bite but it kept coming up as fast as I could get it down. That was our initiation to American food.

Then the B-29s came over and really dropped food to us. No one was paying any attention to the rice that came in each day. The Japs were dying to get their hands on that food. At first they were amazed that we were getting so much. I'm afraid that they thought we were playing some kind of trick on them or that it was a propaganda stunt. After one Jap had tried to take a can of peaches and had lost all his teeth in the attempt, they kept pretty well away when the food was being dropped.

Every morning and night we still had to stand "Tenko." The guards still stayed in camp but they were very polite and they saluted us instead of our saluting them. They now did their own work, and probably would have done ours if we'd suggested or allowed it. They did carry water into the camp and took the cart for vegetables from our garden.

One day the camp commander, the old Colonel, wanted to talk with us. He had a big formation on the parade ground. The Colonel came out with his interpreter. In his speech he welcomed us to Japan. He was glad that we could have this pleasant stay together. He wished us never to forget the pleasant times we'd had in Japan, and the way Japan had tried to live up to the rules of International Law.

The one that really got us was when he said, "America and Japan in their new-found friendship, must stand together and never turn their backs upon Russia.

He told of the friendship that he'd always had for America and how he would never forget the cooperation that the Americans had always given him. He hinted that he hoped we wouldn't forget the nice treatment he had given us.

He will get his wish. The special prisoners of Camp Omori will never forget!

One day I was reading a John Steinbeck novel when I noticed Snuffy Smith pointing me out to a Jap. This Jap then came over and handed me a story that he had written in English and he wanted me to correct it. Snuffy told him I would. I did my best for him and he left. Pretty soon he came back with some little cookies and gave them to me. For the next two hours Snuffy could be seen kicking himself all over the camp.

This little Jap used to come into our Barracks quite frequently after that. He was working in the intelligence department and he had a lot of information on the surrender proceedings that he gave us. Most of it was fairly accurate. He had many long talks with me about how the Japanese would react to defeat.

17

LIBERATION

On the afternoon of August 29, we heard a lot of shouting. Everyone started running to the fence facing the bay.

Out there in the distance was the most glorious sight my eyes have ever seen or ever will see. The Stars and Stripes, Old Glory, proudly floating over a big white hospital ship, the "Benevolence." Truly, I thought, "Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory." Her captain, on being told the harbor had not been cleared of mines, said, "Damn the mines, we're going in." There she was, her lights all ablaze in the dimming twilight and landing boats were coming in. We were to be evacuated immediately. At long last, prison was ended and I was heading home. Emotion choked me.

The men in the worst physical condition were first to be taken out and I was in the first boat. As our boat grazed the side of the big ship, in my eagerness, I grabbed the ladder, but my strength was unequal to the task and two husky sailors carried me up.

We were taken immediately to a shower room. Our filthy prison clothes were taken and burned, and we were given hospital togs. That shower and those clean clothes were wonderful. We were then interviewed, and many intelligence forms had to be filled out. A Red Cross woman gave us each a bag full of things we desperately needed- toothpaste, soap, razors, cigarettes.

Then we had to meet the doctors. They examined us to determine whether we would stay on the hospital ship or be moved to one of the transports. I stayed on the ship.

We were assigned rooms in the officers' section. We had eight to a room. The rooms were air conditioned with a radio headset beside each bed. For the first time in nearly 10 months I had a clean, soft bed to sleep in. And no lice or fleas. It was almost too much comfort to take all at once.

They brought our first meal that night. All during prison I dreamed of my first meal being ham, eggs, french fries and ice cream. That is exactly what they brought us and then I got sick and couldn't eat a bit. Never have I been so bitterly disappointed.

For the next two weeks we lived on the hospital ship. We received much needed medical attention and rest. I couldn't use the overburdened cables but wrote long letters to Jean and Mom and Dad. Most of us were usually sick from over-eating. Our stomachs just couldn't take it.

The Red Cross treated us wonderfully. Any problem we might have we took to the Red Cross. Every place we stopped on the way back to the States, it was the same. The Red Cross was always on hand. No problem was too big or too small for them to tackle and to solve.

After two weeks on the hospital ship a group of us were taken by boat across the bay to the Atsugi Airfield. There a Navy C-54 picked us up and we were on our way to Guam. That day I had been pretty sick. The nurse on the ship tried to talk me out of going, but I'd have to have been a lot sicker to miss that plane out of Japan. I slept most of the way to Guam.

On Guam we spent one night in the Naval Hospital and the next day we

army fellows were moved to the Army Hospital. We got to feeling a little better. We didn't have so much to do here. After a few medical examinations we were fairly free. Hap Halloran and I took a little tour of the island. We got back to the hospital almost dead. We were not quite as strong as we had thought.

The next day I had my greatest treat yet. A bunch of my old squadron came down from Saipan to see me. We had a great reunion, and Pete Reeves brought along a letter he had received from Jean. Just the sight of her handwriting started the tears to rolling down my cheeks. I hadn't believed what they told me about her being killed in an auto accident, but I could never quite rid myself of a nagging fear. I was able to cable Jean from Guam.

Hap and I drew a partial payment and bought ourselves some clean clothes. Most of our money went for cartons of candy bars. We ate them by the carton.

We spent nine days on Guam and then the word came that we were to leave at four the next morning. We went to a movie and then sat up and talked until time to go. We were all too excited to sleep. Finally we were going home.

We left Guam just before dawn. We slept until landing at Kwajalain. The Red Cross fed us there, besides a regular dinner in the mess hall. Right after eating we got back in the plane and flew to Johnson Island. We ate again, visited the Red Cross, and took off for Hickman Field.

Coming in to land at Pearl Harbor we would see a big crowd with bands and everything. Our plane landed, and when we got out everyone started cheering. A few Generals came out and had their pictures taken with us. We thought it very nice to get a welcome like this. I was taken over in front of the band stand and a little Hawaiian girl presented me with a lei. The cameras flashed.

Then someone discovered the mistake. The celebration was for General Wainwright and his boys. We had beaten them to the field and had been mistaken for the honored guests. They immediately and formally got us out of sight. I hid my lei for fear that they would take that away from me.

In the crowd was an old squadron intelligence officer. He hadn't known that I was alive. He was watching the whole thing and saw me. For awhile he couldn't believe it was really me, but finally he came out to see for sure. We had a good reunion. He took me over to the Hickman Field Officers' Club and bought me several thick milk shakes and marshmallow sundaes.

Eight hours later we were loaded back on the C-54 and took off for San Francisco. Nearing the Golden Gate, our excitement began to mount. We were crowding the windows trying to get our first glimpse of the United States. The flight nurse was trying to get us back into our litters. She was saying, "Please fellows, get back in the sack. Please, you guys, you'll get me in trouble." No one paid any attention to her. I heard her mutter, "Okay, to hell with all of you." So we reluctantly went back to our litters. We had had our first glimpse of San Francisco.

We landed at Hamilton Field, were met by the Red Cross with coffee and sandwiches, and then rushed to Letterman Hospital.

There followed nine days at Letterman, a C-47 trip to Spokane and ambulance to Baxter Hospital, with my wife and parents to meet me. Little Doe was still in Seattle with Jean's parents, but within a week his grandmother brought him over and my family circle

was again complete.

Life quickly swung back to its normal routine. Except for fighting the war sometimes at night, the whole experience seems like a dream. No longer can I recapture the feeling of intense hunger, of cold and pain, of lice and fleas and of sitting sixteen hours a day in a bare and freezing cell.

I had a letter from Hap Halloran. He said, “You know, I just can’t believe that I really ever went through all that stuff.” That is the way most of us feel. But some things I have gained. I am sure that those few of us, who, by the grace of God and the heroic efforts of our comrades came back from our last missions, have a greater appreciation of that liberty which we lost for a time, and I like to think that we have a greater determination to protect that liberty here at home.

[“The End”]

POSTSCRIPT

1992

Forty-seven years after the end of World War II, my very good friend Hap Halloran and I arranged a reunion of surviving comrades of our barracks at Omori POW Camp. Surprisingly, we found 17 of the original 36 who were alive and anxious to attend the reunion.

We met in Columbus, Ohio, in May, 1992. Most of us had not seen each other since the end of the war and we knew that most of us would not meet again.

To briefly recap what I know about most of the people mentioned in this book:

The two Colonels, Carmichael and King, stayed in the Air Force and both made Brig. General shortly after liberation. I was able to see Dick Carmichael several times but never again saw Dick King although I have talked with him on the phone.

Shine, Bob Evans and Irv Newman are all well and they attend the reunions of the 73rd Bomb Wing.

My crewmember Harold Schroeder died sometime in the 1970s.

Don Carlson, the marine pilot who won the "flies in the soup" contest is in a Veterans Hospital following a stroke.

Ed Perry retired from the Air Force and is living in Illinois.

Harry Hedges who received such a terrible beating at the war's end survived but reportedly died some years ago.

Mel Johnson went back to Japan, married a Japanese lady and lived for a time in Hawaii where he ran a travel service. Jean and I visited with him and his wife. We talked all night about prison camp and the Japanese guards. Mel said that he did not trust the Japanese and added laughingly, "I don't even trust her," pointing to his wife. Mel died of a heart attack in the 1980s.

Snuffy Smith died during the 1970s. His co-pilot Jim Edwards survived and attended the reunion.

I saw Guy Knoble after the war but he, too, died some years ago.

Most of us have some medical and dental problems. My feet, to this day, have very little feeling, but we have survived to carry on productive lives. Most of us still find it difficult not to overeat.

I have been back to Japan several times. During the Korean War I served another combat tour, flying out of Japan and Okinawa. Jean and I made a trip to Japan in the 1970s and I showed her where Omori POW Camp had been. The little bridge to the camp had been replaced by a larger one that could take heavier traffic. A grandstand was where our barracks stood. Houses had been built all over the garden area but the street was still there and the train tracks were still in operation.

During later trips to Japan I enjoyed the Japanese people. Japan is a beautiful country. After forty seven years no bitterness remains.

To summarize at the time of our reunion:

Carmichael: deceased; Mann: okay, and at reunion; Perry: okay, and at reunion; Clark: unknown; Livingston: okay, and at reunion; Deterra: unknown; Howard: deceased; Fischer: deceased; Pickett: okay, and at reunion; Rewitz: unknown; Humphrey: okay, and at reunion; Kennard: deceased; Bishop: okay, and at reunion; Kazarian: deceased;

Armstrong: deceased; Newman: okay, and at reunion; Dansby: hospitalized; Schott, okay, and at reunion; King: in ill-health; Schroeder: deceased; Lodovici: okay, and at reunion; Carpenter okay, Smith: deceased; Edwards: okay, and at reunion; Halloran: okay, and at reunion; Knobel: deceased; Nicholson: okay, and at reunion; O'Neil: okay, and at reunion; Evans okay: and at reunion; McGrath: deceased; Johnson: deceased; Hedges: deceased; McCann: okay, and at reunion; Carlson: hospitalized; Richards: okay, and at reunion; Goldsworthy: okay, and at reunion.