

WHO WOULD HAVE EVER DREAMED?

by

Norris Poulson

Completed under the auspices  
of the  
Oral History Program

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## FOREWORD

Early in 1962, at the urging of Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., former Mayor of Los Angeles Norris Poulson agreed to write his memoirs for the UCLA Oral History Program. Because of a throat ailment which made speaking extremely difficult, it was impossible to conduct the usual recording sessions. The following manuscript, then, is not oral history in the pure sense. However, because of Mr. Poulson's rare gift for expression, the reader will note the same candidness in this manuscript that he finds in the conventional oral history tapescript.

For an Oregon farm boy to become Mayor of one of the largest cities in the United States is almost as unbelievable as the typical Horatio Alger success story. As Mr. Poulson is fond of saying, "Who would have ever believed it could happen?" How it happened is detailed in the following pages. Beginning with his boyhood in Oregon, the tale progresses through his entrance into politics, his terms as a United States Congressman, his two terms as Mayor of Los Angeles, and his work with the California Water Commission. Included are discussions of the controversial confrontation of Nikita Khrushchev, the advent of major league baseball and the Arechiga case, and the public housing issue. Xerox copies of some

of the more important correspondence have been inserted at appropriate points in the narrative. Among these are letters from former Presidents Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The original manuscript was written at Mr. Poulson's home in La Jolla. It was edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon and indexed by Mrs. Adelaide Tusler.

## INTRODUCTION

I have been asked by the Oral History Program at UCLA to write my biography and experiences in the political field of California. They are doing the same with many leaders in various fields, so I am not over-rating myself. I have had some interesting experiences which I would like to share with others, especially my grandchildren and even great-grandchildren. Life has been very good to me and I think I have had more than my share of good luck. I say this even though at the present time I am unable to talk very well because of an undetermined speech difficulty.

Being a non-conformist in so many ways, I will attempt to tell this story in my own fashion. It will not be chronological but I will piece together, like a crossword puzzle, some of the incidents in my life which, over a period of time, make a complete story. In life we see one side of a picture or an individual and maybe never have an opportunity to see the other side or to know why this individual did certain things. I have two stories to illustrate this point.

### The Handsome Manager of the Chloride Mine

Baker County, Oregon, in the early 1900's was a booming mining area. Gold was the principal ore. The Chloride Mine up Rock Creek was one of the active mines,

owned and operated by Eastern money, as most of them were. A snowslide about 1910 had wrecked the mill and the mine was abandoned. About a year later, on a camping trip with the De Long and Moncrief family in that area, I went with Neil De Long to visit the wrecked mine. The office had been spared and we, of course, rummaged through all of the files. I found the personal file of the young mining engineer and manager. I have since lost this file and can't remember his name but I do remember the story. Here were his love letters, and being in my teens I read each one from his sweetheart with bubbling enthusiasm and could imagine what he was writing her. I arranged them in sequence by date and I can say that they were love letters. Then the climax-- in most endearing terms she told him how her father had lost considerable money and she would have to marry a certain wealthy man to retain the family prestige. Next came the wedding invitation stating that the ceremony was to be held at the little church in Stuyvesant Square. Being very emotional, I was very sympathetic, but, anyway, I walked off with the entire file.

Several years later, I took these letters and the wedding invitation out to show my sweetheart, Erna June Loennig.

The other side of the picture was unfolded then. Erna's mother told about this handsome young mining

engineer. It was a custom at the time to have turkey shoots at Thanksgiving and Christmastime. It was also a method of disposing of the turkeys, not shooting them, but the best marksman would win a bird and, of course, you paid for the chance to shoot. This young man could outshoot all of the farmers or anyone around. He was very handsome and all the young girls' hearts would go pitty-pat, but he paid no attention to them. They would see him in Baker City and he would always be sober; then he started drinking and was always drunk; and along came the snowslide, and from then on they never saw this man. No one knew why he started drinking. I had found the reason in his love-letter file.

In 1936, when I was a delegate to the Lions Convention in Providence, R.I., I made it a special point to look up this little church in Stuyvesant Square and I relived that couple's tragedy.

#### The Famous Mooney Case

When I was a young man in 1916, I read a great deal about this Mooney case for several reasons. The principal witness against Thomas Mooney was a big cattleman from Durkee, Oregon, in Baker County. At a Preparedness Parade in San Francisco, a bomb was exploded, killing several people. Frank Oxman, the cattleman, was the chief witness against Tom Mooney, a radical labor

agitator, who had been causing considerable unrest in San Francisco. It was rumored that the private utility companies were his chief target, and in those days such men were sometimes railroaded into prison. The Sunset Magazine at that time printed a story that Frank Oxman was in poor financial straits, as were many cattlemen at that time, and all of a sudden he blossomed out as a wealthy stockman. Naturally, this Mooney case was the banner under which all liberal movements carried on their political activities for many, many years. In fact, his wife carried on a crusade and collected money in the battle to "FREE TOM MOONEY."

The next episode was in 1921, when I was working for the O'Bryant Grain Company in Baker, Oregon. Oxman was buying large quantities of chopped barley to be used in feeding cattle. So, therefore, he was in the office often and talked a great deal about one subject--testifying in court. The reason for this was that we were suing a very prominent farmer and State Legislator, W. A. Cartmill, for grain sold to him and his son. He had tricked me into billing it to his son with the explanation that the obligation would be more impressive on his son. His son was rather undependable. While they both shared in the sale of the hogs which they were feeding, the senior Cartmill took advantage of a legal technicality, saying that I should have received his

personal guarantee in writing. He denied guaranteeing the bill. This case was tried four times before we won a verdict. The first three trials had hung juries. The jurors who knew me voted for us, but in a large area like Baker County there were many people who didn't know me.

Now I bring Mr. Oxman into the picture. This was a big case in that area and Mr. Oxman took it unto himself to give me advice. Now I need not say that I was skeptical of this man, as were many others, but Mr. O'Bryant warned me to be very careful. Oxman seemed to be a man "obsessed" with testifying in court. He said to plan my testimony and stick with it--never let the attorneys trap me into any change. Well, I told him that I was going to tell what happened, even though I had since found out that I made an error in not getting a written guarantee. He attended each of the trials and had an undue interest and was always giving advice.

Now we go to 1938, when I was first elected to the California Legislature as a Republican. Culbert Olson, a Liberal Democrat, had in his platform, "Free Mooney." This was his first official act as Governor and they made a great celebration out of it. Being the first Democrat elected Governor in California in forty years was enough to bring the crowds to Sacramento, but the Mooney Circus added to the colorful first day. This was in January, 1939.

Everyone agreed that his wife's persistent crusade was the big factor in getting him pardoned, but to show his gratitude, Mooney shortly after being freed, sued for divorce to wed someone else. So we complete this cross-word puzzle.

In fact, in two encyclopedias, this Mooney case is referred to as one of international interest because of the confession of perjured testimony at the trial.



## I

### EARLY LIFE IN OREGON

I was born in Baker County, Oregon, July 23, 1895, on a farm. My father was a Danish immigrant, coming over in 1860. He came from a family with a background of members in the ministry and in public life. One brother was a missionary to India and a nephew was the head of the Lutheran Church in Denmark and member of the King's cabinet--Kirminister Thorvald Povlsen. I now have a cousin in the Danish Parliament and one who is Chief of Police in Copenhagen. There were so many Swedes in Oregon that my father translated his name to "on" when it should have been "en." Peter Scoboe Poulson was his name. After he worked out his passage in Philadelphia, he started west and worked on the Union Pacific Railroad as mule skinner and cook just out of Omaha. He freighted with oxen from the Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River to Silver City, Idaho. The cargo was whiskey, spices, and silks. They spun their wool up there for clothing and, of course, raised their grain and meat. He liked Baker County, which he freighted through, and subsequently got a job on a ranch with one of the most substantial German farmers, Arnst Loennig. Arnst Loennig was the grandfather of my wife, Erna June Loennig. He

then took up two ranches from the government and became a farmer.

My mother was an orphan girl from Arkansas, living with her uncle, a neighbor of the bachelor, Pete Poulson, twenty-one years her senior. Her mother died at the time of her birth and she was raised by her grandmother until she came to Oregon. Mrs. Poulson and I have been back to her birthplace but couldn't locate any relatives. I do have two second cousins living in the West. We have been to the birthplace of my father and have visited with relatives.

I couldn't write about myself without giving the background of my wife and naturally telling throughout this story the great influence and assistance she has given me. Her grandparents on both sides were born in Germany and not of peasant stock. Her father was born in Baker County, where his father was a substantial citizen, and her mother was born in Kansas and came as a girl to Portland, Oregon, via wagon train. My wife, having both Prussian and Bavarian blood in her veins, had the stability of character to both work with and guide me in my many pursuits.

I was a normal boy, liked to play and have fun. Although I liked athletics, I was inept as I did not have perfect coordination and besides was skinny and small for my age, weighing only 124 pounds when married.

I would fight when crowded too far, but being small I naturally learned the art of talking myself out of difficult positions without losing "face." While I was Mayor, this was the forte by which I could get dissident groups to work together for one common cause. I could learn easily and as a result loved to pull mischievous stunts in school. Also, being small, it was a method by which I could be recognized. I would get 100 in Mathematics and just pass in subjects like English and Latin. I could sing and was a good imitator and was very gregarious and, I think I can say, quite popular. I have always talked a lot, but still I listened to people from whom I could learn something. I developed early the idea of studying people so that I could learn their likes and dislikes. By nature I have always liked to help people--I can honestly say it was not with the idea of receiving anything in return, but I learned that you, too, received help, maybe not from the same source you helped but from somewhere. It was sort of my religion, and certainly the basic training you received as a farmer, namely, the more you put into cultivating your soil the more you received in return. As a farmer, I learned that you can't shortcut. If you cut corners in seeding grain, there would be a vacant spot; if you didn't irrigate the entire field, dry spots or burned spots would show up. I will tell later of how many people have helped me. In

fact, had it not been for my wife and family and many loyal friends, I would never have had the chance to get started on a political career.

My mother raised me in an atmosphere of fear, which kept me a pretty straight-laced young man and I stayed out of a lot of trouble, but it also had its bad effects. My wife helped me to overcome that fear until I was ready to try anything with her backing. My mother, with her religious Baptist background, saw to it that I attended Sunday School and Church, for which I am very thankful. She was the one who kept her eagle eye on me, but it was my father who also had a great influence with his not-too-often advice or reprimands. One suggestion, which I have often jokingly told and which I have stated I only carried out fifty percent, was "Keep your mouth shut and your bowels open and you will get along in life." He was a man of few words but was greatly respected by all who knew him, and as a pioneer he was widely known. He never went to a doctor; had his teeth until he was eighty-two, drove a mowing machine for me during the First World War when help was short, and he was then seventy-three years old. He was repairing a garage door and slipped off the icy ladder when he was eighty-five years of age and broke his hip, which proved fatal. My mother had her aches and pains but she lived until she was seventy-seven.

By hard knocks I have learned to size up people pretty well. In high school I took part in all activities such as Glee Club, leading comedian in plays, debating team, and student body officer. My folks were rather close with me on spending money so I got up at four o'clock every morning, folded my papers off the grass, and delivered them over an area of several miles in snow or rain. On Saturdays I melted and molded the lead type. Work has always been my method of overcoming obstacles. If I wasn't as smart as some others, I always figured I could outwork them. For instance, I was to debate the oldest boy in the senior class--he was twenty-two and I was seventeen. He was the son of a lawyer and had spent several years in the Navy, going around the world with the fleet in 1908, and was self-confident and a good speaker. Incidentally, he had just defeated me for President of the Student Body. No one expected me to win the debate, but I worked and learned the subject matter and, evidently, he just casually glanced at it. Work did it and that has been my motto ever since. Incidentally, this man, Frank McCulloch, is now head of one of the largest legal firms in Portland, Oregon. While in Congress, I have listened to important debates, and the man that knew his subject and had worked always floored the unprepared opposition. That was the strength of Senator [Robert A.] Taft--he knew his subject.

After graduating from high school, I thought I wanted to be a civil engineer. I started in the fall of 1913 at Oregon Agricultural College (now Oregon State University). Instead of engineering, I took agriculture, but at that time I didn't have the real concept of the necessity of working. I was having a good time. I belonged to one of the strongest local fraternities on the campus (now S.A.E.), was a member of the Glee Club and stunt man, and traveled around the State with them, and was sports reporter for the Portland Telegram (now defunct). I had a few girl friends and anyone could see the end. I ran out of money and, after passing my exams, decided to go home and earn enough to return, but there is where my wife entered the picture.

The only work I could do was on the farm, and I applied for a job with Erna's father, who had several hired hands. Strange, living in Baker during the school term and out in the country just three-quarters of a mile from the Loennigs during the summer, I never knew them. Because they were considered in the wealthy class, evidently I had an inferiority complex although our folks were well acquainted. Frank Loennig had "stood up" at my parents' wedding and I was taken as a baby to the wedding of my wife's parents. I had seen my wife but because she was three years younger and in long braids, I paid no attention to her.

I got a job for \$35.00 per month and board and room. Mr. Loennig hired me because of my father, being a little skeptical of whether I could do the work, and he was about right. I made a lot of mistakes but got by on my personality and the fact that Mrs. Loennig liked me.

Now as to the little country girl who fooled the so-called city boy, that is a story in itself. She was fifteen years of age when I started to work, and, of course, I had, in a small way, been around. She had been supposedly a very serious girl (which is true) but she had likewise read a few love stories, and with the help of her mother (which she didn't realize) I fell hook, line, and sinker. She was like a flower, just a bud, when I started to work, but she blossomed out into a beautiful girl, so much so that I spent my lone hours thinking of ways to ward off young admirers. I forgot all about going back to college and instead took a short business course in a local business college. I did learn that there were such terms as debit and credit, but not much more. A live-wire businessman, J. F. O'Bryant, in Haines, Oregon, the main shipping point for hay and grain from the valley, asked me to work for him. I received \$50.00 per month and worked from seven to six o'clock, weighed hay and grain and kept records of same, and, in addition, checked lumber in and out as he had a small planing mill and lumberyard. He also sold

automobiles. I also had a chance to work for the wealthiest man in Baker. He ran the bank and many other enterprises, but I took the job in Haines because it was twelve miles nearer the Loennig Ranch, and in those days and with the type of roads, that was a long distance. Also, it didn't take a long-distance call to talk to Erna. Every night at 6 p.m. sharp, the Loennig phone would ring, and in those days they had about eight or ten farm homes on a line and you would begin to hear the clicks as they took off the receivers. There couldn't be any secrets--in fact, I would have to ask them to be quiet or hang up. This necessitated buying a bicycle and pumping six miles uphill to tell a secret.

Now the Loennigs talked of sending Erna to college and that really became a big worry as I knew where I would land up, so the biggest selling job I ever did in my life was to convince her that we should get married instead and run my father's ranch, which was about three-fourths of a mile from her home. My father had it rented, but he sold it to me and that took care of that item. I can't say that Mr. Loennig fancied me as a son-in-law, and besides he thought Erna was too young. She was seventeen by the time I had convinced her she shouldn't go to college.

After we had decided, I knew it was the custom to ask her father and in this she agreed. It was one Sunday



morning that I decided to take on this chore. I followed him all around the farm that morning and we finally ended up in the barn where he was attending to a Suffolk Punch Thoroughbred Stallion. After many tries, I finally propounded the question. His answer was rather short-- "Kind of late--I just heard from Mrs. Loennig that you have already decided that." To this date I don't know whether I had his consent.

We were married on Christmas night, 1916, and in that farming community it was quite a social event. It was at the bride's home, and, although the roads were drifted fence-high with snow, and in places you would have to cut through fields and avoid the road, all invitees attended. Now to add to my doubt as to whether I had her father's permission to marry his daughter, there was still another one, and that was whether we were legally married. Some time later, we found out that the minister was not legally ordained and actually had no authority. Anyway, he did a pretty good job.

We were to take possession of the ranch on March 1st. Usually, spring is there, or at least the snow is off the ground, but this was the latest spring in the memory of anyone. With my real inexperience and the necessity to move fast in getting the crops in, I thought I was suffering all of the tragedies of life, but later could laugh at all of my mistakes. The most comical

thing I can think of is to see a tenderfoot trying to farm. While I had worked at times on the ranch, I had never really lived there throughout the year and did not know the intricacies of animal life and the complexities of farm machinery. As I stated earlier, I did not have perfect coordination and, besides, I only weighed 124 pounds.

Seeing me trying to do a farmer's job must have been amusing. However, I had persistence and wasn't afraid of work. I broke a young team to work and the going joke was that I broke them to balk. There was a monopoly in Haines as to farm machinery and I thought I would break it by ordering a sulky plow from Montgomery & Ward. I had to assemble it, and frankly, being the least mechanically inclined farmer known, I plowed one entire year with one little wheel dropping off every time I turned it a certain way. I would get off and put it on and then plow on. The error was so simple that it made ME feel simple. Seeing me and my hired man from Missouri (who was in my category as a farmer) attempting to pick the geese, would have been better than any slapstick comedy. We got feathers all over the barn and few in the sack. I could recite many, many more such incidents, such as the trouble with my neighbor's stray hogs.

We had poor fences and that was one of the number-one jobs. We tore down old buildings and really lifted the

face of the place. While I made a lot of mistakes, I learned, and didn't make them the second time. I bought the ranch from my father at the low price (but it was run down) of \$12,500--nothing down. I sold it on May 23, 1920, for \$28,000 and had several prospective buyers, simply because we dolled things up.

I then took a grain and hay-buying job with a large firm in their head office in Portland. I covered Baker Valley. My love for the farm took me back again. We rented a small farm and then bought some more land from my father. This love for the farm was ingrained in me and still is. When I was twelve years old my father went to visit Denmark and wanted to take me, but I preferred to spend the summer out on the farm where I could roam, dream, and just enjoy the beautiful farm country.

The second adventure on the farm wasn't as successful as we didn't have as good land. Then we were hearing stories of Los Angeles from people who had been there. In fact, we thought they were greatly exaggerated. In January of 1923 we had thirty-degree-below-zero weather; the oil in the transmission of the car froze up; all three daughters had the whooping cough at the same time; and the wife said, "Let us go to California," and, having an aunt in Los Angeles, she meant LA. I said OK and we started making plans to sell out that fall and go south.

She told her folks and eventually it turned out to be a good excuse for her mother to use to escort us to California, as they also drove down for the winter.

Now, as to the trip--this story might seem incredible but it is the gospel truth. One of the young men returning told about the road-hogs in California and how they would run you off the road. Well, I determined they wouldn't run me off the road, so I bought a German Luger and strapped it on to the steering gear post. Of course, I didn't use it, but after being in Los Angeles for a month, my young brother-in-law, Roger, borrowed it and went up on Hollywoodland (now covered by homes) and was going to do some target shooting--it wouldn't work. The week before, a burglar had been visiting all of the homes in the court on different nights, but I was prepared for him. We locked the doors, put the gun under my pillow, and expected to be awakened when he attempted to enter the cottage. Those were the days when I could sleep, because the next morning we found the back door open and dresser drawers open but the gun was not touched.

I should tell about our three daughters. Erna Bea was born in 1917, Patricia Emma in 1919, and Norrisa (her name at that time was Margaret Jane), in 1920. We made poor farmers because we didn't have any sons and so we changed the youngest's name to Norrisa.

## II

### MOVE TO CALIFORNIA

In 1923, there were no modern motels or even too modern camping grounds. Erna's folks had a seven-passenger Buick and the latest camping equipment. We had a 1920 Buick touring car--filled the back seat with blankets, suitcases, etc., and placed the three children on top of that. We had a rolled mattress tied on the right side of the car and a camping stove on the rear. We looked like the "Okies" we read about later during the Depression, heading for California. It took about two weeks to get to Los Angeles, as we weren't in a hurry, and besides during November the days are short. Setting up camp, cooking meals, and then packing up the next morning, with the oldest child only six years of age, took time and patience. Of course, Erna's mother helped us, but they had Erna's two youngest brothers with them.

When we drove into Hollywood, I will swear that not only was everybody looking at us, but it seemed like they were driving toward us, trying to run over us. Aunt Wyoma Coles had sent us an advertisement with a map on it, which directed us to her place. We drove right up to the house and if I had missed a street I don't know where I would have landed.

We had absolutely no idea what kind of work I would get into. In fact I don't think we even thought about that; surely a case of irresponsible youth. I soon found out there were no jobs for farmers--the only farmers here were retired Iowans. I answered two ads for dairy managers and got up to the final interview and lost out because I was not a college graduate. This "college graduate" obstacle haunted me for sixteen years until I got into politics. I was always trying for something better but eventually I ran into that roadblock.

The real estate boom was having a slight recession then, but I signed up to be a salesman in Girard, in San Fernando Valley. This project incidentally was a "bust" and in late years Woodland Hills has taken over this area.

I lasted only one day because I couldn't practice their type of misrepresentation. This was the type of promotion where they would take you out in a bus, give you a lunch which would give you autointoxication, and then the salesman (like myself) would take the prospects out to show the "unsold lots." While the salesmen were doing this, a loudspeaker would ask them to mark their charts because lot so-and-so was sold. There were many such announcements, and then we were ordered into the "closing area," where the real high-powered salesmen would take these prospects into a very small office and give them the works. They even tried it on me and if I had

given them my shoes they would have taken them for a down payment. Going back to LA on the bus with the salesman I found that they had not sold a single lot for a week. I never went back.

Finally, we decided I had better try to find an office job. I answered an ad for an assistant bookkeeper with the Square Oil Company, which operated in the original LA oil fields and sold fuel oil. A typical Englishman was the bookkeeper, and he received \$160 per month and I received \$120. Everything went OK until business began to fall off and then I proposed to Mr. Lapp, the owner, that I would do both jobs for \$200 per month--he accepted. I really didn't understand bookkeeping, but I studied what the Englishman did under each transaction and I did the same. Mr. Lapp liked me and that sure helped to get by. Erna knew what I was up against.

Shortly thereafter a salesman stepped into this out-of-the-way office and asked if I was Mr. Poulson. I answered yes and asked how he knew my name. He gave me a run-around but then started in to sell me on the Walton School of Commerce correspondence course in accounting. Fortunately, this was the best course at that time and was the one used at many universities, but since I was receptive I could have been sold on an inferior course. I went home enthusiastically to sell Erna on the idea. It meant a big bite out of the stretched budget and years

of hard work. I was prepared for the hard work because I had come face to face with the fact that I had to become skilled in something or else our lot in life would be very mediocre. The salesman later told me that it was Mrs. Poulson who sent him down to see me. Erna also stated that she was going to spend her last ounce of energy to see that her daughters got a college education. This little country couple was beginning to realize the coldness of a big city and the stark facts of life.

Erna's folks came down to spend the next winter and took my family home with them. We sold our Buick for \$200, let the furniture company repossess our furniture, and I moved into the YMCA. I still worked for the Square Oil Company, but would get up every morning (and I mean every morning) at four o'clock, and study. I walked to work for my exercise. I didn't have a suit of clothes, just trousers and sweaters given to me by my brothers-in-law.

After fifteen months of hard work, studying and saving money, the family came back and we started over again. I had progressed enough in my studies to get a job with Ernst & Ernst, but after one season had to quit to make more money. Then I started keeping books for a number of little businesses and built it up to where I made far more money than I could by working for one company. I kept studying, but it was 1933 before I passed



my CPA exams. The time for paying the examination fee was during the bank closing in 1933, but Erna had tucked away the \$25 for that purpose and so I took the examination.

We were most optimistic and enthusiastic in every way. We looked to the future and never were greatly worried about our present financial predicament. We never had any net worth, except a wonderful family. Everybody congratulated us on our fine daughters. Erna taught them how to be ladies and I taught them how to enjoy life.

It was a tough struggle through the Depression and were it not for some money I finally received from the ranch sale, it would have been catastrophic. I am glad now that Erna never really told me how much we owed stores etc., but we kept plugging and she paid a little here and a little there and kept them off our necks. She really knew how to economize, even though she was raised in a family that didn't have that problem to cope with.

I was always at ease with a small group and would eventually attempt to dominate, but I had a great inferiority complex with strangers and larger groups, because I had had my ears knocked down so many times for not having had a college education. After I had broken the ice, I would use my personality to promote myself.

One day Erna told me that she had signed me up for a public-speaking course to be given by a speech teacher at UCLA. I didn't rebel but I was shaking in my boots

when I entered the class. The first thing we had to do was to rise, give our name and occupation. The teacher, Dr. [Harrison M.] Karr of UCLA, had to ask me to repeat. He taught us to forget our inhibitions, just let loose our personality and express ourselves naturally--he would trim off the rough edges. Believe it or not, I became one of the best in the class in a couple of years. I won the elimination contest for Lions Club five-minute speeches in LA County and went to Santa Barbara to compete in the California-Nevada Convention contest. I placed third, with a dynamic minister winning first, and a lawyer second.

### III

#### ENTRANCE INTO POLITICS--CALIFORNIA STATE ASSEMBLY

I found myself doing more public relations work for clients than accounting. I became active in Republican Clubs after I had run for Assembly on Senator Hiram Johnson's Progressive ticket, and of course not winning.

This brings me up to the question everybody in Oregon asked me, and likewise many people in other places. "How can a farm boy without a college education go to a big city and be elected to Congress and also Mayor of Los Angeles?" I would say, THIS IS AMERICA. However, it was not all luck as I put a lot of personal study and observation into the art of electioneering. It took courage, since we had to put up our own money, not only when I ran as a Progressive but likewise the first time I was elected to the State Assembly.

I stated before that my daughters might have been a handicap to me as a farmer, but they were a "gold mine" in electioneering door to door. "My daddy would like your vote," spoken by a good-looking clean-cut young girl is hard to resist. They also had the answers for doubters. When I ran for Congress, we had campaign pictures of the "Poulsonites on Bicycles." They were college girls by that time.

I remembered the 1936 election, and, while I was a Landonite and had voted for Hoover, I heard these "fear stories" spread around the last few days of the campaign and at the last minute I voted for Roosevelt. I realized afterward the importance of the fear psychology. Then I looked back at past elections to see what motivated my vote. I realized that you had to have just a few impressionable points and how that subtle fear psychology played an important part. It should be subtle. Later, when I was in Congress and flying back home, I sat beside the cosmetic sales manager for a large drugstore chain. In the course of the conversation she told me that subtle fear was the greatest motivating sales force, regardless of how much we talked about the positive approach. As an example, she said, "I will show you on the billboards when we ride into town." Toothpaste to prevent decay, cosmetics to keep from looking old, washing machines to keep from getting old and decrepit, insurance to protect against the inevitable, etc.

I wrote all of my campaign literature until I ran for Mayor and then the job was too big with my other activities. I always had the help of wife and daughters.

Here are other observations. The majority of voters likes to think that you are one of them--common sense over super-intelligence--Truman over Dewey. The family had great influence--look at pictures of John Kennedy, Jr.

When you are once elected, the best time to campaign is during your term and before the election period. You make an impression then, but when you are in final campaign, skepticism is in the minds of people about all candidates.

As a farmer, I lived in a valley where the growing season was short, and likewise the availability of water was limited, so, therefore, time was limited in both cases. These farms had some land which was highly productive and some which was classed as marginal or less productive. I learned in cultivating and also in irrigating that if you were crowded for time, you received a greater return per hour for the work that you put in on the best land, over that you put in on the marginal land. This is most true in campaigning. Work the good districts or those most favorable to you and don't spare any efforts to get out the vote. On the fifty-fifty districts work them with precinct workers and delicately have your people encourage those seemingly favorable to be sure and vote. I had about a dozen intelligent and friendly housewives, besides my daughters, cover the entire assembly or congressional district. I paid these women a nominal sum, as they worked from about ten o'clock to four. Volunteer workers are OK, but they won't cover the territory like these paid workers. If I had any volunteer workers, they were generally working for the

Republican ticket and sometimes that raised problems. The first assembly district I represented had twenty thousand more Democrats than Republicans. The Congressional District had forty-five thousand more Democrats than Republicans. I found out from bitter experience that if you work the districts unfriendly to you too much, you stir up the opposition and get them out to vote. I had a very strong Republican high-income district, where I would get out an eighty percent vote. In the low-income area, when I didn't stir up the vote, they would only vote about forty percent. Campaigning is a science, contrary to what is taught in school.

I was first elected to Congress in 1942, but in 1944 the liberals concentrated on my district and, in the Roosevelt landslide, out I went. But I came back in 1946 with a well-organized campaign plus help from O.P.A. The big issue in 1946, nationwide, was O.P.A. because of the lack of enforcement in some areas and the opposite in other areas. Great rackets were developing, but the Truman administration was reluctant to abolish O.P.A. at that time. The result was that the Republicans won the majority in the House of the 80th Congress. I had a tough campaign in 1948 with Ned Healey, who had defeated me in 1944. The next two campaigns, in 1950 and 1952, were against other opponents and I won handily.

As I have mentioned before, campaigning is a great

science and you should know what the people are thinking, or what is bothering them--their worries. Also find out what they would like; then accentuate the positive. I learned this from my first employer, J. F. O'Bryant. He told me the story of his first such experience. When he was a young man, he and another fellow left the little town of Haines (population 400) to go to Baker, the county seat (population then, in 1910, 10,000--now 8500). By train it was a ten-mile trip, but it was about fifteen miles by road--and poor roads at that. They heard about an automobile salesman with a car for sale. It was a one-seater, open, built like a buggy and had a two-cylinder engine. The salesman explained all of the great advantages and asked if they wanted to ride, which they did. He would drive a short distance, then get out and explain about the spark plugs and other parts, crank up the car, get back in, and drive on for another short distance. Well, they bought the car--and in those days it was CASH, no time contracts. They started home, and before they knew it, the car stopped. They got out and adjusted spark plugs as he had explained, looked the car over, and decided to try again. They cranked it up and it went for a distance and stopped again. Then they realized it was getting hot since it had no radiator, or should I say those cars didn't have radiators. After many stops they got home and learned this great lesson of accentuating

the positive. Mr. O'Bryant would say, nothing is perfect and you should never lie about your product, but keep emphasizing the positive. In Baker Valley he was known as a great salesman and not once did I ever hear him tell a lie.

Of course, campaigning changes according to the times and circumstances. A few years before I ran for office, they had had a big political upset in Los Angeles. The City Attorney was retiring and there were many candidates. One unknown candidate, Pete Werner, had done very little campaigning, but the night before the election his gangs plastered about every telephone pole in the city with a quarter card with the name "PETE WERNER--CITY ATTORNEY." This is what the people saw the next day, as all other quarter cards had been torn down. He was elected, and, because he ran a rather high-handed administration, he lasted only one term, but his record remained a long time. This changed campaigning, as there was no honor among politicians in LA from then on as to bothering the other fellow's advertising. Therefore, it was part of your campaign to hire a gang of men and boys to keep the opponent's signs down and try and get yours up. The net result was that the next morning there were very few quarter cards anywhere. This cost a lot of money and the gangs stayed out all night. They had fights and many times the police arrested some of them for putting up



signs on public property. This meant the candidate had to get up and bail the boys out. After the campaign, everything was forgotten.

Up to the time I was elected to the State Assembly, our life was rather uneventful. I liked people and found out that I could make friends easily. Mrs. Poulson became the head of the Junior High Sunday School Division of the First Congregational Church under Dr. [Carl S.] Patton. I told Dr. Patton that he and Mrs. Poulson could teach them religion and I would be the salesman to get them to attend. Besides having a Sunday School class, I spent about one night a week and Saturday afternoons with the boys in different forms of recreation. I was one of them. We had a lot of social events and built the Junior High group up to a record high. I was also active in the Lions Club, serving as President one year and participant in all their inter-club activities.

In 1938, the Republican Assembly Group in the 56th Assembly District held conferences with likely candidates as the incumbent Assemblyman, Thomas J. Cunningham, now University Counsel for the University of California, was retiring. They wanted to concentrate on one candidate as there was a Democratic majority of registered voters. My good friend, Lee Galloway, was my chief sponsor and I was selected. He was my chief advisor until his untimely death in 1947. This so-called endorsement

helped me to win the Republican nomination, but in the finals, all financial support deserted me and this is where the support of my wife and daughters came in. With Erna's blessings, we raised around \$2,500 and spent it, but we lost our credit rating and were put on the COD list with many creditors. We won by 600 votes. The area where my daughters, Erna Bea, Patricia, and Norrissa worked, is where I built up my majority. This was not only a new epoch in my life but after we got a taste of public life it was quite certain that I had found the place where I could fully utilize my abilities and personality.

I can distinctly remember our driving to Sacramento. We had Frank Waters, Jr., who was taking the seat just vacated by his father. He not only became my seatmate in the Assembly but my roommate when Mrs. Poulson or his mother were not in Sacramento. Then there was Ernest E. Debs (now LA County Supervisor), who was a Democrat and was going to get a job as page because the Democrats were taking over the Assembly for the first time in ages.

In the Assembly as well as in Congress, it takes a year to know what is going on and what makes the wheels move. So when the perennial investigation of the Athletic Commission came up early in the session and Speaker Paul Peek (now a State Supreme Court Justice) appointed me as the lone Republican on the three-man investigating

committee, I felt honored. I thought it was because I was a Certified Public Accountant. However, I was told by friends that I was a "fall guy," as there would be some pay-offs and I would get a bad name. This alarmed me and I was determined to go the limit. I was fortunate in that Chester Gannon, a Sacramento Democrat and Chairman of Committee, couldn't be touched with a ten-foot pole, but he was so busy on other matters that all he could do was attend committee meetings and make speeches about the awful Athletic Commission, heretofore appointed by Republican governors. When the committee was set up, the opposition, led by Charlie Lyons, Republican leader and friend of the commissioners and promoters, didn't oppose the creation of the committee but did oppose successfully the amount asked to pay for investigation. They had it cut down to \$1,500 (which of course can't be compared to \$1,500 today). At our first meeting, we hired a well-known investigator named [Howard] Philbrick. He sent in his first report, which was just a lot of "this guy was seen talking to that guy," and also a bill for \$1,200. We tried to get more money from the Assembly but to no avail.

Now something else happened which really upset me. Right after the appointment to the committee, Senator Bob [Robert W.] Kenny (the liberal Democrat leader) called me and said, "I am going to bring over a Vice-President

of Twentieth Century-Fox (since deceased), and remember, you are on your own." I can't say he offered me a bribe, but he was the smoothest talking man I had ever encountered.

I felt quite sure I would get some lush accounting jobs or something else if I would just let nature take its course. Here I was in a dilemma so soon after taking office. Then, while I was in this dazed condition, Philbrick turned in his innocuous report, and how was I, financially stripped personally, going to do any investigating.

Like an angel from heaven, appeared Phil S. Gibson, Director of Finance, and at present Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court. He sent for me and stated that he could see what was happening and that he would furnish from his office the accountants needed and pay their expenses. He also told me that I would have to pay my own expenses, and I received this help quietly from other sources. I also must admit that I received many accurate tips as to where to find the "buried bodies." I worked day and night, as the end of the session would end the committee's life and the power of subpoena. This law has since been changed.

Jack Tenney, who wrote "Mexicali Rose," was the third member of the committee and he kept after me to bring out my findings, but I kept insisting that I would wait until I was through. I also knew that he was

friendly with the crowd I was after.

The wrestling racket was in full bloom and the crowds were unbelievable; the Daro brothers, who controlled it in California, were making real money, as was later brought out. We found that most wrestlers were working for a regular monthly salary, would put on a great pretense of bitter hatred and agonizing battle, and then would go to the next city, room together, and put on the same act. Of course, the sports writers were helping to paint that picture to the gullible public. The Daros also controlled boxing, but wrestling at that time brought in the big money. The most they paid any contestant was \$1,200, to Man Mountain Dean, who was a great actor and drew the crowds. Before, I had even read word for word, the account of the terrific matches they held at the Olympic Auditorium, having likewise been gullible.

Dr. Harry Martin was president of the commission. He medically examined all participants for a fee and received large blocks of tickets, but to me this was "chicken feed." A short time before, a national magazine had come out with a story of how the many actors and actresses paid tribute to Louella Parsons (his wife), the Hearst columnist on motion pictures. As I recollect, they claimed she received thousands of dollars a year from this source. This convinced me as to why the motion

picture executive was interested in squashing the hearings.

Therefore, I decided the first step would be to scrutinize the State income tax returns of the Daros and Dr. Martin. I likewise examined Louella Parsons' returns to verify that magazine story. She had an exceptionally large "extraneous income" item.

In the Daros' returns they had unusually large amounts for publicity, and large sums for PR or public relations, and some for political campaigns, which was not a deductible income tax payment. At that they netted around \$100,000 a year, which in 1939 was a lot of money. The Daros paid around \$30,000 a year to sports writers in Los Angeles, for what Lou Daro termed "suggestions" for publicity campaigns. They also paid \$30,000 a year to Jack Kipper, seventy-two years of age, as manager of the stadium. Jack Kipper filed his income tax return as such and paid the tax. When I discovered that he came from the same town in Massachusetts as Dr. Martin, I called on him. He lived in a modest apartment in my neighborhood and was confined to bed with heart trouble. Upon questioning, he said he spent all of his money at the racetrack, as I told him the records showed that he cashed every check and didn't deposit same. This he admitted, and he finally told me that I wouldn't find out anything from him.

Now I knew that, to cinch any evidence, I should

get the records of the Daros. This might not seem important, but at this time they were having a centennial celebration of some kind in Sacramento, and everyone was supposed to wear whiskers. So when I took three whiskered accountants with me to Los Angeles to examine the Daros' books, I must admit they looked much tougher than they really were. He showed me the books and I noticed it referred to a "black book" and I asked for it. He refused and I ordered the men to search the place. He wanted to call his attorney and we bluffed him out of it. We found the book and took everything with us, which we later found out we did not have the right to do. In this book were the names of individuals, which I was not particularly interested in, as I was more concerned with public officials accepting money. Jack Tenney, who was detected fighting against us, brought out these names, thinking it would throw us off Dr. Martin et al.

The sports writers lost their jobs but we kept on. We had to complete the hearing by the end of the session, so, therefore, we wrote our report, admitting that we didn't have evidence for criminal prosecution but that the actions, or lack of action, by the members of the Athletic Commission was sufficient to ask for their resignations. This report was signed by Chester Gannon and myself. Jack Tenney was in the East and stated that he would issue his minority report at the next session.

After adjournment, when our committee was dead, the Los Angeles Examiner came out with a scathing editorial in criticism of Gannon and myself. The very next day, Strangler Lewis, a former world's champion and the present owner of a large restaurant in Glendale with that name, came to me with this information. He told me I was on the right track but didn't go far enough. He referred to an item I had questioned Lou Daro about, amounting to approximately \$5,200, and on which Lou Daro gave me a runaround. Lewis said that if I would go to the American Express Company I would find \$5,000 in money orders made out to Doc Martin, which they spent in Europe. I knew I couldn't get this information as I had no power of subpoena. However, I thought it was worth bluffing. I went out to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and contacted Doc Bishop and told him I had this evidence and for him to contact Dr. Martin and tell him. I would not give it to the papers if the Commission resigned. Before I got home, I had a call from Doc Bishop to come to the studios. There was Dr. Martin's resignation, and the others were received the next day. I heard them dictate the Governor's acceptance and regrets (he was out of town). They called George Killion (top man with Governor Olson) and he came down and OK'd the deal. The acceptance of their resignations was very flowery and also was attacked by the Los Angeles Times, but the Governor later stated he



personally had not written it.

This was supposedly the end, until the next session when Jack Tenney issued his minority report and asked to have it printed in the Legislative Journal. I immediately went to George Killion, then Director of Finance, and told him to get Jack to withdraw it or I would talk. This he did. If I had at first released the Lewis story to the press, I would have been laughed out of town because the company would not have given this information to anyone, and making such an accusation without proof would have made me liable in many ways.

Frank Waters and I were the only new Republicans elected to the Assembly in 1939 and, since there was a wave of liberalism, we thought we would introduce some fairly liberal legislation, or at least go on as cosponsor of such legislation. Authors are usually glad to get cosponsors. The two ultra-liberals in the Assembly at that time were Jack Tenney and Sam Yorty, known as "the twins." They later broke up and each one switched from that category. We looked over all of their bills and they were too "hot" for us, but there was one seemingly "innocuous" bill. It pertained to the inspection of fishing boats and, in particular, foreign fishing boats operating out of Los Angeles Harbor, specifically the Japanese fishing fleet. We thought this would be non-controversial but it turned out to be one of the hottest

and bitterest fights in the Assembly that year. The CIO represented the home-based fishing fleet and the AF of L represented the Japanese. That should have been evidence of a fight but when the bill was in committee, Navy intelligence officers appeared and wanted a closed or executive meeting of the committee, only allowing committee members and authors of the bill and representatives of the opposition. There they told us that these Japanese fishing boats were shams, built completely different than real fishing boats, with glass bottoms and instruments for taking soundings. They said in effect that they were spies and the AF of L representative, I remember, just laughed. The bill was killed, but during the war this information was all verified. This was 1939, and when the AF of L came out with their "bad votes," they listed this as one of them.

I probably got a greater thrill out of my experiences in the Legislature than I did later out of Congress or even being Mayor of Los Angeles. I was at a more impressionable age, and, besides, the sixteen prior years in Los Angeles had been ones of hard work and disappointments.

Governor Olson made no bones of the fact that at heart he was a socialist and a sincere one. So when the relief problem increased in California, he set out to take care of everyone in a big way. In one year he spent,

through the State Relief Administration (SRA), the amount budgeted for two years. So in January of 1940, he called us into special session to appropriate \$95 million in relief for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1940. Now at the 1939 session we had formed a coalition with conservative Democrats and called it the "Economy Bloc." We had re-elected new officers of the Assembly Democrats and the Senate was Republican. Therefore Governor Olson's request fell on deaf ears. A joint Senate-Assembly Committee on Relief was formed and we recessed for sixty days. I was a member of the Committee and Senator John Phillips of Riverside was the chairman. I later served with him in the House of Representatives. He appointed me a one-man committee on auditing, as I had gained that reputation from the Athletic Commission investigation.

I knew that, with the accountants I could get from the Controller's office, we couldn't commence to audit the SRA's activities. I also knew that figures in the millions didn't mean much to the people because they couldn't comprehend them, and besides the Federal government talked in still bigger terms. If you could get something that the average person could visualize as being ridiculous, you could sell your story better than quoting dry figures. I also knew that Governor Olson and some of his socialistic-minded aides had organized SRA Camps

for the single persons on relief and they were also experimenting with a cooperative farm at one of the camps.

Here are some of our findings: On the farm they had one hundred head of cattle in a fenced pasture, and they had one horse and two new saddles. They had bought 1,088 tents for the various camps, but few were in use. Unused cots were exposed to the elements and, still, during the last three months they had bought 504 new ones. As to the tents, they bought 175 during the past three months at a price of \$5,957. The inventory on blankets was 88,295, and 7,700 of them had been bought during the last three months. That was an average of eight blankets for every man during the peak period. While they were increasing the personnel in SRA, they were still buying labor-saving devices, apparently with the idea of saving manpower. They bought 119 dictating machines, 100 of them during the past three months. They bought 3,009 typewriters, not the well-known standard-named ones, but they paid that price. They had the equivalent of one typewriter for every two employees, including truck drivers. They still used pencils because they bought 367 pencil sharpeners at \$3.30 each. I am quoting from my report, which they couldn't challenge, and I could go on with more such examples. However, these stories were ballooned up until it even overshadowed some of the fine material that the other subcommittees were developing.

I stirred up the wrath of the liberals and they never forgot it.

The sentiment turned against the administration program and the Legislature overwhelmingly closed out the State Relief Administration and turned relief back to the counties with a formula for State assistance to the counties. I must say that, during all of this time, the experts from local governments and taxpayers' organizations were working with the Legislature to find a solution.

Probably the most exciting and thrilling experience in my life came about in January of 1942. We had been called back into a special session early in 1942 because of the war. Governor Olson by proclamation had formed a California State Guard and he had to have us pass an appropriation bill to supplement it. In the meantime, he had appointed generals, colonels, majors, captains, and probably even a few lieutenants. These appointees were proud of their titles, and I might say he didn't confine appointments to Democrats only. Well, the Legislature wasn't about to swallow this hook, line, and sinker, and so it was agreed to recess and hold hearings and come back later. Naturally, everyone was irrational and bills of all sorts were being introduced against the Japanese in California. An over-all Senate-Assembly joint committee was appointed and I was privileged to be on it.

We went home and a few days later I received a most mysterious telephone call. A man stating he was a Colonel or Lieutenant General [John L.] De Witt's staff, was calling; I was to take the San Francisco Lark that night at 9 o'clock and on that train would be other members from Southern California of that committee. We were not to discuss in any way the nature of our trip and furthermore there would be intelligence officers on the train checking us. I remember how perplexed we all seemed and no one said a word about our trip. There were cars (not Army cars) at the station and we were whisked away to the Palace Hotel.

There were the other members of the committee, the Governor, and other high State officials. We were immediately taken upstairs to a large room and I can remember the mysterious way in which Army officers checked the drapes looking for microphones. We were asked if any of us had a "bug" on him.

Then General De Witt started in a calm precise way to tell us why we were there. He said this was the first time in history when a general divulged top military secrets to civilians, especially State Legislators or politicians. He had authority from the Secretary of War [Henry L. Stimson] because of the strategic part we had to play in the present maneuvers. He told us about how badly we were defeated at Pearl Harbor, information which

had been withheld from the public. We had just shipped the bulk of our ammunition to England. We didn't have enough for our Army in this country.

"In fact," he said, "the Japanese in this country have more in their possession than our own armed forces." The United States had to play a great game of "bluff poker" and pretend that we were strong. He said, "The Japanese will soon be deciding whether from the Philippines they come this way or go south. We must bluff them, as they could easily land on the California coast and we couldn't stop them now. If they go south into southeastern Asia and Australia, we will have time to build up our supplies."

Therefore, he looked at Governor Olson and said that by all means let the California Guard dwindle away. In the first place, if we were attacked he would call martial law and they would be just plain civilians, unprepared and in the way. Governor Olson didn't like this but the General didn't seem to care whoever he advised. Then, as to the Legislature, drop all of those anti-Japanese bills as this was no time to stir them up, since they had large supplies of ammunition and many spies. On the other hand, he stated that the great majority of Japanese were loyal to us and we shouldn't turn them against us. He had intelligence reports on practically all of them. (Our gardener happened to be one of the

spies.) He told us that because the Japanese were of a different race they would be exposed to danger after some of our boys were killed by Japanese, and that they knew that the Japanese war lords would treat our soldiers badly.

Therefore, he said that they would soon expose some of these spies with their loot and then it would become evident that we couldn't take chances, so it would be necessary to place all Japanese in camps throughout the West and Midwest. So they knew this early what they were going to do with Japanese Americans. He told us that by no means could we talk or tell our wives, as this would be treason. We had to help him bolster up the confidence of the Americans, and especially the California people. The soldiers didn't even know that we didn't have ammunition, so, therefore, they were not going to let them have practice shooting and would confine them to city parks and keep them on the move. You will probably remember how they camped everywhere in the city, and if you ever were out on the highways you would see them on the move. Seeing all of this unfold as he outlined it and knowing the secret I had to keep was, to say the least, the first opportunity to realize that I could play an important part for my country. Strangest thing of all--the members of this committee didn't discuss it among themselves. When we went back into session, we



passed a token appropriation to let the State Guard die, and the wacky arguments we used in defeating or sending back to committee the anti-Japanese bills, were unbelievable.

General De Witt also told us that we wouldn't stop the normal building on the West Coast as that would frighten people. However, they would rush all the steel possible from other ports and re-route them in transit to the Hawaiian Islands. By re-routing them in transit it would not be port news and give the newspaper writers something to excite the people about. This was my first insight into the problems of propagandizing the public, as I afterwards learned in my public experience. The main purpose here was to keep the Japanese, through their local spy system, from learning of our vulnerability to attack.

This might sound as though I was one of the leaders in the Assembly--well, I wasn't. I had played an important part in some of the issues I mentioned, but in the State Legislature, I would say that seventy-five percent of the bills directly or indirectly affect different groups. These groups range from labor to business, to professional to agriculture, to recreation such as fish and game. There are lobbyists for all of these groups, which is necessary because we legislators wouldn't know all of their problems. What affects one group reacts against another group, so you always find opposition.

Then, of course, the administration has its people, who also lobby. I would say that out of the eighty Assemblymen, about thirty of them sort of represent these various elements, sponsor their legislation and naturally are very friendly with the lobbyist representing the particular interests. My figure is just a wild guess. Then there are those upon whom the administration can always depend for a vote. My second term I was Chairman of Public Health and I had those people wanting to cater to any of my social desires.

In the two sessions in which I served, and likewise now, twenty years later, there is the same complaint. All controversial bills are held up until the last. The authors trade for votes or support, and besides, that is the time when a bill can be so amended that it doesn't even look like the original. This is when the experts, influential lobbyists, and public interest representatives have to work day and night. When I was there, I heard that it was the same twenty years before and now, twenty years later, we hear the same thing. They have made changes, but you can't change human reactions. All of the bills in one binder would be three feet deep, and you know that the legislators don't read them all. You depend on your judgment of the authors, groups supporting the legislation, and the arguments pro and con brought out by the lobbyists. No one would like to admit this, but

that is the story here and in Congress. A lot of brain and energy has been expended in trying to improve the system but there is always that human element. Our hope is a full disclosure by press and radio and never allow news to be suppressed. While we have a little confusion, I think in the long run it is a pretty good system.

When I was in the Assembly, we had to share office space and also secretaries with other legislators. Many of these secretaries had worked there for years and it was noticeable that the lobbyists were very friendly with many of them. In fact, the secretaries worked for companies friendly to the lobbyists and they would let the girls have a leave of absence to come and work during the session of approximately six months every two years. We heard that the lobbyists knew about our mail; and we heard many other ugly rumors. Erna Bea, our eldest daughter, graduated from Berkeley in 1939, and the following session I had her as my secretary and shared her with Frank Waters, my seatmate in the Assembly. The lobbyists didn't get much information from Erna Bea, but they tried in subtle ways.

The story was rampant that Artie Samish, the big liquor lobbyist, had some of these secretaries (as well as legislators) on his payroll. He was supposed to be the highest paid lobbyist there. He later bragged about this in a magazine article and that started his downfall

and finally imprisonment on other charges.

Now my being in public life changed the entire life of the Poulson family. I think we all had a little flare for politics as we all enjoyed it immensely, and, as I have stated many times, they were the prime workers in my campaigns. Of course, there were other individuals, like Lee Galloway and Nina Dodsworth, who started with me and shared all the trials and tribulations. Later, in running for Congress, I had those indefatigable workers Winnifred Pike and Larry Gooding. Lee Galloway and Winnifred never received a cent but also paid their own expenses.

Patricia attended UCLA and Norrisa finished John Marshall High School in 1940 and then attended UCLA. They were great campaign workers. Norrisa had a great knack for politics and developed some catchy campaign literature. It was a great joke in the family as to how in every campaign Patricia would wear the soles out of her shoes walking from door to door campaigning for her dad. They loved to visit Sacramento when the Legislature was in session and they each had their own opinions on every piece of legislation. Once Patty said, "Dad, I am working for you because you are my Dad and not because I believe in the way you vote every time." She was going to college then and was a liberal but later she became a conservative.

We were not in a financial position to let them go to Sacramento as often as we would have liked. Remember, the Legislators only received \$1,200 a year. The first year they paid you at a rate of \$80 per week until the \$1,200 had been consumed and the second year a flat \$100.00 per month. Erna and I stayed at the Berry Hotel, second-rate but clean. So did Frank Waters and his mother. As soon as the \$1,200 had been paid, or the \$80 per week stopped, most wives left and the legislators began to get rooms with twin beds. We only paid \$30 a month for such a room, small but clean. You could get lunch for 35¢, and a full dinner for 55¢. This gives you an idea of how inflation has struck us. Also, that was near the end of the Depression, and the war starting in Europe was the impetus for getting out of the Depression.

When they had the World's Fair in San Francisco, the Legislators and families were invited to attend by the City of San Francisco. We took a special train and the Poulsons were greatly thrilled. It didn't take much to thrill us in those days. While I was getting money from my accounting practice, it still took the prudent management of Erna to keep the girls well dressed and looking smart, which they surely did. Erna was sometimes taken as one of them.

I had a wonderful opportunity to see most of the State and this helped to suffice for a college education.

Nineteen forty-two was an eventful year for the Poulsons, containing both joy and sorrow. Erna spent the first part of the year in Baker, Oregon, with her mother, who was dying from cancer. She felt she should return in June for the primaries and Patricia's graduation from college, but her mother died on her birthday, June 7th. My mother had passed away in 1940, in Portland, Oregon, shortly after we had visited her. Her name was Jennie Rainey Poulson.

#### IV

#### FIRST YEARS AS U.S. CONGRESSMAN

I was elected to Congress in 1942 in a district with a 40,000 Democratic majority and there was considerable publicity. My mother-in-law was always a great supporter of mine and my father-in-law was a little dubious, so after the election he said to one of his sons, "Well, mamma was right when she said he would go ahead politically, and I wish she were here." On December 6th, he dropped dead from a heart attack. Right after the election, we started to sell off our furniture and pack for Washington, D.C. Erna's father's death changed our plans for the trip. Erna and Norrisa would go by Oregon, attend the funeral and go on to Washington. Erna Bea, Patricia, and I would go by car, and I might say, I wonder how the five of us would have fared in the little Plymouth, with 80,000 miles on the speedometer. We went the southern route by way of New Orleans, and with gas rationing in effect, the traffic didn't bother us. Only in Texas did they pay no attention to rationing. We found out what a big state Texas is, and also how barren. We stayed in the Old Town in New Orleans and how thrilled we were! In travelling through the South, we found out that accommodations for tourists were

not up to the West. We drove on some side trips and saw a picture of the old South, untouched by the Civil War. Patricia, who had just had American History in college the last year, was a great guide and source of information. We enjoyed staying at some of the old mansions which had become public homes. We drove into Washington, D.C., in a sleet storm and we were lucky indeed to arrive intact.

Of course, I was as thrilled as Erna Bea and Patricia. We were taken in tow by Congressman Al[bert E.] Carter of Oakland, California, who was the California Republican responsible for steering any national campaign funds to your committee. Harry Englebright of Grass Valley was the senior Republican on the California delegation, which was small. This was reapportionment year and so California had three new Congressmen: John Phillips from Riverside, Leroy Johnson from Stockton and myself from Los Angeles. Will Rogers, Jr., a Democrat, was also a new member and because of his father he drew the spotlight.

The Republicans elected to that, the 78th Congress, formed a "78" Club, and while there are still some of them in Congress now (1963) and are leaders, others became Senators, Governors, Secretary of State, and Mayors. This was the first time since Roosevelt had been elected in 1932 that the Republicans had any sizeable representation in Congress. The freshmen Congressmen were early invited to a dinner, where they would be counselled and



given advice as to how to get re-elected and, of course, be good representatives. The Democrats had their similar dinner. We were told to "vote our district" or what we thought the people wanted except on some important party issues. If we weren't re-elected, we would be of no value to the party. We were also told that, since there were 435 members, we wouldn't receive any publicity out of Washington, as the few leaders would get that. The exception would be when our local newspaper had a press representative there, but even then it would be up to us to keep our constituents advised, and the best method was to write a weekly or monthly newsletter. It would be up to our ingenuity to dig out this news, since we would be unable to attend an executive committee meeting unless we were a member of said committee. Executive committee meetings were where news was made and we would have to establish our own pipelines, because as freshmen members we wouldn't be placed on the big and important committees, due to the lack of seniority and also being in the minority party. I will have much to say about this committee assignment, and also seniority, later.

I have copies of all my newsletters and I will state in a concise manner what seemed to be very important at that time. I find it interesting to look back and see how such "little things" bothered all of us. Of course,

when I went to Congress, we were in World War II and I knew you were getting by radio and newspapers the daily accounts, but nevertheless I also knew that many people were disturbed by OPA and gas and meat rationing.

As I stated, on my trip back you never knew the OPA existed in Texas, as I never had to use my gas tickets there and you could buy big steaks. So, naturally, my first newsletter on January 23, 1943, would be about OPA. I told how we couldn't do anything about OPA, as these young inexperienced administrators with their theoretical ideas couldn't be touched because they were in the executive body of government. Los Angeles was getting its quota on a basis of seventy percent of 1940 population because we had this big influx of people since 1930, which was the figure they were using. This happened to be an issue which was non-partisan as far as Congress was concerned, because we were all getting complaints.

In February, 1943, I told about the dramatic appearance of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek before Congress and how both the Senators and Representatives assembled stood up and cheered her. The motion picture industry could not have presented a more inspiring spectacle.

This was the time when a reputable international geologist, Dr. William T. Foran came to me, after he had been turned down by others, to have me try and interest the War Department in the Naval oil reserved in

northwestern Alaska. He knew about this reserve because he was the geologist who discovered it right after he had graduated from college. He had worked for major oil companies and successfully found fields in other sections of the world. Our method would be to place in the Congressional Record a continuous story of the facts concerning this field, because the Department heads just laughed it off. He thought it would be extremely important to the war effort. I knew nothing about it, but after six months we found major oil companies who were interested, and finally Secretary of the Interior [Harold] Ickes became interested. There is much oil development in Alaska today and I think these articles written by Foran had a great influence in getting people interested. He is a successful geologist today in Seattle. There is a wide distribution of the Congressional Record and many people scan it.

It seemed that every newsletter had something about the food problem, which I will not repeat, but this subject seems ironical. Here in 1943, when we were extending the Lend-Lease Bill, we also had a great battle over the "Debt Limitation" amendment, which in effect not only set up the procedure for Congressional approval but limited salaries in the Executive Department. I say ironical because, think of the many times the debt limit has been increased, and Congress goes through the same

"circus" each time. But when it comes time to pass appropriations, especially pork barrel appropriations, they forget all about those great speeches made when they had to increase the debt limit. Oh yes, in my newsletter I stated that political observers wrote that one of the most bitter fights in years developed over the Debt Limitation Amendment.

This part of an early newsletter I am quoting:

To say that we, the 104 freshmen Congressmen (both Senators and Representatives) got a thrill out of visiting with President Roosevelt, would be putting it mildly. It no doubt was a highlight in our life, because this was not merely a case of passing by and shaking hands, but we actually visited with him for an hour and one-half.

At the appointed time, we gathered in the East Room, then passed through the Green Room, the Blue Room, which is in the center of the White House, and the Red Room into the state dining room, where President Roosevelt was seated. This is a beautiful and majestic room with huge chandeliers and the life-size portrait of Lincoln on the wall.

Mr. Rayburn, the Speaker of the House, introduced us to the President by giving our name and the district, which we represented. When all had passed through the line, we formed in small groups and sat around the President to discuss with him some of the general war problems, especially his recent trip to Africa, avoiding anything political. He definitely enjoys to joke and wise-crack, in which I took part. He seemed in perfect health and was definitely master of the situation. I can say he has all of the charm and personality that has ever been accredited to him. Of course this is a democratic country, we vote on the issues before us and not on personalities.

I should have stated earlier that Mrs. Poulson and Norrisa arrived in Washington after Christmas. Before that, the two girls and I had been looking for houses and doing some sightseeing also. We wouldn't think of renting a house until Erna arrived, and within a few days after her arrival we found a furnished home. We moved most of their furniture down to the basement and we had a comfortable house.

UCLA was playing in the Rose Bowl that year and the Californians gathered at a State party to hear the game. Here is where Patricia met John Willis, whom she afterward married. He was the son of Judge Henry M. Willis of Los Angeles. John was a law partner of James Pike, who is now the renowned Episcopalian Bishop of San Francisco.

Living in Washington was a great experience for the family. Patricia, through one of her college professors, got a quite important position in the Labor Department. Norrisa went to work for United Airlines in Reservations. Erna Bea went to work in my office, under Miss Brune, who had served for many years on the Hill. This was the year of the big snowstorm and the streets would have waves of solid snow two feet high--how the old Plymouth bucked driving down the street.

As I will explain later, the real work of the Congress is performed in the committees, and the vote on the floor is generally forecast or one-sided. So therefore,

your vote on the floor very seldom decides an issue, which means it is never that close. The only time in Congress in which my vote was decisive was when we were voting on the Ruml Tax Plan. I voted against it the first time and if I had voted for it, it would have passed then. This is quite an involved story and I must tell it. Ruml was a financial leader from New York City and the tax proposal carried his name. There was a unanimity of thought at that time that we should be on a current basis of "pay as you earn." As it was at that time, we paid on the past year's earnings, and many times we might not have the money made in the past year. The Ruml Plan would forgive the 1942 tax and start paying immediately on the 1943 or current year. I supported the Amortization Plan of paying the 1942 tax over a period of time. The Roosevelt Administration supported the Ruml Plan and wanted to raise the current rate for 1943. As a Certified Public Accountant, I could see that the amount forgiven would show up in the end in the estate of the taxpayer. The Treasury Department, upon request, published all of the figures. It showed that 5,650 taxpayers would be forgiven amounts totalling close to a billion dollars, and while they would pay a 1943 tax, upon their death their estates would not owe that billion dollars.

Inasmuch as I had placed in the Congressional Record much evidence against it and had spoken on the floor

against same, the Treasury Department experts asked me to a conference. There they showed me what was happening in the United States. At that time, there was a great scarcity of workers in factories and all lines of work. Unlike feudal days, you can't be imprisoned for not paying your taxes. The Federal government could only attach wages. What was happening was this--workers were moving and leaving no forwarding addresses, spending their money as they made it and Uncle Sam was in the collection business. They couldn't attach all wages as the people had to live. Then they went on to show me that every country which had a breakdown in tax collection had a general decay in law enforcement and a general breakdown. They admitted that 5,760 people would profit but that the loss was incomparable to the loss the nation would suffer if people began to find out that they could be deadbeat in paying their taxes. This information had been withheld and was not used as an argument on the floor of Congress. They evidently talked to several Representatives, because when the bill came up a month later, it passed with a big majority.

I received a lot of pressure from both sides but I was sincerely convinced that I was right the first time. I will admit that I hadn't taken the broad view because I didn't know all of the facts. Most of the Democrats had gone along just out of party loyalty.

When you go to Sacramento and talk to some of the lobbyists or representatives of various interests, they tell you that the "play" is the same but that the "actors" are different. That must be true in Washington also, because in 1943 I was writing about the two subjects which are still with us today. First, that in 1942 we had 1,703,999 civilian employees in the Federal government, and in 1943 we had 2,862,145. Second, that the two most powerful "blocs" were the Labor and Farm Blocs. Here, twenty years later, we find the Farm Bloc for the first time in U.S. history beginning to lose some of its potency.

On May 19, 1943, when Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister, was one of the top world leaders, he addressed Congress. At such a time the Supreme Court Justices and Cabinet Members sit in the front seats and the Senators and Representatives take the remaining seats. Therefore, you go early to get a good seat and that I did, on the aisle. There is a reserved section in galleries for Ambassadors and Presidential Gallery. Then each Senator and Representative is allotted a seat which the wife or another member of family takes.

Winston Churchill proved to be everything claimed about him, and, quoting from a newspaper columnist, "President Roosevelt speaks down to the people, Churchill speaks with the people," describes him better than I can.



It was a great thrill to be in his presence as I was sitting on the aisle.

However, there was an incident which definitely upset the British Ambassador, Lord Halifax, and even Churchill to a certain extent. I was right beside them when they were expressing themselves.

Before the arrival of Churchill, Wallie and the Duke of Windsor, who had given up his English throne for the woman he loved, made their appearance in the Diplomatic Gallery. They were greeted by the gallery and the Congressmen with spontaneous applause. During Churchill's speech they still drew attention, which was noticed by Churchill and Halifax. Then, after the Prime Minister left, Wallie and the Duke, who seemed very happy to be with us, departed, and again the applause was equally as great as for Churchill. This greatly disturbed Lord Halifax and I heard him tell an aide to get them out of the Capitol right away.

While I was Mayor, Mrs. Poulson and I were invited to a party given in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by our good friend, Cobina Wright, a society columnist for the Los Angeles Herald. We repeated this story to them and the Duke modestly smiled. We could converse with them as easily as with anyone we had ever met.

As I read some of the newsletters from other Congressmen today, I can find the same subject matter in mine,

and I am not going to repeat. For instance, in one of mine I wrote about the great alarm over the Federal budget, and today we hear the same story, except that the budget has increased tenfold.

I have told about my experience in the State Legislature in 1942 with General De Witt and how they planned to send the Japanese to Relocation Centers for the duration of the War. In June, 1943, we started releasing them in small groups to move to the midwest. It is strange now as to the heavy mail we from the Pacific Coast were receiving, objecting to allowing them to return to the West. The records will show that the Japanese were greatly misjudged, as very very few were disloyal to the U.S. They have made fine citizens.

Today, in 1963, there are many committees being formed to advocate legislation to regulate the sale of packaged goods. They want to show the exact weight, ingredients, volume, and also necessary facts so that the consumer can make fair comparisons between products. Just heard a thirty-minute program on TV last night about that. Well, they were doing the same thing in 1943, and we were trying to get such legislation. I could update my July 1, 1943, newsletter to 1963. Here is another quote from my 1943 newsletter which could be updated to 1963: "Congress passed a \$5 billion increase in taxes instead of the \$10 billion increase as advocated by the

Administration because it thinks economies in the Government can be instituted to save the difference."

Nineteen forty-four being an election year, brought forth nothing of great importance in Congress except a lot of political maneuvering, political speeches, demagoguing, complaints about treatment of our service boys overseas. We did pass the Soldiers' Vote Bill.

Congress adjourned for the political conventions and my family attended the one in Chicago. It was a great show and Chicago was having one of its hot spells. I was an usher and I lost five pounds on account of the heat. Everything seemed cut-and-dried: [Thomas E.] Dewey was nominated and Governor Earl Warren turned down the Vice-Presidency nomination this time and Senator [John W.] Bricker of Ohio was selected. There wasn't too much optimism in the air and I knew I had a tough campaign ahead because the liberals had just defeated John Costello in the Democratic primaries. He had been considered one of the influential men in the House--a ten-year member on the Armed Services Committee. They were supposed to move over into my district, and they were already going door-to-door spreading stories about me. Incidentally, on our trip home that summer we did not have Patricia, because she was married in September, 1943.

On every trip across the country, and we made many before I finally retired from Congress, we would try and

take a different route and see as much of the United States as possible. Congressman [Dean M.] Gillespie, a wealthy man from Denver, let us spend a week in his mountain home in the Rockies. Then we went on to the Grand Canyon. Erna Bea and I took the mule ride down the Canyon to the Colorado River below. They say it is 7.2 miles down and you move the decimal point over and it is 72.0 miles back! I can believe it, because I was so stiff that they had to remove me from the mule when we reached the top. These animals are sure-footed and you have no pride in holding the horn of the saddle when they make a hairpin turn. You also pass through tropical vegetation. Seeing is believing and no one can describe the Canyon to you adequately. The swirling sandy water at the bottom of the Canyon is what we in California and Arizona have been fighting about. When the water reaches San Diego it has to be treated and then it is so filled with minerals that it rusts pipes and plumbing.

I forgot to mention that we had the famous Smith-Connolly Labor Bill before us and I voted for it. Naturally, I was on the labor "purge list." Patricia was working in the office which wrote the veto message for President Roosevelt, but she was TRUE TO HER TRUST and never did tell me until afterwards. They teamed up with the liberals.

I had a good friend in my district who was a member

of a public relations or publicity firm, handling work for one of the major oil companies. He volunteered to head my campaign and the first thing I knew they had a high-powered campaign "on paper," but the usual workers were busy with the war effort, so in reality the campaign merely consisted of advertisement (good) but no door-to-door workers. The opposition had them, plus a lot of money. The way I was pictured by their literature, I know if I hadn't known Poulson I would have voted against him! I was defeated by over 10,000 votes.

We had bought what Erna describes as the "cutest little home" she had ever seen. It was in Virginia and was just large enough for the three of us, as Norrisa at that time was a radio broadcaster in Fredericks, Maryland. She also signed up for enlistment in the Army and had permission to go to the convention with us and return to California before being inducted. I surely missed her in the campaign, although Erna Bea and Winnifred Pike worked like troopers. I could have got her a commission in the Navy, but no, she was a rugged individualist and wanted to make it on her own. I once wrote a letter to her addressed "P.F.C. Norrisa Poulson" and she wrote and told me not to do that as she wasn't a P.F.C. (Private First Class).

After the two national conventions, President Roosevelt called us back into a special session to consider

postwar reconversion legislation. His reason, so he said, was that with the progress of the war so encouraging, we should be ready for peace. You couldn't argue against it, but this demonstrated the great strategist and politician that he was because that was his campaign issue. There wasn't much we could do except talk and assign work to committees but nevertheless he did the rest in his campaign talks. Then, right after election was what was called the "Battle of the Bulge" where Germany made a big dent in our lines and was the last gasp of Hitler's threat to mankind. This battle was in operation while I was overseas. In fact, I met Captain Laughlin Waters in London, as I telephoned to the hospital he was in and asked that they send him to London to have Christmas dinner with me. I acted like a Congressman (elected for life). Loc Waters was the younger brother of my former seat-mate in the Legislature, Frank Waters.

We did hear Secretary of War [Robert P.] Patterson, during that special session, tell us about the exploits of General [George S.] Patton [Jr.]. When I later went overseas I heard more about him from the military than I did about General [Dwight D.] Eisenhower.

We returned to Washington after the defeat, to sell the house and return to California as I swore I was through with politics. A lot of Congressmen on both sides of the aisle were very partisan and did not make friends

with members of the opposing party, but I was different. I had friends on both sides of the aisle. So, at a party in early December, I was asked by an influential Democrat if I would like to take a trip to Europe before January 3rd (end of my term). I jumped at the chance, and Erna, hearing the conversation, really answered for me. There was a defeated Democrat, former All-American End on the Green Bay professional football team, Verne Dilweg, and he was selected as my partner.

Well, there couldn't have been a better pair (two opposites in many ways), but we knew it was our last fling as Congressmen and we agreed not to ever mention that we were not returning. He was a very large man with broad shoulders and I would sort of infer that he was a movie star and with my fancy Hollywood ties I could pass off as a director. No one knew what a Congressman was. We went by train to Montreal, where we caught a British bomber with many British officials aboard. We then flew to Newfoundland and then to Prestwick, Scotland. Arriving in London aboard a transport plane, I could say that we were looking for sleep. We ordered our dinner in our room at the Savoy Hotel. The menu was in French and we could understand the Cockney waiter to mention fowl, which we ordered. It was really foul, and it hadn't been thoroughly plucked nor cleaned. This was one of the number-one hotels, where all of the dignitaries from the

exiled governments lived. Then we realized we were in a war. The hotel had been partially bombed about three months before. That night they had an air raid and the management came up the next day to find out why we hadn't gone down to the basement with the other guests. We slept through it! A bomb landed about three blocks from the hotel.

Dilweg had the nerve of a Fuller Brush man, and we broke into conversation with anyone around and really got by. They sort of liked it. At dinner they would have dance music and we would go over and ask the ladies, with their husband's consent, to dance. Some of them didn't speak English, but this was war and all formality was broken. I think we were talked about around the hotel as we surely had nerve. We would be invited to parties in the hotel and we would show up with our pockets full of little bars of soap, and how they sought it! At night you stayed around the hotel, because with the fog and the blackout, you couldn't see your hand in front of you.

In the daytime, the U.S. Army furnished a car and driver familiar with all of London. The driver was a British girl, engaged to an American colonel, and we found out that there was great competition for these jobs as these girls would meet eligible Americans, and that was their goal.

I met a boy from my Congressional district, just



ready to embark for the European front, and I think I gave him a big lift. We visited bomber bases, and saw them instructing the officers before they took off on a bombing raid of Germany. At one of the stations I met Verne McCallum of Baker, Oregon, now a successful head of a large title and insurance company in Portland, Oregon. The young Air Force general at this base I later met when I was Mayor. He was the brother of the wife of one of my Commissioners, Arch Field.

When we went out of London, they furnished us with a Cockney Englishman as driver and I finally got so I could talk like him. We saw Scotland and out of it all I can say that I admired the British, because with all of their handicaps and their bombings, they plugged on persistently. Winston Churchill was their great inspiration and his leadership kept them in the war and saved us more than any of us can realize.

Our Congressional privileges ended on January 3rd, and we certainly were worried for awhile as there was a big storm holding up all flights. Finally we took off, landed in the Azores, then to Newfoundland, then to Washington, D.C. As we flew over New York City, we could just see the Empire State spire standing out among the clouds. I caught a plane out of Washington that night and landed in Los Angeles on the 3rd of January, 1945. THAT WAS A JUNKET AND NOTHING ELSE, but what I learned

about the British people helped me when I went back to Congress. In Congress you have to learn and grow, and seeing the rest of the world is one of the best methods. There is a common expression on the floor of the House of Representatives: "When you are elected to Congress, you get an adult education with pay, and you either GROW or SWELL."

## CIVILIAN INTERIM

Starting over again in civilian life is not as easy as you would think. Larry Williams had been handling some of my clients and a few of them thought I would go back into politics and they weren't agreeable to changing. I opened up an office at 1770 N. Vermont in the heart of my Congressional district, and I will have to admit I found the political bug gnawing. The State Society of CPA's had been having the public accountants of the State continuously trying to pass legislation to lower the standards and make it easier to become a certified public accountant. They selected O[llie] Hammond, past president of the State Society, and myself, as lobbyists to go to Sacramento and try and sell to the Legislature the idea of setting up a separate state-recognized group of public accountants and still maintain our standards. This took several months and we fared well, getting the "grandfathers clause" into the Public Accountants' legislation, which would eventually mean there would

be no Public Accountants but just CPA's.\* That is when I found out how conservative accountants were, as the CPA leaders balked at any changes in the State Board, but we went ahead anyway and compromised, and today everybody is satisfied. I liked this better than accounting and I wanted to get into public relations work if I couldn't get into politics.

When I got back to Los Angeles, there was a very interesting accounting job for me. At that time there were a lot of scandals and investigations concerning military expenditures and installations. Some of the contractors who were building the naval base at Inyo-Kern were worried for fear this project might be investigated and they knew the fault lay with the Navy because they were changing the plans so often. It was

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\* "Grandfather's Clause" is a term given to legislation which grants a privilege to certain qualified people as of a certain date and denies that privilege to anyone after that date. Only the Legislature can change that qualification. As an illustration: all those persons who were practising public accounting at that time would be blanketed into a legalized group, known as "Public Accountants." There were detailed rules and regulations governing their practise. However, in the future, anyone wanting to be granted a State license to practise would have to pass the Certified Public Accountant's examination and be a CPA. The Public Accountants' enrollment would not be increased and thus they would eventually die out as the present accountants (Public Accountants) ceased to practise. The Legislature amended the law we lobbied at later sessions, as frankly we were a little too prohibitive. There is no provision in present law to allow anyone to become a Public Accountant--only a CPA.

most interesting and revealing and, to make the story short, here is what was happening. The Navy presented to Congress the need for these laboratories out there in the desert. They would get the initial appropriation, but instead of building them they would build elaborate homes for officers and even recreation halls, and mind you the war was still on. These homes were all air-conditioned and modern in every way. They had started just one of the laboratories and it was my job to get all of this data in case they had to go to Washington. We had heard these stories in Congress and here I had ascertained one of them. The military knew how hard it would be to get the appropriations for those homes after the war. I would talk to workmen who had boys in the Pacific and they would rightfully complain of spending money in such a way at such a time.

I had another interesting accounting assignment in a patent case for I. J. McCollough, who was being sued by National Oil Well Tool. We won the case, and I learned a lot about the oil drilling mysteries. Driving back from Bakersfield with McCollough one day, we heard over the radio about the bombs being dropped in Japan.

Erna Bea was working for the Red Cross at that time as secretary for the Los Angeles manager. Norrissa came home from the Army shortly after the war ended. She then started to UCLA and finished in 1947. I sold my

accounting business to William Wheeling and took a job as legislative representative for the Associated General Contractors of Southern California. My good friend, Frank Connoley, was the general manager and he gave me many pointers. Early in 1946, I decided to run for Congress again and C. C. Gabrielson offered me the opportunity to take a limited partnership in his firm of Gabrielson & O'Sullivan. It then became Gabrielson, O'Sullivan and Poulson, or known as the G.O.P. firm. They were outstanding C.P.A.'s, and later in 1954, were taken in by Haskins & Sells. I have enjoyed this association and remuneration up to this date. Martha O'Sullivan can hold her own with any tax accountant and Gabe is a leader in the profession. Losing my voice and health kept me from a very lucrative job with Haskins & Sells.

Patricia came out to help in the primary campaign and the other two girls were on hand. The incumbent had some extra liberal connections and this was pointed out to the people in a very clever piece of literature. I had the facts, but an advertising specialist displayed it so that the people caught the idea. The OPA was then very unpopular and the incumbent Democrat had supported the President right along in this legislation. I squeaked through with about a 3,000-vote majority, strictly by getting the Republican part of my district out to vote.

Norrissa remained in Los Angeles to finish UCLA and Erna Bea went back to Washington and got a job with UNRRA [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration] in China. She returned via LA and embarked for China from there. Uncle Bill and Lorena and Norrissa tell a funny story of Erna Bea when she left. They were only allowed so much baggage so she wore about four dresses and three coats, one over the other, and to make it really ridiculous, three hats on top of each other. The airline employees laughed, but as she was technically within the rules they let her go. Of course, she had her full weight allowance in suitcases.

I can't say I haven't had good luck in life. During that campaign I bought a chance on a Chevrolet coupe. It happened this way--I was visiting at a Los Feliz Lions Club luncheon and a representative of the Highland Park Lions Club was selling these tickets. He tried to sell more than one to a very successful (but penurious) MD and then he said, "This fellow will have to buy more," and I bought three of the numbers following the one the doctor bought. Late one night after the campaign, I received a call, and being half asleep I heard the man say something about winning a Chevrolet. I called my wife to the phone to see if I was having a dream. That was in 1946, when cars were hard to buy even if you had the money. We surely enjoyed that car and drove it back

to Washington. I think we enjoyed this trip the most of the many we made. We drove around Arkansas, trying to find some of my relatives, and we did see some interesting characters, right out of the "funnies."



## VI

### SECOND YEARS AS U.S. CONGRESSMAN

This was an exciting time for the Republicans because it was the first time in fourteen years that they had control of the House of Representatives, and, of course, Joe Martin of Massachusetts, was elected Speaker. Joe was well liked by both Democrats and Republicans, but he had headed the minority party so long that he was a very ineffectual majority leader. Sam Rayburn and his cohorts could outmaneuver Joe Martin and his top men. In 1957, Joe Martin was ousted from the Republican leadership in an unprecedented move by Charles Halleck of Indiana.

I had so many letters from constituents, wondering why we didn't offer certain amendments to the various tax bills. The answer was simply that the Ways & Means Committee wrote the tax bill and passed it out to the floor; the Rules Committee merely set the number of hours of debate and always passed a rule that the minority party could offer one substitute bill but no other amendments were to be made. This meant that you could only vote on minority amendment or bill as is. The Ways & Means Committee wrote the bill in executive committee, which meant that no other members of Congress or

the public were allowed in the room.

This explanation brought on many other questions and I tried to answer them in my letters of January 25, 1947, and January 13, 1951. I was asked to reprint and send my 1951 letter to many schools. These rules are about the same today and have been for many many years. The Reorganization Act I referred to, principally changed the names of committees and reassigned various problems to them according to changing time and importance of subject matter, but the main machinery remained the same as over the past many years. I am inserting this 1951 letter because even today it explains many questions arising in the minds of people:

January 13, 1951

Dear Constituents:

I know many of you will be wondering why there is so little activity in Congress during the early part of January. Likewise, when many of my constituents visit Washington they are almost always disappointed at the apparent lack of interest of the Members in the proceedings on the floor of the House of Representatives. I suppose many of you do not understand why certain Members are so prominent in just one particular activity whereas other Members are pictured in the news as being the leaders in other lines of endeavor. Then, too, we continuously receive letters suggesting that we do certain things about certain matters on which, frankly, we are unable to do much. Well, all of these queries can be answered in your mind when you understand the mechanical operation of Congress.

I am going to write this letter specifically on the organization of the House of Representatives. I realize it may be dry to you, compared with our most pressing problems, especially our international crisis,

but in order to interpret the news I believe you will find it valuable to know how we function. It is also a good means of evaluating your own Congressman, and especially as to the needs of your particular district.

### 19 Congresses

The House of Representatives is really comprised of 19 separate Congresses, as there are 19 major committees with their subcommittees, which practically control the subject matter coming within their jurisdiction. For example, the Ways and Means Committee has the entire problem of taxation; Foreign Affairs, the foreign affairs problems; Appropriations, the appropriating of the money for the operations of all programs; Armed Services, the Army, Navy and Marine problems and kindred subjects, such as the Draft Law, etc.

Each member of the House belongs to just one important committee. I am a member of the Public Lands Committee, which handles all problems pertaining to our natural resources (administered by the Department of the Interior), with subcommittees of Public Lands, Parks, Irrigation and Reclamation, Mines and Mining, Territories and Insular Possessions, and Indian Affairs.

### Committee Composition

The ratio of Democrats to Republicans on each committee conforms to the ratio of Democrats to Republicans in the whole House, with the exception of the Ways and Means Committee and the Rules Committee. In other words, in the 81st Congress the ratio was 15 Democrats to 10 Republicans, and in this 82nd Congress it will vary from a ratio of 14 to 11, to 13 to 12. Remember, however, there are exceptions to every rule in Congress as my own committee is 15 to 12.

### Committee Duties

The work of each committee is so heavy that it takes practically all of the available time of the Members, as it is in the committee that the detailed work is done and a concentrated study on each piece of legislation is made. Before the committee come the advocates of legislation, and the opponents. Also, of course, the various departments of government have their representatives present to advocate their viewpoint. The committee has its own experts and legal advisers. It takes a great amount of time to sift through all of the information which comes to the committee from these sources. Then when a

bill has passed through the committee, the Members of the committee are responsible in presenting the pertinent facts on the floor of the House for the information of the other 400 Members.

### Committee Influence

On the theory that a sponge can only hold so much water, and that each Member spends most of his efforts on the subjects within the jurisdiction of his committee and cannot therefore become an authority on all the other subjects, his influence is felt most keenly within the sphere of his committee. So many constituents write the Congressman asking him to get quick action on legislation which has nothing to do with his committee as they do not realize how little opportunity he has to formulate legislation or to influence others on these subjects. When it comes to influencing legislation from the Member's committee, that is another story. He helps write and can amend and approve or disapprove legislation in the committee. He has the advantage of hearing secret or confidential information divulged to influence legislation at executive or secret committee sessions. No one but committee Members is allowed in these sessions. For the protection of the national interest, information is supposed to be kept within the committee. Nothing is recorded, whereas everything said in an open committee meeting or on the floor of the House is put on the record for the public's information. Frankly, it gives the committee Members great prestige knowing these important secret facts.

Now it should be very apparent from what I have written that the real way for you to influence legislation is through contact with members of the committee having jurisdiction over the particular subject. That is true.

The rules of the House favor the committee Members whenever the bills passed out of their committee come up for discussion on the floor of the House of Representatives. In general debate the committee has control of all the time and only on the five-minute rule can other Members discuss the subject except by the consent of the ranking Democratic and Republican Members of the committee. The Speaker recognizes the Members of the committee over and above other Members of the House, even though those Members might be of greater seniority. These rules are necessary to give the committee strength, and to prevent obstructive or sectional influences. And after all, the committee Members do know more regarding their committee's legislation.

### Committee Assignments

Now the next question is how to become a Member of a committee. When elected, a Congressman's first act is to attempt to get on a committee which he thinks might be of importance to his district. However, in most cases, he has to accept what vacancies are open, and generally the least important openings are available for the freshmen.

There are 71 new Congressmen taking office this term. In addition, there are a few old Members who are desirous of changing their committee assignment. Therefore, you can readily see the problem involved. A top Republican Committee makes the assignments for the new Republican Members; a top Democratic Committee does likewise for new Democratic Members. Here is the place where internal squabbles within the party occur, with the various states, groups and sections trying to get their Members on a proper committee. As an example, there is an opening on the Rules Committee and the Westerners have banded together and selected a Westerner. Frankly, California was interested in this Member's viewpoint on the Colorado River issue.

All of the new Western Congressmen, knowing they cannot get on the Ways and Means Committee, or the Appropriations or Rules Committee, which are considered the top committees, are trying to fill the vacancies in the Public Lands Committee. Of course, I am greatly concerned because some of the Western states are opposed to California, principally because of the big state-little state complex. Naturally these problems cannot be settled without considerable bickering and trading, all of which takes time.

It is the desire of every Congressman to get near the top of his committee and be classed as a ranking committee Member. This takes time. Once selected for a committee, a Member cannot be removed providing he ranks at least #10, unless of course he is defeated. I rank #5 on my side.

### Conference Committees

Here is the importance of becoming a ranking Member of #5 or less. He can become a chairman of a subcommittee when his party is in power. Also, and perhaps even more important, he can become a member of the Conference Committee which is selected from those Members ranking from #1 to #5. Practically all controversial

legislation fails to pass the House and Senate in identical form. In such instances it is necessary for the legislation to go to a Conference Committee which is comprised of the top ranking Members of both parties of the committee from both Houses. In short, this group re-writes the legislation within certain limitations. Then when it goes back to the full body of the House and the Senate, it is either accepted or rejected, and cannot be amended. If rejected, the legislation goes back to the Conference Committee again. Therein lies the great influence of the top committee Members.

### Seniority Vital

This seniority is a great protection to small states, and for that reason the smaller states generally keep their Representatives in office for a longer time. Thereby they acquire as much influence as states with a larger number of Representatives.

It is tragic that California has so little seniority in Congress compared to other states. We have no committee chairman from California and too few ranking Members. Because we are really isolated geographically among the smaller states as against the East, we certainly need seniority. The able Democrats and Republicans alike should be retained when they are in important spots. When California is re-apportioned we will have 30 Members in the House, and the 7 new Members will be at the bottom of the list. As against our 30 there will be only 27 from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico combined. Psychologically that is bad. There will be a tendency to organize against us. Add to that the jealousies of the East, plus the fact (and I think I am safe in saying it) that more Eastern Congressmen have been to Europe than have been to California, and you will understand why I say that seniority in the House is our only solution to offset the preponderance of power that those 10 Western States will have in the Senate where, regardless of population, each state has but 2 Senators. With enough seniority, California could amicably work out its problems in Conference Committees, rather than having the solution dictated to us.

### Rules Committee

Since the various committees become so involved and engrossed in their specific problems, it is natural that they would place over-emphasis on them. The Rules Committee tempers this natural tendency and coordinates

and controls the flow of legislation coming before the House. Prior to the organization of the Rules Committee, which took place in Speaker Joe Cannon's time, the control of legislation coming to the floor was entirely in the hands of the partisan Speaker. It was ex-Senator Norris of Nebraska who led the fight to break this autocratic rule of Speaker Cannon by bringing into existence the Rules Committee, the Members of which are selected by the leadership of both Houses to reflect the thinking of their respective parties. These Congressmen have been on the committee for some time and the majority have become more conservative.

In the 81st Congress we voted back to the Speaker some of the power, under the so-called 21-day rule. This year the majority of the Members decided that this power should be given back to the Rules Committee. However, the Calendar Wednesday rule is still in existence for the protection of those who wish to try to get permission to bring a bill up for a vote without the okay of the Rules Committee.

I voted for the change in the 81st Congress, but I found it put the power in the hands of the Speaker who naturally worked with the Administration. You are hearing many wild assertions but what has really been accomplished by changing it back to the Rules Committee is that it puts control of the House into the hands of the conservatives, rather than the wild-eyed liberals. Inasmuch as the conservatives are in the majority and supposedly are representative of the majority of the people, the control of the House should be in their hands.

#### Dry but Important

While this has no doubt been a dry letter to many of you, the subject matter is the basis upon which the results in which you are so vitally interested are accomplished. It explains why, because of the importance of committee selection, it takes time to organize the House; and then, because of the importance of committee work, why there is less attention paid to the activities on the floor of the House unless there is a debate and vote on extra-important legislation.

One of the solutions to our serious problems is for the people to know more about their government and their elected officials. It is on that basis that I have written this letter.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) Norris Poulson, M.C.

P.S. The Senate has started the all-important discussions on our foreign policies. We will begin to hear similar discussions immediately in the House. I intend to write you on this subject in the near future.

In 1947 we were having a shortage of sugar, and Honorable Spruille Braden, Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, stated that the Communists had a very definite control of labor in Cuba and could close all sugar production and shipment within twenty-four hours' notice. That was before Fidel Castro of 1962.

On February 14, 1947, I had the good fortune of being selected as one of the two Congressmen to accompany Secretary of the Interior, J[ulius] A. Krug, on his Pacific Island tour. The other member was Clair Engle of California, Democrat, now U.S. Senator. It was quite evident at that time that many of the Pacific Islands would be mandated to the U.S. for their control for a period of time. They then would come under the Interior Department's jurisdiction. Both Clair and I were members of the Territories and Insular Affairs Committee. The delegate from Hawaii, Joe Farrington, was also along. In addition, the Secretary took experts from his department, as well as top ranking Army and Navy officers.

I was on Cloud Nine as we left Los Angeles on the "Sacred Cow," sister ship of the President's. In fact, we had the same crew that flew the State Department delegation to Moscow the previous week. Now I wasn't



expecting a reception like we received in Honolulu because I didn't realize the importance of the Secretary of Interior in one of our territories or insular possessions. He had more direct power and influence in Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, or the Virgin Islands than the President. So you would think the President was arriving, and we were escorted in grand style to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. There I met Angelenos and even a merchant from North Powder, Oregon.

We received this same treatment in all of the Islands. Now here is something that stuck out like a sore thumb. "Cap" Krug, as he was known, was a so-called great liberal, BUT HOW HE LOVED THIS POMP AND CEREMONY. He would insist that we carry it out in full detail, EXCEPT when we visited General [Douglas] MacArthur in Tokyo. He would make great "heart-rending" liberal speeches in public and then become an aristocrat in private. He is a big executive of a garment factory today and still an aristocrat.

From Hawaii we flew to Canton, a mere atoll on top of a sunken volcano in the ocean, where we had lunch and conversed with natives. Then on to Samoa. This had been an important marine base during the war and you could detect it by the number of blonde children. The transformation of this island was most interesting. Some of the young folks wore Hollywood clothes and others

the native apparel. The small island was divided into several provinces, each governed by their own little chiefs. We had to visit each province and go through their native ritual, which was the tasting of some unpalatable juices. Our government (the Navy was still in charge) had given these leaders some Jeeps, which they loved to drive. However, we were taken in Navy autos and, following the Jeeps driven by these chiefs, we would have to wait because they would get stuck. Then it took an American sailor to get out and drive the Jeep out for the natives. This was my first time in the tropics and I surely enjoyed their fruit.

We then took off for the Kwajalein Island and Guam. Guam was the main base of Navy operations in the far east. The Navy tried to sell us on one form of government for Guam but the natives had their own plans. The Interior Department took it over afterwards from the Navy and one of their specialists on that trip became the Governor.

About this time I started plugging to have our itinerary changed and stop off in Shanghai. Everybody was agreeable, except we had to get permission from the State Department. In Okinawa, our next stop, Secretary Krug got this permission. We saw there the devastation of that terrific battle with the Japanese, which I will not repeat. They were rebuilding in the crudest of

fashion, the women carrying large rocks on top of their heads and the men were the masons, placing the rocks in place. Naturally, I was again on Cloud Nine as I had cabled from Okinawa to Erna Bea in Shanghai to meet us at the airport. You can imagine how surprised she must have been.

As we flew into Shanghai that morning, we passed over one of the most fertile spots in China, and there I saw what I had seen so many times in pictures of China. The rice paddies, vegetables of all kinds, the smoke curling out of sodden homes, with all of the little homes around the central home and the family cemetery. Yes, it seemed like a motion picture. Then we passed over thousands of shacks and onto a modern airfield. There was Erna Bea and she looked good to all of us, although none had known her before except Clair Engle. We stayed in a modern hotel, commandeered by our State Department. Erna Bea lived in an elegant English hotel, where UNRRA had its headquarters.

She took us shopping and she knew how to trade with the Chinese and correct us if we were paying too much. We bought many trinkets to take home. That night she took us to an elegant Chinese restaurant. I can remember them bringing in the baked fish with the eyes still in. She shocked me by plucking them out and eating same, especially since she had been so finicky

about such things when a young girl. Then the U.S. Army cars took us on a tour of Shanghai at night, and from the modern part of the city you can go immediately into the most oriental part of the city. This actually frightened me, but it didn't bother Erna Bea. That night in the hotel I began to reflect on what had happened that day and of the foreign city in which Erna Bea was living all alone. I couldn't sleep, and then to add to my worries I heard this loud jabbering down below my seventh-story window. I looked out and there were probably fifty Chinese, all trying to get at the bottom of the group to keep warm. It reminded me of little chickens in a rainstorm, trying to get under the mother hen.

The next morning I arose early and went to Erna Bea's hotel to ask her to go home. She laughed as she wasn't worried at all. She said that if you kept your head high and dignity likewise, you were treated with the utmost respect. She took me alone on a walk down the streets, and I might say from the start I had seen what "teeming millions" meant when I first flew into China. This was Monday and the people and rickshaws moved around, all going in different directions. They had their traffic cops for the rickshaws and the few automobiles. I saw a policeman collect a fine right out in the open.

All of their bridges are arched, and there were three coolies pulling a load of lumber on a two-wheeled cart over one. They strained and struggled to get the cart over the top of the bridge; probably twenty people stopped to watch them but not one offered help. I told Erna Bea I was going to give them a boost and she indignantly said that would be an offense in China. No one has any concern for anyone but a member of their own family. She told how a little boy had been run over on the street near the hotel the past week, and as he had no family they just left him until the street cleaner came along and he was picked up like refuse.

I forgot to say that we arrived on Sunday and every store and shop was open, as far as I could see. The soldiers who were fighting the Communists then, somewhere outside of Shanghai, came home for the weekend. The men were on top and hanging on to the old dilapidated railroad cars like bees on honey.

Erna Bea was soon to go to Nanking, the capital of China then, where she would be working in conjunction with General [Albert C.] Wedemeyer and his task force on their report on China. When I was Mayor I met him and he asked about Erna Bea. In Nanking, she met Edward Anderberg, whom she later married. He was in the State Department under Ambassador [John Leighton] Stuart, who really gave General Marshall his report, which was known

as the Marshall Report. Erna Bea could write an interesting story herself. Incidentally, Erna Bea flew into Peking over the Communist lines before she left for the States. Edward was imprisoned with Ambassador Stuart by the Communists for a short time.

In China you could still see the path of destruction of the Japanese invasion of 1936.

As we flew over to Japan from China, the pilot let me try piloting the plane, and I surely discovered how sensitive they are. The men were playing cards back in the plane and they thought we had hit an air pocket before I got the plane righted. Incidentally, flying over the ocean we played a lot of gin rummy and Secretary Krug and I had some close games. We weren't playing for fun either--half-cent a point and you had to watch your P's and Q's or you would lose your shirt. I soon found out that the Secretary played for a "Gin" and very seldom went down, so I went down as soon as I got under ten and that way I could hold my own with him.

Coming over Japan, we saw tree-covered hills instead of mountains, and I can remember the great number of electric-power lines from the many small power plants throughout this section of the country. Then we flew over Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and you couldn't believe without seeing, the great extent of destruction of these two cities. Just think, the atom bombs of today are so

many many times more destructive than the ones dropped there in 1945! There would be a portion of a cement wall here and there. What impressed me was to see a twisted tree trunk, just like pulled taffy. Fire of course had finished the job. How some of the people survived is beyond my comprehension.

Then we flew into Tokyo. The makeshift shacks and buildings had sprung up after the great fires just like mushrooms after a rainstorm. Everybody was on the move and working. The charcoal burners to furnish fuel for a makeshift engine on the rear of an old automobile body, was a very common sight. They utilized every known contrivance for transportation. Everybody was smiling except those who were wearing those cold-protective masks, which so many wear in the winter. What a contrast did Erna and I see in 1956, when we visited Japan on our return from the Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia. Then it was a modern city, with everyone driving a three-wheeled auto.

Everywhere we had been, Secretary Krug ranked the top in protocol and he made sure it was handled that way. We waited for him and he took his sweet time. However, when we talked about dinner with General and Mrs. MacArthur, he was the one to inform us that we must be on time and that we must have our cocktails at the hotel before leaving because General MacArthur didn't serve cocktails.

To Krug that was important because he loved his drinks and no amount ever seemed to faze him. I mention all of this because here was a man who had been enjoying being treated like a "royal personage" and all of a sudden he was becoming meek before meeting MacArthur. I found out why when I met the General.

Before going into that, I must tell about our arrival at the Imperial Hotel. In Shanghai, we stayed in a modern hotel, like any at home. The Imperial Hotel had a touch of the Orient and was strictly Japanese. It was beautiful, with all the gardens and fountains and the shy-acting little Japanese maids running around, but the beds were made for Japanese and were too short. We had a lot of fun hearing Secretary Krug tell of his experiences, as he weighed about 240 pounds and was approximately 6 feet, 3 inches tall. We really had service though. Erna and I stayed at the Imperial in 1956, but it was Americanized by then.

We spent the next day sightseeing. Through the Army, Clair Engle, Delegate Joe Farrington, and myself arranged for a half-hour interview with General Douglas MacArthur. The half-hour extended into one hour and a half, and we could have listened much more and likewise have learned that much more. Here was a man with a dominating personality and extremely gracious, one of the greatest individuals I have had the privilege of



visiting with. You remember what I stated before about President Roosevelt; MacArthur, in my opinion, had greater depth, although no more charm.

I must tell about some of the prophetic statements he made and check on today's events to verify their correctness. I can say right now that we just asked questions.

The Marshall Plan was being discussed in Congress, and, of course, we asked about his opinion of same. He said by all means we should help these countries to get on their feet, but "IT SHOULD BE AN ASSIST PROGRAM AND NOT A SUPPORT PROGRAM." He further explained that as soon as their recovery started, we should let them go on their own and not continue SUPPORT. He told us that countries are like relatives--that is, if we support them they will begin to expect it and become bitter if we ever stop such support. How true! Later I will tell about what Erna and I found out in France in 1952.

I am going to quote from my newsletter of March 7, 1947:

General MacArthur was most emphatic, stating, "The Japanese Peace Treaty should not be held up pending the final settlement of the German Peace Treaty," and offered many convincing arguments.

In comparing the background of Japan to the hereditary hatreds of Europe, he stated, "Europe is like a man fifty years of age who is not likely to take advice from someone whom he considers knows no more than he,

whereas Japan is more like a young person who can take advice from an older person of experience." He further stated, "Europe has had many wars and various alignments of allies and their hatreds are hereditary. The Japanese people have had all of their ideals and hopes shattered and are now living in a vacuum. That vacuum must be filled. Their religion and their national lives centered around their belief in their destiny and the infallibility of their Emperor. Unless we fill that vacuum, it will be filled by the philosophy of their neighbor Russia."

"I have asked," he continued, "both Catholics and Protestants to send missionaries, and where there is now one, to replace that one with one thousand and I am asking my government and people to furnish them the teaching and support to set up a true democracy. With Christianity and Democracy, Japan can become a bastion against the threats of Communism, and can accomplish far greater results than all of the armies."

General MacArthur further stated, "We should also have an immediate peace so that these industrious people can become self-sufficient and not be a drain upon the American taxpayer, but if we wait too long that industrious trait might be blighted, as it has been in other parts of the world."

Now remember, these statements were made in March of 1947, while we were having a so-called "Agrarian War" in China, according to the Marshall Report. Incidentally, General Marshall, in true Army style, accepted a report prepared by Ambassador Stuart and staff of China. Notice how MacArthur spoke of Russia and the Communists at that time? General MacArthur, at that time, was very vehement in his denunciation of the Marshall Chinese Report. He claimed the Wedemeyer Report was authentic,

which later proved to be right in that the Agrarian Movement was the real Communist movement in China.

MacArthur went on to explain how foolish we were not to pay any attention to Southeastern Asia. He stated that the strategic materials of the world were located there and unless we took an active interest it would all be in the hands of Communists within five years. Another prophetic statement.

That night we dressed in our best and went to have dinner with the MacArthurs, who were living in a palatial government house. MacArthur has been criticized for his love of pomp and ceremony, but we enjoyed being a part of it. However, we were told that all Orientals expected that. It was true in the Philippines and certainly true in Japan. Later, Erna Bea, who lived with her husband Edward Anderberg, in Japan for two years, verified the love of the Japanese for MacArthur, and they expected this pomp and ceremony.

We visited the War Crimes Trial of Japanese War Lords and saw Admiral Togo.

The next day we did some more sightseeing, went to Yokohama for dinner with the military leaders, and took off that night for Hawaii. We had to stop at Wake Island for refueling and took a tour of this small island. They had not yet cleared away the wrecked Japanese ships on the shores and the remains of their wrecked garrisons.

We found all sorts of relics and I brought home a wooden gun, which I have since lost. In noticing this gun, I jumped out of the Jeep before it stopped and twisted my knee. This handicapped me the balance of our trip, but I had been doing things like that all my life by being too impetuous.

We were in Hawaii for six days and were wined and dined because of the Secretary's importance to the Island. However, the strenuous trip to that time and my injured knee kept me from taking everything in. I did go with them to visit the main islands and went up to the volcano, which was erupting at that time, and actually saw this hot lava flowing down the mountain side. We saw the great sugar cane plantations on one side of Hawaii Island, where it rains so much, and on the other side the arid coffee-growing country. We also visited one of the big cattle ranches of the world. I could hobble around on my crutches, but the autos took us to these places.

I must tell this little gossip story, as I thought it would be spread over the headlines of U.S. newspapers:

As you remember, Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, had resigned with a blast at President Truman for suggesting Edwin Pauley of California as Secretary of the Navy. Ickes objected because of Pauley's great oil holdings and the Navy having control of large naval oil reserves. This never materialized because of that furor,

although Ed Pauley was and still is one of the influential Democrats in California. He was credited with being the "political brains" which engineered the midnight adjournment of the Democratic National Convention in 1944, at which time Vice-President Henry Wallace was gaining momentum for re-nomination as the Vice-Presidential nominee. By the next morning, the anti-Wallace forces had reorganized themselves and were able to nominate Senator Harry Truman as the Vice-President nominee.

Shortly after the inauguration in 1945, President Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became President. Pauley had already served for the President on many postwar commissions up to this date. Naturally, the gossip was that Pauley had had a little influence in the selection of the successor to Ickes. Anyway, this present trip was taken just a few months after Krug's appointment as Secretary of the Interior.

So when we heard that we were invited for an overnight visit to Cocoanut Island, a fabulous place with just as illustrious a reputation, there was a little eyebrow lifting. We weren't going to "chicken out" (that is Clair Engle, Assistant Secretary [C. Girard] "Jebbie" Davidson, and myself) but we were going to be very cautious, as the rumors were out that Drew Pearson had his man watching this delegation of Krug's. Now I haven't told you that Edwin Pauley was one of the

persons owning this island, and that Krug didn't know the other partners.

This was an island of fantasy and it evidently took a "Walt Disney" to plan it. It was strictly tropical with a three-masted sailing boat docked. They had every kind of drink and gambling device, although we were the kind of guests they didn't want to take money from and so didn't encourage gambling. They had brought over from Honolulu some of their renowned entertainers. Well, as the night progressed and the place became livelier, my knee began to bother me and Clair's head still ached, so we convinced a man with a boat that we had to get back to the mainland and get to our hotel. Krug stayed there two nights. Every day we expected to hear about this in the paper. We did hear many weird tales about happenings on the islands. Joe Farrington, who lived in Honolulu, did not go over but he filled us in on any questions we had about this luscious island.

Our plane was loaded with loot we had collected in all of the islands, and when we arrived in San Francisco, Krug talked to someone and we never saw the customs' officials. Likewise we never saw our hotel bill at the Royal Hawaiian in Honolulu. Clair and I had a big luxury suite together and we used to joke about how we were going to pay for it, as it was \$85 per day without any

of those delicious meals which we had partaken, not to mention valet services. We made the gesture anyway when we left and went to the cashier to find out about our bill and were told that it had been paid. By the grapevine we heard that the business groups association had paid all bills, as regular Hawaiian hospitality.

We were a tired group when we landed in Washington, D.C.

When we arrived home, the U.S. was in the midst of the Grecian-Turkey crisis, brought about by Communistic influence. President Truman interceded in a statesman-like manner without hesitancy, and not waiting for the UN to hold its prolonged debates and then make a token gesture. I think this will go down in history as an epoch-making event, to the credit of President Truman.

The machinery was being set up for selling the Marshall Plan to the people as well as the Congress. Speakers were going throughout the U.S. speaking on its behalf. We were having influential citizens tell us the off-the-record story (so they said). For instance, the Republicans heard Eisenhower and ex-president [Herbert] Hoover. On the basis of what General MacArthur had told us, I voted for the Marshall Plan in 1948, and for the initial funds to start it out. The trouble with the plan was that they appointed to high positions "misplaced" Ph.D.'s who couldn't find a suitable job in the country

and had theory instead of experience. The stories began to pour in about the waste and extravagance and the fact that the money stopped at the "higher levels of foreign government" and too little got down to the people. They did build factories, but the ownership remained with the politicians. As a protest vote, I voted AGAINST the appropriations thereafter and so expressed myself. They changed the name to "Foreign Aid" and revised the procedure but it still represented great waste. It was getting into a "support" program against which MacArthur had warned us, and we were making enemies when we curtailed on spending. Wait and hear about our trip to France in 1952.

Russian Communism was the great threat to this country in 1947, two years after Russia had been our ally in World War II, and here is what Former Ambassador William S. Bullitt, who served as U.S. Ambassador to Russia from 1933 to 1936, and to France from 1936 to 1940, and who was one of the nation's strong men under President Roosevelt, had to say then: "The Soviet Union is becoming a menace to the peace of the world."

The Taft-Hartley Labor Bill was before us in April of 1947. I joined a group which tried to tone it down but we lost. It went to the Senate, where Senator [Robert] Taft took the leadership in making it more moderate and I think fairer to everyone concerned. We



had reached the point where some labor legislation must be passed. I voted for it when it came back from conference and again when President Truman vetoed it. Labor sure took out after me and they bragged that they would get me at the next election. Norrison wrote my campaign literature on labor. It was headed, "What Poulson Did For the Laboring Man." She itemized the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Bill, and they were beneficial to the union members but not the labor leaders. At the bottom of our literature, Norrison had printed in small letters, "This is the Taft-Hartley Bill." Labor never did this; they just called it a "Slave Labor Bill." I was re-elected, running against the man who defeated me in 1944, Ned Healey. I had lunch with Ned down here in San Diego just a few months ago (1963).

We voted in May to discontinue rent controls as of the end of the year, 1947. Here is a quote from the Newsletter of May 2, 1947:

When an individual enters a loaning agency seeking help, he generally is received in a cool or reserved fashion. This week we received the President of Mexico with wide open arms and, incidentally, he borrowed \$208,000,000 from the Administration. Most of this money is to be used for reclamation projects in Mexico. Last week we cut down the funds for reclamation projects in the Western States.

I visited the area wherein the Tennessee Valley Authority operated. I differ with some of my Republican friends in that I think it has accomplished much for a

backward country. Estes Kefauver (Vice-Presidential Democratic nominee in 1956, and later Senator), and Senator [Kenneth B.] Keating were my companions. We interviewed businessmen as well as farmers, and engineers showed us the projects. We also flew over the many reservoirs and power plants. I think only the Federal Government could handle such a gigantic enterprise. I had my criticism, such as the government getting into too many related business operations, which private industry could well do. However, this is the value of seeing these operations yourself and not depending entirely upon the opinion of others.

I should tell now why I was placed on the Public Lands Committee, which later became the Interior Committee, which handles all legislation pertaining to the Interior Department. This committee handled all legislation covering the related subjects of Public Lands, Irrigation and Reclamation, Indian Affairs, Territories and Insular Possessions, and Mines and Mining. The water leaders of Southern California knew that Arizona was preparing to introduce legislation for more water from the Colorado River for Arizona. They were alarmed and approached the House leadership to have a Southern Californian placed on this committee, and I found myself on the committee and wasn't too happy at first. But when the Arizona delegation introduced what was to be called the

"Central Arizona Project," I knew I had a big challenge, and from then on I spent my greatest efforts and influence in keeping this Central Arizona Project bottled in Committee.

For three terms consecutively, this Central Arizona Project would pass out of the Senate with an overwhelming majority. There they had the venerable Senator [Carl T.] Hayden, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and Senator [Ernest W.] McFarland, majority leader of the Senate. John Murdock of Arizona was Chairman of the House Committee. The first term we had Dick [Richard J.] Welch from San Francisco as Chairman of our Interior Committee and he, like many Northern Californians, or San Franciscans, was jealous of Southern California, so I can't say we had a friend in court. The next two terms the Chairman was John Murdock of Arizona, and that speaks for itself.

I soon learned in my first term in Congress that the orators were not the influential men in Congress. It would be nice to be an orator but there were not so many in the House. [Everett] Dirksen, [Walter] Judd, [James W.] Fulbright, and Jerry Voorhis, were some of them. Incidentally, I served with Vice-President [Richard M.] Nixon and Vice-President [Lyndon B.] Johnson and President [John F.] Kennedy. They were originally in the House. Senator [Barry] Goldwater was a private

citizen and entertained a few of our committee once, with our wives, by flying us from the Grand Canyon to Phoenix.

Being in Congress and observing is like getting an adult education. This is one place where it pays to listen, and then when you get back with your constituents you can talk. Phil Swing, who just recently passed away here in San Diego, told Mrs. Poulson and me a few months before at luncheon, that he soon learned that the method of operation in Congress and what is taught in the textbooks, is entirely different. Phil Swing was the Congressman who carried the legislation to build Hoover Dam. Hiram Johnson was the Senator, and the bill was known as the Swing-Johnson Bill. He said you had to individually lobby and continuously watch for the opportunity to help another Congressman so that he would help you when you needed support. Maybe trading is what they call it, but you have to be a realist or you will never get specific legislation for your district. It isn't very proper maybe, but the truth is the truth. I have one fine example of a very high-type Congressman from Southern California. He was a liberal from a conservative district, but because everyone knew him as such a high type of individual, they never could defeat him even though they attacked his liberalism. But finally they took his record and showed that in ten or

twelve years he hadn't successfully sponsored any legislation, although the Congressional Record was filled with his many speeches. . .he was defeated.

I am not writing this in defense of my record in lining up the votes to keep the Central Arizona Bill in committee all the years, as I am proud of that record. I always had all but one of the Republican votes and Clair Engle would have about four Democrats or one-third the number I had. What I mean by "having" them is that I was quite sure they would not vote against me. I never asked for a commitment, but it is just one of those indescribable things. I helped them with their legislation, which I believed in, as most of them were from agricultural districts.

The Metropolitan Water District, with foresight, had obtained authority from the Legislature to pay for transportation and related costs for any officials to visit Hoover Dam, Havasu Lake, the pipeline into Los Angeles, and of course Los Angeles. They had a very aggressive chairman of the board, Joseph Jensen. They also had representatives in Washington, D.C. Through Joe Jensen, I arranged for this trip during a recess of Congress. We invited the friends, and likely friends, of Southern California, and chartered a large American Airliner and, with their wives, we flew to California for a week. Now everyone knows that Los Angeles, with

its movie studios and other attractions, can really roll out the red carpet, and that is an understatement. Big-name stars were at the luncheon at the studio, and not "extras" as is many times the case. We flew to Palm Springs, air-conditioned buses to Imperial Valley in the winter (cold in Washington, D.C.), out along the pipeline to Lake Havasu. Then we went to Hoover Dam, and of course had to spend a night in Las Vegas on the return, from where we took a plane back to Los Angeles. Nothing was spared.

Arizona was "frothing at the mouth," and with the consent of Joe Jensen, I graciously offered to plane them to Phoenix for two days and a night's stay. Then we purposely ticketed them out of Phoenix the second night, to either their homes or to Washington, D.C. Arizona was to pay none of this. Of course, they paid for the stay in Phoenix. I invited Erna and myself without asking them.

Now, when we landed early in the morning in Phoenix, it was beautiful. They were to immediately take us out to Roosevelt Dam, which was dry. It was about a two-hour drive and we were to see other sights. Well, a thunderstorm came up suddenly and it really poured about the time we reached the dam. We got wet before we got back to our cars and, as I have always been sort of a "ham," I surely hammed it up. California had photographers there

and they took advantage of this freak storm. It had been over a year since they had had a rainstorm, but we never gave them a chance to explain that. When we got back to Phoenix you could see that they had had a still heavier storm, and the water had run down the gutters and streets. It was still cloudy. I went to the Goldwater Department Store and got an umbrella and some rubbers and went into the hotel banquet room with them that night. The host thought I was rubbing it in and the next day the paper took a crack at me, but outside of the fun I had, I amused the visiting Congressmen, and Arizona was just sort of handicapped in selling their story. The next day it was beautiful, not a cloud in the sky, and we lunched at Camelback Inn and enjoyed ourselves sightseeing, and I cooperated in helping the Arizonans show their great potentialities. California didn't lose by that trip.

Now this was just one of many things we in California did. I covered every project in the West with the local Congressmen and didn't lose an opportunity to tell the local people what a fine representative they had, whether Democrat or Republican. This is the way you get votes, but I was honest about my appraisal of these Congressmen as they were fine representatives and we had to work together against the Eastern Congressmen, who generally were not interested in our problems.

This tug-of-war kept up as follows: the Senate would pass the Central Arizona Bill and then it would die in the House Committee. The arguments used by the attorneys for California were that Arizona was legally not entitled to enough water to supply this project. They had complicated reasons, and frankly I couldn't go along on the one concerning the Gila River, in that California argued that it should be considered part of Colorado River calculations. However, I never used any of these arguments; I lobbied as mentioned above. Finally, Arizona authorities gave up and decided to take it to the Supreme Court, where they won. Today, November 11, 1963, I am going to leave for a conference called for tomorrow by Governor Brown on what we shall do, now that the Supreme Court has ruled against us.

I can say with authority that Southern California had friends in the House Interior Committee, but upon my resigning from the House to become Mayor of Los Angeles, my successor from Southern California didn't have much support there. He was a very personable and able attorney and could argue successfully with any of them. However, the Republican members told me that he was too rigid and he made enemies instead of friends for Southern California. It takes tact as well as brains.

There was a common story told around Congress, something like this. As you would walk around the Capitol



and see all the statues of former Congressmen, whom you had read about when a boy, sit in Congress and hear all the debates, and read about it the next day in the papers, you would say to yourself, "I wonder how I got here." You were impressed and overawed. After you were there a term, you would look at some of the first-termers and wonder "how they got here." It easily takes a term to find out what is happening or at least how the machinery of Congress works.

Everyone at first criticizes the "seniority" status, but the longer you are there the more you defend it. The arguments you had at first, dwindle with time. In an area where there is political activity and maybe more active interest in their Congressman, they are under-represented because they change their Congressmen oftener and thus lose that important power of seniority. City "machines" and rural areas, where they keep their Congressmen, are the areas holding the most power in the House of Representatives. With 435 members you can see how committee seniority has so much power.

You hear a lot about the cloakrooms in Congress. That term is outmoded because there are tunnels leading from the office buildings to the House floor, and over in the Senate they have a "Toonerville Trolley" running through their tunnel to the Senate end of the Capitol. Once in awhile someone goes directly to the Capitol and

he might have a hat or overcoat. It generally is the big room where they have cots and deep-cushioned chairs, with a sandwich bar serving coffee, soft drinks, sandwiches, and candies. You spend as much or more time there as on the Floor, as you surely get tired of listening to speeches. As soon as someone gets through with his siesta, there are three or four waiting to grab the chair. The joke is that we take our naps there instead of the office because we can't hurt the morale in the office. No, you are ready for a quorum call. It is common for someone to ask the party standing at the glass door "Who is speaking now?" and that determines whether they shuffle on to the Floor or not.

Congress is known as the cruellest place in the world, because your friends won't sit and listen when you are speaking unless you really have something to say or you are an orator. I never drew any audiences. They will get right up and walk out on you, except for your "maiden" speech, and then they applaud you.

Talk about women gossiping--on the Floor or in the cloakroom is where you hear the gossip or "news." Now the members sit in pairs or groups on the Floor and carry on conversations, regardless of the speaker, and they even read the local newspapers from home, although they have a reading room where all of the late newspapers from principal cities throughout the U.S. are

kept. One day I felt like a little devilment, so I told this story to a member, knowing he would repeat it. A man from a district in Oregon, was a conservative and generally voted accordingly. He was on the Interior Appropriations subcommittee and they voted out a large appropriation for some public power developments. He spoke in behalf of this and it sort of stunned some of his conservative friends. I was a good friend of his and I found out that it was because some of the private power lobbyists had talked as though they had him in their vest pocket. I told this to the "conversation repeater" and enlarged that this fellow was going to get a very important job under the Truman administration, as I had heard it. I went in the cloakroom and looked out the glass window and sure enough there was my friend telling something in a confidential manner to another member. I actually watched this type of conversation pass from one side to the center aisle on the Republican side. Then to my amazement I saw a Republican go over and talk to a conservative Democrat and I assumed it was the same story. I then went back to my office to sign my mail and returned in about an hour and, believe it or not, someone told me the same story except that it was a much bigger job! Now here is the secret with Congressional gossip. They never tell you who told them as you are supposed to have a "confidential pipeline"

(à la Drew Pearson), and you never give anyone else credit for the information.

You definitely cross party lines in your friendships, as I think some of my best personal friends were Democrats. The liberals seemed to fraternize together though.

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

The tragedy of President Kennedy's assassination could not fully be realized by many of us for several days. The magnificent way in which his widow, Jacqueline Kennedy, performed after his death and during the succeeding days, was an inspiration to all Americans. She had many talents unknown to many and her stature rose to the highest.

I knew the President, or Jack Kennedy, very well. I had served in the House of Representatives with him and he was very personable and friendly. While he most always sat in one section of the House by himself, he was always willing to converse. I introduced him at the annual "Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick" banquet in Los Angeles, while Mayor, as "one Democrat I could vote for."

I also served in the House with Lyndon Johnson. He was a "loner" and you never had much chance to contact him in a House membership of 435. He also was known as one of "those Texans." They were very clannish and socialized together and had their regular business and

social meetings of ten. They had the strongest State delegation and held the most chairmanships because of their seniority, and consequently Texas was well represented. After you were there awhile and they saw that you voted conservative, they became very friendly. Some of my best friends later were Texans. I became better acquainted with Lyndon Johnson after I was Mayor of Los Angeles and I admired his ability. No one, though, could take the place of the great Texan, Sam Rayburn. In 1960, when he came out to the Democratic Convention, I met him at the airport and took him to the Biltmore Hotel in my official car. He called me once during that time, asking if I knew where they could get some votes. I prize my autographed "Speaker's gavel signed by Sam Rayburn."

I also served in Congress while Harry Truman was a Senator but never met him until he was President. I won in my Congressional district in 1948 by about the same margin he carried the district.

During the history of the United States there have been eight occasions when a President was killed or died and a Vice-President took over. Four of those have happened during my lifetime. I can faintly remember McKinley's assassination when I was six years old, and I remember distinctly wearing the sailor's cap with "Roosevelt" on it in his campaign in 1904.

Then in 1923, when President Harding was en route to Alaska, his train stopped in Meacham, Oregon, on July 4th so he could dedicate the "Oregon Trail Memorial." I stayed with the children while Erna went with her folks to witness this event. When she returned, she kept mentioning how "pallid and yellow" his complexion was. We all know how he died with what they termed food poisoning in August of 1923, in San Francisco. Then Coolidge became President.

In April, 1945, Erna and I were in San Francisco. I was there attending a business meeting of the State CPA's in connection with legislation which I was presenting before the State Legislature as their legislative representative, when the news of President Roosevelt's death came over the wire. This was the term I was out of Congress (79th Congress). It was announced, and while everyone grieved, there was not the shock that we received on the announcement of President Kennedy's death, because of the circumstances, age, and cause.

So was history in the making and my opportunity of meeting four of the principals.

The last time I met President Kennedy was when I was on the speaker's stand with him in August of 1962 at the ground-breaking exercises of the San Luis Dam, near Fresno. This was the dam to be built jointly by the State and the Federal Government. I was there as a

member of the California Water Commission and was introduced by the Chairman of the day. I said to President Kennedy, "You see I am on the team." He answered and said, "Yes, the Governor has told me." This is being written five days after the tragedy.

My January 9, 1948, Newsletter on the Marshall Plan, created a lot of interest in my district and I had many recopies. I am presenting it intact:

#### POULSON REPORTS FROM WASHINGTON

9 January 1948

#### MARSHALL PLAN:

You have heard a great deal in the past--and you will hear still more in the future--about the so-called Marshall Plan. It is very interesting how the Plan originated and how it has developed.

General Marshall was to make an address before the Harvard graduation class. Like most busy men, he asked his secretary to prepare some notes and general ideas suitable for such an occasion. The subject of helping Europe to help themselves had been discussed, so the secretary prepared some elaborate notes along the self-help program. General Marshall in a brief way discussed this subject in his Harvard address as well as many other important problems. No particular interest or excitement was created immediately by this speech. However, various Embassies in Washington obtained a copy of the speech and immediately forwarded it to their home offices. The story goes that the various European countries contacted one another and thought this self-help program a great idea; they immediately began pushing this plan. Then, overnight we began to hear about the Marshall Plan. Newspapers and radio news commentators, speakers and everyone else began talking about the Marshall Plan. In fact, the idea was discussed for months and months before it ever was put into any written form. Not until December 19th was it formally presented to the American people. Because it was sold sight unseen, I do not think Congress will accept it in its original form.

### GRATITUDE FOR RELIEF:

Some people wonder why the citizenry of various nations do not appreciate what we are doing for them. The answer is simple. For one reason these hungry people whose pictures we see on the posters get very little of this food which we ship to their countries simply because they do not have the money with which to buy it. It is almost a misnomer when we state that we are giving food to the destitute and hungry in Europe. Why do I state this? To begin with, we give money to the various governments. They in turn buy the wheat or other foodstuffs in this country in competition with our domestic buyers, thus running the price up. In some cases our government buys the foodstuffs directly and gives it to the other governments. But either way, the foreign governments sell these foodstuffs to their millers or distributors who in turn sell it to the consumer, similar to the way we do business in this country. Actually, they have black markets, because they have a certain government control and the net result is that those with money get what they need and want, while those without the money still have to suffer. The foreign governments with the money they receive from selling these food products are thus able to support their government machinery. In other words, we are financing the wobbly governments of Europe and hoping our food reaches their hungry. One of the big arguments we had on the recent European relief bill was over an item of \$88 million which France and Italy were going to use to pay off some of their debts to other countries; most of this was finally eliminated.

For another reason, the recipients don't believe our gift is given entirely as a humanitarian act. How could they think differently if they were ever to read our newspapers when the President of our country comes out and says we must give this to stop Communism, or to protect our government, or to sustain our markets, or to build up our economy. If the recipients of these goods feel that we are using them for an ulterior purpose, then they feel that they are under no obligation. My daughter, Erna Bea, just returned from China where she has been for the past year. She stated that the Chinese say: "You are not giving us this money because you like us. You have an axe to grind. You want to fight and check the Communists."

First of all, we should clear the decks and be honest with our people in this country as well as the people in other countries. If our cause is just, we should tell the same story everywhere.



Here, fifteen years later, while it has a different name (Foreign Aid), it is still a controversial issue and the arguments are about the same. Just as they gave it the name of a great American hero, so did they give the Marshall Report on China. Erna Bea's former husband was in the State Department in China under Ambassador Stuart, and they prepared the report and handed it to Marshall, who submitted it to the State Department and the President. He hadn't personally prepared it like General Wedemeyer had, and that is the reason for the opposite viewpoints.

I am also showing excerpts from my January 16th letter of 1948 as it pertains to this subject and shows the European influence:

#### POULSON REPORTS FROM CONGRESS

January 16, 1948

#### INTEREST IN WESTERN STATES:

The majority of the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee come from the eastern seaboard states. Since their main concern is Europe, I made inquiry of some of these members to find out if they knew anything about the United States. I was surprised to find three members who had never been west of Chicago or south of Washington, and yet they have been to Europe more than three times. That might be one of the reasons why we in the West have a tough time getting money for our irrigation and power projects--and even the Indians.

#### TURNABOUT:

As an example of how we get no credit for what we do in these foreign countries, the following facts were recently brought out on the floor of

Congress. Last summer, we paid Russia in full in American dollars for five hundred thousand tons of wheat and barley which we then sent to France as "a gift." Not only was Russia paid for that wheat, but she was paid at prevailing United States prices. The United States footed the shipping bill and 70% of the grain was carried in American ships. However, the Communists were credited with extreme generosity and the United States got no credit at all. There are many other similar cases.

History sure repeats itself, because in 1948, and throughout my sojourn in Congress, the Military was the big spender and waster of money. I repeated stories of exposure of waste and extravagance, which we read about in the papers today--1964. When Secretary McNamara wants to cut down, the local communities send delegations back to Washington to protest, as they are doing this very moment in San Diego. Incidentally, San Diego votes down bond issues, which they have to pay direct, but don't hesitate to protest Uncle Sam cutting down on expenditures.

With our great surplus of wheat and other farm crops today, few people realize, and I didn't until I read my Newsletters, that in 1948, President Truman ordered the government to limit the permits for use of grain for making whiskey, as he stated the present grain shortage "jeopardizes the national security."

I also see in 1948 we were being pressured for a tax cut by tax-paying groups, and this time it was not being sponsored by President Truman, as President Kennedy did and President Johnson is. However, we were expecting

to pay \$10 billion on debt and President Truman was opposed to any cut but to increase payment on deficit. More power to him. I am afraid I made a political vote instead of a statesmanlike vote. His veto stuck.

Today, in 1964, we are reading about the shortage of U.S. maritime ships in the delivery of wheat to Russia and also our excessive cost of operation. In March of 1948, the Maritime Commission and Western shippers were meeting with West Coast Congressmen about the furor caused by the U.S. through the Marshall Plan turning over 200 ships to European countries.

There was sharp as well as humorous criticism about President Truman remodeling the White House. He did slip in a "little Missouri touch" in furnishing, but the balcony addition brought on the most puns. Now I think it was a good idea. However, in 1948, when the new twenty-dollar bills came out with the picture of the revamped White House, is when the constitutional lawyers had their fun discussing whether the old bills were voided. Congress does discuss some trivial things.

In Congress we didn't only have to worry about the grasp for power among the nations, but equally as bitter and sometimes as detrimental was the traditional fight between different departments. Agriculture vs. Interior costs the taxpayers much in their overlapping activities, and the same bitterness exists today. We passed the

Army and Navy Unification Bill in 1947, but they were still fighting in 1948, and from what I can read in the papers it still continues. We heard first-hand stories where this rivalry cost lives, money, and even battles in the Pacific in World War II.

In March of 1948, we were hearing many "off-the-record" talks from newspapermen, Secretary of State Marshall, John Foster Dulles, and others, about Russia's aggressive moves in surrounding or neighboring countries. Universal Military Training, which had been blocked in the Rules Committee, came out and was passed. Remember that the Rules Committee generally knew the sentiment of the majority; in other words, we were not ready for it until these above stories came out. The House can always petition a bill out. The Rules Committee members represent districts in which they are politically safe and therefore "don't panic under pressure." They sort of protect us on "hot votes" until the time is ripe.

As I have mentioned many times before, the Marshall Plan, or ERP (European Recovery Plan), was being discussed throughout the country and by speeches in Congress. But not until this "scare" did the House finally move.

In my Newsletter of April 2, 1948, I stated:

After five long days of debate, the House passed the Marshall Plan with an overwhelming vote. From the discussions on the floor to the cloak room conversations, it was easily conceivable

that the majority could find many reasons why they didn't like the Marshall Plan, starting from the big financial drain to some of its silly provisions, but the one underlying fact which sold the plan was the idea that the members were willing to make this gigantic sacrifice for the promotion of peace and they were afraid to vote against the bill for fear that in not doing so they might be charged with bringing on a war. I have yet to talk with any member of Congress who sincerely thought this was anything but a gamble, but that it was worth the chance to avert a war.

We also knew we had been receiving a lot of propaganda before through local committees, and the war scare stampeded us.

I know I made many bad guesses and likewise bad votes, but I am quite proud of my letter of April 9, 1948.

#### POULSON REPORTS FROM WASHINGTON

April 9, 1948

Whereas a few weeks ago there was confusion and a multiplicity of ideas and suggestions on how to meet the Communistic menace of Russia, the situation now is definitely crystallizing. What was then secret is now leaking out through various sources and I can say that the majority in Congress realize the seriousness of the problem. This can best be illustrated by referring to a statement of Senator Pepper whose public record up until two weeks ago has been that of an apologist for Russia. Recently he said: "Russia has been guilty of aggression which offends and affronts our sense of independence and dignity and freedom for the peoples of the world."

Talking with a boyhood friend of mine who has recently been serving as a General in the Army of Occupation in Germany on the Russian line, I have received additional information which convinces me that this threat of Russia is not propaganda. We have bent over backwards to try to advocate a peaceful settlement in Europe as well as the Orient. Russia has either

the idea that we are afraid of her or else she is determined to go ahead with her world conquest regardless of our opposition to her subjugation of other nations and peoples. Our past appeasement policy has definitely proven a failure. Conditions are similar to that of 1938 and 1939 when we were appeasing Germany. Our continuance of that policy brought on war.

Knowing what this policy will do, there is only one alternative and that is to strengthen ourselves and to let Russia in no uncertain terms know that we want peace and no further conquest on her part of other nations. This is our only hope for peace with a nation like Russia, which respects nothing else but power. An example of this was the recent Berlin episode, when she backed down when we stood firm. This is a simple law of personal relationship which we find in everyday life. A strong man is not so likely to be shoved around when working with other people. If we are strong, Russia can no longer disrespectfully shove us around.

We all want peace and we want to keep it. We cannot allow the Russian sympathizers and their methods in this country to weaken our program for peace.

Now, what does this mean that we will have to do? Even as distasteful as it is, we must have enacted into law a modified selective service draft and since we are compelling the youth of the nation to be drafted, we must also at the same time pass an economic and industrial mobilization law. Military security without economic preparedness is a delusion. There is a movement recently started in Congress to place the heavy emphasis on an air force second to none. To this I subscribe wholeheartedly.

Yes, it makes all of us shudder to think of what all of this means, but it is becoming the consensus of thinking that we had better meet the situation now and in so doing we can try to save the peace of the world. If that does not succeed in obtaining peace, we have not lost anything, because we will be prepared and not caught flat-footed in the event of war. Remember, if Russia is determined to control the world, we can be too late, if we are not prepared.

During the past two weeks I have heard the leaders of our intelligence office state that even though Russia would acquiesce as she did in this recent Berlin episode, she would continue to push in other sections, thinking that at some point we might give in. While

these intelligence officers thought the Russian leaders didn't want war now, they believe Russia will extend herself to the full length to conquer these countries without gunfire, but in doing so she might provoke some incidents which would force war. They described the appeasement propaganda which Russia spreads in every country which she has taken over; they claim that that same appeasement psychology is being used in this country against preparedness. This will become evident in the coming political campaign."

Washington, D.C., is a beautiful city, but to many it is a city of insecurity. Of course, the civil service workers and the bureaucrats feel secure and the top bureaucrats know they are running the show regardless of the top brass or the party in power. There are many Representatives and Senators who probably feel quite certain of being re-elected, but there are those who know that their fate rests in the hands of the political whims of the people, and frankly it is beyond their control. There are so many factors which can change that political climate and, as a result, we find ourselves playing a part in any propaganda movement to influence that climate. As a result, with an election every two years, we are spending a great portion of our time and energy subtly campaigning for the next election.

With seniority playing such an important part in a Congressman's effectiveness because of committee assignments, the districts which have enthusiastic political competition and often make changes in their elected representatives, really suffer because their representatives

are at the bottom of the totem pole in the committee. This means a less important committee, or so far down that he has little influence. I have explained that before.

I am mentioning this again because in 1948 the Democrats swept the country with the Truman surprise victory and many of the Congressmen elected were as surprised as the Republicans they defeated. This is an extreme case, I realize, and I will refrain from using names. There was a Republican Representative from Minnesota, a Yale graduate and quite liberal, most of us thought. No Democrat of any standing thought there was a chance to run against him so they put up a "street cleaner." Harry Truman hit this part of the country on his "whistle-stop" campaign, and sure enough the Democrat won. Now the poor fellow died with a heart attack soon after, and while he was embarrassing to some of the Democrats, it still shows how these political tides have no concern for ability. The same thing in reverse happened in 1946, when Truman lost the Congress on the OPA issue, and frankly, the Republicans got some lemons. These cases always happen in city districts. I think that, as an average, the cities have the poorest caliber representatives. In New York and Chicago, of course, they are strictly "machine men or women." We also called them the "Tuesday and Thursday Club;" they came



down on Tuesday morning and returned Thursday night. You will notice that this still exists, and the leadership plans legislative programs accordingly. Most of them are lawyers and they practice the balance of the week in their offices. The "machine" runs the other activities of a Congressional office, such as West Point and Naval Academy appointments, handling constituents' problems with the various governmental departments, and the many other errands. The people are trained to call on either the Chicago or New York machine office, or should I say political office, for their contacts.

So my first Newsletter in 1949 told about the new "rubber stamp" Congress, and how the administration was trying to do so many things while the "honeymoon" was still on. This is true with all changes. A President after a victory, and especially if there has been a change in Congress, can accomplish much before the new Congressmen begin to feel their oats or to realize that they can oppose the leader. Of course the folks back home, or business or labor leaders, might have a chance to influence their thinking. Anyway, history will show that in all legislative bodies after an upset election, there is always a "honeymoon."

We had the budget presented, and in analyzing same I notice that we thought at that time that the National Defense was tremendously high. It was thirty-five cents

out of every dollar. Last year President Kennedy had fifty cents out of every dollar. We also had a "war scare" which helped pass the budget amount.

Texas, without a doubt, has the strongest delegation in the House of Representatives. Not that they have any more ability, but they have seniority and stick together for anything that is for Texas. You can't say that about California; we have the Northern and Southern division on too many issues. Well, Texas is wanting more water and so Speaker Sam Rayburn, a Texan, appoints two Texans to the Interior Committee. This is the committee which has great influence in such matters.

A sample of their maneuvering is exemplified in the Mexican Water Treaty of several years past. We all know that there never has been enough water on the Colorado for the states in the Colorado River Basin. In fact, we were fighting with Arizona over that issue in 1949, and here in 1964 the same issue is before us. Well, in that treaty with Mexico, Senator [Thomas T.] Connally was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and exercised tremendous influence. In fact, California fought it to no avail. The treaty gave to Mexico 1,500,000 acre feet of water, when they were only entitled to 1,000,000 acre feet, but the United States did get back 500,000 acre feet of water, but it was in the Rio Grande River in Texas.

I see now in August, 1949, the Marshall Plan has a new name, European Military Aid Program. They could get more support for helping build up military power in these countries to offset Russia's growth than they could get for economic aid. I voted against this legislation on the premise that we couldn't feed the world, support the world, nor defend the world.

In August of 1949, I wrote my constituents that "the citizens of England are guaranteed by their government the most security of any citizens in the world today, but their government is the most insecure government in the world at present. We do not want to get the idea that that can't happen to the United States." That is the big issue today, fifteen years later: shall the people do the job, or the government?

The Alger Hiss-[Whittaker] Chambers episode was carried on in 1948-49, and there were many things we couldn't write in our newsletters. It became a political issue, and I really think President Truman would like to have retracted his "red herring" charge, as he was not a Communist sympathizer. The greatest job Dick Nixon did was to keep the sex-pervert angle from stealing the show. The Hiss forces were continuously trying to bring that out, knowing that the real issue (internal security) would be forgotten. I attended those hearings when I could spare the time and you could easily detect

the basis of Alger Hiss and Chambers' close relationship in the past. Hiss admitted making gifts to Chambers, and Chambers, with his high-piped voice, answered your doubts. We had briefings at off-the-record meetings and there I saw a replica of what Hiss delivered to a Russian agent. It was a code message between Britain and the U.S. about letting the Russians and Germans kill one another off, as they admitted Russia would be a problem later. This accounts for Russia not allowing us to deliver war materials within her borders, even though she was a supposed ally. We couldn't say anything because Russia didn't trust us. The FBI cooperated with the committee, even though President Truman was bitter against them. The committee couldn't get that information, it had to be FBI. Sure Nixon's agent found it in a pumpkin, but who placed it there?

In my March, 1950, Newsletter I had some interesting statistics, which seemed ridiculous then but today are more ridiculous. Government records show that the Indian Affairs Bureau has 13,300 employees for 363,000 Indians--one government employee for every twenty-eight Indians.

At the end of the fiscal year 1949, we had spent more in the prior four years since the war than we had in 152 years prior to the war. In 152 years (1789-1940) we spent \$167 billion, and from 1946-1949 we had spent

\$177 billion.

We were wondering then who would pay the deficit, and today the deficit is many times greater.

On June 27, 1950, President Truman announced that we were sending our armed forces to Korea. We were just as surprised in Congress as the people were in our districts. We knew there was tension but not to that extent.

People would wonder why we in Congress were surprised. It was simply this. International information like this is kept as "top secret" and only through leaks do we get any of these secrets. I had chronologically listed in my August [1949] Newsletter the public statements of high officials to corroborate our reasons for thinking everything was "peace and quiet." In addition to President Truman, Secretary of Defense [Louis A.] Johnson, Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Senator Millard Tydings of the Foreign Affairs Committee, all had emphatically stated that there were no causes for fear of war. All this time, Owen Lattimore, an influential member of the State Department, was advocating that we support Red China's entrance to the United Nations and that we should let South Korea and Formosa fall under Communist influence; that it wasn't worth the effort to oppose same. Dean Acheson had agreed in principle. All of this shows how we are spoon-fed in Congress.

It isn't what people say but what they do that should influence our opinions. For example, here are some quotes from my Newsletter of July 15, 1950: "In a residential area near the Pentagon Building, which is predominantly occupied by Colonels and other higher ranking officers, there has been great activity in the selling of homes in the last few weeks." I gave the reasons that they thought we were in for a long war, and that Russia would be starting such wars throughout the world.

I think this is the choicest morsel, and I will quote an entire story of the Washington Jitters:

Early this week our Army radar detected an unidentified airplane approaching this country at a very high altitude from Central Canada. Some of the personnel in the White House, as well as in the Pentagon, called their immediate families and put them on the alert for a possible bombing raid. They did not notify anyone else in Washington, and it was only through some of the neighbors of these families that the word got to the police and the newspapers. After some time the plane was identified as an Army plane coming from Labrador but far out of its regular course. A short squib appeared in the papers but it was immediately hushed up lest the rest of the country know about our Washington jitters and what such a rumor can do. Prime Minister Atlee is leaving Washington today, having come here because of the wild rumors and jitters from which he too was suffering.

This gives you an idea of high tension existing in Washington during such crises.

You will remember when I told about my interview with General MacArthur, that he violently or vehemently

criticised the Administration's policy in China and Korea. He told us the Marshall Report on China was phony, which it turned out to be, and that the Wedemeyer Report was being swept under the rug. He claimed that we should pay more attention to Southeast Asia and here in 1964, or seventeen years later, it is our big headache. So naturally, we expected to see him relieved of his duty, but the manner in which he was discharged was unbecoming to a President, and certainly not to a man of MacArthur's stature and record of service to the country.

Erna Bea was living in Japan at that time and happened to be in a large restaurant when she saw General MacArthur and Senator [Warren G.] Magnuson of Washington, come in. They went to a private room, and while there she heard announced on a public speaker that General MacArthur was being recalled. This was his notice before being formally recalled. She said the people in Japan wept when he left, as they truly loved and respected him. MacArthur had discounted the Acheson theory that the Chinese revolution was an agrarian movement. Instead he plainly called them Communists.

MacArthur also wanted to fight the Korean war to win. In other words, fight the Chinese who were fighting us.

MacArthur's "Old Soldiers Never Die" speech [April 19, 1951] will live in my memory as one of the most dramatic

events while a member of Congress. Of course he was a great controversial figure, but in my book one of the greatest men of this age. The Senators, Supreme Court Justices, Cabinet Members, and Members of the House were all there. I had arrived early and picked a seat so that I could study the faces of some of the Senators and especially those who had been so critical of MacArthur. Of course the galleries were filled.

MacArthur started off with what I thought was a "new deal" speech, and seemed to be talking to those few "hostile" Senators. He was very flowery and dramatic and he had everyone applauding. Then suddenly he brought out his irony and subtle criticism of what was happening in the Orient. He did it like a butcher with an extra sharp knife, cutting deep without any great effort. His choice of words was unique and typically "MacArthur style." They played that record over and over throughout the country and even brought out a popular song which we heard on TV and radio, "Old Soldiers Never Die, They Just Fade Away."

There was a favorite expression around Congress: "There wasn't a dry eye on the Republican side of the aisle nor a dry seat on the Democratic side of the aisle." Mrs. Poulson got so excited and applauded so vigorously while standing, that she broke her glasses.

This withdrawal of MacArthur didn't help matters in Japan.



In 1951, we were beginning to hear of the many scandals and stories of corruption among people in high places in the Truman Administration. None of it was traced to the President, but the President had been elected early in his political life by the corrupt [Thomas] Pendergast political machine of Kansas City, and naturally some of those members found their way into Federal Government. It became a great political issue: "Mink Coats and Deep Freezes."

In 1951, the Federal Government attempted to take over the water and water rights on the Santa Margarita River. We held meetings on this controversial issue and the landowners and water users took it to court. Now I am a resident of La Jolla in San Diego County, and I just noticed in the papers that the lower Federal court has just handed down a favorable decision for the landowners twelve years later. However, the Government is appealing the case and they can wear you out. Camp Pendleton (Marine Base) is involved.

If you don't think we have inflation or that the value of the dollar has decreased, just look at these figures from some of my newsletters. I am quoting from the January 31, 1949, letter.

Speaking of spending, do you realize that President Truman's budget is 40 times as much as the Government ever spent in a fiscal year before World War I, and nearly 5 times what it spent in the New Deal's

peak year of war against depression? Today the President is asking for \$41,858,000,000. and the entire cost of government in 1940 was only \$9 billion dollars. The analysis of this budget:

National Defense	34 cents
International	16 "
Veterans Program	13 "
Interest on Debt	13 "
Social Welfare Programs	6 "
Natural Resources	5 "
All other functions Govt.	<u>13</u> "
	100 cents

Then in April, 1950, I quoted the budget as being \$42.3 billion. Just recently President Johnson spoke about his economy budget of \$98.5 billion. The critics claim that in this budget he has not asked for new money for new programs, which are started and will take millions.

In 1951, I had been tipped off as to discrepancies in the records of the Folding Room. This is the branch of the House which handles the various publications we Congressmen send to our constituents. The Agriculture Year Books were considered very valuable to Representatives from farm sections. As a Certified Public Accountant, I discovered a \$100,000 shortage in inventories and nineteen people on the payroll who never worked there, but worked for prominent Democrats. The General Accounting Office investigated and backed me up, but the Democratic leadership brushed this under the rug just like I think they will try to brush the "Bobby Baker" case.

I had two most interesting trips to Alaska in

November, 1950 and 1951. We held hearings on the Alaskan Indians' problems, of which there were many. We also took advantage of this trip to see all parts of Alaska. We went in November because that is the best flying weather, just before the big freeze at the start of winter. In Alaska we were flown in Air Force planes and also down over the fish and game reserves in Fish and Wildlife amphibious planes.

We flew up to Kotzebue on the Bering Straits, and it was a clear day and we could see the tip of Siberia, Russia. The hospitals were filled with young Eskimo men with TB. It seems that the minute they departed from their original habits and mode of living, to modern methods, they contracted TB. Here I tasted the sweetest and most delicious fish ever, but it gave us all heartburn. They couldn't ship it out because they couldn't preserve it in any way. They were loading reindeers in planes to ship to Texas for Christmas. From here we took off for Nome, Alaska; I had heard about the gold rush when a boy in Baker, Oregon. In fact, several people from Baker went to the Nome goldfields. They were using it for military purposes the same as Kotzebue. One of the restaurants advertised "Sour-dough hotcakes from the original batter." We all tried them but they lodged in our stomach like gold bricks and it was an uncomfortable trip to Kodiak. We surely flew over desolate

wastelands from Fairbanks to Kotzebue along the Yukon River. From Seattle, we first landed in Anchorage, which was the main city in upper Alaska. Before landing in Kodiak, our Air Force pilot received word that a military plane on a surveillance trip had landing-gear trouble and that we would have to circle Kodiak as they were "soaping" the runways as this plane had bombs. Furthermore, we were not to broadcast it when we went back to the States, but it did show us they were taking the Russians seriously in flying our borders. We finally landed and we were given a dinner at the base and then is when I found those "fish stories" about the size of the very large Alaskan crabs were true.

At another time the Fish and Wildlife Division took us down over the game preserves. We saw bull elk fighting it out to the death, mountain sheep sleeping on high precipices, grizzly bears rising up on their haunches to look at the amphibious plane, seals on the rocks; a real paradise for the hunter, but, like Paradise, "he couldn't enter."

In small planes we flew low over glaciers and the colors were indescribable. They used the ice for deep freezing, but you couldn't use it in your drinks because of the minute sand particles.

Going to Sitka was just as you would imagine visiting a Russian town. They still have the old Russian Catholic church.

In Juneau, the capital, you were just in a typical State Capital city, and Ketchikan was another Oregon or Washington State lumber town or fishing town.

Sure they could be called junkets, but believe me, the people who write the laws for these United States should know more about their country and not have to depend on lobbyists or local representatives. You can't help learning and changing your ideas; at the same time you do have a good time.

In Anchorage, I found there were more people from California than any other State, because they are progressive. They had business branches in Alaska.

I am enclosing a letter written to my brother-in-laws, nephews, and grandson, Henry Willis. The letter and the following description of the magnitude of the construction work is self-explanatory. However, I can't miss the opportunity to tell how we have advanced in this field during my lifetime and that of my father.

Of course, the span of life of my father and myself really covers three generations. He was born in 1843 and was fifty-two years of age when I was born. Like many of the pioneers in those days, he wasn't married until after he was forty years of age. However, working on the Union Pacific construction gang, he drove a team of mules hitched to a "slip" which was considered advanced in those days. It took thousands of men and mules. I

remember, during my early days, that a larger "slip" with two wheels was considered a great innovation and they would have four mules hitched to this. It was called a "Fresno." The plows for loosening the earth became larger. Trucks, tractors and carryalls were unheard of. In fact I remember when the first automobile came to Baker City, as they called it then. You entered from the rear of the car. Palmer Brothers, jewelers, owned it. We had no pavements and muddy streets, and it was not unusual to see a car stuck in a mud hole. They wouldn't pull a hill. In fact, I have been very fortunate to have lived in this age and to see automobiles, aeroplanes, submarines, radio and television, not to speak of astronauts, all developed in this century. I have flown in an open plane back in the 30's and, while Mayor, I flew in an Air Force jet plane. In fact, I stated afterward that I found myself looking back and even thinking back because I couldn't adjust myself to the speed. Then just a few days ago President Johnson announced we had developed a super-jet to fly 2,000 miles per hour. I even remember the day Jack Johnson fought Jim Jeffries (4th of July, 1910) and the Wright Brothers were on a barnstorming tour with their plane and they couldn't get it off the ground more than fifty feet; they claimed it was the altitude in Baker--3,500 feet.

As a member of the Interior Committee, I was naturally a member of most of the subcommittees and one was the subcommittee on Territories and Insular Affairs. As such, I made quite a few trips to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. We held hearings there and did extensive traveling. Mrs. Poulson (Erna) and I were guests at the inaugural ceremonies at the first elected Governor, Governor [Luis] Munoz Marin. The last name was taken from his mother and he is called Munoz generally. Prior to this status, the U.S. Government had not taken any active part in their welfare but they had sent the notorious left-winger, Professor Rexford G. Tugwell, down as Governor. He initiated many reforms, some of them good and some very extreme. One of the good ones was to set up an elected legislature and a governor and give them more independence from the Federal Government in ruling themselves. However, he put the Federal Government in the position of supporting them more than ever from an economic standpoint. He introduced all of the welfare programs in existence in the States, including Federal housing. However, they had to comply with the rules of those agencies and one of them was that they had to show a wedding certificate. Because religious and legal weddings were so expensive, they had just avoided that step. Therefore, when the houses were completed, they had "wholesale" weddings by the hundreds

every day, and of course these couples had plenty of children. Even the Governor got married legally just before his inauguration and he had three children at least. Nobody thought anything about this.

I can say that the slums, created by squatters, in the swampy lands, were indescribable. They were up on stilts, and the folks would wade from them carrying their shoes and stockings. You can imagine the health problems. With the new reforms and help from the Federal Government, these slums were eliminated to a great extent. This island was allowed to bring in new industries with a promise that for at least ten years there would be no Federal Income Tax. That of course was a contribution from the Federal Government. It was successful in getting certain types of business, although one of the problems was that the local people had to be taught to do certain types of work. That was not as easily done as said.

It was a great recreational area and many of the big hotel chains built hotels there, modern in every way, with gambling casinos attached. However, their gambling casinos could not compare with Las Vegas or Reno.

The Virgin Islands was the most restful spot. We had purchased the islands from Denmark and there the natives talked English with a Danish accent and you just couldn't understand what was being said by a jabbering group. When they talked to you, they would talk slower.



Many wealthy citizens from the States had winter homes or estates down there.

Our pampering of the people of both Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands created social problems. The more you gave, the more they wanted and demanded. In Puerto Rico, through our U.S. Health Department, we lowered the death rate at birth and extended the life expectancy, and they just kept on having more children. Overpopulation soon became the big problem and then that problem moved to New York City and other large cities where they migrated. Birth control was greatly needed. In fact, President Roosevelt started a program but the Church raised such a ruckus that it was discontinued. I talked to the President of the University of Puerto Rico and he stated that this situation topped all of their problems. Puerto Rico at that time ranked third in the world as to density of population.

We had many interesting incidents on this trip, but I think this one, which I outlined in my Newsletter of November 7, 1952, bears repeating. Probably my grandchildren will have been to Europe many times and so I will not attempt to describe anything. However, I want to tell about conditions at the time of the trip as the picture will have entirely changed within another twenty years or less.

November 7, 1952

Dear Constituents:

In my last letter of July 7th I stated that I would write you my reactions on my trip to Europe. Prior to this trip I had some apprehension as to whether I was voting correctly on the controversial foreign aid program, as I was primarily opposed to the procedure rather than the intent of the program. I had voted for the original Marshall Plan from its inception in 1947 to 1951, recognizing the necessity of helping the European nations in their start to rehabilitate themselves. However, I had also realized that an assistance program could easily shift into a program wherein the recipients would rely upon us for continuous support rather than for initial help. This is characteristic of all such movements, whether large or small.

I knew the Administration forces and even some of the Republicans on the Foreign Affairs Committee had advocated that this program was the only solution to our international problems. On the other hand, I had heard many disconcerting stories and, therefore, I wanted to see for myself what was being accomplished, or not being accomplished, and make my own decisions on what I personally found.

As I told you before, this trip was at my own expense. Therefore, I could go where I wanted to go and see whom and what I wanted to see. This proved to be very important because the State Department and the Army were constantly trying to take over our trip. As you know, Mrs. Poulson and I were accompanied by Representative and Mrs. Clair Engle of California, Democrats. Of course, in this letter I am speaking only for myself.

We visited the countries of Holland, Germany, Austria (back of the Iron Curtain), Switzerland, Italy, France, Denmark, Sweden and England. To save time we traveled mostly by air.

#### No Expert - My Own Deductions

Now, please don't think that, as a result of seven weeks' traveling in Europe, I am posing as an expert. However, anyone sincerely seeking the truth, and with average intelligence, certainly would get some definite reactions and impressions. That I did. Our trip was

unlike most Congressional trips, where everything is planned for the Congressman and they see only what the leaders want them to see; they are wined and dined, entertained and shown around with a big flurry, and generally fail to see many important and significant things.

I think our Foreign Affairs Committee, which is definitely responsible for our foreign policy in the House, has let us down in this respect. While they have been to Europe many times, it is my opinion that our State Department has had too much influence in what they saw and to whom they talked.

I spent much time talking to average intelligent people in the various countries, whom I met through different contacts and of my own accord. Also, I talked to Mr. Draper, our Ambassador at Large in Europe, as well as to other Ambassadors and some top military men. Their stories were all alike. So I weighed what they said against what I learned by talking to private individuals, and what I saw and knew was happening, and then used common sense to put it all together and make my own deductions.

Traveling in Europe reveals to us our virtues as Americans but also our shortcomings. We are so self-satisfied that we never concern ourselves about learning other languages. With the Europeans it is otherwise, which makes it quite easy for Americans to converse with most of the people in all of the countries.

On this trip I took voluminous notes of my conversations and findings. Also I took over 750 3-dimension colored pictures with my Realist camera, mostly depicting things I wanted to prove. I might say I have about 400 good ones. Immediately upon my return I wrote the whole story out in narrative form and it took 53 typewritten pages. Realizing the fallacy of writing such a long letter to my constituents, I have had to greatly condense it.

#### Intent of Foreign Aid Program

First of all, I think you should consider what is the intent of our mutual assistance program and then, secondly, whether we are achieving it. I can agree with the general intent, that we should help the European countries to recover economically and to rearm themselves against possible Russian invasion, and thereby save

the lives of millions of our own, as well as their boys.

I intend to show in this letter, however, that we have gone far afield from accomplishing that purpose and instead, are possibly creating a trap for the millions of boys we will have over there, plus the loss of all the materials supplied to them and which might be taken over by Russia. I do not say that this program cannot be salvaged with new leadership and a different approach. I do know, however, that it cannot be with the present setup and, therefore, there is a definite need for a review of the entire situation.

#### How is Foreign Aid Program Handled?

Although we have a large army of so-called experts in Europe, briefly we give the money to those countries or their designated agencies to spend on any project, generally of their own choosing. It is done this way, despite the fact that we know most of those governments are corrupt. The scandals I heard over there made those in our own country seem trivial.

#### Two Examples

In Rome has been built the most beautiful railroad depot in the world, with ECA funds.

In Sorrento, Italy, is the most beautiful hotel I have ever seen, built with ECA funds. It was only fifty percent occupied on July 29th, this year.

I could tell of similar examples throughout Europe.

And still, in this country, we cannot furnish adequate facilities in our national parks for those unable to stay at the better resorts, nor repair our transcontinental highways, nor rehabilitate our Indians, nor perform many other worthwhile and much-needed services for our own people.

#### Do the Europeans Know Our Real Objectives?

Practically every tourist I met in Europe had heard the same stories. The Europeans are skeptical of us. They are realists, not Pollyanna dreamers. They believe we have an axe to grind. They think we want them to fight our war. With their long historical background of two countries always fighting one against the other for the balance of power, they think the next war will be between Russia and the United States for the domination

of the world, and that Europe is caught in the middle. While they do not hesitate to say they like us best, they frankly express their doubts as to our actual strength, when they see us continuously backing down every time Russia makes a diplomatic move, - for recent example, her expulsion of our Ambassador.

This question was asked me several times: You have a steel strike in progress right now. It has been going on for six to eight weeks. Last year you had an oil strike. How do we know that the U.S. can always supply us with those vital materials?

### Europeans Afraid They Will Be Our Gun Fodder

Furthermore, they can read what our newspapers tell us over here, and also hear what is told the people over there, and the two just don't jibe. For instance, an educated German said to me: "Your leaders tell your people that you are helping Germany so that she can hold the Russians for several months until you can be ready to fight. That means that we will be the gun fodder." I heard that same story again and again throughout Europe. They are sick and tired of wars and, regardless of what the leaders say, they haven't got the will to fight and they can't see any benefit for themselves in another war. They know Russia is a tyrant and yet, on the other hand, an army of occupation does not create good will, and there are no great leaders in any country in Europe today who can inspire their people, with the exception of Churchill and he is getting old.

### France is Offended by Our Presence

In Paris we personally saw that some of our U.S. Government buildings were not flying our flag and upon inquiry we were told that "it offended the French." Mrs. Poulson and I talked to several U.S. Army Colonels in civilian clothes, who stated they had orders not to wear uniforms. Reason? It offended France. This means but one thing, that the French people really do not know what we are doing for them.

I likewise heard from well-informed U.S. personnel that many of them feared that Russia would either strike through France where there are many Communists, or in the underbelly of Europe, via Iran. You probably noticed in the papers recently what a great hero France is making out of Charlie Chaplin whose political philosophy we know about in this country.

At the time we were there the French papers were viciously and violently attacking the U.S. as liars and welchers.

### U.S. Considered Army of Occupation

In most places we are looked upon as an army of occupation, with our overpaid ECA and MSA personnel, requisitioning the best homes and living high, wide, and handsome.

At the popular resorts in Switzerland, I counted at least one-third of the parked cars, with license plates reading, "U.S. Armed Forces in Germany." I found them to be principally the "top brass."

### War Preparations

Even regardless of all of the undercurrents of a possible war - and I found that the thinking people of Europe positively expect another war, - certainly we saw all the earmarks of war. In Bremerhaven we saw ships arriving daily, bringing in soldiers and heavy equipment. We saw one complete train of Red Cross ambulances and another train of large tanks. In New York Harbor I saw hundreds of tanks being loaded.

Frankly, I am not too critical of this because it does appear that there will have to be a showdown unless Russia backs down on her present policies. Therefore, we must be prepared. But the question in my mind is: are we preparing in the right way? I am afraid that we are relying too much upon the European countries.

### Neutrality

While it is true that Mr. Draper and others pooch-pooched the idea that the neutrality position is gaining strength in Europe, nevertheless I heard reports to the contrary from many people who gave me this very logical reason for advocating neutrality. They said: What have we got to fight for? What does the future hold for us? The countries which didn't fight are the ones which are prosperous today, namely, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Sweden. Even the American Express Company guide who showed us around Paris remarked that France was more damaged in being liberated than in being occupied. He said, "The Germans never bothered us."

When they do not have the will to fight, regardless of what the leaders say, they will not fight. I heard that same expression in every country we visited. There is great dissension among the leaders on the subject of neutrality and therein we are failing in our program, in not convincing them that fighting with us would, in the long run, be far better than yielding peaceably to Russia and her subsequent tyranny and enslavement.

Many people stated to me that it did not pay to fight. They said: "Look at poor England," which it is true has recovered least of all the European nations. Also I was told that we did as much for our enemies as we did for our allies. Germany has unquestionably recovered more than any of the European nations. However, this can be attributed largely to the fact that the Germans believe that the only way to get out of a predicament is to work. Work is a religion with them. One German said to me: "If at the end of the year we are a little better off, and can see any improvement, we are always hopeful and will keep on working." Frankly, that is not the philosophy of some of the other countries.

Throughout Europe we noticed that, on the surface, the people were enjoying themselves without any apparent fear of war. In talking to them about it they invariably replied: "We are helpless to stop it so we may as well enjoy ourselves while we can." That they seemed to be doing.

#### Failure of Our Propaganda

Many times when we complained of the high prices charged us, we were reminded that we Americans had plenty of money. The people of Europe think our money grows on trees, judging by the way our government throws it around and the way the American tourists spend it, as well as our foreign aid personnel and the military. Then add to this the silly, gasinine propaganda put out by our State Department.

We actually saw films in Paris showing our beautiful homes, enormous factories and big farming operations. This in view of the fact that in every country we visited I took pictures of men and women cutting grain with a scythe by hand. Their antiquated inheritance laws are such that the farms are so small they couldn't possibly use this modern equipment in most cases.

Naturally, from all this evidence, the Europeans think we have so much money that we don't know what to do with it. They do not know that our national debt is greater than the combined national debts of all the countries we are helping. They do not know that out of each dollar of income tax we paid in 1952, 2½ cents went to European economic aid and 4½ cents went to European military assistance; that the lowest rate on taxable income in the U.S. is 22.2% and the maximum 92%. The French and the Italians are not told that beside Federal income tax, we pay in hidden taxes 5¢ on

each 14¢ loaf of bread; 9¢ on each 23¢ quart of milk; 15¢ on each 40¢ worth of potatoes; 16¢ on each 65¢-a-dozen eggs; \$15. on each \$24. ton of coal; 15¢ on each 24¢ pack of cigarettes; \$3. on each \$6. pair of shoes, etc.

Maybe our so-called intellectuals in the State Department do not want them to know this for fear that they would think we are plain d... fools and as such would lose all confidence in us.

### A Problem Yet to be Faced

Few people realize that within the next few years, barring war, the U.S. will be facing a most serious problem which we will not be able to duck. With the rehabilitation of Japan, Western Germany, and these other countries, we will be finding their imports on all of our merchandise shelves. In fact, it has already started. They can "out-compete" us for the simple reason that in all of our prices we have these large hidden taxes which I have mentioned, plus the high cost of materials and labor, - both much higher than in Europe and Asia.

Therefore, it is very important that we do not wreck ourselves economically, the way Stalin has boasted he will finally conquer us.

### Something to Realize

Here is another problem we must consider. The finest of the young men have been killed off in the past two wars and consequently there is a great dearth of able leaders in western Europe. This makes any program over there very hazardous. Sweden's history reveals what wars will do to a country in that respect. We were told by American authorities over there that this is a great deterrent in England, in both business and government. It could happen here. Stop and think of the potential leaders being wasted in Korea by Truman's "police action."

### Moral Breakdown

Get the real story of the orphanages which are springing up in Europe after our soldiers have been there. Then realize the conditions which exist when a top U.S. Sergeant can outbid economically a French or German Brigadier-General for home, servants, etc. Then consider our over-paid, over-rated ECA and MSA employees. Most of these folks did not have much of a job here but had a college degree and are now living on a plane at least two to three times higher than they could ever attain in this country.



Will these individuals want to discontinue this program? Of course not, because they would have to return home to a much lower standard of living. Let me quote from the October 20th, 1952 issue of Newsweek, an article entitled, "Home, Home on the Rhine." (Under-scoring is mine.)

"Just like home - that was what the builders of the High Commission housing project near Bonn aimed for. They succeeded - and also created an exclusive 'Little America' whose 1,000 inhabitants, according to critics, never had it so good at home.

Top accommodations go to the five ranking U.S. officials after the High Commissioner himself. Each rates a brand new \$75,000 'position house.' Other dwellings, mostly white stucco apartment houses, are set in lawns along winding roads. Quarters are completely furnished down to the glassware and silver. Salaries range from a messenger's \$2,300 to a division chief's \$11,100-\$12,700, plus entertainment funds. Typical prices at the commissary: butter, 68 cents a pound; eggs, 68 cents a dozen; milk, 14 cents a quart; steak, 63 cents to \$1.15 a pound. Liquor is duty-free and hence far cheaper than in the U.S.

The project is virtually self-contained. It has its own chapel, a semi-airconditioned 420-seat theater, shopping center, school, and playgrounds. Its club has a swimming pool, bowling alleys, two bars, a gym, and a dining room with picture windows overlooking the Rhine where there is dancing six nights a week. Total cost of the project: \$13,810,000."

#### Question for Our State Department

While we heard that we must not become too aggressive in advertising to the European people what we were doing for them, I would like to ask why the Hammer and Sickle was painted on bridges and buildings and everywhere throughout Italy. I have pictures to prove it. Signs were very prevalent in the various countries saying: "Americans go Home," with the Hammer and Sickle beneath. In fact, I might remark that the three most widely advertised articles in Europe are liquor, gasoline and the Hammer and Sickle.

It seems as though our program is to fill the stomachs of the Europeans, whereas the Russian program is to fill

their minds. The stomach has to be filled every day; the filling of the mind is a one-time job.

### History of Venice a Warning to Us

In closing I would like to enlarge upon the history of Venice. The history of this historic city tells a story which might be a warning to us in America. Unless one has been there it is difficult to visualize what wealth of beauty existed in Venice during the days when it was the mecca of civilization. The Venetians ruled the commercial world and made fortunes unbelievable. The loot they carried away from other countries is still included among their beautiful palaces and churches. The cost of building the city and the good workmanship put into the buildings is very evident from their condition today, especially when we consider that the city was built over a river delta. Venice is like so many cities in Europe in that it points to a past far greater than its present. Venice could easily be described as a decadent city basking in the glory of its past.

However, I was interested in the history of Venice when it ruled the commercial world with its more than three thousand ships at sea; with its wealthy merchants and inhabitants; how they accumulated this wealth and then, when they became fat and lazy because of their wealth, how they tried to maintain their strength or, should I say their foreign relations with other countries who were jealous, by buying them off or bribing them.

This reminded me of what our government is doing today, trying to buy loyalty and friendship. However, upon reading the history of Venice further, I find that those very nations whom she had been trying to buy off joined forces when she became fat, lazy and weak, and conquered her. They were the neighboring nations, or small countries surrounding her, whom she had helped in the past. This story reveals the ingratitude of people who are helped.

Has human nature changed from that time to this?  
I do not think so.

### Eisenhower: World Leader

One thing I learned in Europe was that General Eisenhower was held in high esteem by the great majority, not because they thought he would continue the give-away program, but because they had confidence in him as a leader. In the past, the Europeans have depended more

upon individual leaders than we have in the United States. I think that Governor Warren's campaign statement was right; that Eisenhower was the one man who could step into world leadership. Nevertheless, I am certain from what I heard everywhere that General Eisenhower, now working as a creator of policy and not an executor of policy, will materially revise the program. He will demand that it be a two-way program with full cooperation, or else. He had repeatedly expressed disgust at some of the nations for their lack of cooperation, but was unable to do anything about it because he was not the top man. Truman and Acheson were the bosses. This veiled threat was expressed by some of the European papers, as many of the politicians knew that the "easy" money would stop were Eisenhower elected.

### Summary

My position would have been the same regardless of whether Stevenson or Eisenhower had been elected. I will continue to oppose the program unless it is materially changed. Since the Europeans are realists we must be realists too. We must lay down a hard and fast program and demand that they carry out their part.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) Norris Poulson, M.C."

This has been a rambling story, with incidents interspersed during the Congressional period, with stories "out of date" such as the Kennedy assassination, recorded at the time, and likewise my trip to the Oroville Dam, which will have been completed many years by the time anyone reads this. I hope.

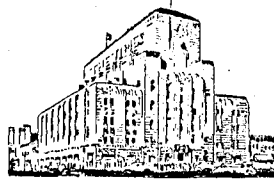
My idea is to first record this and then either someone at the University or someone else (maybe myself) will rearrange this in sequence.

Now, as to the balance of my life experiences, this

will be presented entirely differently. I have scrapbooks with newspaper accounts of many incidents,\* and the history will be written on Los Angeles, but I want to tell the personal incidents because therein I can give information not available to anyone else.

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\* Now deposited with the Department of Special Collections, University Library, UCLA.



# Los Angeles Times

LOS ANGELES 53, CALIFORNIA  
MADISON 2345

IRMAN CHANDLER  
*Publisher*

December 26, 1952

Congressman Norris Poulson  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Norrie:

I received the impression during our telephone conversation that you rather looked with favor on the idea of becoming a candidate for the Mayor of Los Angeles. Under the circumstances I will be terribly disappointed if you do not give me a favorable answer when you call on Monday. I am convinced you have the reputation, prestige and background to come out the "winner" and then to become a great mayor of our great city. Below are the names -- your friends -- who attended the luncheon last Tuesday at Asa Call's office:

Asa Call, Henry Duque, Neil Petree, Frank Doherty,  
Jim Beebe, Jim Ingebretsen, Carey Hill and myself.

When your name was suggested, it took about two seconds to reach a unanimous agreement. "That's our man. Why did we not think of Norris in the first place," was what went through all of our minds.

I am certain campaign funds will be forthcoming to adequately finance your campaign. Next Spring the ballot will carry a proposition increasing the salary of the mayor and members of the City Council. The mayor's salary will undoubtedly go up from \$18,000 to \$25,000 annually. The mayor is also entitled to strut around in a car (Cadillac) and chauffeur supplied by the city. Living at home in Southern California versus Washington, D. C., should have some lure for you too.

I am holding January 5th open for luncheon with you and the above mentioned gentlemen. You can verify this or any date to suit your convenience. Looking forward with great anticipation to receiving the "right answer" and with all good wishes for the New Year, I am

Sincerely,

## VII

## FIRST MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN

We had been out to California during the 1952 Presidential campaign and while the polls predicted an Eisenhower victory, I was still a little skeptical after the 1948 Dewey surprise. So when Erna and I, and Clair and Lou Engle went to the Los Angeles Times' Washington office to get the returns as Warren Francis received them, I was still skeptical. Clair was still confident of a Democratic victory. Winning by a landslide and carrying the House and Senate with him, Eisenhower was surely in a position to put through his program, if he had one. Of course, I had been a Taft supporter and was not very strong for a military man as President. I was definitely not with the "in" group, and since Arizona had decided to drop their Central Arizona Irrigation Project, I had lost my big challenge in Congress. This meant that I was "ripe" for a "draft" to be a candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles. This was truly a draft, as it was the last thing I could have thought about.

Erna and I were having a late breakfast in our apartment right after Christmas, when I received a telephone call from Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles Times. He said that a group of leaders in LA had been having meetings to discuss a possible candidate for Mayor.

The night before, he went on, they had decided to ask me and he was calling early in order to catch me at home. He wanted me to go out at their expense and interview them and not make up my mind until I had talked with the group. I agreed, with Erna's hearing the conversation, and insisting that I accept the invitation to go out. She then went to Jamaica to visit Erna Bea, who was living there at the time, as her husband was the Consul General in Jamaica.

I flew to Los Angeles and met with the committee, which had been selected from the larger group. These men were Frank Doherty, Jim Beebe, Jim Ingebrettsen, Henry Duque, Asa Call, Neil Petrie, and Norman Chandler. Before I met with them, I went out to Chasen's for dinner with my friends Frank Waters and Jerry Deal. Deal, who ran some district throw-away newspapers, later became a great antagonist as he wanted to be a kingmaker, by suggesting names for appointments. He also joined that group which fought the downtown group and used the Dodger issue as their great "battle cry." More about this later.

That night we jokingly talked about the mayoralty campaign, as I still wondered about the tremendous job of organizing a campaign. Norman had told me over the phone that they didn't think [Fletcher] Bowron would run. I, of course, had my doubts. I knew what a following he

had and how he had won one of the first recall battles against Mayor [Frank] Shaw and had been re-elected three times since. I also knew that the public housing issue had since come up, and that that had resulted in a special election on the issue in which he had lost as the proponent of public housing. This was why this special group was looking for a candidate. I have since heard from good authority that they had contacted Warren Francis (then LA representative of the Times in Washington) as to his opinion of the best candidate among the Los Angeles representatives.

When we met, they of course made a great sales pitch for me to be the candidate. I was not only in the mood, as I stated earlier, but the flattery must also have taken hold. I tentatively agreed, with the understanding that I would make my formal announcement right after the holidays. Frank Waters (my close personal friend) and Carl Williams of the LA Times, attended this meeting. Immediately after this meeting, Frank and Carl Williams began to make preparations for announcement and the proper build-up. However, such political gossip does get out as there is always someone who likes to tip off a newsman, with the idea that he makes a worthwhile friend. Erna had insisted that I return to Washington and we would talk it over, although she would have accepted at the time of the phone call. On such



decisions, I never took the step without her approval, as after all she carried the big burden. However, this time I was up against the gun. My advisers thought that if I announced immediately I might head Bowron off and definitely would stop other likely candidates from entering the race. Furthermore, the Eisenhower Inaugural Ceremony would take up the news for January, 1953. I tried in vain to call Erna on the telephone in Puerto Rico, where she was at that time. Therefore, I sent a cable to her in care of the Governor of Puerto Rico. It read as follows--"Unable to contact you telephone have made my public announcement candidate for Mayor for Wednesday morning papers reason haste to obtain correct timing to head off others and avoid New Year's news clash."

It was strange how soon Carl Williams, Frank Waters, and others put together a skeleton campaign committee. There had been this previous campaign on the public housing issue and such civic leaders as Fritz Burns (a human dynamo) pitched in and he evidently obtained the services of the public relations firm of Baus & Ross, because they were writing publicity before I realized it. He must have paid them because they don't do anything without cash. We had a press conference and television conference and the "fat was in the fire." Frankly, I knew very little about the immediate problems of Los Angeles, except the housing issue, but Carl Williams

and Frank Waters and the others, soon had a skeleton platform, which was innocuous, as most are. I did inject this one idea, which had long been my forte--teamwork. This I knew they needed in Los Angeles.

This strategy of announcing immediately, evidently worked, because a headline in one of the downtown papers a few days later stated, "10 Pull Out as Poulson Enters Race." They were all formidable candidates. The first date for filing of the intention to run was January 7, 1953. The papers in the meantime carried stories of prospective candidates, including the guessing game on Mayor Bowron.

After the press conference, where I was interrogated fiercely by the opposition paper representatives, such as the Daily News and the Hollywood Citizen, and then seeing the stories they printed, I realized that within a week I had found myself in a campaign where they play for "keeps." I thought I had been in tough campaigns before, but nothing like this one was going to be for intensity and bitterness. I never thought about turning back, but the Bowron forces thought I might. They immediately dispatched investigators to Baker, Oregon (where I was born and reared), to see if I had any skeletons in the closet. We heard a lot of rumors, which I knew were not true, but they died down as there was no foundation for same.

On January 8th, Bowron sources made the announcement that he would run for re-election and City Engineer Lloyd Aldrich and School Board Member Paul Burke likewise announced. I was en route to the airport on January 7th to catch the plane when the taxi in which I was riding was involved in a three-car collision on the icy streets. I landed in Bethesda Hospital with bruises and a fractured finger. This finger injury caused me to become a left-handed writer.

While I was in the hospital, I found out something about the involved politics of Los Angeles. Those men mentioned as the committee to interview me were not the only ones who attended the different meetings of civic leaders who were looking for a candidate to defeat Mayor Bowron. I understand they had several meetings and discussed several candidates. What I want to state now is that this particular committee also represented civic groups interested in many other activities in Los Angeles. One of ~~these~~ activities was in reference to the building of the downtown Civic Center. They had their ideas as to zoning and locations of certain buildings, and it seems that Mayor Bowron's Planning Commission had other ideas. Whether this was a backfire from the housing fight, I do not know, but the same forces were lined up against each other. The commission did reverse itself, which is not customary, and whether Mayor Bowron

was able to influence them to this extent, I do not know. Also I can't and won't say that he then went to this group and asked for their support as a result of this action. However, this transpired around January 7th, and while I was in the hospital I received a telephone call from Frank Waters stating that Mr. Asa Call wanted to talk with me. He was in the presence of Frank Waters and he told me I ought to think seriously whether I should run; they needed me in Washington. It was not an absolute statement that they had changed their minds but that I should at least talk to them again before I filed my intention. This I agreed to do and would meet in the Pacific Mutual Company's office (Asa Call, President) with some of the committee as soon as I could leave the hospital and fly out.

Frank called me shortly thereafter and told me that it wasn't his idea, and I told him I wasn't in the mood to quit, nor in the practice of being scared out. Within a few days I was en route to Los Angeles and the weather seemed to be trying to block me, as we had to land in Burbank because of heavy fog. I had received word in the meantime that Norman Chandler of the Times was not trying to back out but was still opposed to Bowron. I met with some of this group, mainly Duque, Petrie, and Call. Carl Williams and Frank Waters were also present. At the time I knew nothing about the zoning deal but I

do know there wasn't any enthusiasm about my running. I told them in a nice way that I was going to file my intentions, and from that office I went to the City Clerk to file. Frank Waters, in a straight-from-the-shoulder talk, told them bluntly about the dirty trick of getting me to announce and then backing out. Of course, the publicity men arranged for the dramatic appearance with my right arm in a sling. The photogs, as we call the newspaper photographers, were there and they knew the poses. The press boys wrote columns, and never before had I had such publicity. I realized then that as far as the public was concerned, they were far more interested in the Mayor's office than that of a Congressman, of whom there were twelve in Los Angeles County.

After meeting with various leaders in Los Angeles and helping to select a campaign committee with George Cronk, retiring City Councilman of many years, as Chairman, I left for Washington with the statement that I would not return until after the Eisenhower Inauguration.

Mayor Bowron came out with his usual statement and I can say it was one he had consistently performed, which was to keep the City comparatively clean of the "under-world gambling element." LA was a prime target and I didn't fully realize this until later in the campaign. But of course the immediate or current issue was "public

housing," and lack of leadership in cooperating with Council, or the ability to get them to work together. This I will discuss later.

The inaugural series of events brought many Los Angeles people to Washington, D.C. Of course, most of them were Republicans, as we had not had a Republican President since 1932, or twenty years. Naturally I visited with many of them and I was soliciting support, but Mayor Bowron was also a registered Republican and all of those present were not for me.

History will tell about the Eisenhower Inaugural and I will not repeat. Frank Waters, Jack Irwin, Mike Kohn, and their wives, were my personal guests and we attended all of the social events. I was very proud of Erna for her looks and graciousness during this entire season. It left us physically exhausted but I had to immediately hit the campaign trail.

On January 23rd, the Los Angeles Citizen (AFL labor paper) said, and I quote, "Promising to work diligently for economy and efficiency in city government, and to continue his fight against Eastern hoodlums who are again threatening to invade Los Angeles, Mayor Fletcher Bowron on Monday filed his nominating petitions for re-election."

On January 30th, the Los Angeles Examiner had this statement, "Congressman Norris Poulson submitted nomination petitions containing 1000 names to qualify him as

a candidate for Mayor at the April 7 primary election." This paper became neutral from then on, which they had bitterly opposed the public housing program. The reason was that Colonel Richard A. Carrington, the publisher, envied and hated the Los Angeles Times and he told me this, also that he thought I would become the tool of Norman Chandler. I will tell more about Norman Chandler later.

Carlton Williams, in the LA Times, wrote, "Promising to end 'bickering' in city government and to create harmony necessary to solve the momentous problems confronting the fastest growing city in the world, Representative Norris Poulson filed his nominating petition yesterday as a candidate for Mayor at the April 7 municipal primary election." The LA City News (now defunct) was very bitter and the Hollywood Citizen (later a supporter) was pro-Bowron. The Herald-Express was for me but I have only quoted the above papers as that gives an idea of the basis of the future campaign, which turned out to be one of the most bitter in years.

On February 9th, the Daily News came out with two-inch headlines, "Bomb Found Planted Inside Bowron Auto." The other papers carried the story but not in such spectacular fashion. This so-called bomb was detected as the Mayor came from a church where he had spoken on the threat of the hoodlums taking over Los Angeles. We

immediately claimed it was an election hoax, pulled off not by Bowron but by some of his overanxious campaign workers. The reason was that he had had a so-called threat in his previous campaign. The incident faded but you could see the expected tempo of this campaign.

Malcolm DeVore became the Treasurer of my campaign and it was evident that MONEY was going to be needed in "bunches." Incidentally, Malcolm was the managing partner of Haskins & Sells in Los Angeles. I was a partner (inactive) of Gabrielson, O'Sullivan & Poulson (G.O.P.), and this accounting firm later was taken over by Haskins & Sells. I enjoyed some fine associations throughout the country with some of their members.

My first public speech was slated for the LA Press club on February 15th, and it was open to the public. It was in a banquet room of the Ambassador Hotel and was well attended. I was to give my platform, plank by plank. As I have stated before, I didn't know all of the intricate problems of this fastest growing city, but, like General Eisenhower, I had many advisers and many suggestions. I was still commuting back and forth from Washington for long weekends, and frankly the speech was prepared for me. It took a lot of campaign funds to make these many trips. The speech writers not only didn't know my tempo of speaking but used words which I was not accustomed to, and as I stumbled through this one,



I determined in future to write my own speeches, or else supervise them. Remember, you have limited time and energy and some of this work must be delegated. The papers supporting me came out with glowing reports about the affair, and the opposition papers made it sound ridiculous and even put matters into it of which I knew nothing.

George Cronk had been opposed to the housing issue and so he knew the individuals lined up in that fight and was able to align them on my side. He also, being more conservative, knew something about the opposition, which had lined up with Bowron.

However, I soon found out that the issue which bothered the people, was the fact that the deadlock between the Council and the Mayor had held up everything else needed in a growing city. The needs were too many to mention now but I will later, as we inaugurated them. Therefore, I played up this issue.

While I was considered more conservative than Bowron, because of the public housing issue, I still stressed and meant it, that Los Angeles could not stand still and that we had to progress and build the needed facilities. I opposed the public housing issue simply because of the way it was being handled, and that was that they were building for people who could afford to buy their own and not for the needy. They were proposing multiple-story

apartments in Chavez Ravine that would be excessively costly to build and the only people who could afford to live there must have a good job. Even the Federal Housing Authority had condemned the project. Furthermore, the records had shown that the "leftists" were in control of the local authority and that political preference was being shown in those who were allowed to rent these houses and apartments at the bargain prices. This had been brought out in the previous campaign and that is why the people had voted against the idea. It so happened that the City had a bonafide contract with the Federal Housing Authority and the vote of the people could not negate this contract. However, their sentiment was expressed, even though it was ineffective. This was the argument used by Bowron and the Daily News (which was the great advocate of public housing and was the Democratic newspaper).

I forgot to mention that the Mirror, the afternoon paper owned by the Chandlers, who published the Times, was very active in the campaign. They had some liberal writers on this paper and they surely slanted the news against me. Some of the writers wrote under bylines and expressed their opinions and they were pro-Bowron. They didn't endorse anyone in the primaries however, because it would look funny to the people.

I stated before that Malcolm DeVore was the treasurer

of the campaign, but the man who really raised the money or headed that committee, was Preston Hotchkis, a prominent Angeleno of good repute. I knew so few people because my previous campaign funds were raised by the Republican Party and by the friends I had made in the other public offices. It was necessary to have such a man to head the committee.

Even then we were having financial headaches, because the incumbent always had a great advantage. Also remember, Bowron had been elected four times, even with such formidable opposition as the former Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, Roger Jessup, and the leading Councilman, Steve Cunningham. Steve had also been graduate manager of UCLA athletics. While some people wanted a change, they were afraid to put much money on the line, whereas the Bowron forces had wealthy supporters like Bryant Essick and Martin Pollard, who were willing to go the limit. They also knew who should support Bowron and my campaign began to look sick or as politicians say, "Can't get it off the ground." Frank Waters, who represented Howard Hughes in Washington and was very close to Noah Dietrich, Hughes' right-hand man, and was my seatmate in the Legislature, got busy. While it was considered inadvisable to have Howard Hughes or any of his organizations contribute, they evidently knew who they could get to contribute at least \$20,000 to put up

the billboards. I never did know who paid for them and this didn't run through the campaign committee.

Whereas before, people or political followers, had begun to say that the campaign was a "flash in the pan," they now arched their eyebrows when they saw these beautiful billboards appear throughout the City. It is a known axiom that billboards do not impress the voter as much as it does the opposition and the contributors. You must have them at the start if you are not an incumbent.

The committee succeeded in getting Mrs. Lenore Yeamans, a dynamic Republican campaign organizer in the San Fernando Valley, to head up my campaign there. She got Bill McCann (good friend of her family) to resign his post as Zoning Aide for the Mayor and come out for me. That was a psychological boost in the Valley, where he was born and reared. We used similar tactics in other sections. Bill McCann later became one of my staff members.

We also succeeded in getting some Democratic leaders active in the campaign to avoid the partisan issue. However, most of the Democratic leaders were opposed to me because of the housing issue and besides I had been elected seven times as a Republican candidate.

Now I am going to tell about the Joe Aidlin case which goes back to the campaign for the Assembly when I was first elected--not when I first ran, as I was defeated the first time I ran.

Joe Aidlin was a very intelligent young attorney, and it is true that he was supported by the extreme liberal groups. Governor Olson was elected at that time and the liberals were very active. I painted him as a leftist and communist-supported. He was such a nice fellow that I felt a little guilty. He said he would bide his time and then forget it. He waited until I ran against Ned Healy and he took an active part in the campaign and they did defeat me. I never did question a man's integrity and mine was never questioned until [Samuel] Yorty came along. Yorty absolutely lied and misrepresented--more about this later. So, therefore, after the Healy campaign, Joe Aidlin and I buried the hatchet and became friends.

Now I tell about my relationship with Joe Aidlin because the opposition centered on this early in January, thinking that they would discourage me from completing the filing by bringing this up right after I filed my intention to run. Maybe some of the original committee had been tipped off about this by the Bowron forces, as I told you they had become so lukewarm. This background is very involved and it gives you an idea how a public office holder must be so careful.

Sometime in 1950, I introduced what is known as a "deportation stay bill"--"Private Immigration Bill"--in Congress, to hold up the deportation of one Alice Orans

back to Russia, from where she had migrated in 1922. There were many people who had written me asking me to do so. Among these were Monsignor O'Dwyer, head of the Catholic Charities and Joseph Aidlin (her attorney). Alice Orans had been a State Relief Agency executive under Governor Olson and she lived in my district and had been my most violent opponent. I thought I was showing a little Christian charity, as well as a little political maneuvering. Here is the way these bills work. A person is ordered deported by the Immigration Department, and there are no courts where the party can have a legal or public hearing. The Immigration Department generally acts on advice of the Justice Department. They have not always been right. Therefore, the only recourse is to introduce a bill in Congress in behalf of the individual and let the bill in due course come before the Judiciary Committee. There the evidence is presented and the committee decides the fate of the person. Frankly, there are so many bills introduced that it generally takes some time before it is acted upon and therein lies the weakness of the system, or should I say the abuse. I NEVER ONCE APPROACHED ANY MEMBER OF THIS COMMITTEE IN BEHALF OF ANY BILL, but would just submit what data I had and let it go at that. So I never gave it much thought after I had introduced the bill. I had turned down many requests to introduce such bills for people

and would only do so after I had studied the data submitted to me. A Congressman has many such bills however.

I do think now that this should be absolutely removed from the jurisdiction of Congress. However, the legal experts say that it would take a constitutional amendment of the Bill of Rights. I don't understand this. Looking back I did check and find that the Congressmen from New York City and Chicago had the greater number of such private bills.

Bryant Essick, one of Bowron's chief supporters, and in fact Campaign Chairman, had written me in 1952 about the bill, as he had heard about it through the American Legion. I wrote to him and explained my reasons. He continued to support me for Congress after that. I might say he became one of my campaign directors in 1956. Now right after I filed my intention to run for Mayor, I received many protests and actually a threat from Senator [Hugh M.] Burns of Fresno (Chairman of State Un-American Activities Committee) that they would blast me out of the race. This only made me more determined as I wouldn't withdraw the bill and admit I erred.

Now to add fuel to the fire, Joe Aidlin was listed as one of the several hundred to be questioned by the House Un-American Activities Committee at a meeting to be held in Los Angeles in 1952. He wrote me a lengthy letter telling about what he would be questioned and

stating that he welcomed the opportunity to clear up this long suspicioned activity, but that at this time he was involved in a long protracted legal case, which would work to his disadvantage if given the publicity, being accused. He wanted to give a deposition in private or wait until later. I took this letter to the Committee Chairman (Democrat) and he said he was a small fry and they couldn't possibly get to him. I showed it to the Democratic member from Los Angeles County; I think he later told the Bowron forces.

The committee did come out again in 1953, after all this information had become public and called Joseph Aidlin before the committee, and after questioning gave him a clean bill of health. I have a letter in my files from the Chairman, verifying that I asked no favors.

As I stated before, Norman Chandler's letter was dated December 26th, and both of us left immediately--Erna to Jamaica and I to Los Angeles. We lived in the 800-apartment "Berkshire," and naturally they uncrated large packages. For Christmas we received a small liquor refrigerator, purchased from Hecht's in Washington and paid for by Joe Aidlin. Not having liquor in the apartment, you can imagine how useful it was, and in the excitement of Norman's call we didn't give it any thought. We realized this was an expression of gratitude on Joe's part and didn't know just how to accept it.



However, after I had made my announcement in Los Angeles on December 31st, and detecting from the press opposition that they were going after me, I just had a hunch that since this was so conspicuous in the apartment wrapping room and also our apartment, I had better inquire from Hecht & Company as to its value, because I knew it could be political dynamite and I had kept myself clear of such entanglements before. The cost was \$157.35. I wrote Joe a nice letter and explained why I had to send him a check for \$157.35 because the opposition might distort the purpose, but that I knew he had sent it out of the generosity of his heart. Incidentally, Joe had become a wealthy man through some oil wells. I told him I would see him when I flew out to LA to file my papers and that I stayed at the Mayflower Hotel. This check I have in my files, dated January 2nd and cleared through the banks on the 12th.

When I was in Los Angeles, I called Joe and he came over to the hotel and we had a long visit. Little did we realize that the room was "bugged" and that the Police Department had something to do with it on the "excuse" that it might have something to do with Communistic activities. I later found out that I was followed, "bugged," and checked, on the theory that I might be working with certain groups wanting to overhaul the Police Department and dispose of Chief Parker.

Shortly after I had filed my intention to run and had returned to Washington to pursue my Congressional duties, I picked up my paper and saw in the column of one of the "scandal writers" that Congressman Poulson (candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles) had received a valuable electric refrigerator for protecting an accused Communist from testifying before the Un-American Activities Committee. This was soon in all of the papers and on the air and fortunately I had the evidence that I had checked with Hecht & Company and I produced the cancelled check. This died down but as it was shortly before the inaugural ceremonies, many of the good Republicans were asking me why I was mixed up with that left-wing Democrat. You can see the long story that I had to tell. Norman Chandler and many others of course needed only a short explanation. I remember when I started to explain to Jim (Lynn as I generally called him) Beebe, and he cut me off by telling me not to let the opposition make mountains out of molehills. Lynn Beebe was one of my closest confidants and advisers from then on.

Everything seemed to be sailing along in calm waters as to Aidlin, until, on March 21st, a large headline appeared in the Los Angeles Examiner. "POULSON ASSAILED IN RED SUSPECT CASE." I quote: "Big guns, long loaded, began firing yesterday in the campaign of

Mayor Fletcher Bowron and Congressman Norris Poulson, candidate to unseat Bowron at the April 7 primary election. The first salvo was fired by Bryant Essick, chairman of the Committee to re-elect Mayor Bowron."

Essick had called a big press conference at the Biltmore Hotel on that morning. It was coincidental with a speech I was to make that noon at the Lions Club in the same hotel. Naturally I was distressed because I didn't have all of the documents with me, but I knew the facts and I came back strong. The Daily News, the Democratic paper, soft-pedalled this issue, but the Hearst papers went to town, especially the Examiner. The Bowron forces tried to make this the big campaign issue but, after I had brought out the facts, I refused to hold a press conference on the subjects, stating that this was a cover-up on their part to divert the people from the real issues. It died down with a thud and, frankly, I made votes on it as even the liberals could see that I wanted to be fair and I wouldn't be bulldozed into backing up. The opposition ran full-page ads in the Times trying to get into this argument.

Then when this died down, about a week later, some of my supporters came out with a list of questions pointed at Mayor Bowron about the "Reds" he had in his housing administration. Some of them had been classed as so by proven cases. This shot up that issue.

Another case publicized was that of an escapee from Latvia, who had served in the Korean conflict for the U.S., but it was necessary to put in a bill to stay deportation because of immigration technicalities. This problem has been straightened out since by general legislation.

On the same day that the sensational headlines came out about the Orans case was the announcement that the City Council by a 10 to 1 vote had asked the U.S. Senate to investigate the housing mess in Los Angeles. They later petitioned the House to do likewise. I mention this because when the House committee did come out just before election, I was blamed by Bowron forces for the investigation.

After this Orans case was publicized, I then started showing the case records of where I had supported innocent people. I also publicized cases where I had helped to bring members of families together when they had been separated through Immigration red tape. One important case was that of the prominent doctor at Presbyterian Hospital, Tin Y. Kwong. As to the Orans case, I asked the chairman of the Judiciary Committee to bring it up out of order because of the political implications. This they did and she was deported, but because it was all up and above board, no charges were made thereafter. This was after election.

The Portland, Oregon, paper had a headline, "Ex-Oregonian Leads L.A. Race for Mayor." Incidentally, I upset the polls.

The Negro papers had violently opposed me in the primaries and no one gave me a chance to get any votes. I had served in the Legislature with Gus Hawkins, a pioneer legislator from that district and a Negro, now a member of Congress. He knew that I was at least fair, though not a "shouter" for so-called civil rights. He took over my campaign with his brother, who later became the first Negro to have a top salaried job in the city government administration. They didn't carry the Negro district in either primary or finals but they surely cut into the expected Bowron majority resulting from the housing issue.

I returned to Washington after the primary to pick up the loose threads in my Congressional work and try and relax from the strenuous campaign. I had lost about six pounds. The proponents and opponents immediately picked up the public housing issue because of the vote and began to argue it in Congress and throughout the newspapers all over the nation. This was definitely going to be one of the big issues nationwide, but also I soon found out that the threat of the hoodlums taking over was going to be played up by Bowron.

Alice Orans was deported in proceedings held in

Washington before the Congressional Committee late in April. Because my record was clear in this case and NO DEMOCRAT OR REPUBLICAN could say that I had approached them in connection with the case, I was completely absolved from criticism, even though the Bowron forces tried to make it an issue.

The opposition was claiming that I wanted to get the Chavez Ravine abandoned public housing property and sell to some of the real estate leaders who were active in my campaign. I made a public pledge to the contrary.

Being Republican, naturally we tried to get prominent Democrats to form Committees for Poulson. George Luckey, former State Senator from Imperial County, and now a prominent and successful businessman in Los Angeles, headed a Democratic Committee. This campaign then became like all campaigns, with charges and counter-charges from both sides.

This was something new in publicity for me. All papers had pictures of Mayor Bowron and wife voting, and likewise Mrs. Poulson and myself. Even the Baker, Oregon, paper, from the town where I was born and reared, had front-page publicity about the election.

The next morning after the primary election, the papers carried two-inch headlines like "BOWRON TRAILS POULSON--RUNOFF FOR MAYOR DUE." It was necessary to get the majority of the votes cast to win in the primary.

While I received 211,247 votes to Bowron's 178,362, the five candidates received a total of 480,000 votes and therefore Bowron and I had a runoff. Bowron thought at least he would get more votes than I in the primary, and this was a shock; he became like a fighting, trapped wildcat. He had previously been a Superior Court judge before he was drafted to run in the recall election of 1938, and throughout the primary campaign he had tried to carry that "image." In the finals he was an entirely different individual, challenging me to debate at meetings and over television.

With thirteen of the fifteen councilmen elected in the primaries, as well as the Controller, City Attorney and School Board members, the final race constituted the mayoralty campaign between Bowron and I, and two councilmanic races. The winners of the councilmanic final races were Democrats, and one candidate, Rosalind Weiner (Roz Wyman), was in the Bowron camp because my campaign manager, who had retired in that district, was supporting her opponent. We later became very good friends and worked together.

This primary election made headlines throughout the United States because of the public housing issue.

The Daily News attacked me on the basis that I even opposed Eisenhower and Taft on the public housing issue. This was wrong because I opposed them on their administration

of public housing in Los Angeles and was specific in my charges (as I mentioned heretofore). Ronald Reagan, who later became a Republican conservative, headed the motion picture and labor group against me.

Now you will remember that heretofore I mentioned about the City Council petitioning Congress to send out a committee to investigate the public housing fiasco in Los Angeles. The House Government Operations Committee, under the chairmanship of Clare Hoffman, would be the committee to make such an investigation. Clare Hoffman was nationally known as an anti-labor outspoken critic. They couldn't defeat him in his district and therefore he would say what others were afraid to say. He was eccentric, sharp-tongued and had a keen mind and a telescopic memory. He even had his suits made without any coat pockets, so that he couldn't carry notes. He had been a district attorney before his election to Congress. He was accused of putting words into witnesses' mouths. However, he was known as such an independent that he wouldn't take orders from the Republican leadership in the House. I mention all of this because I had nothing to do with his calling these hearings during the campaign in May, just before the finals on May 26th. In fact I tried to get them to postpone the hearings because there was such an uprising, with charges of "dirty politics" that I thought it would hurt my campaign.



I absolutely had no idea that they were coming until the Committee made its official announcement. A lot of good people advised me to try and stop them but to no avail.

The People's World, the Communist paper, came out with headlines, "POULSON'S ELECTION SPELLS DISASTER FOR LOS ANGELES." This of course was capitalized on by my campaign forces.

Bowron made this grave mistake by diverting his attack on me to Norman Chandler of the Times. He made some irrational charges and some very personal charges, which turned some of the leading supporters of Bowron. This was one of the first signs of the desperation of Mayor Bowron and his supporters.

The Federal Government or Congress, became interested in the public housing issue in Los Angeles when the Appropriation Committee was holding hearings on further money to be granted the Los Angeles Housing Authority. Representative John Phillips, a very personal friend of mine, and chairman of the State Relief Committee in the California Legislature, on which I served, succeeded in getting into the House-passed appropriation bill, a clause that would allow us to "bail out." John was a member of the House Appropriation Committee and was very influential. This raised a great furor in the Senate, even among the Republicans. They wanted large cities to pay back what the Federal Government had spent, but

the Phillips amendment only made it necessary for these cities to pay the cost of the raw land before the Housing Authority had spent any money improving same. This meant probably a million dollars to Los Angeles.

Therefore, with this controversy, it was reasonable that the Hoffman Committee investigate the Los Angeles situation. However, I thought about the political implications insisting that it was part of my campaign, which it wasn't. I even asked publicly that the investigation be postponed.

Looking at my press book, I notice that there were many humorous cartoons against Bowron, tying in to the then-popular song about the "Doggie in the Window."

The City Council voted 10 to 2 against any delay in the investigation, although the vote heretofore had been 8 to 7 against public housing. The Committee opened hearings on May 13th, just thirteen days before the final election. The Daily News, in an editorial, admitted that I had wired the House leadership to postpone hearings and had publicly criticised the timing. This is why I wrote so much about the characteristics of Clare Hoffman.

I won't go into the particulars of the hearings, but they announced they would hold a five-day hearing. At the last moment, the Democrats on the Committee refused to participate, although their majority member, [William L.]

Dawson of Chicago, stated he would be glad to attend after the election. This was really embarrassing to me.

The meetings were televised, and Hoffman was a masterful showman. They called Mayor Bowron before the Committee and they made him so angry that he definitely hurt himself, and even got up and stalked out of the meeting. They had some private contractors who had done a lot of the construction work. They were unknown, and while they had submitted the original low bid, the administration had allowed them to make many change orders and thus increase the amount substantially. Hoffman no doubt had them on the hot seat and it created questionable headlines, inferring graft. Then out of a blue sky, Clare Hoffman announced that they were recessing the hearings to bring back the Democrats after election to hear some startling testimony.

Now Bowron immediately took to the air and in a lengthy televised speech over KNX, proceeded to attack the Congress, the Republicans, the Los Angeles Times and myself, as conspiring together to pull off this unfinished investigation. He especially charged that the Times, with its political influence could influence the Congressional leadership. He called it a "laugh"-- my "so-called" attempt to stop the hearings.

I don't know what effect the hearings had on the voters, but I was really disturbed about it because they

quit without proving there had been collusion in these many change orders which made the costs exorbitant. I know I gave orders for my committee not to refer in any way to the hearings.

There was no doubt that the Public Housing Administrator, Howard Holtzendorff, was openly directing a prominent portion of Bowron's campaign. He was enlisting the work and support of all liberals and Democrats who were supporters of public housing. Therefore, it would naturally be assumed that the hearings was a countermeasure. I will quote some of the headlines, which are self-explanatory, and remember, this was a week before election:

Herald-Express--"AIM NEW BLASTS AT L.A. HOUSING

'CZAR' "

Times (Front page)--"HOUSING HEARING EJECTS ATTORNEY"

Examiner (Front page)--"\$457,000 PAID HOUSING

LAWYERS PROBE REVEALS"

Same paper (second page)--"LAWYER ADMITS HOUSING

AIDED REDS"

Herald-Express--"BOWRON SHAKEN ON STAND BY HOUSING

'CZAR' ACTS"

The hearings, as I stated, lasted for several days and then suddenly recessed at the time when headlines hinting at corruption were being revealed by the committee. They would have pages of it in the papers and nothing was omitted. Of course, they had pictures of all witnesses

and of Bowron stalking out of the meeting.

Of course, there were a lot of unproven or phony charges against me. For instance, they took my voting record and it is unbelievable how you can distort these voting records. For example, you very seldom have a straight vote on the issue; most of them are preliminary votes on amendments and procedure. The final vote as a rule is just a voice vote, unless there are sufficient members who call for a recorded vote. The record they put out surely made me an ultra-reactionary.

It is true that I had different members of my family working in my office. They were not only university graduates (Patricia and Norrisa from UCLA, and Erna Bea from Berkeley), but they were politically smart and, in fact, I wouldn't have been there had it not been for their astuteness and hard work along with Erna, my wife. When you add up those salaries and let a good publicist twist it around, I will admit that it sounds "politically bad." I had no answer except to take the affirmative that I was glad I had such bright and intelligent daughters and wife, and that I would continue to use them in Washington, where you operated in an atmosphere of intrigue.

On May 14th, I accepted Bowron's challenge to debate him on TV. My supporters were worried, as Bowron was known as not lacking for words. We appeared several

times and we had big audiences as evidenced from the comments. Bowron of course attacked me about my daughters being on the payroll and they tell me that I scored my biggest points in coming back with the above arguments. We of course discussed all of the many issues, and by this time I was learning the answers (at least from an argumentative standpoint). I heard that I improved as we went along on these several debates and I am sure of it because I noticed that I was getting Bowron's goat and I got him on the defensive, on which he had me at first.

I certainly had a lot to learn in this campaign and especially in the finals. As soon as I became the top man, we found a lot of people wanting to organize committees and, of course, collect money. The laws are very lax on campaign committees. In other words, you can collect money for any "Poulson for Mayor" committee, then cash the check and stick it in your pocket and it is not "fraud." We had to run big advertisements in all papers stating that there was only ONE OFFICIAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE and that funds sent to other committees might be diverted for other uses. This was necessary because we found out about prominent people making contributions and finding their check cashed by "questionable people." Also a scurrilous newspaper was printed in my behalf, which was most embarrassing to me, although I knew the sponsors were most anti-Bowron. I knew that Sam Gach

(publisher of the largest Jewish newspaper in LA) was going to print one, but I thought they would get my approval as to general contents. It even had anti-Semitic articles in it, to prove that Bowron was controlled by certain groups. Of course I had to disapprove of such articles, but the damage was done and I was blamed. It was effective against Bowron in certain quarters, I am told. Sam Gach had been one of Mayor Shaw's top henchmen when he was defeated in a recall election by Bowron.

Now I am not denying that I didn't confer with Sam Gach on general matters pertaining to the Jewish people. Bowron's big support was from the Jewish people of all levels throughout the city. The leaders had come out strongly in his support in the primaries and at the start of the campaign. I had had some unfortunate experiences with some Jewish people in a Congressional race and I was called anti-Semitic, until they later found out differently. Then I got strong support in my district, which I carried over into this mayoralty campaign. However, the large Jewish population was in other sections of the city than my Congressional district. Bowron's support of public housing and the attempt to paint me as an ultra-reactionary had resulted in his Jewish support. My two terms as Mayor brought me strong support from that group thereafter.

Sam Gach made contacts for me with many Jewish businessmen and I received their support. Baus & Ross (professional campaign directors) had obtained the services of a Jewish professional publicity man, Dave Foutz. Dave had been publicity man for Governor Olson when I served in the Legislature. We had been friendly, although on opposite sides. He introduced me to a young mortician named [Robert] Groman. Between Sam Gach, Dave Foutz, and Groman, I met many many Democrats and I noticed they were very anti-Parker (Chief of Police). They would say they did not want to see the city "opened up," but Parker and his "Gestapo" should be controlled. Now I had learned in past campaigns that you must be careful to make no personal promises such as "getting rid of Parker" or "opening up the city." I would just say that I wasn't a longhair, but I became worried as I kept meeting more people of that element whom I thought might be of the "hoodlum element" which the Bowron forces had been talking about. I was very wary but we were in a campaign for "keeps" and I was being maligned in so many ways but I wasn't going to start saying, "I don't want your vote," when I wasn't positive what they represented. I did determine then, within myself, that if elected I would run a clean city.

Strange thing--at these social meetings I met District Attorney Ernie Roll and some of his deputies.



It was always handled as coincidental, and I was led to believe that, while they were friends, they also attended meetings with all groups. However, the shocker was when Sam Gach took me to the office of a former LA police captain (retired) who practiced law in Beverly Hills. There Sam Gach received a \$1200 check for newspaper and campaign work (in my presence) but in the outside waiting room were four or five Los Angeles policemen in uniform. I was told that this man handled their cases against the LA police "Gestapo." He said all he wanted was a fair deal and trial, which of course I would agree to any time. I will dwell more on him after the election portion. I naturally knew that there was far more money than that \$1200, but here is the funny thing: not once did any of the Parker forces appear and try to tell their side of the story. However, we were finding traces of them working in the Bowron campaign.

I was once approached in the Hotel Mayflower by an active police detective in plainclothes to ask me what I would do about the Police Department if elected. I just casually reached over and touched a microphone which I detected pushing out from his shirt. That ended that conversation. You can imagine how this little farm boy from Oregon was beginning to feel about this intrigue going on in Los Angeles. I can't remember the name of the Beverly Hills attorney I mentioned above--guess I

brain-washed myself.

A former City Councilman, Roy Hampton, whom I had known for years, contacted me and told me that I could get an enormous campaign fund if I would pledge to appoint a friendly police commission and get rid of Parker. I knew enough by that time to say that I was going to investigate this situation thoroughly; that I didn't want a "Gestapo" but would make no specific promises at this time.

Things were building up fast as the campaign drew to a close. I went to breakfast with a former deputy district attorney and now the vice-president of a Los Angeles and nationally known institution. Accompanying him was a man mentioned heretofore and a Las Vegas gambling man. I didn't know the two latter were to be there, but I was really scared now. The polls showed that we were going to win and the campaign was just a few days away. After a preliminary talk in a restaurant booth, they specifically offered me \$35,000 to name three men to the five-man Police Commission. I just can't remember how I stalled them off. They insisted that I go out and talk in the gambler's car thereafter and I naturally suspicioned the car being "bugged." I talked in circles, afraid to condemn them and naturally not going to agree to anything.

Now Senator Luckey and his "Democratic Committee"

were operating, and while he was so busy and out of town in Texas (where he was feeding a thousand head of cattle), the Committee was sort of taken over by people I also suspicioned. One of these was Councilman Ed Davenport, who was a vociferous Poulson supporter. However, there was a great question of why he had shifted his support from Bowron in the early housing fight. I was hearing many reports about Ed's backers and that raised another inner fear. He died right after the election and that removed that particular fear. Senator Luckey was a most reputable man and I will tell later how I handled that situation of the Democratic Committee.

NOW ALL OF WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN IN THE LAST FEW PAGES WAS NEVER REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC, NOR DID MY CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE KNOW ABOUT IT. I HAD TO CARRY THIS BURDEN MYSELF AND EVERYBODY WAS SO BUSY IN THE CAMPAIGN THAT I NEVER EVEN TOLD MY MOST TRUSTED FRIENDS. OF COURSE ERNA KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT AND SHE ACCOMPANIED ME TO SOME VERY NICE PARTIES GIVEN BY THESE GROUPS.

Then Bowron really began to cut his own throat when he came out with a scandal sheet (supported by AF of L) attacking the Los Angeles Times and the Chandler family; showing all of their many holdings throughout the nation and running into millions. This did not set well with even some of his supporters. Then Labor and Bowron plastered the city with cartoons, showing Chandler

dangling me on a stick like a puppet. We had door-to-door precinct workers, and the toughest campaign in years in Los Angeles was coming to a close. I won't say that some of our workers used "lily-white" tactics.

In the back of my mind all the time were these incidents I have mentioned about the "hoodlum element" Bowron had discussed. So when Mrs. Poulson and I left the Gaylord Hotel on the night of the election to go to the campaign headquarters and hear the election returns, let me say that I was filled with mixed emotions. Naturally, everyone wants to win, but then I had that worry of what and how I was going to handle the situation about not opening up the town, as I know some people who had supported me thought I would do. Not that I had told them, but what certain supporters who thought they could handle me, had told them. Frankly, I can't say what I wanted. I knew if I was defeated there would be no trouble on that score.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

June 16, 1953.

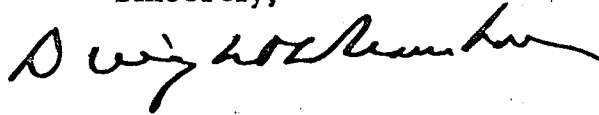
Dear Mr. Poulson:

Attached is a letter which I have just written to Mr. Dwyer to thank him for the "golf bug." I am grateful to you, also, for transmitting it.

More importantly, may I take this occasion to congratulate you on your recent election as Mayor of the City of Los Angeles?

With best wishes,

Sincerely,



The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
The House of Representatives,  
Washington, D. C.

F.  
Eisenhower

Supreme Court of the United States

Washington 13, D. C.

December 19, 1953

CHAMBERS OF  
THE CHIEF JUSTICE

Dear Norris:

I want you to know how much I appreciated your fine wire when I was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Eisenhower.

You deserved a more prompt reply, but I know you realize the complications of such a sudden change as I made in leaving the Governor's office and assuming this one.

With best wishes to you and yours for a happy holiday season, I am

Sincerely,



Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Mayor,  
Los Angeles, California.

*And I hope you are enjoying  
your new job and I am enjoying mine  
Earl.*

RECEIVED

DEC 30 1953

MAYOR'S OFFICE  
LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES EVENING  
**HERALD-Express**  
PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

DAVID W. HEARST, PUBLISHER

SE OF THE MANAGING EDITOR

December 29, 1953

Dear Norrie:

Any feller that gets to a place when he calls the distinguished Mayor of Los Angeles by his first name becomes practically distinguished himself.

This old editor feels it an honor that he had his little part in the career of a fine man.

The greatest Christmas present Los Angeles received was in obtaining a first class mayor, a present from the people of our city.

Years ago I came of the opinion that Norris Poulson was a truly fine and great man.

I have never changed that opinion.

Oh, yes, Norris, thank for the fine Christmas cigars.

Sincerely,

*John B. T. Campbell*

John B. T. Campbell

JBTC:b

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles, California

VIII  
MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES

I will tell the balance of this story when that time comes, but now I will tell about election night and the following ten days. As predicted, I won, but not with the majority originally expected after the primary campaign. The Bowron forces put on a vicious campaign, as did we. I got 53.5% of the vote and Bowron 46.5%. And now for a few of the highlights.

There were over 500,000 votes cast. There were two-inch headlines in all papers, such as: "L.A. SHAKE-UP BY NEW MAYOR"--"LANDSLIDE FOR POULSON"--"SHAKE-UP NEAR AT CITY HALL AS POULSON WINS." Even the Baker, Oregon, newspaper had one and a half-inch headlines: "EX-BAKERITE POULSON MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES." This was news all over the nation because of the bitter campaign and the public housing issue, which was also a national problem. Even the New York Times had one and a half columns, going into detail about my background as an Oregon farm boy and bringing out the issues. I was called "the Oregon farm boy" although I was fifty-seven years of age. This was the label in Portland, Oregon, papers also.

On the ballot at the same election was a bond issue for an auditorium and to rebuild the airport. Both



bond issues lost. I later sponsored a \$60 million issue for a new airport and we spent time in preparation and it passed overwhelmingly.

Mrs. Poulson's and my picture was shown throughout the U.S., and I heard from all sections of the country from former Baker High School friends and classmates. Most of them wondered if I could be that person.

We, of course, sent a cablegram to Erna Bea, who was living in Jamaica. At the headquarters that night of election, we saw many old friends. Shortly after the returns looked favorable, there appeared two police officers who stated they were to be my bodyguards. They were helpful in getting us through the crowds. However, in the back of my mind I was still worrying about some of the people in my campaign.

Within a few days we were headed back to Washington, to close up the office and come out and try to organize my official family. It was necessary to resign from Congress several weeks before I took office, as the law had a particular quirk about taking the oath; even before you took office you couldn't take the oath as a Member of Congress.

There were the usual speeches on the floor of the House, of course, complimentary to me. They at least make you feel good today, eleven years later, to read them. We went back to the Gaylord Hotel, a nice

residential hotel, to stay until we could find permanent headquarters. During the campaign, our hotel expenses at both the Mayflower and Gaylord Hotel were paid by the campaign committee. We knew now that we would have to go back and live frugally, as we always had heretofore. Erna, after days of looking, found an apartment in a central location for which we were to pay only \$140 a month rent. Later it was raised to \$150. We did not intend to go social and just partake of civic social functions (of which there are so many they would kill you off). She also spent a lot of time looking for a home to buy, but what we could afford would naturally be some distance from City Hall.

I forgot to mention also that, immediately after the election, appeared the pictures of the people whom they thought would be removed by me. Of course there was one of Police Chief William Parker, with the notation that he would probably be the first to "get the axe." It is necessary to do this through your Commission and therefore the papers looked forward to my new Police Commission, with many comments. I was back in town by the 10th of June and wouldn't take office until July 1st, so therefore no announcement was expected.

Frank Waters (my longtime friend) introduced into the campaign a young, sharp attorney named Jack Irwin. Jack had formerly been the head of the Young Democrats

and had served as a deputy in the U.S. Attorney's office in LA. Jack had recently become a Republican and had taken an active part in Dick Nixon's Senatorial campaign. He was back in Washington, working on subversive problems. He knew a lot about many of the Democratic leaders in Los Angeles and while he was extremely honest and scrupulous himself, he had a tendency to be a little on the "crusader" side. At this particular time in my Los Angeles career, I really welcomed him, although later in my administration his overindulgence in crusading made it difficult to run a balanced administration.

Jack Irwin suggested, and we worked out an arrangement with the FBI agent in Los Angeles, to screen all of my prospective appointees to a commission. What surprises we got! For instance, I was going to appoint a prominent millionaire industrialist who had contributed substantially to my campaign. He was anxious for this recognition. He was a Russian immigrant and the FBI had evidence that he had financed some extreme left-wing groups. I later appointed a son-in-law and an attorney who was active in Democratic circles and was cleared by the FBI. Gus Hawkins and his committee had recommended an aggressive Negro attorney. His record was surely clouded and I instead took their second choice. This first party was later appointed by Governor [Goodwin] Knight to an important spot and also later was on Yorty's

Police Commission. He ran for Council and is now in the civil rights movement. This recommendation of Jack Irwin saved me embarrassment on many fronts. The FBI have a lot of information on all of us.

I must say this at this point. While I have the greatest admiration for Chief William Parker as a law enforcement officer, I must state that he is a cold-blooded, self-centered individual. He was always trying to sow distrust between my top assistant and myself, and I didn't get onto it until after Jack Irwin and I had a split-up. Jack and I have since realized it in our conversations. He told me how he got a little personal scandal or gossip on Mayor Bowron as Bill liked to "praise his abilities." Then one of my first police drivers, Forbes, warned me about this detective work and once spotted such a car following me. Parker's bragging came about once when he was telling how Bowron generally gave in to the police on their salary fights. This was at a time when I had vetoed their salary raise. He tried this "technique of distrust" on both Al Williams and Steve Gavin, but they didn't fall for it. What I mean by that is that you can't go around putting a detective on everybody's trail.

Jack was a very devout Catholic and so was Chief Parker. I let him know that I wanted to select a Police Commission which was beyond reproach, and that I wanted

to represent all ethnic groups and also have someone representing the Democratic group (although the office was non-partisan). I had been worrying about what action I should take immediately that would stop these rumors about opening up the town, and also I wanted to let these folks I feared were entertaining that idea know where I really stood. I had decided I couldn't pussyfoot on this issue. There was no compromise position. I knew that I must act immediately. I had worried so much about this that I was ill for several days and the doctors said it was "fatigue," but I knew what it was. I even missed a big public reception because of this illness.

Here is the way we selected them. Jack Irwin was to be the President. Senator Luckey had a son-in-law (married to his only child), who was a former USC All-American football player. He was a Democrat and anxious to get into public life. He was a clean young man, John Ferraro, and later Luckey said to me, "I will wring your neck if you get this young fellow into any dirty mess." I told him that was why I had appointed him, as I expected him (George Luckey) to keep him on the right track. He was with me for eight years. Then I retained a present Police Commissioner, Emmett McGaughey, a member of the same Church with me (First Congregational) and an advertising executive. Then from the Negro area (recommended by Hawkins) I appointed

Herbert Greenwood. He had been a Deputy U.S. Attorney.

At this same time I had a picture taken with Chief Parker, with the caption "Mayor-elect Poulson and Chief Parker look over plans to keep organized crime out of Los Angeles." This did not mean that I was not to hear from the other side and from the various individuals. I will tell about that later, as the occasion arises.

However, this action, or announcement (as I could not officially make any appointments), certainly quieted the unrest among a lot of good citizens as to my plans to "upset things."

As with all new mayors, the Hearst papers (Herald-Express) had to run a series of stories and pictures about the background and history of the new mayor, his wife and family. Erna supplied the information and pictures and she might have elaborated on it, or at least the papers did anyway. However, we often joked about the fact that the picture which was used around the country after the election was not too complimentary, or should I say that you could see we had not posed. My grandchildren should have this story and I am not putting it in memoirs.

I have received some of the originals from the cartoonists, who certainly went on a spree in said field. Bruce Russell, famous and nationally known cartoonist for the Times, gave me the originals, as did some of the

other papers' cartoonists.

When I was young, I took part in many amateur plays, always as the comedian and therefore as a "ham," and the photographers for the papers found me a good ally!

As I stated, I arrived in Los Angeles about three weeks before taking office. There was much work to do, answering congratulatory letters and telegrams and forming my official team, as well as formulating plans. Miss [Marion] Webb, who had been my secretary in Washington for five years, came out to join my staff. We were housed in the spare office of Gabrielson, O'Sullivan & Poulson accounting firm. There was plenty of physical confusion as well as mental confusion.

Heretofore, I had been in the legislative end of government, which is entirely different. You don't have the responsibility of making the "Ship of State" float and move. As a legislator you could be positive and also oppose its movement. I came to this sudden realization after the election and also realized my inexperience, but I became more determined than ever to "make good."

I also realized that I knew few people in Los Angeles because, as a Congressman, you know them through your letters and only have contact with people in your district. Therefore, I knew that I would have to select some very solid people to advise me on personalities until I found out myself. The first big job was to select

the various commissioners. There were about thirty-three different commissions in city government and on each commission there were three to five members. Los Angeles city government calls for a citizen commission to establish policy for each department, and the manager of the department is a civil service employee. You can see that if the commissioners are not strong individuals and give time to the work, that the managers run the show. Therefore these commissioners must be in a position not only to attend the weekly meetings but give thought and maybe more time to the policy decisions. Now there are always many people who want to be commissioners just because of the prestige and some because of the power and influence. Consequently, these appointments by the Mayor should require considerable thought and investigation.

One of the criticisms I heard from many sources (including people on Bowron's commissions) was that the Mayor did not back up his commissions and therefore they lost interest and the managers really took over. I intended to change this and that was the basis of many of my political fights throughout my administration.

I was advised and soon found out, that "busy or active people" made the best commissioners. They never sought the appointments. You had to draft them on the basis that it was their public duty. After they found



out that I was not trying to dictate to the commissions, I found leading citizens more willing to accept this responsibility. The Mayor made the appointments but the Council had to approve same. They could not be removed without the Council support, for the specified term they were appointed. Mayor Yorty and some have argued that this took the power away from the Mayor as to policy. I did not find this the case (with a very few exceptions, and I will tell about that later) because if you presented your arguments and the policies advocated were sound, you would find the commissions going along. This was because you were the Mayor and they realized that there should be a unified policy. However, if, in their opinion, it was not for the good of the city, they would oppose you. In my opinion this is a very important setup because everything must be brought out in the open in public hearings and no corruption can be perpetrated, as it could be by direct action of a Mayor-controlled manager. The Harvard Law Review in 1960 brought this out and classed Los Angeles as the No. 1 large city most free from corruption. Now these commissioners really serve from a civic duty angle, as they only receive from \$10 to \$25 per meeting, according to the commission they serve on.

As I have stated, under Mayor Bowron, the commission system had deteriorated, as most of the commissioners

had considered it an honorary position rather than an active position. As a result, the managers ran the departments, made their own budgets, and presented them without really any control by the commission. Naturally, the budgets were high and full of "water." In fact, one commissioner told me that he only attended when he felt like it, as he was a very busy man. I therefore instructed every appointee that I wanted them to establish the policies and check the budgets. Of course the manager was to administer the operation, and I didn't want any commissioner to interfere with that function. I had a few who tried and I had to stop it.

Now I will give an example of this. The Health Department was the source of great controversy. As the President of this commission, I appointed our family doctor of twenty years, F. J. Gaspard, M.D. I let it be known to the other commissioners that I wanted or would like to have him the President as he was an M.D. On this commission I also appointed one of my old personal friends, Noah Botwin, a successful restaurant operator. Others had diversified experience and were recommended by others. Dr. [George M.] Uhl, General Manager of the Health Department, started off as though they were just "straw men," as he had operated before. They began to investigate the rumors about inspectors accepting gratuities from restaurant operators for overlooking

certain violations, and many other complaints. They put on some investigators and came up with startling disclosures. One investigator of many years resigned and took a trip to Europe. Another one had Jerry Deal (community newspaperman) intercede, and because I wouldn't relent, this started the breakup of our long friendship. His case was one which might be difficult to convict in court, but he resigned and disappeared. Incidentally, he had been most active in the campaign for me among restaurant people and bars.

Now I want to make it clear right here that Dr. Uhl had no connection with this. He was an easy-going manager who just let the department run itself, and there were naturally subordinates who were really the "bosses." Dr. Gaspard and the commissioners told Uhl that he was to be the boss or else resign. Civil service makes it impossible to discharge without specific charges and they set the stage for that. Thereafter Dr. Uhl tried to comply.

However, here is an example of how he still considered the commission as merely a "red-tape" procedure. At budget time, he presented the budget, which had been prepared for him by the different division heads, to the Commission, and told them that they merely had to formally adopt it by resolution. Dr. Gaspard immediately objected and raised the question as to how they knew it

to be OK. This dumfounded Dr. Uhl and his assistants, but Dr. Gaspard called for a special meeting when the various assistants would come up with their facts and figures to substantiate their claim. The budget was greatly trimmed and that started a new era in City Hall. It spread to other departments. It would be repetitious to recite those examples.

The Harbor Department was a very important function of City business. Los Angeles Harbor was the fourth largest in the nation, and a commissioner had to spend considerable time on this commission to know what was going on. Lloyd Menvig, whose father had been a commissioner many years before, proved to be a real "find." He was a successful businessman in the Harbor area with his father, and therefore able to spend considerable time on commission duties. He spearheaded many progressive projects.

I could go on and mention many other commissioners, but that would take too much time.

I did find out about some unsavory actions of certain commissioners and I called them into my office and asked for their resignations, or else I would expose them to the public. They happened to be either active businessmen or attorneys. At no time had any of them actually committed a crime, just attempting to unduly influence action favorable to them or their clients.

Now I could write a long story about how I filled each commission and how they were recommended to me. Of course, these appointees should know something about the problems pertaining to the particular department. For instance, on the Airport Commission, where I knew we would have to have a bond issue presented in the not-too-distant future, I should have someone familiar with that problem, as well as the development of the airport. I asked prominent businessmen for suggestions, as well as airline representatives. Noah Dietrich suggested General Ralph Cousins (formerly high in the Air Force) and Don Belding (partner of the national advertising firm of Foote, Cone & Belding). I had a hard time convincing Don Belding that it was a civic duty, as he had stated he couldn't afford the time. He later was so instrumental in promoting the \$60 million airport bond issue. In fact, he became the "strong man" in developing the airport. The others were leaders. It would be unfair to point out others as there were so many fine, high-class people, and I mention some only to show how I approached the problem. I must have retained at least 25% of Bowron's commissioners, and here is the strange story. At least 50% of the people I appointed, I did not know personally until I invited them down to the office to ask them. Unfortunately, and they say it is the rule, some of my poorest appointments were those acquaintances I had known

many years in political activities.

Now here is the story that I want to tell about the Chandlers. The opposition made their big campaign issue on the claim that I would be merely a puppet of Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles Times.

When I was looking for suggestions for people to serve on commissions, I naturally went to see Norman Chandler. Here, in essence, is what he told me--I won't attempt to quote him. He stated that he had advanced, without reservations, my candidacy, and had stuck by me when some of the original sponsors had ~~al~~tered. He told me that my record as mayor would naturally reflect on his judgment of choice. Also that, contrary to Bowron's charges, he was not going to meddle in my decisions BUT THAT WHAT WAS GOOD FOR THE CITY WAS GOOD FOR THE LOS ANGELES TIMES. That much I can remember and quote. He stated that the paper wanted to be free to criticize or praise and that, therefore, I should go to others (of whom there were many) for good advice.

I don't mean to say that I never conferred with him thereafter about problems, because I did. He was going to start me out on my own, and it was some time before I started discussing anything of importance. In ninety percent of our discussions about City business (there were relatively few) I had originally contacted him as to his views. If he wanted to discuss anything, he

called me and asked me to lunch, and the subject matters did not pertain to Los Angeles Times' problems but rather to broad city problems. We didn't always agree, but I can say without hesitation that our differences were honest and he never attacked me for differing.

Now as to discussing matters with Chandler of the Times, I also discussed city problems with Warden Woolard and Frank Payne of the Los Angeles Examiner and my long-time friend Jack Campbell, and Herb Krauch of the Herald-Express. In fact, I talked with other publishers of the smaller papers, as I thought it was good public relations, and also learned about their thinking. This could avoid future trouble when I launched upon any new programs, which I really did. With due deference to the above, I definitely found Norman Chandler to be more objective and less interested in matters that might help his own paper or its stand. Col. Richard A. Carrington, publisher of the Examiner when I first took office, was so envious and bitter towards the Times that I really couldn't freely discuss matters with him, as he always questioned my motives. I write this because I would like to leave this message after I have passed on, and that is "I hope Los Angeles can have more Norman Chandlers."

Now you can't discuss Norman Chandler without also talking about Mrs. Norman Chandler, or "Buff" Chandler as she is affectionately and respectfully called by her

many friends and admirers. There is no argument that she is the inspirational leader of the cultural development in Los Angeles. I asked her for a name for the Arts Commission and she came up with an artist who contributed greatly to the City program. Buff lobbied me for more money for the Philharmonic Orchestra and the Hollywood Bowl. She was successful and I placed more in the budget. There would never be a great Civic Opera House or a Music Center except for the leadership and drive of Buff Chandler. This is not a treatise on the Chandlers, but I do want to pay tribute for the help they gave in assisting me to accomplish many things for Los Angeles while I was mayor.

Now I must also clarify my relationship with Carl Williams, who was the City Hall correspondent for the Times. I must admit that Carl Williams did exercise some influence with me BUT NOT TO THE EXTENT SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT. He had an office, as other paper representatives did, in the City Council press rooms. He had served under Harry Chandler, father of Norman Chandler, and he knew the political background of the city. As Carl Williams had stated many times, Harry and Norman Chandler operated in an entirely different fashion. Harry tried (and was quite successful) in directing activities in City Hall, whereas Norman expressed his views and criticized or praised the participants through the editorial



section. As Norman plainly told me, he wanted it understood that he had a lot of responsibilities in operating the Chandler holdings, but, naturally, they were intensely interested in the city and they would be quick to praise or criticize and were not going to attempt to SUGGEST. He also stated that I knew their philosophy of government and that I had in my past been a fair representative of that philosophy. I restate this because Carl was indoctrinated with the Times' thinking and, therefore, if and when I asked his advice I knew what I would be getting.

As I stated earlier, Colonel Carrington, publisher of the Hearst Examiner, had openly accused me of being a pawn of Chandler's because he was so envious of the Times' gradual dominance in the newspaper field. Naturally, he was perched like a vulture waiting to swoop down on me at the first sign of the above action, as well as any political blunders. So I also conferred with him directly, and Warden Woolard, editor, rather than their press representative at City Hall.

I talked with the Daily News publisher, Robert Smith, but they were not going to cooperate anyway, but be strictly the opposition paper.

Carl Williams recommended Alan Williams (who was no relative of his) as my press secretary. Al Williams was the Examiner representative at City Hall, and I personally contacted Colonel Carrington and Warden Woolard

and they gave him a four-year leave of absence. Al was a brilliant young man and today he is Director of Public Relations for the Metropolitan Water District.

A short time after I took office, a story was out about organizing a group to start a recall against me, mentioning that I was a tool of the LA Times and of special-interest groups. So you can see that I was certainly going to "feel my way," as city politics was so foreign to me.

Now everyone knows that Carl Williams is an aggressive-type individual, but I had had a few years' experience in dealing with such people; high-powered lobbyists for example. He liked to think that he was a "king-maker" and, frankly, became too aggressive. I knew how to stall and he would go to my secretary, Miss Webb, and cry on her shoulder about my evading him. She was in the outer office and NO ONE (except family) could see me without permission and most of the time I was truthfully too busy.

While people would see him stroll into the outer office, NO ONE saw him go into the private office without permission. I think his strolling into the outer office was for "effect" on the other press boys and City Council members. I suggested being tactful but he never got the hint.

I soon found out that his ideas were not "orders

from the Times," because early in my term when I adopted a few minor ones, the Times later criticized them. Lynn Beebe, Carl Williams, Al Williams, Sam Leask, Jack Irwin, and Frank Waters were my early advisers, but I soon was able to act on my own and make my own decisions, which they didn't always agree with. As I became acquainted with more people and conditions, I, of course, enlarged the group of advisers and then asked people who were acquainted with the specific problems. We did some big things while I was mayor and I want to state right here that if it had not been for the good advisers, I would not have accomplished much. I was the first to realize that. My long suit was selecting good advisers, commissioners, and assistants. I never used any of them as "figureheads."

Here is an instance of where Carl Williams was of real value to me. The Chandler papers (Times and Mirror) and the Daily News, were the only papers to make pre-election endorsements. The Hearst papers did not endorse until about six years after I took office. They were strong supporters of mine by then and they endorsed about the same as the Times. Carl Williams was the person who recommended the candidates to Norman Chandler and his committee. Kyle Palmer, political editor of the Times, only worked with State and Federal candidates. I knew this when I ran for the Assembly and for Congress.

Therefore, Carl had tremendous influence with the members of the City Council. The way he wrote the stories coming out of City Hall, and his recommendations to the endorsing committee, had its effect on the various members of the Council, as well as new candidates. It was nice to have the support of the press for even the mayor.

The housing battle had left its imprint on the Council, even though I settled that as you will see later. Not only the Republican and Democratic cleavage (although election was non-partisan) was evident, but principally a conservative and liberal division or lineup. Carl's stronghold was with the conservative members, like Holland, Henry, and Navarro, for example. I knew from experience you could not operate with a divided Council, so therefore I personally worked closely with liberals and used Carl to exert his influence on the conservatives. Naturally, I personally conferred with all and had luncheons and dinners. I also had each member suggest some names for commissioners, but I carefully guarded that prerogative of mine. This is definitely the reason I accomplished more in four years than Mayor Bowron did in fifteen years. Today Mayor Yorty is on dead center, because he can't get anything through the Council. I had watched Governors and Presidents operate, and I learned that it took teamwork. I served under Presidents

Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower. You have to have press support, and I mean a wide support.

Now I should tell about the man who probably had the greatest influence during my administration. He was Sam Leask, the CAO (Chief Administrative Officer). Mayor Bowron had been having trouble with his budget and a group of top businessmen had recommended Sam Leask to the mayor. Sam Leask was a Republican, but because of his experience as a department-store executive, he was appointed as Administrator of OPA for Southern California by a Democratic administration, and served until it was abolished. Sam was a man of means and wasn't interested in just a job. One of my first acts was to try and get him to stay, which he did. He was a man of great ability and, as such, he had the confidence of the Council, which is most important as he exerts great influence and power in city government.

Sam and I thought alike and we immediately hit it off. He was very tactful and never tried to operate on his own without conferring and getting my approval. From him I learned about the intricacies of the city government and also was kept abreast all the time as to what was going on. It was my policy, when everything was operating smoothly, not to interfere with "pet ideas" and upset the machinery. There were to be enough occasions when you would have to "step in." Sam and I worked

these problems out without any outside publicity and people wondered how things could operate so smoothly.

Every year Mayor Bowron had a big fight with the City Council at budget time and they would just about rewrite his budget. With Sam's help and suggestion, we introduced a new idea on budgets. Remember, I had some knowledge about budgets, being a Certified Public Accountant. We based the new budget figures entirely upon past spending on functions or upon the experience record. Any new money must be proven feasible as to need. Furthermore, the money could only be spent for what it was appropriated (which was the weakness of State and Federal budgets). I invited the Council to sit in on the public hearings. The net result was that at no time did the Council make any material change in budget, and the budget fights disappeared into history. Sam used to repeat what I told him one time: "I let the Council win the little battles, but I win the wars." At first some of the department managers, who had sort of run their own show at budget time, thought they would take their battle to the floor of the Council. We had the evidence and they couldn't beat us.

When Mayor Yorty took over, Sam Leask resigned, and soon thereafter accepted a temporary appointment as a special assistant to Governor Brown to reorganize the Governor's cabinet. He made revolutionary changes, and

the Governor supported him, as did the Legislature. He then resigned, and the Governor appointed him as a member of the State Personnel Board for a term of six years. This is a part-time assignment and he now runs the family department store in Santa Cruz.

Being sworn into office as the mayor of the third largest city in the United States is no small honor and I realized it. Erna Bea flew in from Jamaica to attend the ceremonies and that brought a headline. In fact, it seemed that everything we did made news; something that I had not experienced before. It actually became a worry afterwards, as the stories could be unfavorable, and therefore I was put on my guard to watch all activities. Mrs. Poulson had given pictures of my childhood to the papers, and they had really played that story up of Erna and me being childhood sweethearts, etc.

However, I was not losing sight of the fact that I was really on trial. I was reading and hearing reports through friends that many of my supporters were worrying about my success. They had really supported me in order to defeat Bowron and were not that strong for me. I knew that I had to do something spectacular to change that thinking--that I had to start out successfully and that I couldn't make any mistakes at the start as I didn't have the confidence of certain people I thought I should have. I was always to some extent a showman, and I realized that this was the time to show some of it.

## IX

### THE PUBLIC HOUSING ISSUE

Right after my election on May 26th, the housing issue came to the front page of all Los Angeles newspapers. They were discussing it pro and con. As I had stated before, my friend John Phillips, from his position on the Appropriations Committee, had succeeded in getting the committee to withhold any further appropriations to the Los Angeles Housing Authority. This was played up big in all the papers, and on June 20th the LA Examiner came out with an editorial entitled "First Job to Do." Their suggestion was to fire the housing commissioners immediately, and they went on to state that I could do it legally "for cause," since they had not respected the wishes of the people as expressed in the special election. I was praised in other editorials for my part in getting the Congress to withhold these appropriations.

However, Mayor Bowron and the public housing forces were not asleep at the switch. There was some legal opinion expressed that I might be able to remove the present commissioners, because they went ahead and signed these contracts with the Federal Housing Authority even though they knew the majority of the voters disapproved,



as exemplified in the special election. Mayor Bowron was right in that the City, through its Housing Authority, had entered into a legal contract with the Federal Government and the contract only could be voided through mutual consent. The Federal Housing Authority with its liberals in control, weren't about to offer to cancel the contract. To eliminate any possibility of removing the controlling membership on the commission, Mayor Bowron received the resignations of three members and appointed new members. I am quoting from the Daily News (strong public housing supporters): "The move little more than a week before Bowron was to leave office, may have undercut the presumed plans of Mayor-elect Norris Poulson to force out all the commissioners and appoint new ones receptive to his plan to end the public housing program here." The LA Housing Authority was set up differently than other commissions in city government. It was semi-State and governed by different rules. You could remove for cause, but there would be no "cause" for removing new members. Also, the mayor appoints the Housing Commissioners without consent of the Council and does not require their approval. Therefore, this move just a week before I took office was legal and strategic on Bowron's part in a deadly fight. Furthermore, one appointee, Robert Clark, was the head of the local CIO; another, Mrs. Susie Clifton, the wife of a Superior Court Judge and the other[Robert

Gilbert], a prominent labor attorney. I naturally called them "Deathbed Appointments" and I had most of the press back of me in denouncing the move.

Most people who had been following the housing fight thought I was really stymied and figured my "big talk about cutting off the housing program" was just campaign talk, that I couldn't do anything about it. I knew I was in a spot right from the start, but since I had so many other big problems, I wasn't letting this worry me too much.

The following editorial appeared in the LA Times on July 1, 1953, entitled "A NEW MAYOR AFTER 14 YEARS":

Norris Poulson takes over today as the first new Mayor Los Angeles has had since 1939. He steps into a job which will require all the tact and moderation he learned to practice in the House of Representatives and, in addition, a very special quality of leadership. This leadership is to be distinguished from command. Mayor Poulson cannot command, he cannot dictate. The temper of the times is not favorable to dictators, and ex-Mayor Bowron broke his pick trying to be one. The leadership of Mayor Poulson must be the leadership of persuasion.

They went on to state how I had exemplified that [leadership] in my past public experience in the Colorado River water fight and engineering the curtailment of housing financing during my last days in Congress.

When I returned to Washington right after the campaign, I immediately got in touch with Congressman Clare Hoffman to inquire about the housing investigation

in Los Angeles, which had been recessed. Here is what Clare told me: that, while they had uncovered exorbitant legal fees paid to "friendly public housing advocates," and that the contractors were allowed to make "change orders" which, of course, increased the costs, he still couldn't trace any money into the coffers of Holtzendorff, Miss Barbara Rossine, the commissioners, or anyone else. He stated that the standard of living of certain individuals, as well as their personal expenditures, were out of line with income; nevertheless it would all be circumstantial evidence and furthermore not the function of this committee but rather that of the District Attorney. He didn't see any reason for any further investigation.

Now during the big housing fight and referendum (which was won by the opponents of public housing, but had no legal effect), there were charges and innuendos about graft and corruption in the department because of excessive legal fees and exorbitant costs. All this did was to solidify the ranks of the pros and cons in the Council.

The lineup was 8 to 7 for public housing until the famous switch of Ed Davenport to the opponent side and then it was 8 to 7 against. However, they couldn't change the contract or even compel the Commission to change its policies. The housing proponents immediately made

charges of "payoff" in Davenport's switch. This gives you an idea of the temper of the Council. For two years this fight had been going on, and, of course, progress in the city had been nil, as Mayor Bowron was just as active in this fight. This problem also plagued me.

I reasoned this way: I knew the Council members were getting tired of this fight and certainly the public was. Many civic groups, as well as the majority of the newspapers had advocated COMPROMISE many times. However, any compromise at this stage would have to come from the Housing Authority or the Commission, which was absolutely independent of the Mayor and Council (by State laws setting up the Authority). Even with their willingness to compromise, it would take the assent of Federal Housing Authority (filled with Democratic liberals of past administrations). I knew that persuasion alone would not break this log-jam. With the newspapers and commentators asking for action, although they should have known the facts, I was in a position where I had to try something. I also knew that everything would be in a stalemate unless we had this issue behind us. I knew I had to make a bold stroke--the more spectacular, the more effective.

I took office on Wednesday, July 1st, and that weekend was nullified by the 4th of July. Monday morning next, I called Howard Holtzendorff over to the office and

after the usual formal "talk," I said that I wanted to talk very confidentially about some of our mutual problems. I asked him to let me tell my whole story before he said anything. Inside I felt like the gambler must feel when he is attempting the old American game of Bluff Poker.

I let him know that I was a realist and that I knew of the part he had played in the campaign against me--that I realized the housing contract was legal and could not be broken without mutual consent. I acknowledged that he probably realized that, in the position I was in, very little would be accomplished until this problem was resolved; that I knew that he and the commission certainly must like to see this harassment of their actions end; that I realized they THOUGHT they held the trump cards and I admitted that they held a VERY GOOD CARD HAND. I then switched to the story that I had had a very confidential talk with Clare Hoffman and that our offices were adjoining (which they were). Through seniority, he had a de luxe corner office and I had been assigned next to his in the customary allotment of office space. I laid it on as to how close our friendship was. I didn't have to tell him about Clare's ability. I then proceeded to build up a big story about the discoveries their special investigators had uncovered of late. He knew that they had been working in Los Angeles. He began to protest and I waved him down with the statement that

I was making no charges or accusations. I further stated that I wanted to see no more scandals in headlines, or anyone hurt, but that I wanted peace and tranquility so that we could get on with the other business of the city. I had this proposition to make, and that was that first of all we squelch this investigation, which I assured him I could do. Then he should go to his commission and get them to agree to go back to Washington with me and with a committee from the Council, and that we proceed to work with the Administration to cancel the unfinished portion of the housing contract; that otherwise we leave everything status quo as to personnel on commission and the management. I did suggest that they at least appoint as their attorney, a person friendly to me. I assured him that I would cooperate with the present group in administering the existing public housing (which was then quite a little empire). I would await his return visit.

I definitely assured him, and I think he believed me, that I did not want any Congressional Committee out here stirring up more hatreds, or blocking all city business, and even though they didn't prove any specific graft, they would leave a lot of people under a cloud of suspicion. I had learned from experience that this was the main result of most investigations.

The next morning Howard was over at the office with the message that the Commissioners were not going to be

blackmailed, but that in the interest of PEACE AND HARMONY in the city and under the American system of compromise, they would go with me and a committee from the Council, representing both factions, to Washington to see what could be accomplished. I called his attention to the fact that I had suggested stopping the investigation anyway and that was not part of my consideration for the Commission acting. He agreed.

I must make this statement at this point. Howard Holtzendorff, from that day on, was very cooperative and I never once found, nor were the facts brought to my attention, of any action of his which could be construed as "shady." In fact, several years later, charges were made by dissident employees during the Bowron administration against him, and the District Attorney formally arrested and tried him on same. I was subpoenaed as a character witness and I could not testify otherwise from my knowledge. He was acquitted.

As to the commissioners, I re-appointed them when their terms expired, as I was not the enemy of public housing which I had been painted during the campaign. They became some of my strongest supporters. In fact, one of them became a very good friend and is on my Christmas list at this date, 1964--George A. Beavers, head of a large insurance company dealing principally with Negroes.

Returning to our second meeting on Tuesday morning. I immediately took Howard Holtzendorff into the City Council, without notice, and made the announcement that we had agreed to compromise on the housing program; that we would like the President of the Council to appoint a committee representing both factions and for them to go to Washington with the Commission and me to effectuate a settlement. I was sure this could be accomplished and I would like a vote of approval. This not only took them by surprise but the press and TV boys couldn't get the story in fast enough. The Council voted 13 to 1 in favor of my proposal.

I set the date for the following week, as I had to get busy on the telephone and start lining up the machinery. Fortunately, I had good personal friends in the right spot. John Phillips could engineer any necessary legislation through on an appropriation bill, as it would be necessary for Congress to confirm any contract compromise. Remember, they had never heretofore cancelled any housing contract. Then the Eisenhower Administration had just taken over, and my good friend and former colleague, Al Cole, had just taken over as Housing Administrator. He realized the importance of this compromise and that it would be necessary to "crack some heads" in the lower echelon to get this job accomplished. A new broom always sweeps cleaner and so a new



administration can get some people to move easier, thinking they might gain favor. An editorial in the Los Angeles Times of July 8, 1953, tells the story well, and I quote:

MAYOR AND COUNCIL TOGETHER!

The new Mayor has exhibited an astonishing power of persuasion and the new City Council a reasonableness almost beyond belief in this public housing matter. For the first time since the controversy began two years ago, the Mayor and the Councilmen (13 of the present 14) are on the same side, seeking the best settlement that now seems possible.

If the former Mayor could have accommodated himself a year and a half ago to the views of the old Council majority - and the majority of the voters - we might not be stuck with even 39% of the housing program. And he might still be Mayor. (2 columns, 8 inches long.)

Much publicity and pictures on our take-off for Washington. I had to carry through, and let me say the path was not strewn with roses. There were many road-blocks put up (even some Republicans). Al became stern and we engineered the agreement through, even over the opposition of the new Republican division head. John Phillips put a rider on an appropriation bill and everything was finalized.

On July 16th, this editorial appeared in the Herald-Express:

AT LAST

Los Angeles is entitled to a heartfelt, collective sigh of relief over the final settlement of the public housing controversy.

Reasonable men, in a reasonable frame of mind, met in a conference room at Washington, D.C., and agreed on an equitable compromise. The Los Angeles delegation, led by Mayor Poulson, succeeded in quashing practically half of the \$110,000,000 subsidized housing scheme.

I might say that after we were back, I made an additional concession to allow one additional project: the Pacoima unit to be started and completed. I could see that it was needed.

Now this completely changed the climate which prevailed when I took office. It made me for the time being and meant that my relationship with the Council was off to a good start and certainly quelled those who were out to "get me."

X

ESTABLISHING AN ADMINISTRATION

As early as August, 1953, there was a clamor from certain groups for major league baseball. The leader was Vincent X. Flaherty, columnist for the Los Angeles Examiner and a former sports editor for a leading Washington, D.C., newspaper. He had headlines reading "MAYOR SAYS HE BACKS L.A. MAJORS BID." I did attend a meeting of the American League officials in New York City, who were discussing the removal of the St. Louis Browns. This meeting included a secret conference, and, while I said we were a "big League city," I didn't make any offer, as I couldn't. Flaherty misquoted me and I spent much time explaining. The Times and Examiner were on opposite sides at that time. I didn't want the Browns because they were at the bottom of the league and were not a "showmanship type" club, which I knew Los Angeles deserved and would only support. This was a running fight with Flaherty, although we agreed on the need of major league baseball in Los Angeles. All the time we had the biggest football crowds in the country, both for college and professional games.

Another big fight that Bowron had had in government was his fight with City Engineer Lloyd Aldrich. Lloyd

had been a candidate against him in the last two campaigns. Lloyd Aldrich had a strong personality and was known to practically run the Public Works Department, which was the department (outside of Police and Fire) that not only had the most employees, but covered more functions. They made the designs, either contracted for or constructed themselves all the construction work in the city, from streets to bridges to buildings. They collected the garbage and, later, the rubbish, and it was generally recognized that you had to clear through Lloyd.

By law there was a full-time commission of five members, appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the Council. They were paid \$10,000 per year when I took office and later their salaries were raised to \$13,500. These men were supposed to make the policies and see that they were carried out. Common sense would tell you that these men should know something about the functions and operation of the department or else a strong man somewhere in the Civil Service setup would take over. That was what Lloyd Aldrich did. At that time, such a qualified man could command a salary of at least \$20,000 per year and furthermore not be subject to a political-appointed job. As a result most, if not all, were political appointees. Their honesty was not in question but their ability for this job was. I was warned about this by substantial people. Therefore, my

job was to try and get a retired construction engineer who could afford to take it to head this board. I would appoint him with the definite understanding that he was to be boss and when I appointed the remaining members, I would so inform them. I knew there would be a check on this man, but not being qualified they wouldn't be interfering unless they were sure his decision was wrong. So, frankly, I made some political appointments, all able and honest men. I appointed a substantial Negro to supervise the garbage and rubbish department, which employed principally Negroes. I appointed a personal friend, Democrat, and friend of labor, to see that labor problems were handled smoothly. I am not mentioning names of commissioners for the simple reason that I can't mention them all, and ninety-five percent of them I would like to praise. I am grateful to all of them.

Now back to the man to head the Board of Public Works. Flying back to Washington after the election, I met on the plane the admiral in charge of construction work in the Pacific. He had supervised the construction work in Hawaii after Pearl Harbor. I told him about my problem and asked if he knew of a qualified engineer about to retire, because it would take that retirement pay and our salary to fairly compensate him. He thought awhile and said that there was an admiral, Cushing Phillips,

who had supervised their harbor work in Seattle, but he was a very independent guy and he doubted whether he would take a political job. I had him send me the particulars on Admiral Phillips, and then telephoned him, saying that I would like to see him about an appointment. He stated he intended to retire up in the Northwest, where his son was located. However, he finally agreed to at least talk to me. Right at the start he let me know that he wasn't going to be any political stooge for anybody and I told him that that was just the kind of man I wanted.

Now here is something else I had not mentioned. Bowron had had a big battle, with public hearings and charges and countercharges, in connection with excessive change orders in the construction of an outfall sewer. For anyone's information, I will explain what I have referred to often as "change orders." All contractors will make sealed bids on work, and when they are opened by Board of Public Works or other agencies, the contract goes to the lowest bidder (providing he complies with specifications). Any changes in the specifications or work to be done, after construction is started, is called a change order and there is no bidding on this work--the contractor on the job sets his own price. Many times this pricing is very questionable and certainly provocative. Bluntly, it can be a method of corruption

used in public works to circumvent sealed bids and grant favored contractors more money. It is legal because everyone recognizes that changes must be made sometimes because of unforeseen problems. The one order that I gave Admiral Phillips when he accepted the position was to minimize these change orders, which he certainly did.

Naturally, I expected a fight between the City Engineer, Lloyd Aldrich, and Admiral Phillips, who was to be the final authority over Public Works. I soon received praise from all groups doing business with the City Public Works Department after they saw Phillips in action. Lloyd and I were friendly and I finally resolved this fight by getting Aldrich to resign four years before his retirement age and enter into a contract with the city for professional services, to compensate for the monetary loss in his pension. This allowed him to set up his office as a consultant, as other smaller cities needed his advice and counsel. He did okay.

You just didn't do these things I mentioned by a snap of the fingers. There were many legal steps to take and also you needed the consent of the Council in agreeing to the contract. This was accomplished in due time and everyone seemed happy as another "Civil War" was ended.

I want to say here, even if I have to write it myself, my greatest forte and reason for accomplishing

many objectives while Mayor, was my ability to work out a compromise. This was necessary in the great growing city of Los Angeles, as otherwise progress was at a stalemate. Another reason was that I never leaked these stories to the press so that I would get good publicity. On the contrary, I would go direct to the publishers of the metropolitan papers and tell them the truth, and ask that, for the good of the city and future compromises, no publicity be given. Naturally, there was a story of Aldrich's resignation and later a contract, but no story that this was a "deal."

At this time TV news programs were in their infancy and I wasn't holding TV conferences and subjecting myself to their questioning. Later when they became active, I had my answers ready.

Admiral Phillips was with me for seven years and he was called the "little Czar"; because of his honesty and capabilities, it was all right with me.

One of the early "hot potatoes" as they call hot political problems, was to veto or sign a salary increase for the police and firemen. The Council passed it 11 to 2 and in the past Mayor Bowron had generally gone along on these matters. However, Sam Leask had a report showing that our Police and Fire Department employees were receiving the top figures of any large city in the U.S. The police and fire employees had a strong



political organization and they really put money into election campaigns and personally canvassed the voters. However, I vetoed the raise and that started a political war which ran for years. Salary increases were always a hot issue and I vetoed several increases during my administration, and the Council (after presenting good arguments for the veto and getting support from the papers and citizen groups) sustained my vote in, I think, 99% of the cases.

There are many occasions when the Mayor and his wife are the official hosts to distinguished guests. Early in November of 1953, we had the first occasion to fill that role. We had an official visit from King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece. The City and civic groups really rolled out the "red carpet" for these distinguished guests. They were most gracious and friendly and, of course, like most foreign dignitaries, were greatly interested in the motion picture industry. Each time we would select a different studio to act as host, and at this particular time Paramount was shooting White Christmas with Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby as costars. The guests enjoyed their visit to the studio and Paramount really extended themselves. Strange that Mrs. Poulson and I never witnessed this picture until December, 1964, and then on TV.

The city gave them an official dinner in the Cocacanut

ROYAL GREEK EMBASSY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 2487

June 23, 1954.

The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Mayor of Los Angeles,  
Los Angeles, California.


My dear Mayor,

It is with great pleasure that I forward herewith the Diploma of the Commander of the Royal Order of the Phoenix, which was conferred upon you by His Majesty the King of the Hellenes during His Visit to Los Angeles.

I take this opportunity to express once again my warmest congratulations for this high distinction awarded in just recognition of your services to my country.

With best personal regards, I am

Very sincerely yours,



Athanase G. Politis,  
Ambassador of Greece.

Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, attended by 1000 invited guests, and motion picture stars furnished the entertainment. At the City Hall reception, the King presented me with the Ribbon and Medal of the Commander of the Royal Order of Phoenix. This was something that Erna and I never dreamed of having when we lived on the farm in Oregon.

I had appointed Preston Hotchkis, a very prominent citizen of Southern California, as the "official host" for Los Angeles, and he served the city well in such functions.

We did such a good job in entertaining distinguished foreign guests that we found the State Department directing many our way. Shortly after the King and Queen of Greece visited us, we had President Celal Bayar and Mme. Bayar of Turkey visit us. They were interested more in the oil companies than they were in the motion picture industry.

You never realize how many people from those respective countries live in Los Angeles, until the dignitaries arrive and then people want invitations to the festivities. There were some young students at UCLA who were anti-Bayar, and this was an idea of what happened to the President a few years later when he was defeated in their kind of elections and later sentenced to die. This was later rescinded.

I inaugurated something new on the budget hearings. I held the hearings after Sam Leask and his staff had negotiated with the various departments on agreed cuts below their requests. I then went over them again and of course I was flanked with Leask and his staff and in public, before the press and television, I would make the department heads again give their reasons for increases. As I had stated before, Leask and I had adopted the system of considering everything an increase which was over and above what they had absolutely needed the previous year. This was something new and it really embarrassed some of the department heads because they had to come up with facts and absolute proof that any additions were needed. Chief Parker had heretofore paid little attention to such procedure and when we really began to apply it to the Police Department, the fur began to fly. We had some heated arguments, but Leask and his boys always had the ammunition for me. Besides, this was down my alley and profession.

Prior to my administration, the city voters had twice defeated a sewer bond issue, failing to give it the two-thirds majority. It was raising an acute problem in several sections of the city, namely the San Fernando Valley. Los Angeles, as you realize, was spread out in many directions, fifty miles from the tip of San Pedro on the ocean, to Chatsworth at the base of Santa Susana

Pass in the San Fernando Valley. Naturally, the people in settled areas where the sewers were already in, were reluctant to pass any more bond issues and would state "let the Valley pay for their own." However, the entire system had to be enlarged and a new outlet found, as the main trunklines were overtaxed and we were being warned by the State Health Department about the sewage polluting the beaches. Sewage was running into the Los Angeles River bed and in some places the odor was very offensive. The engineers and experts had been warning us about this for months and the State Department of Public Health threatened to bring "contempt" action against us, the public officials.

Early in my term, I appointed a top Citizens' Committee of people who represented the big taxpayers as well as the labor unions and other civic groups. I appointed Joe Jensen, renowned engineer and a man not afraid to speak his mind, as the chairman. Heretofore, everyone assumed we would dump the sewage in the ocean south of San Pedro where the County system ended with the natural gravity flow. Engineers advised, and Joe Jensen's committee supported, an outflow sewer southwest of the International Airport, with an extension of the sewer six miles out to sea where it could be dumped into a known deep ravine in the ocean. There were those who said it couldn't be done.

Having decided on the plan, the job then was to sell it to the people in a bond issue. The Council put the bond issue on the ballot in 1954. I let the papers know, "off the record," that I was going to attempt some drastic moves to alarm the people of the dangers, which were real and which the papers also realized. Just before the election, the State Department of Health, realizing the problem, cited the Mayor and the Council for "contempt" in not eliminating the health hazards. I ordered, and the various City Departments complied with ordering, all permits for building rescinded and/or stopped. This was illegal but the builders were told of the reason and 95% cooperated. Of course, there were that few who wouldn't but we paid no attention to them. This made headlines. We ordered public swimming pools closed and appealed to the public to use less water. With the cooperation of the press and radio and television, we got the story over and the bond issue passed by a 5 to 1 margin. It just shows the apathy that too many times occurs in elections and the secret is to get out the vote. It is estimated that the "againsters" always turn out and that it takes a big turnout to overcome them.

Oh yes, I should mention the part that Erna played. In May 1954, she christened the USS Prestige, a mine-sweeper of the Navy. She looked very beautiful and I was proud of her. There was an appropriate ceremony at

the Wilmington Boat Works and we had invited many friends, who were there. Cobina Wright wrote in her column, "As the band struck up the national anthem, the flag was unfurled, Mrs. Poulson performed the ancient rite, a fireboat in the ocean made geysers of water into the air from its nine spouts--the USS Prestige with grace and dignity slipped into the water. It was a breathtaking experience." The Wilmington Boat Works then served a delicious buffet dinner.

When I became Mayor, we had a segregated Fire Department. There were two fire stations manned by Negroes only, including the officers. Through the Fire Commission, we asked Chief Alderson to start an evolutionary process of integration. Being from South Carolina, he was not enthusiastic about the idea. However, I must state that he was recognized as one of the most able fire chiefs in the entire country. He was likewise a most likeable individual, so the Fire Commission was likewise not very enthusiastic. In fact, one member openly opposed the idea and a couple of others just gave lip service. I certainly stirred up a hornet's nest and the mail which both Mrs. Poulson and I received was a disgrace to our country. I had started and I would not retreat. This fight took more than two years to complete and I will not give any details except to state that I made mortal political enemies. I never realized there

was such hatred existing. I was likewise surprised to find the people allied with this group. I had to change commissions to get action, and eventually had to have the Chief discharged. Since he was under Civil Service, this required that we meet certain requirements. As President of the Commission, I had an outstanding attorney, William Shea, and to support him such prominent citizens as Dr. Richard Sneed, minister of First Methodist Church; Victor Carter, President of Republic Studios; and others. They started a gradual program which Chief Alderson finally refused to carry out and then they had the legal grounds to discharge him, which was needed when he filed for reinstatement with the Civil Service Commission. When you are reading this, it will sound very simple, but at this time in 1953-4-5, integration was only mentioned at election time in Negro districts. I can truthfully state that I had not promised this in my election, and it was only after I became Mayor that I fully realized the injustice of this segregation. The Negro fireman had to pass the same written and physical tests as the white firemen. Since these two stations were filled, and with a surplus of Negroes, it became very noticeable that no new Negro firemen were being admitted to the Department. They would pass the written and physical exams but failed every time in the oral examination. Inquiry showed that the Oral Board consisted



of white fire chiefs. They just failed them. The real prejudices of the white firemen personnel came out when we changed that procedure by including some citizen personnel on the board. I won't mention the names of some of the prominent citizens who lined up with the Chief and the white firemen. Frankly, I was for an evolutionary change but the underground battle developed to such a point that I had no choice but to make the bold break. The majority of the citizenry backed me up when the facts were brought out.

I can best sum it up by quoting portions of an editorial in the (Hearst) Los Angeles Examiner of December 6, 1955.

It became at long last an immediate necessity, in order to uphold the spirit of the law and the integrity of city government, to dismiss Fire Chief Alderson of Los Angeles. Mayor Poulson and the Fire Commission are to be commended for the firm and forthright manner in which they handled a scandalous situation. Chief Alderson mishandled the explosive issue of racial segregation in his department to the point where it had become a festering sore in the community. . . In saying this we are mindful of the high degree of excellence the Fire Department attained under Mr. Alderson and hope with confidence that its efficiency will continue to be a pride to our community.

This left many scars and the Negroes were treated rudely by many white firemen, which was beyond our control, and this treatment was within the law. Time will take care of that.

To show you that it takes years to finally solve problems of a great growing city, and that there are additional problems, I would like to quote from a two-column editorial in the Los Angeles Herald-Express of January 24, 1956. This problem is still confronting LA at least nine years later, at the time of this writing.

There seems to be hardly a dissenting voice on the proposal that the greater Los Angeles Metropolitan area and other Southern California cities MUST have a modern rapid transit system. Mayor Norris Poulson, in his weekly broadcast, made a masterful presentation of the problem. . . The Mayor pointed to the "great economic loss when one man rides alone in an automobile to and from work." The family budget, he said, must bear the burden of gasoline and oil costs when it should be going into the essential needs of a family, such as schooling, recreation, even food and clothing.

To summarize, I mentioned the cost of expensive freeways and that we were taking up all the available space with same; the smog contribution and other reasons. They are still citing these reasons nine years later, but no positive action.

I must mention one of my favorite newspapermen-- John B.T. Campbell, publisher of the Herald-Express. Back in 1939, when I was investigating the wrestling and boxing racket in California, I conferred with Jack Campbell about the sportswriters and their acceptance of money from the Daro Brothers, and how they extolled the "fierce rivalries" of the wrestlers, when it was

only "acting." He told me to bring out the truth and he would back me up even though there were certain people in some of the Hearst papers on the other side. He did, and was a great booster of mine from then on. He was the typical old-time newspaperman and wanted to die on the job, but he had to retire. I appointed him to the Parks and Recreation Commission, as he just had to be in the swim somewhere. He died while a member. He had been very successful in real estate investments and died a wealthy man, but he still wanted to work. At his retirement dinner, I heard some of the funniest impromptu remarks ever, by such men as Red Skelton, Leo Carillo and others. He was genuinely liked and admired.

## XI

### THE "URANIUM" MINE

I suppose everyone at some time in life has a temporary thrill through thinking he might strike it rich, either in a mining adventure, stock market purchase, real estate which suddenly increases two-fold in value because of some unforeseen event, or for other reasons. Anyway, I had a short hallucination when I went with others on a uranium hunt. In 1954, we were reading many accounts of persons becoming millionaires overnight by finding a deposit of uranium. In fact, we had attended a meeting where one of those individuals was present and heard his story. I wasn't entirely a "pipe-dreamer" but here are the circumstances.

Frye Herbert, a high school classmate in Baker, Oregon, a retired Colonel from Washington, D.C., whom I had brought out to work with me in my new position, told this story to a group of us one night. This was late in September of 1954.

Frye's father was the superintendent of one of the largest and richest gold mines in Oregon, located in the Wallowa Mountains in Eastern Oregon. It was the Cornucopia Mines and listed at that time on the stock market in New York and San Francisco. It was north of

Pine Valley in Baker County. As was customary, they always prospected throughout such an area for additional ore croppings. On one of these expeditions, the men ran across some ore which was foreign to all of them. Frye, in later years, still remembering the incident and knowing the exact spot or location, went back there during one of his vacations and obtained some more of the ore to have sampled in Washington, D.C. He took it to the Bureau of Mines and they talked in riddles to him. It created a suspicion in his mind because they were very anxious to know where he found it.

Time passed, and with uranium on everybody's mind, and with the full description in the papers of what the ore looked like and then having Frye tell this story and also produce some of the ore (which he still had), and noticing the similarity of this ore to the description given in the paper, we didn't even wait to have a geologist test the ore for fear somebody else would be there already. Now I should tell who was in this "we" group. There was Frank Waters, who had become a very close friend of Frye Herbert; Noah Botwin, a longtime friend of mine, and a great mountain man in addition to being a successful restaurant owner; Sam Kramer, oil man and father-in-law of Frank Waters; Captain Drake, Army surveyor and son-in-law of Frye Herbert; Bill Reddick, Baker fireman and nephew of Frye Herbert.

Frank Waters got his law partner financially interested in it and also Noah Dietrich, or should I say Howard Hughes. We flew in a private plane to Baker, Oregon, and the fact that it was a "plush job," owned by Howard Hughes, created attention in Baker. The pilot took Frank Waters back with him. We unloaded much crated equipment and that created suspicion. A local newspaperman asked Sam Kramer what he had concealed "in there" and he said, "Motion picture equipment to shoot a picture" and then we did arouse interest. Baker was a sleepy town with a great "past" and the population dropping with the playing out of the timber and mines, so that they were quick to think that good times were here again. Someone then said we were going hunting but the hunting season was over, we had no guns and where could we be going? We were all decked out in mountain climbing garb and looked prosperous. Also I forgot to mention that Frye took a geiger counter with him four years previously and had had a strong reaction.

Bill Reddick, a local fireman, had asked for one week off and that soon became local gossip. He arranged for a truck to transport us and the equipment out to the mining town of Cornucopia, which at that time only had a watchman. There, arrangements had been made with "one-eyed" Vivian Kennedy to have the pack animals and camping equipment and riding horses to take us back into

this area, which is classified on the Forest Service maps as "wilderness area," and which I can attest to. Vivian was also a "dry-land" farmer and these so-called saddle horses were really farm horses. They were shod and could climb the mountains, but what a beating we took. We followed sheep trails, but in some places there were no trails. We went over rock slides where trails had been washed out. Also, with the sure-footed horses, we went around the mountainsides, where we--"tenderfeet," many of us--could not have progressed, and certainly covered distances we never could have made, including the climbing. Strange thing but we saw some prospectors working over the area immediately surrounding the Cornucopia Mines. They were looking for uranium also. Enough people saw us with this pack train leave for the higher mountains and such news travels like wildfire.

At this time of the year in that country, the days are quite short and also the mountains are likely to be snowed in at any time. This we all knew, so we had to reach our destination in this wilderness area, 8,500 feet elevation, before dark. We couldn't stop to rest and this ten-mile trip surely hit me, the tenderfoot. We arrived at the location, as Frye remembered some landmarks. It was on the side of a mountain so we had to prepare camp as such. This meant moving rocks to level things off and cutting pine boughs to level out sleeping

quarters. I can remember Vivian Kennedy and Botwin running around the mountain sides like mountain goats. They were used to it.

Naturally, everybody had to pitch in and do his part in preparing camp. This brought on an appetite and the cold crisp air called for a bourbon drink before supper. Botwin, being a good cook, fried potatoes with onions and, as I said, we all had big appetites. Frye and I never took into consideration the altitude of 8,500 feet, nor the onions in the potatoes. He moaned and groaned all night, and thought he was going to die. I know the onions gave me gas trouble, but what bothered me most was the cold, cold night. When I would pull my head into the sleeping bag I would get claustrophobia and so I, too, wondered whether I could make it through the night. We had only one large tent and so Botwin, Drake and Kennedy slept out under the stars, but the stars soon disappeared as we had a mountain snow squall. In the morning there was a "white Christmas" for us, but it soon disappeared.

I do know that Frye and I had ~~our~~ prospecting out of our systems. Besides, the rest of the boys knew we wouldn't be of any value since we had the location spotted. I forgot to state that we had to go about a half-mile down the mountainside to get water at a creek, which the younger men did for the camp. It was agreed that the



balance of the group would spend about two more days locating claims and posting due notices. Botwin, the first night, found the spot and the ore, so we figured that Frye and I would head for lower country and in Cornucopia we would telephone Baker for a car.

Going back down the mountainside and across narrow ridges with the big work horse, demonstrated to me that it is tougher riding downhill than uphill. We were certainly a happy pair when we reached Cornucopia and were willing to forget all about uranium, but the reports somehow or other brought out two representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission and that again revived hope. They were in the area and heard about us and were merely checking up. They said this was geologically ideal country and that again raised our hopes.

Sitting and waiting for the car from Baker to pick us up, and trying to find a softer spot for our sore bones, Frye told this story which I am going to repeat because I never enjoyed a story so much in my life, or laughed so long and hearty over one. To really enjoy a story it must be apropos to the subject at hand, so the story goes like this: Mike had been a normal man in his morals as was considered "par" among hard-bitten sourdough prospectors for gold in the early Oregon mining boom days. He indulged in drinking, gambling, fighting, and other "minor" vices, as they were considered. His one virtue

was that he had never "jumped" the mining claim of a fellow prospector, or in other words attempted to cheat a fellow prospector out of a claim. So when he died, he appeared before Saint Peter and his record was examined. This virtue entitled him to enter heaven, but Saint Peter told him that at present they were overcrowded and were having to build on an annex. Until this annex was completed he would have to stay at the outer doors. Mike looked into Heaven and saw at a distance a large coliseum seating hundreds of thousands of people and he could hear the cheers. He asked what that was and was told that they were having horse races. He immediately told Saint Peter that he knew his friend Pat was there as he was killed in a fight just a few months before, and that he had never jumped a claim either. He wanted to know if he could send him a message over the loudspeaker and his request was granted. His message was as follows: "Pat McGarrity, this is Mike Flanagan and I am at the outside gates waiting for the annex to be built. By the way, I just heard that they have struck gold down in Hell. See you later." The gates of the coliseum suddenly burst open and there was a great exodus of people, all going in the direction of Hell. Saint Peter, noticing this then told Mike that he could go on into Heaven. Mike hesitated and then said, "Come to think of it there might be something to that rumor and I am going to Hell also."

Frye and I returned to the Baker Hotel, and of course everybody was curious. We were beginning to have a few doubts, even though these Atomic Energy men had buoyed our hopes, and so decided to be secretive. All this did was to arouse more interest and we heard of prospecting parties being organized everywhere. Stories, originating in Baker, Portland, and even Los Angeles, told about the Mayor of Los Angeles and other prominent people being on this secretive uranium hunt. It made good news copy for an imaginative writer.

So when the rest of the party had returned with samples and amateur maps of the locations of the "posted claims," we had gone so far that we knew we must complete the act. While we went in from Baker County, where the Cornucopia Mines were located, the claims were over in Wallowa County--about sixty miles from Baker. I called on my brother-in-law, who lived in the valley, to drive us over to Joseph, where we could file our claims in the County Courthouse. In a town of approximately 5,000 people, you can imagine what excitement two carloads of Californians would create, as well as the story of a "rich uranium strike." We didn't state that, but because we were noncommittal everybody was willing to believe it. On the road over, we discussed what we should call the claim and Carl Loennig (brother-in-law) suggested "The Dancing Needle." That finished the speculation of the public.

The special plane came after us and we returned to Los Angeles, but that wasn't the end. I was besieged by people wanting to buy shares in the "find." We kept saying that it was not known, but that didn't stop them. Even Victor Basche, a successful stockbroker in New York, and a boyhood friend of both Frye and myself, wired that he wanted to send \$1,000.

In Baker and Joseph they did have a boom. The hotels and motels were filled with prospectors and the hills were combed, and much paper (not to mention tired bones and cash) was wasted in filing claims on about every spot in that area.

We were a little like Mike of the story. We hired a geologist at \$150 per day and expenses (his time to run from the time he left Los Angeles until he returned) to go up and make a report on the claims. We also went along Al Brandt, my son-in-law, who had moved to Los Angeles from Washington, D.C., with his family. Al had never been up in rugged mountains before. They were to meet Vivian Kennedy, the mountain guide, with his pack train. By this time it was late October and, as a rule, the mountains were receiving snow. Because of the excitement caused, we didn't think we should wait until spring. They picked up Reddick in Baker.

Well, they didn't beat the first snow. They got lost in the swirling snowstorm, even though Kennedy was

supposed to know every foot of the country. As Al stated, "I think we stood up one night on a mountainside and slept." Luckily, the storm cleared the next day and after considerable trouble and slipping and sliding they finally located the claims. I will make the story short.

This ore was plentiful and it was of the uranium family, which accounts for its reaction to the geiger counter. However, there were many deposits of this ore throughout the country and because of the inaccessibility of the location, the geologist claimed the claims were of no value. He further stated that these particular mountains were comparatively "young," and the history of uranium was that it was to be found on "old" mountains, such as existed miles from there along the Snake River. We weren't interested in prospecting there.

To sum it up--the geologist made a nice fee, the hotels and motels had a temporary boom, and the hardware stores from Eastern Oregon to Portland could not supply the demand for geiger counters and prospecting equipment. Even Vivian Kennedy made some extra money and I hope he spent a little of it for hay and grain for those lumbering horses. We spent a few thousand dollars; Howard Hughes will never know what the expenses were for the plane, and, frankly, we had two "silent partners" to carry the biggest portion of the cash outlay. I have

had many "belly laughs" and this one adds to my life's experiences.

## XII

### BUNKER HILL

I can truthfully state that a Mayor must have cooperation from the citizens and public officials to accomplish anything. This has always been my strongest forte and sincere belief. No man is smart enough nor strong enough to completely run things in a society or government like ours. This point is clearly brought out in the next project I am going to mention.

For years, the City of Los Angeles had been plagued with an "eyesore" in the center of the city--Bunker Hill. Bunker Hill was the old residential area of the elite of the era of the 1890's. The homes with all of the gingerbread, and the hotels which had become slum rooming houses. Mostly senior citizens with low incomes lived in this area and it was owned by nonresidents, including some of the "old families" of LA. It was located on the hill adjacent to the center of the downtown district. You couldn't expect anyone to make any improvements if the balance of the area didn't do likewise. The Community Development Agency under Mayor Bowron had instituted a redevelopment program in another area of the city--a very small one. It was consummated and proved successful and, as I appointed William Sesnon

(Chairman of the Commission) as Chairman again, along with other top business leaders in the city, they suggested a grandiose plan for redeveloping all of Bunker Hill.

I gave my blessings and told them to proceed with full steam, as I had a personal friend, Al Cole, administrator of Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency in Washington, and had talked with him, and he was anxious to have the Eisenhower Administrator back such a worthwhile program. Incidentally, at this time it was the largest redevelopment program projected anywhere in the U.S. It was also considered the most feasible. I won't go into details, but I can say that it raised the greatest furor in Los Angeles we had had since the housing fight. However, there were different lineups this time. Opposing were the majority of occupants, even though we were obligated to relocate them without any financial costs and at approximately the same rents. They were living in quarters which were contrary to our health and safety laws, but nevertheless they wanted to be downtown. All of the property could have been condemned and the owners compelled to raze if we enforced the laws. We had done this on "skid row" and had the same complaints, but it worked out to the benefit of everyone and the area was rebuilt. There, the property owners had at first fought but finally cooperated. Strange, I had found that my



first-term campaign treasurer owned the biggest bloc of property, but he went along on "skid row." However, here on Bunker Hill the story was different. Lawsuits were filed by some property owners and these suits were finally won by the City in the Supreme Court seven years later. The reason the particular property owners who filed lawsuits did so, was because they were making a large return on their investment at the senior citizens' expense. In other words, the dilapidated apartments and houses were assessed at a low amount for taxes and the rents were exorbitant. I can say that these owners were not listed among the most respected citizens of Los Angeles. Then we had the very reactionary groups who opposed progress in any form. At this time let me state that I had often stated that I never knew there were so many "status quo" people until I became Mayor. They were continually fighting me on every move to progress. I later found out that that was the problem of every mayor of the large cities in the U.S. I also noticed that the same individuals were connected with each different "opposition group," and I am sorry to state that they had been on my side in the campaign against Mayor Bowron. From then on they were against me.

Now we started this program in early 1954, and it was November, 1954, before the case was presented to the Administrator in Washington, D.C. It was necessary

to clear every step in the Council and there is where the support from Citizens' Groups helped me and the program. The opposition shouted the loudest and carried placards, but the proponents talked the quietest and most effectively. I wouldn't attempt to follow this long fight, but it was the first of 1961 before every obstacle had cleared the City Council. Of course, the lawsuits were being fought at different stages all this time. We had no trouble with Washington or the Federal Government. It was 1965 before all of the buildings had been demolished. It will take years after that before new buildings will appear but this is one project I am proud of and which I can state was in fact consummated under my administration. July 1, 1953, to June 30, 1961.

### XIII

#### A LITTLE OF THE LIGHTER SIDE

It is not all work and no play being a Mayor of a great city. As Mayor, you get to do many things which unfortunately the average citizen does not have the opportunity to do. As the Los Angeles Examiner described it, "Mayor Norris Poulson yesterday was disclosed to be the city's first jet-propelled chief executive." What that meant was that I flew in an Air Force jet fighter. I jumped at the opportunity and what an eye-opener. We left Los Angeles International Airport (Air Force Colonel and myself) in this jet, with all of the paraphernalia including the "monkey suit" with parachute attached. This was much different than flying in a commercial jet plane, speed and maneuverability not being comparable. Many of you will probably have your own jet plane by this time, but I will describe my own reactions. He told me where we were going, circling several times over Los Angeles and environs, low enough to recognize places, then to March Field, and circle same, and then to the Air Base near San Bernardino, and land. After inspection of facilities, we would take off for a trip over Lake Arrowhead, Big Bear, and on out over the Mojave Desert to Bishop, near Mount Whitney, and over

Death Valley--back over Antelope Valley and Palmdale, Edwards Field, then over Pasadena and land at Los Angeles International.

That sounded like a long trip and little did I realize how short in time. First of all, I realized that you have to know your destination and keep looking ahead. I found out that I couldn't even think fast enough. As I would try to pick out a landmark, I found we were flying over the next one, and I was about three landmarks behind when we reached March Field, and while I was trying to see that, it seemed as though we were landing at the Air Base. We landed at a speed of 125 miles per hour. I told the Colonel about being behind in my sightseeing and that is when he explained that you had to be looking forward.

On the return trip, he called back to me through the speaker system to ask if I wanted any maneuvers, and I told him I would like to "roll" and do the "loop," expressions which I had heard my brother-in-law, Roger Loennig, who flies his own Cessna, use. We didn't move at all, the ground, ocean and sky just rolled around and upside down. I don't know when I caught my breath. When he landed, he asked me how old I was, and he shook his head and said, "I should have asked you at first." He thought I had really reacted fine for my age. The truth is that I thought it "smart" and I didn't admit to

anyone that I was still going around and around for several days.

On July 16, 1954, the Los Angeles Times had a two-column, ten-inch editorial, entitled "Mayor Poulson's First Year." I will quote a few sentences from same.

Mayor Poulson, reporting on his first year in office, showed the citizens a view of their metropolis which they seldom see. This is the picture of a city expanding like an exploding star, dominating a vast area through the demands of a great population and yet dependent for its well-being, almost for its existence, on patient cooperation with dozens of satellite communities and the county government. . . . The restoration of harmony in the City Hall, with its consequent improvement in the conduct of the city's regular business, is the year's most important achievement. The Mayor can go on from here.

In November of 1954, Erna and I were invited by the Scandinavian Air Lines to be one of their guests on the first commercial air flight over the North Pole. It was called the Polar Flight, even though they didn't actually fly over the North Pole. It was a history-making flight from Los Angeles to Copenhagen, Denmark, and then to Norway, and on to Stockholm, Sweden. We flew in a conventional prop plane, as the jets were not ready for delivery to S.A.S. This necessitated stopping to refuel in Winnipeg, Canada, and Greenland, before landing in Copenhagen. They started a similar plane from Copenhagen at the same time, filled with royal dignitaries, as well as prominent citizens of those three

countries. Unlike the U.S., this airline was partly owned by those three countries and thus had an economic advantage over the U.S. line and could inaugurate this flight earlier.

Among the invited guests were Lieutenant Governor [Harold J.] Powers, actors Walter Pidgeon and Jean Hersholt. These actors were favorites in those countries. Then there were the press, radio, and television representatives, as well as outstanding citizens such as Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times. We had a gay sendoff, with a banquet, and then we were delayed by unusual fog but that didn't dampen anyone's spirits. Leaving after midnight and flying east and north, we didn't have much daylight and as the hosts kept serving food and drinks of all kinds, it seemed no one slept. In fact, we didn't get a full-course dinner until just before the following midnight. This caused a lot of wisecracks.

After we left Winnipeg, about all we could see was fog and clouds below us. As the passengers knew that we had to drop down into this cloudbank to land in Greenland, there was much apprehension about our safety, regardless of the festive times. To allay these fears, the pilot turned on the loudspeaker, which would let us hear the instructions given him by the airport in Greenland. They gave every minute detail, even to the

statement, "You are fifty feet above ground". . .until, "You are landing." No one worried thereafter.

It was about midnight when we landed in Greenland, on an Army airfield, and the American GI's were out in full force. Remember, the days are short in this area in November. One Los Angeles GI had rigged up a sign, "Los Angeles--City Limits," which is a good joke everywhere because of our limitless boundaries. One of our newspaper boys smuggled this aboard and presented it to me and it became the theme song of the trip.

By the time we left Greenland, everybody was dead-tired and in this crowded plane we had to sleep in our seats, but let me tell you that no one had any trouble doing so. When we were to return, there would be several different flights and we could get berths for the twenty-four-hour flight. The first flight took about thirty-six hours, but today it is only about eight or ten hours. All this time we couldn't see anything but fog and ice below us. They announced when we were flying over Iceland but everyone was too sleepy to look out, even though it was daylight. As we approached Denmark, we actually had a time awakening Walter Pidgeon and a few others, who had taken sleeping pills.

Copenhagen's skies were clear and from that moment on we were treated like "kings and queens" and everything was on the house (S.A.S.) We saw the Royal Ballet and

were entertained by the royalty and princes in each of the three countries. We were taken on sightseeing trips and I won't attempt to describe anything because many Americans today have seen these sights or have seen pictures of same.

Before I tell about my relatives in Denmark, I want to tell about the reception given by the Lord Mayor of Copenhagen and his toast to the group, referring to the fact that the Mayor of Los Angeles' father had been born in Denmark--I still have most of my relatives there. I was in my finest fettle, and my response, if I do have to write it myself, not only struck the hearts of the Danes there but those who read it in their papers, and also greatly pleased my companions on the trip from America. I will not attempt to repeat what I said because I don't think I could adequately do so now, being greatly inspired on that particular day. In effect, it was that with this flight, we were demonstrating that we not only lived in one world, as neighbors, but that I, as Mayor, was going to post this "Los Angeles--City Limits" sign just outside the boundaries of Copenhagen. As you probably know, most Danes speak English because England is their biggest market and it is required in most schools. So this remark and gesture brought the house down.

My first cousin, Thorvald Povlsen, who has passed



on, was the Kirkminister of Denmark. This is the head of the State Lutheran Church. As I have told you, my father was past middle age when I was born, so therefore most all of my cousins have passed on and the cousins that I will speak of are really second cousins.

Thorvald's son and daughter were there to meet us at the plane, our coming being duly publicized. The Police Departments of Copenhagen are divided into three separate districts, completely independent of one another. He (Thorvald's son), was chief of the aristocratic area. We also had some very good Danish friends, from whom we bought our furniture for our first home in Los Angeles. They had moved back and we had their daughter come and visit us from another section of Denmark. A great ado was made of my parentage.

Then I had a cousin who was a Member of Parliament and was a farmer living in the northeast part of Denmark, where my father was born and reared until he left for America. This section is called Jutland, on the wind-swept shores of the North Sea. We took an early train from Copenhagen with M.P. Hansen, and after three hours through the rural area of Denmark, we arrived at his home. He was a thrifty and successful farmer, with all the farm animals under shelter and everything as clean as a kitchen. After a bounteous lunch, we drove to see the home where my father was born and lived for many

years. It was just like the pictures Dad had brought from Denmark. The buildings--home, barns, and machine sheds--all built in a square surrounding a courtyard, with thick walls and low ceilings; I bumped my head immediately on entering a door.

Then we went for the evening meal with a group of relatives, including a first cousin and parent of some cousins living in Baker, Oregon. Erna, who is a great person to get information about people's early life, found out when Dad used to live with us that he had had a sweetheart before he left Denmark and she evidently got tired of waiting for him and married a successful importer from South America. Well, she was there. She was still a friend of my relatives and was a widow, and had returned to Denmark. She naturally wanted to see me. The time we had to spend there was too short. We returned late that night to Copenhagen, as the next day we were to leave for Oslo, Norway.

After ten days of living in a "cloud," we were ready to depart for home. Jean Hersholt, the great Danish actor, was one of our guides and he returned with us. Walter Pidgeon and others flew south with S.A.S. to the Mediterranean, which was already a regular flight and which we were invited to take, but which we declined as I still had problems in Los Angeles. As soon as we entered the plane, I think we went to our sleeping quarters

and slept until we arrived in Los Angeles, even though we had more daylight flying in this direction.

This is a good time to tell about my friendship with Jean Hersholt. I had always had a good supporter in Earle C. Anthony, millionaire owner of the Packard Agency in California and KFI radio station. He was a member of that famous and most exclusive club in San Francisco, the "Bohemian Club." They have a limited membership, including notables throughout the United States. They have a certain percentage for musicians of all types, and actors, professions, civic leaders, and business executives. They really stay clear of public officials except as invited guests because their mortality rate is high. They do have three Supreme Court Justices (when I was there) but they were members before they received the appointments, just like the two Governors. The presidents of airlines, oil companies, railroads, newspapers, universities, and you-name-it, were members. President Hoover was one of the notables and always there; he made an off-the-record talk at their lakeside. They have about 1,000 acres up on the Russian River, above San Francisco in a Redwood grove. Each year around the last of July, they have a two-week encampment, open only to male members and their invited guests. Bohemian Grove is surrounded by a high wire fence and the members are segregated into what they call "camps"

of about twenty or thirty persons. There is a dollar limit to what they can invest in these camps but no restrictions as to design. The versatility of these members is unbelievable. The dress of the occupants is likewise unbelievable. If some of these successful men have had any frustrations in their early life, here they have an opportunity to compensate that fact and bring out their eccentricities. They fish, swim, and row on the Russian River, but mostly play cards and drink. Yet I saw no one intoxicated; they must put them to bed. Oh yes, singing and playing band instruments until 2 o'clock in the morning. These musicians are scattered through the various camps. They have two plays during the encampment, said play to be written and produced by the members. Vaudeville and band concerts many nights by members. Symphony orchestra by members. Their motion picture representatives are taken from the cream of the crop of Hollywood--John Charles Thomas was one of the popular members. This is a great father-and-son affair, as each father wants to get his son in, as the membership is limited.

I started to tell about Jean Hersholt and I am finally at that point. Jean was a guest of Earle C. Anthony many times, as was I. We were roommates in a tent. Now for the confession; the young men ran around in their shorts but we older ones slept with our electric

blankets! That was our "roughing it" style. In this Grove I had the best visits I have ever had with such men as Herbert Hoover, Earl Warren, and Gordon Sproul. Don't think I have told anything I shouldn't, but few hear about this.

The big question I have heard for years is, "How can you be appointed a Judge, as it is practically impossible to defeat an incumbent under our election laws?" The Governor has the responsibility and political power to fill all vacancies in judicial posts from the Municipal to the Supreme Court; then with new courts being established by the Legislature in a growing State, and with the average number of deaths and retirements occurring, you can see that the Governor has many such political plums. How do you get his attention, is the question?

Beautiful Westlake Park on Wilshire Boulevard had its name changed to MacArthur Park during World War II, and appropriately so. In later years, the City Park Department erected a beautiful statue of the General, along with an appropriate monument at the insistence of MacArthur supporters. Municipal Judge Roger Alton Pfaff had seized upon the opportunity (being a veteran of the Pacific War) to head this MacArthur Committee, and I commend him for it. He also spearheaded the move to get General MacArthur to come to Los Angeles and dedicate

it on his 75th birthday. I sent the official invitation. On the day that we were to leave the Statler Hotel and drive in a parade to MacArthur Park for the dedication exercises, Roger brought in Governor Goodwin E. Knight and Mrs. Knight, stating that the Governor was a great admirer of the General, and I frankly did not resent it but welcomed him. You must realize that there are certain unwritten laws, such as that the Governor presides at all State functions and State dedications, while the Mayor does likewise at city affairs. So this became a joint State-City affair. I have expressed my admiration for the General previously, when Senator Clair Engle and I visited him in Tokyo, so I certainly wasn't going to let petty matters mar the event. His speech that night at the banquet in the Ambassador Hotel was superb. All in all, Los Angeles did itself proud and MacArthur was greatly pleased.

A few months later, Judge Pfaff was elevated to the Superior Court Bench by Governor Knight. He was qualified, I am sure, but the point I want to make is that we in public life had to do something out of the ordinary to get recognition. I had served with Roger in the State Legislature before the war, and I knew his technique; in fact I practiced it, so I am not critical.

In 1955, Alan Williams, my press secretary, became my chief aide when Jack Irwin resigned. Al was a

newspaperman and he certainly knew how to create good newspaper publicity and interesting photographs. I knew I would miss him in that spot but his comprehensive knowledge of city problems demanded that I promote him. At present he is Chief of Public Relations for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California and has a good lifetime position.

I would like to briefly outline some of the news stories and news pictures he promoted while press secretary. I see these in my scrap books. At an Art Department display of paintings of Mayors of Los Angeles from 1850 to 1955, there is this unpredictable picture of my 21-months old granddaughter, Ramona Brandt, with her dress held up, showing her panties, and pointing at my picture, with the exclamation, "That's my granddaddy." Then there is the picture of Erna Poulson with Erna Kwong. When in Congress I had helped Dr. Kwong of the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital to unravel the immigration red tape and get his wife to the U.S. Their first baby born in the United States was named for Mrs. Poulson. This made a good story.

Having a beautiful wife and three daughters, he created many incidents where a picture was appropriate. For instance, going to church on Easter Sunday with the grandchildren. I even got to thinking I was getting too many pictures in the paper. My sixtieth birthday, cutting

the cake with five of my grandchildren--Diana, Erna, and Henry Willis, Barbara and Ramona Brandt.

I will have to admit that I always like to "clown" a little. Every industry, profession, and trade, and "many other things" have to have their "dairy week" or something else. The Mayor has to go along with them, issue an innocuous proclamation, and pose for pictures. Sometimes it is a pretty girl, which is a stimulant, but mostly folks like yourself, past middle age. Actually I enjoyed them just as much. Well, early in my first term they had "Dairy Month." They brought a milk cow up to the City Hall and we posed out on the lawn for the press. They didn't realize that I milked seventeen cows every morning and night just before I left the farm--no milking machines at that time. When the photographers were all focusing for the pictures I squirted streams of milk in their direction and hit many of them, and it was a picture to see them scramble. That brought some good-natured jabs in the press, and pictures. You had to have a little fun along with your problems. I think that my ability to enjoy myself carried me through the troublesome times.

When Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia visited Los Angeles in June of 1954, the City again rolled out the red carpet. We had the usual festivities but among the unpublicized events were the escapades of some of the



young men in his entourage. He had many, incidentally, and some of them had money and were out looking for American women. This caused the Police Department a little trouble, but we must remember that the customs of the two countries are different. Selassie was a very gracious individual and made a good impression upon the audience. He was very generous with gifts to many of us.

#### XIV

#### PROBLEMS OF RUBBISH COLLECTIONS

The regular or normal operation of a great city like Los Angeles would go on regardless of the presence of the Mayor. In most cases he only assists or retards that natural flow. However, there are a few cases where the Mayor POSITIVELY can determine whether certain abnormal policies or projects can be inaugurated, and these are not included in the normal functions of city operation. In my case, I refer specifically to the public collection of rubbish and the bringing of major league baseball to Los Angeles. In other words, I will show how, by just relaxing and not making "that extreme effort," or even "taking the big gamble by making statements close to the border line," I could have let the opposition take over and neither of the above projects would have materialized.

I will first take up the rubbish problem. To do this, it is necessary to go way back into the background of incinerators.

Smog is one of the great problems of the Los Angeles metropolitan area, and, in fact, of all large cities. It is recognized that because of the topography of the Los Angeles area, the inversion of air because of the

surrounding mountains with the ocean breeze on the other side, makes it difficult to solve. Experts privately agree that it can probably be held in check but never alleviated.

It is a great campaign issue and I frankly used it when I didn't really know the true facts. After being elected, I continued to try to arouse some public action. The press and other officials were doing likewise but no specific action resulted.

In due time, a prominent Citizens' Committee was voluntarily formed. Asa Call, a civic and political leader, spearheaded this drive and the then President of USC [Dr. Fred Fagg] was appointed as Chairman. The President was assisted by many other likewise reputable citizens. I might state that Asa Call was one of the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company and also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of USC. Sufficient money was raised for the committee and they hired technical experts and scientists. Previously, the great battle cry was that this smog originated from the oil refineries.

It is a long story to tell of the public hearings of this committee and the pro-and-con arguments on refineries, their economic value to the Los Angeles area and the economic loss to vegetable life from smog, not to mention the health hazards. This problem of rubbish started in 1954 and was still going on when I left the

office on June 30, 1961, although we established public collection in the election in 1957.

The committee came up with the recommendation that the first thing to do in the Los Angeles area was to ban the use of backyard incinerators, used to burn rubbish. It must be remembered that garbage was collected by Los Angeles City and sold to a large hog ranch. It was collected by both private firms and public agencies in other parts of the County. Tin cans and metals were likewise collected by Los Angeles City. More about that later. So papers and other combustible rubbish were burned by the householder or apartment house. The large department stores and factories generally paid private rubbish collectors to haul theirs away. You will hear about this combine later.

Now the committee slapped the wrists of the refineries and mentioned the automobile and other factories, but they were POSITIVE that the backyard incinerators were the chief contaminators of the air. They, of course, advocated legislation to outlaw the incinerator.

Naturally, legislation was started in all cities and with the County Board of Supervisors, to outlaw the incinerator with a given limit of time. It was agreed that the Board of Supervisors should pass legislation, covering all cities and county territory, as smog was a

County health problem and, besides, smog control was a County responsibility, as its Board of Supervisors had the legal authority to enforce same.

This was in the spring of 1955, and the County Board of Supervisors in due time set October 1st as the tentative date for outlawing backyard incinerators. Being a great advocate of free enterprise myself, I announced in my weekly radio address that we would have to prepare to request bids soon on the collection of the city rubbish. The press and the Chamber of Commerce were going along with me as EVERYBODY was anxious to curtail the smog menace. Labor had not objected up to this time, and frankly I had not thought about their position.

With this announcement and the Public Works Department preparing for the writing of specifications for bidding on the collection of rubbish, I had some strange visitors. Captain [James] Hamilton, Chief of Intelligence, and now in a similar position with the National Football League, along with Lieutenant [Joseph] Stephens, Labor investigations, and Sam Leask, the CAO, called on me. The only promotion I sponsored and had to force over Chief Bill Parker's opposition, was Lieutenant Stephens to a captaincy. I am proud of it. Of course Captain Stephens was highest on all lists and Bill just opposed the promotion because he knew we were friendly. These three men wanted to inform me what was going on in the

rubbish collection field and thought I should know before I got out too far on the limb in advocating private collection.

Here is the story in a concise form. A private collector of rubbish with contracts with some of the large department stores in Los Angeles, was finding himself in this position--he was requested to join a "combine" or "racket" to force all small rubbish operators out of business by either intimidation, manhandling by strong men, or by cutting off all access to dumps to these small operators. He was an intelligent man (college graduate) and was successful in his business up to this point, so the combine realized they should get him to join rather than attempt to force him out. He agreed to attend one of their meetings and before so doing he obtained a so-called "wrist watch" to record the conversations at the meeting. Frank Matula, secretary of Local 396 (Teamsters Union Rubbish Collectors), and Louis Visco, president of the Valley Rubbish Association, were the chief sponsors. They had big operators from other sections of the County, but the union activities all came under this local of the Teamsters Union. After outlining their objectives and the resulting value to all participants, they proceeded to tell how they could handle various members of the City Council, and it wasn't complimentary. Then they told how they would "bust that

Poulson." They would scare me out because I didn't have the guts to fight them, etc. This evidence was all recorded on his "bug" and he played it back for the Police representatives, as he was not about to join them.

This just started the Intelligence Department of the Police to investigate the whole rubbish field, even though it extended beyond the city limits. Sam Gach said that if we got rid of Captain Hamilton, that would satisfy the underworld as he was the man who made Parker.

They found many instances where the small operator was finding his tires and trucks damaged at night, or where the public dumps were making it impossible to dump his rubbish. At this point, I should state that the dump owners were also included in this combine I have mentioned before. It was because the owner of a large dump had started to stop this "informer" from dumping his trash there that he had decided to inquire into their operation. I also forgot to mention that the salvage from the rubbish from factories and department stores was a revenue-producing factor.

Now, realizing that this racket was about to take us over, which it would have done if we had been compelled to deal with them in this short period of time before October 1st, I realized that I had to act fast. I discussed this with many people from all standpoints. It was very evident that the only operators able to bid

for such a huge job would be these very people in the combine--the few large rubbish collectors, the few large dump owners, and the Teamsters Union, Local 396. Matula's spending habits, his big car, and his known assets, were clear out of line with his salary.

Now, to further complicate this matter, these investigators of the Police Department convinced me that the Teamsters Union could really tie the city up and make it a closed-shop city. For instance, if there were a dispute with any store or factory, they would refuse to haul the rubbish; it couldn't be burned because of the laws and it must be removed because of the health menace, for which there are strict, enforceable laws. This rubbish would be "hot cargo" and as a result the store or plant would have to close down.

Now here is some more information that really started the pot boiling. The investigation developed the fact that the son-in-law of the Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County, Herbert C. Legg, had recently purchased a large dump and furthermore was purchasing rubbish trucks. The money was really made in the dumps, as we finally found out. Legg, incidentally, had been very vehement in his advocacy of private collection.

Discussing the problem with Sam Leask, CAO, we agreed that we could not purchase the needed equipment



and be ready to operate by October 1st. Therefore, I decided that I had to make some drastic move to arouse public opinion and have the deadline postponed.

At a luncheon meeting at the County Hospital, where the mayors and public officials of other cities in Los Angeles County were also invited by the County Health Department, I had my chance to drop my bombshell. Taking advantage of an opportunity to say a few words, I launched into the predicament we cities were being forced into, or, as I said, "blackjacked," by having to act so soon in eliminating incinerators, and that we were being forced into the hands of a group of racketeers. I also said that investigation might find some close relatives of prominent officials in the business. This naturally made headlines, along with the blackjacking angle. I did not nor would not divulge any names. I said that was up to the District Attorney, Ernest Roll, who had been strongly supported for election by the Teamsters Union. Supervisor Legg also immediately asked for a Grand Jury investigation.

Well, I was immediately issued a subpoena by the Grand Jury and the attitude of one of Ernie Roll's deputies was that, "Well, young smart alec, you are going to have to put up or shut up." He didn't use those words, but I felt as if I were a criminal the way he and a couple of the jurors started in on me. However,

I was ready and I surprised them as I had my data with me and told them that the two police officers were outside waiting to corroborate my testimony. This pleased and tickled some of the other jurors. I had a prepared statement, and after I had testified, I gave copies to the press and TV. This filled columns and columns of the newspapers, but I will be brief. I think it can best be summed up in an editorial appearing in the Los Angeles Times of May 31, 1955. It was entitled, "THE RUBBISH COLLECTION ISSUE." I will quote, as it very well condenses the whole problem:

The reputation Norris Poulson has earned as an able, vigilant Mayor, makes his vehemence on the rubbish collection issue impressive. And the rubbish collection issue is impressive in itself. Whatever happens--whether the city or private contractors collect combustible rubbish--the collectors will hold every citizen of Los Angeles captive. For when the anti-smog rule abolishes incinerators and forbids private burning of refuse, domiciles and business houses will have no recourse but to the collectors.

It is estimated that there are 770,000 places in the city for collection of combustible rubbish. If a minimum charge of \$1 a month were levied for collection (the householder paying the minimum fee), the annual revenue for the service probably would run to \$12,000,000 or more. That's a big business.

The Mayor contends that private contracting for this service would create a monopoly. The private collectors have an understanding, he believes, therefore the public would be at the mercy of a sort of utility that was not regulated by a public utilities commission. Moreover, the citizens would be compelled by law to accept the service of this utility; they could not decline to patronize it as, for example, they can decline to ride on the buses or streetcars of another kind of public utility. The Mayor has said that if a statute

would place private rubbish collection under the commission's regulation, as are all other types of privately owned public utilities, he would withdraw his objections.

The alleged monopoly of the associated private collectors would be made tighter by the fact that they own or control most of the available rubbish dumping sites. (The rubbish must be disposed of by the cut-and-cover method because burning will be prohibited.) It would be further tightened by a union understanding. Private collection, therefore, might give the Teamsters Union a direct say in the affairs of everybody in the community. If this alliance of private collectors and union came to pass, the rubbish truck drivers would have a most powerful weapon. If any business resisted organization or had a dispute with any union, its rubbish might become hot cargo. The alternative might be a closed shop or NO rubbish collection.

Now, it is possible that the Mayor's fears are exaggerated, although his positive position in this matter carries great weight with those among us who have had experience of his manner. He usually leads from facts, as he did in the case of the sewers after his committee had provided the facts. In the rubbish case he might make his point stick with the City Council and citizens in general if the grand jury conducted a diligent investigation of the Mayor's charges against the private collectors' alleged combination and its method of seeking business. Mr. Poulson says the Police Department has the evidence.

Yet, even without an investigation, a strong case can be made for municipal rubbish collection on a Civil Service basis. The city government has a wide experience on which to organize the new service, or rather, the extended service, for it has collected garbage and noncombustible rubbish for years. The cant about giving private enterprise a chance may be dismissed. Private enterprise connotes competitive enterprise, or perhaps a utility under regulation which must serve the public well in order to enlarge its permitted profit through expansion of its service. Neither competition nor expansion through superior service is possible in the collection of combustible rubbish. It is, or ought ordinarily to be, a government function, like maintaining the sewers."

Moreover, it is a service that is to be forced on everybody by law, and nobody should be compelled to pay an unregulated profit to anybody for something he is compelled to buy.

This tells the story and describes the issue better than I can relate. My political sense told me that there was opposition in the City Council. Harold Henry (former President of the Council) was an outspoken advocate of private collection and our investigation found that he was pretty close to a couple of the big operators. Then the tape recording of the conversation between the union representative and the rubbish collectors divulged the names of the Councilmen who would go along with them. I didn't know how strong the other branches of Labor would get into the issue although they generally supported municipal operation rather than private operation.

What really disturbed me was that the Grand Jury was taking no action, or at least we heard of none. I knew District Attorney Roll's reputation, and his deputy had a lot of influence with grand juries, and there was the prominent Member of the Board, who had been active in Democratic politics since F.D.R. days, having been in charge of WPA for this area.

The political scuttlebutt was going around that the Mayor had stubbed his toe, and that he was really running up against a few political giants he had never met before. There was no room in Los Angeles for any crusaders. I was really getting discouraged and I checked with Ed Carter, President of Broadway Stores, to find out if my contention was right about the union angle and he

confirmed my opinion. I carried this story to Harold Wright of the Chamber of Commerce, as there were some doubters there also. Then I called upon my old friend and adviser, Lynn Beebe, one of the outstanding attorneys in Los Angeles, and a member of one of its oldest law firms. Lynn told me that there was a provision in the charter allowing the Mayor to subpoena witnesses to a meeting for the purpose of obtaining information. This was in the early days when the city didn't have technical staffs and this was their method of getting information for the preparation of the budget. This provision had not been repealed. Although the Mayor could subpoena witnesses, he did not have the power to enforce the subpoena or compel them to testify.

This information was enough for me. I now knew how I would dramatize this whole story, and with Al Williams, my number one man, we proceeded to do just that. We also called Lieutenant Joe Stephens in on the show. He gave us the names of friendly witnesses and also contacted them and alerted them and reviewed their story so that I could ask the direct and pertinent questions. On the advice of Lieutenant Stephens, we were to have these hearings in not-too-large a hall, so that the opposition could not fill it and break it up, as we still had limited powers. Of course, I would subpoena everyone, including the rubbish collectors,

dump owners, and Matula (labor leader), as well as our friendly witnesses who were being run out of business. We were to hold the hearings in the large reception room of the Mayor's suite.

There were only about fifty seats available, as the balance of the room would be taken up by the press, TV cameras, and witnesses. We arranged through Lieutenant Stephens to have half of those spectator seats filled with plainclothes officers of the Police Department.

Al Williams released some news stories of what probably would be brought out at the hearings, and that really started the political pot boiling around City Hall and the County offices. Just drop an inkling and it is enlarged to mountainous size within a short time around political offices. We didn't have to ask the TV representatives to be there--they were requesting space, which we anticipated.

A few days before the scheduled hearings and after the list of all people subpoenaed had been made public, I received a call from Asa Call, stating that he must see me that afternoon and that he was bringing Lynn Beebe. He started in a very general way complimenting me on my administration and the courage I had shown, but he went on to state that sometimes a person went too fast and only his friends could tell him of the pitfalls ahead. Then he became specific and mentioned the hearings and

the importance of eliminating smog, but that I shouldn't start a fight with some strong political forces which might completely wipe me out of political existence. He very calmly told how we could control our own actions, but sometimes, as crusaders, we tried to interfere too much in other people's lives--that we should take a second thought and review the situation and if necessary, hesitate. I then very bluntly asked him if he was suggesting that I postpone the hearings. He stammered and stuttered, and before he could answer I asked him if Herb Legg had asked him to see me. He said, "Yes."

During this entire conversation, Lynn Beebe had just sat there. And I might say after they had left, he called me back to state that he had been asked to sit in without the full details. I could believe it.

I took over the conversation from then on and told him that if it was a complete flop, I was still going on with the hearings. I then told him the true story, which I really doubt that he knew. In fact, I think he was convinced that I should go ahead as he never realized the racket and how far-reaching it could be into Los Angeles business affairs. I also told him I was positively not going to involve any public office-holders outside of City government; that I was not the District Attorney. He had that information.

We started the hearings and, of course, turned away

spectators on account of the small hearing room. Frankly, I knew very few in the audience. As per schedule, the small operators were there, and I had the right questions for the answers they could dramatically give. Live television was eating it up, as well as the press.

After we had questioned the friendly witnesses, I then started calling for the big operators, dump owners, and labor leader Matula. Up jumped John Stevenson, 250-pound lawyer for the Teamsters, demanding that he be heard, and as I tried to talk to him, he tried to talk me down by shouting about the kangaroo-court tactics. I told him that these were my hearings and I determined the rules. I would only hear the principals. He shouted louder, and with a few sympathizers in the audience, it looked as if they would obtain their objective--break up the meeting. But I just said, "Officers, throw them out," and television got the prize picture of the year when twenty-five plainclothes officers arose at once and these people were removed from the room, still shouting. I knew that I hadn't obtained any new information, but I had accomplished what I wanted and that was to dramatically have this story told to the public. I might say that, as I look back at my scrapbook, I see the pictures of a few involved Councilmen sitting in the audience. Incidentally, that tape recording of the conversation between the operators and Matula as to



what Councilmen they could control, was played back for the record and I was glad to note that they were there at the hearings.

The stage was now set to have the necessary ordinances passed through the Council and to prepare the financial program to buy the trucks and equipment needed.

This went through the Council in due time, with no outward opposition. However, Harold Henry, who had been the President of the Council the term before, and was an outspoken advocate of the private collectors, tricked the other members of the Council into a certain wording in one of the ordinances. I say "tricked" advisedly, because the City Attorney advised that this was unnecessary wording. The net result was that by this phraseology, the opponents were able to bring it up for a referendum vote by the people, providing they obtained a certain number of signatures within a given time. The professionals could get those signatures for a price, which they did. This meant that rubbish collection would be held up until the spring election of 1957. In the meantime, the County Board of Supervisors had given us an extension of time in ordering the elimination of backyard incinerators.

This was one election when there was no trouble collecting campaign funds. The business world realized that they could not afford to take a chance on having Los Angeles tied up by a combine of racketeers. The

opposition used many arguments, such as "socialism" and "too much power in the hands of public officials," etc. We won by a 3 to 1 majority and thus ended the first and biggest chapter on rubbish.

Ray Leheney, the top Teamster leader in Los Angeles, and President of my Traffic Commission, had tipped me off before that Matula was, in his opinion, promoting a racket not to the advantage of the city.

An editorial appeared in the Mirror-Daily News of Thursday, July 23, 1955:

A MOVE TOWARD BARRING MONOPOLY. Action has been taken by the Board of Supervisors looking toward acquisition of 4 public dumps by Los Angeles County. The action is welcome. It marks one of the few clear-cut, decisive steps in the long controversy over rubbish collection vs. the backyard incinerator.

Without quoting anymore, I will say that the County put dumps in various locations throughout the County, and, of course, this was the first step to break up the monopoly.

On June 30, 1955, an editorial appeared in the Herald-Citizen-News, which read:

VALUABLE SERVICE. Supervisor Herbert Legg declined the opportunity to appear personally at the Mayor Poulson hearing and denied implications that he has been connected with some individuals who have been identified as involved in an alleged monopoly of the rubbish disposal business. Instead of a personal appearance, the Supervisor sent a letter so that his position "may not be misinterpreted or misunderstood...." Supervisor

Legg's lengthy letter has contributed nothing except to ease the Supervisor's conscience. Mayor Poulson's courage in exposing the connection of some Union leaders with rubbish monopolies is to be commended. Not often will a public figure do anything to intimate that any union leader ever did anything wrong. Also commendable is the Mayor's exposing of the ownership of some of the rubbish dumps that have become part of the monopoly. Some of the owners are politically powerful, as well as rich.

Another editorial appeared in the Mirror-Daily News, reading:

LEGISLATIVE INQUIRY ON RUBBISH. You've got to hand it to the Mayor. He showed a lot of courage digging into the smelly trash collection racket. And you have got to admit he lifted the lid on some pretty putrid things which deserve a more thorough look-see. Strictly on the record of past performance, you must conclude that the Grand Jury, guided by District Attorney S. Ernest Roll, probably won't come up with enough of the answers. Although we think a lot of good could come from a fair, hard-hitting, thorough Legislative inquiry.

To make a long story short, the Legislature did send down an investigating committee and they had very extensive hearings. Of course, we had brought up some of the information and they did go into some private ownership of dumps, but they steered clear of any connection between the Supervisors and the dumps during this investigation. Frank Matula, the union leader, committed perjury. Of course, there was nothing else for the District Attorney to do but prefer charges against him. He was convicted and given a very mild sentence,

approximately six months in the County jail. The juicy political gossip was that he was let off during the day-time to take care of his business and according to those stories he had very lavish sleeping quarters, as good as he would have at home. I wasn't interested in that. My main objective was to expose the racket and to be able to proceed in an orderly fashion for the Municipal collection.

## XV

### MORE PROBLEMS AND POLITICS

Of course, you solve one problem and you have ten waiting to be solved. As my secretary, Miss Webb, said to me one day, "Mr. Mayor, it seems as though the more problems you solve, the more problems you get."

In July, 1955, we had a transit strike, and the people who were suffering were those with low incomes and no automobiles to ride to work, and the economy was being upset in many ways. As I had found out from past experience, emergencies like this require action and courage. You try to get the best advice possible and then you act. After conferring with top legal advisors and with some practical business men, it was pointed out that the City could license jitney buses to transport people and that we didn't have to buy off the streetcar companies, which I and others thought was being forced on the public. The manner by which they were forcing this action on the public was by not being too anxious to settle with the unions, and a clamor would be raised to buy the streetcar companies out. I surmised that they were anxious to do this because their equipment was old, obsolete, and dilapidated. Therefore, I issued a directive that the City would license jitney buses and

this really caused a furor from both the streetcar companies and the unions. Quoting from the Los Angeles Times of July 24, 1955:

THE MAYOR HAS FOUND A BIG STICK.... If the transit strike is settled--if the union membership accepts the revised terms today--much of the credit will belong to Mayor Poulson. He found a formula for solving the strike by by-passing it. He shocked the company and the union by showing them that the city government legally can, and would, license an emergency system of transportation, and that the city is free to set up its own permanent public transportation system at any time it chooses, with no compulsion to buy the properties of private lines. This cleared the air. For the strike in part has been a demonstration against the Los Angeles public and its city government to soften them up for a municipal purchase of the transit lines properties for the benefit of the company and of the employees who would acquire city Civil Service status. The Mayor's counter-demonstration got the public out of the corner where the combined operation of company and union had pushed it.

However, the truth of the matter is that I realized this would be a very cumbersome manner of transporting people, but I had to go ahead, and both the unions and the streetcar company knew that I would carry it out unless they got together, as that was my record. Therefore, they settled the strike in short order but not without criticising me in many ways. The union called me the biggest strike-breaker in Los Angeles. I had said to myself when I first became Mayor that I was going to be a forceful Mayor, was going to act, and was not going to do any pussyfooting.

On July 25, the Los Angeles Examiner headlined their paper "TRANSIT STRIKE ENDS."

On September 23, 1955, the Herald-Express ran an article,

RUBBISH COLLECTION INDICTMENTS. Lest we forget, it was Mayor Poulson who started the wheels in motion which has resulted in Grand Jury indictments, and possible further indictments, in connection with rubbish collection. Despite considerable opposition, the Mayor insisted that there should be a Grand Jury investigation and we believe he deserves the thanks of the people for having held fast to his stand.

They went on to take credit for backing me up on the line. You wonder why I looked so ragged and bedraggled toward the end of my second term, but you can see why when you go through the scrapbook and see all the scraps that I have been in.

Now, I want to tell you about another scrap I was in and that was with the Defense Department of the U.S. Government. I had never thought of being in such an argument but here is how it came about. At this particular time they were installing Nikes throughout the country, as that was the defense of that time against air attack. As everyone knows, the Defense Department decides where they want something and that is about all there is to it; they just go ahead and condemn the property regardless of its use. In this particular case, they selected a Nike site on the Coast, directly at the

end of the runway at the Los Angeles International Airport. This would not affect the type of planes we were using at that time, but the experts told us that with the advent of the jets we would need a much longer runway and that the Nike site would be a great hazard to the Airport. We protested, but like all of the other cities in the country, we weren't getting anywhere. Then I decided to go to Washington and I took with me one of my assistants, Colonel Frye Herbert, who had recently spent many years in the Pentagon. I contacted Congressmen, Senators, and the Secretary of Defense, and wasn't getting anywhere until Colonel Herbert came up with the following information. Recommendations had been made in Los Angeles by a mere captain and passed on to Washington and here the high officers, generals, and the Secretary of Defense, were fighting for this captain's recommendation. I told them I would take this to the press and get on the air and expose how little real study had been made of the whole situation. The net result was that it was called off and they located the Nike about half a mile further off, which they could have done in the first place and avoided the controversy. I was active with the U.S. Congress of Mayors at that time and there was a lot of joking about the only guy who could whip the Army.

I had another argument with the Civil Defense---it



was at a meeting called by the Director of Civil Defense in Washington, D.C. All of the mayors and officers of the larger cities were there. Val Peterson, formerly Governor of Nebraska, was the U.S. Director, and he presented a very elaborate plan for evacuating cities and going to the countryside. After his various department heads had presented the story, I asked for the floor and inquired as to how the plan would apply to Los Angeles. He suggested that the people go to the hills. This was my opening, and I told the group that we had mass traffic jams from just having part of the people trying to get out of the city in the evening, but if they had a disaster and there was panic in the air it would be just utter chaos. Furthermore, I stated that if they went to the hills there would be no food and water and besides they would be ~~corralled~~ and more people could be destroyed by fire that way than with bombs. This ended the discussion and started a boomerang throughout the country. Governor Knight came up with a modified plan and I just had to oppose it and it fell by the wayside. In fact, the records have proved that I was right, there is no practical Civil Defense. Our only solution is a strong offense. All of these programs were theoretical but not practical.

On November 4, 1955, I spoke at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, and the headline in the San Francisco

News was "FEATHER RIVER'S A STATE JOB SAYS LOS ANGELES MAYOR." The Call-Bulletin of November 4th says, "RIVER PROJECT UP TO STATE SAYS LOS ANGELES MAYOR." I mention this because I want to show that I was active in advocating a State water project as early as 1955. It was passed in a bond issue in November, 1960. It was under the leadership of Governor Brown. I was the chairman of the Southern California campaign.

An editorial of November 18th in a Democratic paper, the Los Angeles Free Press, read,

LET'S TALK POLITICS. It is hereby predicted that Mayor Norris Poulson will run for Governor of California in 1958, barring upsets. This prediction, and we seldom make predictions, is based upon several developments and comments from qualified observers. The latest of these developments is the Mayor's address to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco. As far as we know this is the first time that a Mayor of Los Angeles has ever addressed this highbrow, silk-stocking organization that carries such weight in Northern California. Mayor Poulson made a heavy pitch for the Feather River project association, which is the only project being seriously discussed that would bring water to Southern California from the North. [It goes on to say that] The Mayor, when he was a Congressman, fought all of the time for California's water rights and he could be given most of the credit for the failure of Arizona to take from the Colorado River, which Southern California claims as its right. Now he is back in the water fight, and in a way that is becomingly increasingly popular.

In 1955, one of the big issues in politics was the rapid transit system, or what to do about it. An editorial in the Herald-Express of January 24, 1956, reads,

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

312 NORTH SPRING STREET

LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA

PEIRSON M. HALL

JUDGE

February 10, 1956.

Honorable Norris Poulson, Mayor  
City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

My dear Mayor Poulson:

It troubled me very greatly to see that you had to pay a \$5.00 fine on account of parking in front of the Hollywood Legion Stadium at the fight the other night.

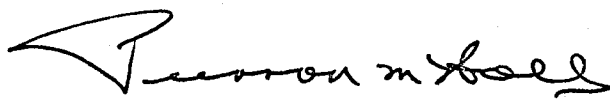
As I recall, there were five persons in your car and I was one of the guests. So I think it is only fair that I should contribute my dollar -- even though by doing so I do not admit any culpability or criminal intent or actual violation of any law.

Best regards,

Sincerely yours,

Encl. -\$1.00

PMH:mr

  
Peirson M. Hall.

Reference Parking Ticket



OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

March 5, 1956

Dear Norris:

Not only once but twice in the last several days have you registered your strong support, and I'm sure you know how much I appreciate it.

Your "rising to the defense" on the television program with Mayor Dilworth was one of those times when it particularly counts, and I am none the less appreciative of the telegram which came in connection with the President's announcement that he will accept renomination.

It was certainly good to see you just the other day, and I'm only sorry that these occasions are all too infrequent.

I am grateful for your friendship and your continued loyal support.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature of Richard Nixon, written in dark ink, is positioned above the printed name.

Richard Nixon

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles 12, California

RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM. There seems to be hardly a dissenting voice on the proposal that the Greater Los Angeles Metropolitan area and other Southern California cities must have a modern rapid transit system. Mayor Norris Poulson, in his weekly broadcast, made a masterful presentation of the problem..... The Mayor pointed to the great economic loss when one man rides alone in an automobile to and from work. "The family budget," he said, "must bear the burden of gasoline and oil costs when it should be going into essential needs of a family, such as schooling, recreation, and even food and clothing."

You always have to have a little fun, and everyone in public office does a little clowning. Firstly, I always did because I had fun and I liked it. I went to a prizefight with a group of friends, and the driver of the city car made a mistake and parked in a red zone. Someone seeing a chance to have a little fun, suggested to a policeman that he place a ticket on the automobile. Everyone expected me to tear up the ticket but instead I looked at it, stuck it in my pocket and told the officer I was entitled to be pinched! That, of course, brought a lot of pictures and the next day I went to Police Court and paid my fine, and of course that made publicity.

Nixon often spoke of this incident, but I doubt if he does now since I supported Governor Brown over him in the gubernatorial race. In the 1956 Presidential primaries, the California delegation was divided into three divisions--one-third were selected by Senator Knowland, one-third selected by Vice-President Nixon,

and one-third by Governor Knight. I was selected by Vice-President Nixon as one of his delegates. Before all campaigns, the newspapers have to have some stories and one of them was that there was a move on to dump Nixon. The morning of the opening of the convention in San Francisco, Erna and I boarded a plane and there was Nixon and Pat Nixon, his two brothers and mother. Dick asked me if I would be on the alert for any monkey business they might try to pull when we organized the California delegation.

Sure enough, when we had our meeting, it was opened by the Chairman of the State Republican Central Committee and the first order of business was to elect a chairman. Governor Knight thought he should be because he was Governor, and Senator Knowland thought he should be because he was the Republican leader in the Senate. Tempers flared and Governor Knight threatened to leave with his third of the delegation, which of course would be dynamite for Dick Nixon. It would look bad and the press would certainly play it up. Some of the young Congressmen who were on Nixon's side, said "Let him leave." Dick nodded to me and I got up and asked for the floor and moved that we recess for ten minutes. The young "Turks" shouted it down but the temporary chairman asked for a vote and State Senator Tony De Lap kept the tally. I looked over his shoulder, and I must say that he made

it come out the way he wanted it and they recessed for ten minutes. Bill Knowland was on one side of the hall and "Goodie" Knight was on the other side; both stubborn and acting like little boys. A few calm individuals finally worked out this compromise after two hours-- Governor Knight was to chair the meetings but Senator Knowland was to be the head of the delegation in presenting the name of Nixon to the convention. If any of you have been in conventions before, you can imagine what could happen or might have happened if the California delegation had not supported its native son, Dick Nixon. At this meeting, everybody complimented me on my timing with my motion to recess.

When I first ran for Mayor, there was a bond issue on the ballot, placed there by the Bowron Administration, for an enlarged airport. It failed and it was due to the fact that they had not educated the public on the necessity of preparing for the future. The opposition had argued why should the City build an airport for the entire surrounding metropolitan area, including Orange and Ventura Counties. There was some argument there, but Los Angeles received even that benefit of getting people from those areas into the City. The need was increasing and with a very progressive Airport Commission, headed by Don Belding, a partner in the national advertising firm of Foote, Cone and Belding, to spearhead the drive,

they found an ideal man to head the bond issue drive for \$59,000,000 which at that time was considered enormous. The man was Charles Detoy, former President of the LA Chamber of Commerce and head of one of the largest real estate firms in California. They raised a couple of hundred thousand dollars for campaign funds and educated the public, and the bond issue went over big. I will say for myself that I had been very fortunate in getting big men to serve the city. I never professed to be the mental giant back of these moves.

I have heard many stories of why people wouldn't convict anyone upon circumstantial evidence. I certainly have one here. In fact the circumstantial evidence was first used by the Los Angeles Examiner, when they thought I was talked into running the second time by the Los Angeles Times and then again it came up in a slander suit by James Arditto against George Putnam, television commentator. My testifying against Putman in a conversation I had with Putman made a mortal enemy of George and he attacked me from that time on until I left office. He didn't confine himself to the truth either. Then Yorty used it as his great campaign issue when he defeated me by that slim margin of 16,000 votes in a big city. He also, as an attorney, knew better but he didn't confine himself to the truth either.

Therefore, I am going to detail the entire deal.



Incidentally, the State Legislature sent down a special investigating committee and they came up with this same story. The major oil companies at that time were leading the fight (in the background) to discourage governmental agencies from contracting with anyone but a major oil company. This at least was the scuttlebutt.

Each department of city government, through its commission, makes all contracts with outsiders for the subject matter coming within the jurisdiction of that particular department. The Mayor does not contract for anything; he only has the right of assent or veto when later an ordinance is passed pertaining to this contract. Heretofore, everyone thought the tidelands, just outside the Los Angeles Harbor, was under the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles Harbor or Harbor Commission. Frank Waters, early in 1956, asked the City Attorney for a ruling. A ruling was handed down that no department had jurisdiction over this area and therefore the CITY COUNCIL was the bargaining agency and was authorized to contract for any oil drilling in this area. I remember seeing the notice of the City Attorney's ruling but gave it no thought as neither did the major oil companies. Frank Waters evidently started quietly lobbying the various Council members and especially the committee of the Council handling that matter.

Shortly after I returned from the Olympic Games, a

contract was entered into between the City Council and a group headed by my good friends Frank Waters, James Arditto, and Noah Dietrich, and others. It was as much a surprise to me as it was to the major oil companies and the general public. I was immediately contacted by the leaders of the oil industry and they personally called on me individually. I convinced them that I absolutely had no part of said contract and that it was the Council and they had unanimously voted for the contract. I also pointed out the story about the ruling, which they had plainly paid no attention to. Then they started on the members of the Council, but they couldn't criticize the royalty (which was higher than they had been paying)--they did criticize the fact that no cash bonus had been paid. Strange, I had appointed a citizens' committee a year before in connection with drilling within the harbor, and they had recommended that the city ask more royalty and no bonus! The Council members referred to that.

Then here is the "joker." After every contract is made in any department or with the City Council, the procedure is to send it to the City Clerk to have him ATTEST to same, which is equivalent to a notary public signature to any usual document. Instead it was sent to me to ATTEST and I objected on the basis that this was not usual procedure. The City Attorney ruled that they could mandamus or compel me to sign, inasmuch as I

was not a party to said contract but a public official witnessing same. I didn't want to make a big public protest as there was no evidence nor ever has been since, that this was illegal or that there was any corruption connected with same. These were my personal friends and it was a contract to drill oil, but OIL is always a bad word in California as it applies to politics! I couldn't find out, nor ever did, who was responsible for having me NOTARIZE, or ATTEST to the contract. The oil companies made a great protest about the deal but never implicated me with it after they found out the facts--just blamed certain Councilmen.

Now as I have said before, it is then necessary for the Council to pass an ordinance formally completing the deal. This is necessary because the Council has to pass a similar ordinance for every contract entered into by any other department of the city, and this serves as a double check. The Mayor can either affirm or veto. It takes a two-thirds vote of the Council to override the Mayor's veto. So the Council passed the ordinance on the oil drilling contract while I was out of the city and the President of the Council, who is the acting Mayor in such cases, signed the ordinance.

I will have to admit that it all looked "fishy," as it was not handled in a circumspective manner. You will hear later how the opposition twisted the facts,

but I would like to differentiate between attesting and approving. On attesting, it states in brief "The Council this day passed, etc. Attested to by \_\_\_\_\_." On the ordinance, the Mayor signed in brief, "The Council this day passed, etc. Approved \_\_\_\_\_." The Mayor is a witness in one case and a party to in the other case. The IRONY of this was the fact that they soon drilled dry holes and no oil has ever been found, but they continued to scream OIL SCANDAL AND THE MAYOR SIGNED IT. A half-truth is the most vicious lie that can be told. However, that is politics and you have to be able to take it.

As Mayor of the third largest city in the United States, I naturally entertained officially and unofficially many distinguished guests from foreign countries. Looking through my scrapbook I see a picture with Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who was interested in visiting our airplane factories and was to speak at a special sponsored meeting of the Chamber of Commerce on the then much discussed "European Common Market." Then two months later a picture with the French Ambassador, Maurice Couve de Murville. This is interesting because at this moment he is the French Minister of Foreign Affairs (February, 1965) and is here in Washington discussing the Viet Cong crisis with President Johnson.

In May of 1956, President Sukarno of Indonesia visited

Los Angeles and spoke at the World Affairs luncheon.

I remember meeting him at the airport and taking him to his hotel in the big City car. This airport happened to be Lockheed Terminal and as I brought him in through the Hollywood hills, he would look up and ask me what movie actor or actress lived there. I had to explain to him that they didn't have all the big beautiful homes and that there were many people in the Los Angeles area with more money and larger homes than the movie stars. He was dumfounded, as he thought that Los Angeles, or Hollywood, was just a movie colony. I then told him that motion pictures in dollar volume (including films sold in foreign countries) only ranked seventh in the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Aircraft was number one, and then electronics, and heavy machinery, etc. He visited LA three times while I was Mayor, and I noticed that they always brought a girl friend from New York for him. His attachés, used to Asiatic customs, were a problem with the police in their quest for women.

## XVI

### CAMPAIGN FOR A SECOND TERM AS MAYOR

On September 7, 1956, I made an announcement that I would not seek another term. I never was more sincere in my life and I will now tell the reasons back of this statement. I will admit that I am egotistical enough to quote part of this Mirror-News story.

Mayor Poulson plans to retire from public life July 1, 1957. He announced his plans today in a lengthy statement to City Council in which he reviewed accomplishments of his administration and urged candidates to succeed him to come forward. The Mayor's wife Erna, and daughter, Mrs. Alfred Brandt, who were seated in the chamber, were in tears as he concluded his statement. But they were happy tears. Even Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman's voice broke when she recalled that she was treated with nothing but fairness whenever she had occasion to visit his office, even though she is a Democrat and Poulson is a Republican. Other Councilmen, like Don Allen, Everett Burkhalter and Ernest Debs, who had served with the Mayor in the Legislature, echoed the remarks of Council President John S. Gibson, that he had served his State well as an Assemblyman, his nation well as a Congressman and the City as a Mayor. In former days we used to refer to the corner pocket as the "icebox," said Councilman Harold Harby. You had to wear an overcoat with a fur collar when you went in there. But there was nothing but friendliness and warmth as long as you occupied it.

There was much publicity concerning this announcement and a scramble among prospective candidates. There were editorials commending me upon my administration.

HASKINS & SELLS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

67 BROAD STREET

NEW YORK 4

January 8, 1957.

The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Mayor of Los Angeles,  
City Hall,  
Los Angeles 12, California.

Dear Norris:

It was a typically gracious thing for you to do to write so fully under the date of January 4th on your plans. As I told you over the telephone, we regret, indeed, that we cannot have you with H. & S. as we had rather counted on this ever since Gabe came in. However, I realize what you are doing and why you are doing it and cannot but have a deeper admiration for you.

All of us will be thinking of you during your next term as Mayor and, of course, if things come up during your term in which we can be of assistance to you, you know it would be both a privilege and a pleasure. Naturally we shall see you on and off during these years and thereby keep in touch with you.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,



Two of my very good friends, Councilman [John] Gibson and Airport Commissioner Belding, were announced for the office, including many others, not close friends. There were feature stories on Mrs. Poulson's life to date as well as my experiences as Mayor.

Now as to why I decided to retire. Back in 1920, I was office manager and head bookkeeper for the O'Bryant Grain Company, a subsidiary of the Pacific Grain Company, a multi-million dollar concern. That fall, we were getting \$2.35 per bushel for wheat in Baker County, and in the spring of 1921 the price was 85¢ per bushel. This not only wrecked the big grain and milling companies in the Northwest but likewise hit the farmers. As a result, Haskins & Sells, an international accounting firm, came in to audit the books for the creditors. This inspired both Erna and me, and I later became an accountant, as I have told earlier.

After I had studied accounting from the Walton School of Commerce correspondence course, I started looking for a job with a major accounting company before I had become a certified public accountant. The first place I went to, of course, was Haskins & Sells. I can remember how the executive partner, Fred Hahn, was very courteous to me, but, of course, they were only interested in university graduates or at least an accountant who had his CPA certificate. This was what I was up against in



most places. I got my certificate in 1933.

In 1945, I became associated as a partner in the accounting firm of Gabrielson & O'Sullivan, and it became Gabrielson, O'Sullivan & Poulson (G.O.P.). Then in 1956, inasmuch as the firm had some very good clients (such as Ken Norris and his many enterprises), and these firms were branching out, it was to the mutual benefit of both Haskins & Sells and G.O.P. to be absorbed by Haskins & Sells. The partners had the option of becoming a limited partner in this international firm--a very complicated matter, and I will not explain it here. Now, I had not been active in accounting but there were many executive jobs for me, and, of course, public relations is not tabooed even with staid accountants. I must resign from the firm or not run again, and since I would be sixty-one years old, I would, under their system, start on the program of retiring or working one month less each year from the 60th Anniversary year until sixty-five, when I would be fully retired. I would be making \$20,000 a year and after retirement would get \$10,000 per year. Of course, the top partners were in the \$75 to \$100 thousand brackets. I would be way down the ladder but, anyway, to me it was like a Horatio Alger story, as here I was becoming a partner in a firm that had awed me in 1920 and couldn't employ me in 1925 because I wasn't a university graduate, which

I still wasn't. I must tell what intervened before I come to the climax of this story.

Shortly after I had made this announcement, I received an invitation from the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Australia (Frank Selkirk--wealthy Australian), to be their guest at the Olympic Games to be held in Melbourne in November of that year. This invitation was sent to the Mayors of all cities throughout the world in which the Olympic Games had previously been held. St. Louis and Los Angeles were the only two U.S. cities. We had the games in 1932. We were to pay our transportation but Melbourne would pay all expenses in Australia and furnish a car and driver.

I can remember very vividly the 1932 Olympic Games. Since boyhood I had followed them and I was not going to pass up this opportunity to see them. Our finances were not the best in 1932, but I borrowed money from my good friend, Noah Botwin, and we saw most of the events. Erna Bea was fifteen and Patricia thirteen, and we thought they were young ladies. I remember taking them out to the Olympic Village, where the foreign athletes lived, and the girls posed for pictures with athletes from foreign countries. The entire family was thrilled with the games, except Norrissa, and she was up in Oregon visiting her grandparents (Loennig) on the farm.

So you can see how thrilled I was to think that I

could close out my term as Mayor by representing the City at the Olympic Games. Councilman Ernie Debs (now a County Supervisor) presented an ordinance appropriating money for the transportation for both of us to Australia and back to Los Angeles. We purchased a ticket on Pan American Airways from LA to Honolulu, to Tahiti, to Sydney, Australia; from there to Melbourne and return to Singapore. Then to Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu, and Los Angeles. We paid for the additional cost.

The games were to be held in November, but as we realized this was south of the Equator and that would be equivalent to the last of May and everyone told us it would be warm, so we took summer clothing. However, we knew we would be going to Japan so we took some winter clothes too. I don't know when I ever experienced any colder weather than we found in Melbourne. However, the natives thought it was warm and all the foreigners were freezing; the department stores sold out their heavy underwear and it could not be purchased anywhere.

Paul Zimmerman (political editor of the LA Times) and his wife joined us one Sunday before the games on a trip through the countryside. It was most interesting and, while we didn't see kangaroos in their native state, we saw them in all the parks, of all description. The koala bear took our fancy.

The Americans liked the Australians. They seemed

just like the Canadians; just like our brothers and entirely different from the pompous Englishmen. However, there is one custom they carried over from the English--black tie for just an ordinary dinner, and white tie and tails about 50% of the time. I am glad that I rented one. Another feature entirely different than our City Hall--they had a beautiful banquet room and a cocktail bar.

I am not going to describe Sydney or Melbourne, as readers of this will probably have been there many times, but they were just then getting their first TV sets. In Sydney, I had lunch with the managing partner of Haskins & Sells, Deloitte-Plender. We had a good tour of the city with some Los Angeles friends who were also taking in the Olympic Games.

It was indeed a great thrill to be a United States citizen in this foreign country at the Olympic Games, where our athletes were winning the greater share of medals. After each event, they raised the flag of the respective countries of the first three participants and several times there would be three American flags. I had my camera with me and I got some wonderful pictures. We had perfect seats as honored guests, right at the finish line. One of the real heroes of the event was the Russian who broke a world's record for the 10,000 meters. The ten days that we spent there taking in the

Games and all of the social events, left us fatigued and we were glad that we had scheduled our trip home. We left Melbourne in the evening and flew to Darwin, which has tropical weather. We stayed over four or five hours and everyone in the plane had a steam bath. We then flew to Singapore, with its teeming millions. We had never seen as much poverty on one side of the street, so to speak, and luxury on the other. They were having a little revolution about twenty miles out of town and we were awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a representative from the American Embassy and told to pack our bags and get out to the airport within a certain time and that there would be a plane there to pick up the passengers. The night before, we were at a party where the American Consul General was present and at that time they had no fears.

From Singapore we went to Bangkok, Thailand, which is like the pictures from stories I had read of that country. They had beautiful women, who did all the heavy work--ran the cement mixers, did the street work and other similar jobs. I got a picture of one powdering her nose while she was mixing cement. The men I noticed were very frail, probably because they haven't worked much. That night in the hotel I met a neighbor of my sister Ethel in Oregon. She was on a world-wide tour--small world!

From Thailand we flew to Hongkong and I must tell this little experience. Shortly before, President Eisenhower had rebuked the English on the Suez Canal episode. On the plane flying into Hongkong there was a very distinguished-looking English couple, returning from London. They told us they had spent the war in Shanghai--they were exporters and evidently wealthy people. We enjoyed our visit. When we landed in Hongkong, they and Erna and I were given the red-carpet treatment and taken off in a special room to clear customs. Their son and daughter came in and ordered drinks, and when the waiter came back with them, he started to give them to Mrs. Poulson and I (of course, Mrs. Poulson doesn't drink). I started to take one, and this young Englishman jumped up and said, "No, no, over there first," pointing to his father. Well, I didn't raise any fuss, but I felt as good as the Englishman. Then to cap matters, the press came in for an interview with the Mayor of Los Angeles and he asked me about the Games and how I liked the Australian people. I said, "Great, they are just like us Californians." Then he asked me about the Suez Canal situation and here was my chance to take the young Englishman on. I said, "Well, we're just getting sick and tired of 10 Downing Street trying to run the world when she's lost her place. We're financing her and she's down the line now and we're just not taking orders."

That cured the young Englishman; he never said another word. That was headlined in the Hongkong papers and it got to England and oh, some of the tough letters I received from Englishmen, especially those living in Los Angeles.

Here in Hongkong, I could see some distant problems of this country, unless we have some form of birth control. They claimed they had 400,000 more people than Hongkong should normally have as far as accommodations. Outside of the business district, the filth and poverty was indescribable. Pan American Airways took Mrs. Poulson and me on a tour of the island. Luxury and poverty. We stayed at the best hotel and still the water was turned off except for two hours in the morning and one at eventide.

You cannot leave Hongkong without fine clothes. Some of my other friends from Los Angeles were returning from the Games and they all bought clothes and overcoats. The quality was fine but the fit, after we got back in America, left much to be desired!

From there we went to Tokyo, where, through friends, we were shown around by Navy personnel. I also had lunch with a Haskins & Sells partner who had lived formerly in Los Angeles. Then we took off for Honolulu for a much-needed rest of a week. We were guests of Fritz Burns in his Hawaiian Village. Mr. [Henry] Kaiser, Sr., was

living in his Village and was a partner in the venture with Fritz Burns. In Los Angeles style, they were reconverting those beaches into something fabulous. Here also I met and had dinner with the partners of Haskins & Sells. I mention all of this to show how I really thought I was going to retire. On December 12, 1956, I notice a picture in the scrapbook of Mrs. Poulson and I returning from Honolulu, wearing Hawaiian leis.

Now everything seemed to be tranquil and we were being entertained and they were planning a big retirement party for me sometime after the holidays. As I stated, most everyone considered that I was not running, and in fact I thought the same. However, there were groups who still had hopes that they could talk me into running again. One night Erna and I were discussing some of our personal problems and she just bluntly asked me, "What will happen to me as far as Haskins & Sells are concerned, if you should pass away?" I never felt so humiliated in my life, as I must admit I selfishly had not considered that angle, and here is the reason why. These large accounting firms all operate in the same way. It is assumed that you have saved enough money for your family and upon your passing, the partnership ends, and your family is paid a certain sum, depending upon your rating in the partnership. I didn't answer her question; I just said, "I am not going to join the firm,



I am going to run again." We then started to figure how much we could save on the \$25,000 a year, inasmuch as I had my Congressional pension and also income from the ranch, as well as Mrs. Poulson's ranch which she inherited in 1942, and also a retainer from Gabrielson, O'Sullivan & Poulson. We figured that if we lived in a modest apartment, we could pay off the mortgage and be in a good financial position.

The next morning, I realized that I had to face the facts and immediately called Frank Waters and Carl Williams, who had never quit trying to get me to run and I told them that I was going to run. I didn't tell them why--I just let them think that they had talked me into it! I arranged for a luncheon at Perino's in a special room, inviting Frank Waters, Carl Williams, Jim Arditto, Lloyd Menvig, and the press representatives from the Herald-Express, the Los Angeles Examiner, the Mirror-News, and the Times, and of course my press man, Al Williams. Then I told them the story and it sure was a bombshell. I stated to the press that I wanted to finish the jobs which I had started, because I didn't feel that I could tell them the real personal story. I would like to quote from a few of the editorials:

Los Angeles Times, December 29, 1956: MAYOR POULSON FOR SECOND TERM. Norris Poulson has been a very good Mayor of Los Angeles, so we rejoice along with the rest of his supporters because he has

decided finally to run for a second term. Los Angeles needs him for a while longer and the leading contenders for the office apparently think so too, for they withdrew as soon as the Mayor made his announcement. This was a very high tribute to Mr. Poulson's prestige and strength and it leaves him for the moment with no formidable opponent in the field."

Examiner, December 29, 1956: Mayor Poulson's first administration was marked by clean and efficient government, unmarred by scandal or distrust in the executive department. It would be reasonable to expect the same kind of clean government during a second term. He still has the same Police Department set up, whose efficiency usually makes or breaks a Mayor. . . .

The Mirror-News really put the bee on me and asked who talked me into it and I gave the story, which I am quoting in part: "DECISION ENTIRELY MY OWN. I am not the indispensable man under any circumstances. . . . Let's just say there was an accumulation of incidents which brought me to a decision. I made the decision, and I made it myself."

Before the campaign got under way, the Los Angeles Examiner had a feature writer come out with what was labeled "THE BIG OIL EXPOSE." They described this territory in most glowing terms, compared it to the billion-dollar oil field in the Long Beach Harbor, adjacent to the Los Angeles Harbor. Laymen might believe that because of the close proximity to the Long Beach Harbor there could be comparable oil outside the Los Angeles Harbor; however, oil men knew that you can get dry holes right next to an oil-producing area.

The feature writer of the Examiner then enlarged on the story of how friends of Poulson had succeeded in getting the Council to make a contract, and the article stated that Poulson signed the contract. They even went so far as to show my signature--the fine print above my signature, which shows that I had merely ATTESTED to the contract, was not very readable. The impression was left that I was a party to the contract with my friends and they greatly exaggerated, as many of these Hearst writers do, as to the value of the contract. This is the first time I ever demanded of a major newspaper that they correct and retract a statement, as I proved to them that I was not a party to the contract. They retracted the statement but it was on a back page in such a way that very few people noticed it.

From then on, I kept quiet and let the articles run their course. None of the other newspapers in Los Angeles mentioned those articles in any way, as they were feature articles of the Examiner. All of a sudden, the articles stopped and I got the story from the grapevine that Frank Payne, the publisher and a good friend of mine, ordered them shut off as he said, "You are crucifying an honest man."

Now I think this is a good time to quote the Examiner editorial when they endorsed me a couple of months later, on March 24, 1957:

BEST MAN FOR MAYOR. Among all the great cities of the nation, Los Angeles undoubtedly faces the most complex and urgent problems under the pressure of great and burgeoning growth. How we solve those problems will be determined largely by the caliber, ability and experience of our Chief Executive--the Mayor. It is this inescapable conclusion that leads the Examiner to urge the re-election of Mayor Norris Poulson on April 2nd. His career as Assemblyman and Congressman has given him valuable political and legislative experience. His 4 years as Mayor have proved his energy and diligence and, a rarity with municipal officials, the courage to admit error and change his mind when later developments show flaws in earlier decisions. . . .

Another trial came when the Examiner revealed the fast-and-loose methods by which City oil lands were being leased to intimates of the Mayor's official family.

Without question some of his closest advisors had taken the fullest advantage of their relationship. MR. POULSON'S PART IN THIS AFFAIR WAS TO SIGN THE PAPERS AS A CITY FUNCTIONARY, HIS DUTY UNDER THE CITY CHARTER. The Examiner turned the brightest glare of publicity on these maneuvers--all of which were legal--and showed serious laxity under the City Charter by which the public's resources can be bargained for without adequate safeguards. As a result of these disclosures, Mayor Poulson moved quickly to kill some leases, rescind others and initiate other creative measures. . . .

The reason why I am showing so much about this oil deal is because it was used against me so many times and I wanted to quote the Examiner when they stated that signing the papers was a functionary duty. That campaign was hot and heavy and many charges were made against me about the oil deal. The four other candidates continued

with this line and I never attempted to answer any of their charges, which were fabricated out of thin air.

At this same election we had the Rubbish Referendum and also a bond issue--the bond issue for parks, recreation, and zoo amounted to \$39,500,000. I spent my time campaigning for these issues, both of which passed by a 3 to 1 margin. There were two reasons for the bond issue passing; one was that we had one of the best heads of the Recreation Department in the entire United States, George Hjelte; the other reason was that the head of the Citizens' Group Bond Issue was a young man by the name of Stephen Gavin, former President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. In fact, I was so impressed with him that when Al Williams resigned to return to the Examiner (they had only given him a leave of absence for one term), I immediately tried to get Steve Gavin to take his place. Steve was with a life insurance company and doing well and it was difficult to convince him that he could benefit himself by serving in this position. He finally accepted the job and he was a great success. In fact, so successful that when I left office he became associated with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company and today he is one of the vice-presidents.

At this time, I am going to quote the entire Los Angeles Times editorial endorsing me for Mayor, because

it summarizes the past four years of accomplishment.

March 24, 1957:

WE STILL NEED MAYOR POULSON. It will surprise none of our readers to hear that we warmly endorse Mayor Norris Poulson for a second term. We shared the dismay of all those who admire him when the Mayor seemed determined not to run again, and we rejoiced with them when he changed his mind. Mayor Poulson came into office four years ago in a time of angry troubles, when the discontents and acrimonies of the City Hall, simmering for years, were boiling violently. The extraordinary business of the fastest-growing city in the world lay undone in deadlock. Poulson first brought peace, or truce, and after that, through natural friendliness and unusual candor, established a satisfactory working arrangement with the City Council. This was something that seemed unprecedented. Los Angeles had not experienced such harmony for 15 years. In this new climate of peace there was an opportunity to do much, and in four years much was done, the Mayor leading a confident and co-operative Council. The City made strides in expanding the essential services to meet the growth in population. First of all, after Mayor Poulson took office, a revision of the public-housing agreement with the Federal government was negotiated. This was the issue over which the previous administration exploded; after the change of leadership the settlement was made without anyone raising his voice. One of the major accomplishments of the four years was the study which resulted in the plan, already in partial operation, for municipal collection of combustible rubbish. The preparations, made under pressures which had a sinister tinge, demanded courageous leadership. The Mayor provided it and the Council followed him. The last echo in the fight will be heard the election day on which the Mayor seeks to be returned; on the same ballot is Proposition A, which asks the voters whether they favor municipal rubbish collection. A vote for Poulson would seem to require a YES vote on Proposition A as a corollary. It would put the stamp of approval on his most vigorous campaign for civic improvement. The list of achievements of the city government during the last four years is a long one; such a list prepared for campaign purposes covers 13 typewritten pages. Some of the other more important items:

Sewage disposal--The Mayor appointed a Citizens' Sewerage Committee whose findings helped to break a long

and dangerous deadlock and resulted finally in a \$60,000,000 bond issue for a start on solving the city's acute sanitary problem.

Public health--The Health Department has been reorganized through an efficient centralization of program control along with a sensible decentralization of field operations.

Airports--In 1953-54 a modern control program was installed as an integral part of the city's performance and budgeting system, and this has gained national and international recognition.

Slum clearance--The Building and Safety Department has been strongly supported in its slum-clearance project in the central area of the city which has resulted in the removal or demolition of 164 buildings; the elimination and control of blighted areas is being studied by a Mayoral committee and the first official redevelopment project, Ann Street, is well under way.

When Mayor Poulson, in a resurgence of good health, decided to run again, he said he had started some things that he wanted to see through. Among them is the rubbish collection program; another is reorganization of the City Planning Department, a matter close to his heart. The record urges his re-election. In 4 years he has done more for the city--and persuaded others to do more--than any Mayor in memory. He knows when to fight and he knows when to persuade. There will be a lot of civic developments within the next 4 years that will need his touch.

In Los Angeles, there is a system of voting that if a candidate wins more than 50% of the votes in the primary election, he or she is elected, and there is no need of a final election. I received 313,270 votes, or 60.8% of the total votes cast and was therefore elected in the primary.



State of California

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

SACRAMENTO

April 5, 1957

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
424 South Occidental  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norris:

Virginia and I would like to take this opportunity to add our congratulations on your landslide victory. This certainly represents a vote of confidence by all residents of Los Angeles for your excellent administration.

As you confront the challenges of the next four years, I am sure you will find comfort in the fact that your constituents recognize your outstanding leadership.

Virginia joins me in extending to you and Erna our best wishes for continued success.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Goodwin".

Governor

GJK:jp

Airmail



## XVII

### BEGINNINGS OF SECOND TERM

You will probably wonder what happened to me in the next term. As I look back, I can see that I lost some of my pep and vitality but I also had some big battles. Here is one thing you must realize--the more you do the more enemies you make. I always said that I wanted to be a mayor of action so that I could look back on some accomplishments and not just the fact that I was a popular, pleasant politician. I can, without contradiction, say that I accomplished more than my predecessor and certainly more than has been accomplished by Yorty up to date. I am listing here some of the bond issues that were passed and in which I made a lot of enemies, but when I look back the airport bond issue had been defeated twice under Mayor Bowron and the Bowron Administration could never get the courage to put the sewage bond on the ballot. The same was true of flood control.

1955 - Sewers	\$ 60,000,000
1955 - Fire Department	4,000,000
1956 - Airport	59,700,000
1957 - Parks, Zoo	39,500,000
1957 - Library	4,400,000
1958 - Police	12,400,000
1958 - Flood Control	<u>64,613,200</u>
	\$244,613,200

There wasn't any department of city government but where you had controversy. As an example, the Health Department had many complaints about inspectors asking restaurant owners to give free meals and liquor and so forth. When Dr. Gaspard became president of the Board, he immediately cut those complaints to a minimum. We had the most complaints from the Building and Safety Department, where the inspectors checked over all construction work, whether it was new or repairs. Gilbert Morris, a very able manager, after getting my permission, took into his department some private detectives and had them working among the other inspectors. They uncovered a lot of petty chiseling and, when the men involved were immediately discharged and lost their pension benefits, this, of course, had its good effect but it still required continuous checking.

Now I want to say emphatically that the great majority of the city employees were honest in every way. It was the few who brought discredit to the great majority, and when you realize that we had more than 15,000 employees, you can see that the unscrupulous number were a very very small minority. I would say from my experience in private business, that city employees as a whole were more honest, and I think the reason is that there are less pressures on them.

Of all the departments where you would expect

tranquility, would be the Art Department. However, there were many bitter arguments between citizens' groups working with this Department over modern and conventional art. I appointed my daughter, Norrissa Brandt, to the commission; not that she was an artistic but she was a great diplomat and could help to quell these different factions.

If I had not had a sense of humor and could enjoy a little fun, I doubt if I could have stood the strain of that terrific job as Mayor of Los Angeles. Even in the most serious crisis, I could always enjoy a good humorous story.

The League of California Cities at their annual convention, always had a luncheon put on by the Mayor of the host city. We were supposed to furnish the entertainment. I got Wally Westmore, head of Paramount Studios Make-up Department, and attorney Lester Richmond (who looked like me)--Wally made himself and the two of us up with gray Homberg hats, which were mine, and black horn-rimmed glasses like I wear, identical suits and ties and even the same style shirt. The meeting started off with a TV star as the Master of Ceremonies and, as he was introducing the distinguished guests, first one of us came in, hung his hat on the hat rack, sat at one of the three vacant seats, then the other came in, hung his hat, and sat down. The chairman looked

aghast and said nothing; finally I came in, hung my hat, and sat near the end of the table, and I swear that the audience didn't know which one was Poulson. As the chairman mentioned my name, all three rose simultaneously, and from then on it was a riot. I might add that the other two had practiced some of my mannerisms, which added to the confusion.

Nothing of note can be accomplished overnight, in fact many of the big projects started under my administration are still in progress, four years later. For example, the Community Redevelopment or Urban Renewal Program is just now getting results. William T. Sesnon was the first president of this commission under Mayor Bowron. I re-appointed him and Mayor Yorty did likewise. He is a wealthy man with no personal axes to grind but devoted to cleaning up these slums. We cleaned up what was known as "Skid Row" on 5th Street, where the "down-and-outers" lived, and naturally where you found accompanying vices. There are respectable businesses and warehouses there now.

The Bunker Hill Project was started under my administration and all of the necessary ordinances were passed and taken to get it underway. However, we had the usual lawsuits from those people who believe in a status quo city and these lawsuits were not finalized until a year after I left office. Now, in 1965, ground

is just being broken for the first large building--a forty-story office building.

Under Mayor Bowron's administration, the voters passed a much-needed bond issue for the new Health Department building and a new Police Department building. It was not completed until after I became Mayor, but when it was dedicated, I had both Mayor Bowron's name and mine placed on it, designating that it was started under Mayor Bowron's administration and finished under mine. It was an entirely different story with Sam Yorty. We passed a \$59,000,000 bond issue for an airport in 1956; the first year was spent making plans for what has proved to be the most functional airport in the United States, while O'Hare Airport in Chicago, Dulles Airport in Washington, and Kennedy Airport in New York, are larger and cost more but are not nearly as functional as the Los Angeles Airport. The runways, the tower, administration offices, and the United Air Lines Building were completed before I left office; in fact, then Vice-President Johnson officially dedicated them. The balance of the buildings was not completed until six or eight months later, due to a jurisdictional strike, but Mr. Yorty only placed his own name on the plaque. Well, that is the fortunes of politics. Here he is taking credit for construction started five years before he ever became Mayor. The same thing happened with the Harbor Terminal and the San Pedro Police Station.

## XVIII

### THE DODGERS AND CHAVEZ RAVINE

As a great baseball fan, little did I think that this would be one of the hottest issues in my last term as Mayor. I remember being present at two of the 1955 World Series Games when Brooklyn won the pennant from the New York Yankees. I sat in the bleachers in deep centerfield, rooting for Brooklyn, and little did I think that I would be other than a Brooklyn rooter.

I have written earlier about being pressured by the Los Angeles Examiner to try and get the St. Louis Browns to come to Los Angeles. As I stated then, I was not interested because they did not have a good team or baseball organization. Then in 1956, when the Washington Senators had publicly stated that they were going to move from Washington, Mr. Griffith, one of the owners, called on Norman Chandler. Norman referred them to another group of citizens, but he called me and told me about it. I told him I certainly was not interested and would not push for them, for the simple reason that I had seen them play too many times in Washington, D.C., and they were also "tail-enders." They later went to Minneapolis after the Giants announced they were going to San Francisco, which you will hear about later. I publicly stated that I would only work for a top team,

as Los Angeles rated the best because we had championship teams in football and track and other athletic activities.

Now, since this was really the one big continuous issue throughout the second term, it would take too much space to go into detail. Therefore, I am going to include a concise story of it, which was written by Melvin Durslag, (sports editor of the Herald-Examiner) as a ghostwriter for me, for a magazine. It doesn't completely satisfy me, as I think there are some important facts omitted. Therefore, I will elucidate a little more on the over-all picture and will enlarge upon some points brought out in the Durslag version.

Since the opponents kept shouting "giveaway," I want to state that the City Charter and State laws absolutely prohibit Los Angeles from making any gift. Now it is true that the original 185 acres only cost us \$800,000 when I negotiated for it from the Federal Government in closing out a housing deal, but we had tried to dispose of same.

The surrounding neighborhoods were not conducive to residential apartments, and the hills and canyons were considered detrimental for any other use, and for that reason we could find no one interested in this property.

Now the negotiator for Los Angeles, Chad McClellan,

was a former president of both the National Association of Manufacturers and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. You can see he was an outstanding business man and had no personal interest in anything pertaining to this arrangement. He obtained an estimate from the then assessor [John R. Quinn] that the taxes would be about \$350,000 per year, after O'Malley spent his \$15 million on construction. However, as of today (1965) the taxes are \$800,000 per annum.

San Francisco built a municipal ball park--Candlestick Park--and it is not used for other athletics because they have better facilities near the center of the city. San Francisco barely receives enough rent from the Giants to pay their interest and all of the upkeep. I personally believe in the private-enterprise method.

Now the strongest argument to me for bringing big league baseball to Los Angeles was the intangible benefits which we would receive. For example, Little League, Pony League, Babe Ruth League participation increased over 500% after the Dodgers came to town. You can't find any better way to reduce juvenile delinquency than by such activities, which interest was inspired by the Dodgers. The Hooper rating on radio showed that the radio broadcast of the Dodger games rated No. 1 in the Negro and Mexican districts. The wealthy could



have their yachts, golf links, and other luxuries but certainly we could do something for the less fortunate, as exemplified by their interest in the radio programs.

Psychologically, it was a great boost for Los Angeles and the West. It was that of the "old East looking down its nose at the young West." We just were not big-leaguers in any way. Then to think that we could become world champions overnight made them sit up and listen. To cap it all, that we had taken this team right out of New York under their own noses, added more vinegar. I remember personally while in New York discussing the great possibilities in Los Angeles, Nelson Rockefeller was also trying to organize a group to keep the Dodgers in New York but move them to another ball field--which was the reason the Brooklyn Dodgers had to move--the field was too small and the area was deteriorating. This story came out about Rockefeller--it was before he became a candidate for Governor and the gossip was that it was to be one of his political gimmicks. To show you that they wanted a team, you all know that they got another National League team and is now called the "Mets." They are at the bottom of the League. It takes years to build up a baseball organization.

And I claim, without fear of contradiction, that had I not continued to fight against all of the obstacles the opposition placed in our paths, the Dodger deal would

have collapsed and they would have gone elsewhere. Sure, major league baseball would have eventually come to Los Angeles, but there are only so many top-flight teams and they are well established. Since California was at that time the biggest State in the Union, it was certainly fitting that they should demand the best. You will also note that since then the cities getting big league baseball have had to build stadiums for them and at the time you would have had a hard time getting the voters of LA to pass, by a two-thirds vote, the required money to build a stadium. Witness the difficulty in getting funds for the Music Center, Convention Center, and other developments. The City or the County have to pick up the tab for the shortage each year between operating cost and revenue, whereas with the Dodger deal they are getting \$800,000 a year in taxes.

On April 10, 1962, in a now nationally famous gully called Chavez Ravine, the Los Angeles Dodgers will unveil the last word in super stadia. Bands will be playing, politicians will be braying, and, with pardonable pride, Walter O'Malley, the proprietor of the Dodgers, will be taking bows.

The stadium is a monument to beauty and comfort. Its four glistening tiers aspire above the smog. They are done in such decorator colors as aquamarine, siena, sky blue, and sunset red. A parking level adjoins each

tier. The chairs in the grandstand are wide and of the contour variety. For cozy couples, there are even love seats.

It is little wonder that Chavez Ravine, known to local sports writers as O'Malley's Golden Gulch, has brought a feeling of joy to the city. I can tell you firsthand, however, that things in the Gulch weren't always this way. The fight over Chavez probably amounted to the hottest battle in California since the war with Mexico. Before it ended, the principals were in and out of courts. There was a referendum issue before the voters. There was political mud-throwing and punching below the belt.

To save the day for the Dodgers and their legion of backers, there were strings that quietly had to be pulled. As mayor of Los Angeles at the time, I pulled them. And I have no regrets, even though the fallout doubtless cost me the last election.

No Warren Spahn, I still have an overall record of 2-1. I served two terms as mayor of the city, from 1953 to 1961. From start to finish, I was in the middle of the baseball struggle. Much of it has been reported in the nation's press. What I am going to give you are some of the details you never read--the story of the in-fighting at Chavez Ravine whose acreage, believe it or not, was originally rejected by O'Malley. We all but

had to plead with the man to take it. Today, I would venture to say, he isn't sorry.

Chavez Ravine was named around the mid-1800's for a Los Angeles councilman, Julian Chavez, who had moved to the pueblo from New Mexico. Searching for agricultural land, he finally settled about two miles from the main part of town, in the area now occupied by the Dodgers. In the census of 1850, Julian Chavez was listed as a farmer with a household of thirteen. His property--Chavez Ravine--was appraised at \$800.

When I took office in 1953, some 183 acres of Chavez Ravine belonged to the Los Angeles Housing Authority, which had acquired the land from the Federal Government for public housing. However, estimates for grading the jagged terrain were so high that the idea of building there was growing less feasible. As a major issue in my campaign, I attacked the plan on the ground that the money could be put to better use elsewhere. My opponent favored housing in the Ravine. I won the election easily. So, in a sense, Chavez Ravine helped get me into office--and, as you will discover, it helped get me out.

The Housing Authority granted the land to the City with the provision that it be used only for a public purpose. For three years, I tried to get public groups interested in the area. I talked to sponsors of the

opera house project, to zoo patrons, to horse show enthusiasts and others, but none was excited over Chavez Ravine. The only nibble I got was from a cemetery firm which wanted to buy the land for a burial ground.

Meanwhile, the place was inhabited by squatters and by a handful of small home owners whose goats, cows, and chickens roamed about. Few others ventured into the hills, except evening spooners.

When in February, 1957, O'Malley bought the Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League and the local ball park, Wrigley Field, he sent word confidentially through a friend that he would like to see me. He was then at the Dodger spring-training camp in Vero Beach, Florida. I flew there with a group of our city and county officials.

The meeting was primarily a sparring match. One of our officials promised O'Malley the moon, and Walter asked for more.\* You couldn't blame him. He had a valuable package in the Dodgers and he knew it. I assured him we wanted desperately to get the team, but made it clear we would have to come up with a plan that

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\* Kenny Hahn, a member of the Board of Supervisors, was the official referred to. Kenny was a great publicity hound. He was willing to promise anything and everything, as after all it would be the responsibility of the City and not the County. Sam Leask and I went out later to discuss the true facts with O'Malley and had to ignore Kenny. Kenny's true colors came out about three years later when the matter of taxes was up before the Board of Supervisors, two voted for O'Malley and two against, and Kenny "took a walk."



LOS ANGELES DODGERS, INC.

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LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA  
TELEPHONE: 225-1411

August 29, 1963

Mr. Norris Poulson  
8660 Kilbourn Drive  
La Jolla, Calif.

Dear Norrie:

We have had an interesting week since the publication of the Times story and I do want you to know how much I appreciate your continued courage in telling the truth.

Some of the stories surprised us, or maybe they did not - but I was thinking of the one by Milton Arthur, who I remember meeting once in my life when he came to Vero Beach with you and Kenny Hahn. If my memory serves me correctly he was more interested in trying to get us to build a ball park on some property he was interested in on the Dominguez Ranch. His back biting statement is all the more startling when you remember his nephew is the concessionaire here at my stadium. Kenny Hahn's article was, of course, typical of Kenny but Chad McClelland put it on the line as did Sam Leask, John Gibson and you.

If you ever get the urge to come up and see a game by all means come up and we will have dinner and get ulcers through nine innings watching our Dodgers trying to get some runs.

All the best.

Sincerely,

  
Walter F. O'Malley  
President.

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wouldn't get all of us run out of the city.

When Chavez Ravine was introduced to the conversation, he surprisingly knew all about the area. This was unusual, because many people who had lived in Los Angeles all their lives didn't even know where the Ravine was located. Apparently, O'Malley the previous year had hired engineers to do some intelligence work. A graduate of engineering school himself, Walter could visualize its possibilities. He said he liked its central location. He has never cared for the outskirts, as he proved in rejecting the offer in 1957 at Flushing Meadows, New York.

O'Malley gave us no promises at Vero Beach, but did say that if he were to consider our city at all, he would expect us to build a ball park.\* Land didn't interest him in the least.

In April, O'Malley paid a visit to Los Angeles to inspect his new property at Wrigley Field. A smooth, personable man, he met many of our high-placed people in government and business and did a big lobbying job. He acknowledged frankly that the Braves were drawing 2,000,000 a year in Milwaukee and he was drawing only 1,000,000 in Brooklyn. The disparity caused him to view

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\* O'Malley disputes the statement, but all I can say is that he was a very smooth talker and left me with the impression that he would want the City to build a stadium. Anyway, as I have stated before, I knew you could never pass a bond issue to build a stadium.

the future with slight alarm.

O'Malley managed subtly in his conversations with us to point out what other cities would do for him. He wasn't however, unreasonable, now that he was certain we were serious. He indicated that the "Milwaukee Formula" might be acceptable to him. For the use of County Stadium, Milwaukee, the Braves at the time were giving the city five percent of receipts and fifteen percent of concessions.

When O'Malley left, I knew we had to get down to business fast if we wanted to land the Dodgers. I appointed a citizens committee to study ways and means of developing Chavez Ravine. Secretly, we got Howard Hughes to advance \$5000 for a cursory survey, with the promise he would be repaid if at all possible. He never got his money back, nor did he ask for it.

The survey showed that the cost of building a baseball stadium and parking lot in the hills of Chavez would be exorbitant. Engineers estimated no less than \$10,000,000 and even as much as \$15,000,000.

We explored the possibility of borrowing money from the County Workers' Pension Fund, but discovered that if we proceeded by the Milwaukee Formula suggested by O'Malley, we could never repay the principal and interest in a sensible period of time.

Now we had a problem on our hands. I was getting



pressure daily from the press, from business leaders, and from sports fans. I knew we could never build the park with bonds, because the public would never approve them. Los Angeles has a history for defeating bonds. For less money than what the ball park would have cost, voters beat airport bonds twice before I came into office. They even licked sewers. And Los Angeles could have used them.

In late May, I went to Brooklyn to see O'Malley. I explained that we couldn't raise the money to build a ball park, but suggested that we would try to get him the land at Chavez Ravine for a nominal cost, and he could build his own stadium. He hit the ceiling. "I already have one ball park there!" he exclaimed. "What am I going to do with two?"

He hastened to add that no one had built a ball park with private capital in more than thirty years, and, besides, he would have to lay out cash for indemnification to the Pacific Coast League.

Since O'Malley needed us much less than we needed him, he obviously held the trump cards. In the course of our discussion, he asked if maybe he could sell Wrigley Field to the city. I knew in my heart that the only plausible solution was a trade of Wrigley Field for Chavez Ravine, but I also knew that in dealing loosely with city property, I was getting in over my head

and playing with political dynamite. I told Walter I would do the best I could.

When I returned to Los Angeles, I huddled privately with a small group of our leading citizens.\* I told them the problem. Possibly they concluded that I was no business genius, because they suggested that I get as my representative some top-notch negotiator who understood real estate values and who could hold his own in a bargaining match with the wily O'Malley.

I followed their advice and enlisted the services of Harold C. McClellan, a highly successful business leader who had just returned from a tour of duty as Assistant Secretary of Commerce. McClellan met with City Attorney Roger Arnebergh and Chief City Administrator Samuel Leask to work out some sort of deal to offer the Dodgers. Casually, I suggested the possibility of a trade of Wrigley Field for Chavez Ravine, and the boys took it from there.

These men aren't fools. They realized that baseball would be expensive. But they also knew that the investment was sound. Local business would benefit enormously. The youth of the county would benefit. Hundreds of thousands of sports fans would derive pleasure from

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\* The group referred to comprised just two men: Frank Payne, publisher of the Los Angeles Examiner, and Norman Chandler, publisher of the Times. It was Norman who told me that I had better get someone else to negotiate for the City.

major league ball, and the prestige that would come to the city from having a quality team like the Dodgers would be invaluable.

The negotiations were a delicate and complicated matter which our people handled with great skill. The City Charter prohibits gifts of public land. The deal they made with the Dodgers had to balance. Weeks of hard negotiating with O'Malley finally resulted in the following proposal by the city:

We would give the Dodgers our 185 acres in Chavez Ravine, would buy them an additional 115 acres at a price not to exceed \$7,000 an acre, and would contribute \$2,000,000 toward grading. With money it received from the State Gasoline Tax Fund, the County would make available about \$2,700,000 for building access roads.

In turn, the Dodgers would hand over Wrigley Field, valued at \$2,275,000, for city recreational purposes in a much-needed area. The Dodgers also would set aside forty acres in Chavez Ravine for a recreational area on which they would spend \$500,000 for development. For a minimum of twenty years, they would spend \$60,000 a year to maintain the area. And they would pay taxes on their property, probably amounting to \$350,000 annually.

O'Malley finally agreed to the contract, but not without misgivings. He still would have preferred the City's building the stadium.

I discovered early in my dealings with Walter that he does not run a philanthropic society. He is cool and clever and has the patience required of a good horse-trader. But the man, in truth, was maligned unjustly by many. He didn't make a land grab at Chavez Ravine. The property was more or less thrust upon him by circumstances. As the saying goes, he backed into it. And even though the acreage today is worth a fortune--maybe as much as \$15,000,000--it wouldn't have been if he hadn't risked the money to develop it.

Now that he had decided to move to Los Angeles, O'Malley felt that it would be advantageous both to the Dodgers and the league if a franchise could be established in San Francisco. He was reasonably certain that Horace Stoneham was ready to shift the Giants from New York--very likely to Minneapolis-St. Paul where a ball park already had been built. O'Malley asked me if I knew George Christopher, the mayor of San Francisco. Told that I did, he asked if I would set up a private meeting among the three of us. I did--at the Beverly-Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills. O'Malley invited a fourth party, Matty Fox, president of a pay-TV firm called Skiatron. At about 9 o'clock, which was midnight in New York, O'Malley placed a long distance call for Stoneham. He told the Giants president that his team would do much better in California than in Minnesota and

assured him that Fox would help finance the San Francisco project in return for subscription television privileges at a future date.

Since Stoneham was in the presence of guests, he couldn't speak too freely. But he said he would give the matter thought. A few days later, Christopher flew to New York and locked up the Giants for San Francisco. As agreed, Fox began making payments to the club in 1958, but when pay TV never came into focus, Stoneham released him from the contract.

In Los Angeles, meanwhile, all that seemed to remain to consummate the deal between the City and O'Malley was the blessing of the City Council. It was then that the revolution began. Political enemies of mine, O'Malley haters, baseball haters, crackpots, intelligent people feeling the city was being slickered, and groups with selfish motives seemed to emerge from the alcoves all at once.

They were backed by two media which seized upon the issue to further or protect their own interests. One was a large segment of community newspapers in Los Angeles and Orange counties. The other was television. The metropolitan dailies in Los Angeles favored baseball. To discredit these publications and make a grab for circulation and advertising, the community papers used Chavez Ravine as the stick with which to beat the drum.

They screamed that the mayor, encouraged by the LA dailies, was giving away the people's land.

They were joined by local television, which took an immediate dislike to O'Malley. He was an outspoken advocate of pay TV. So the official organs of our opposition, you can see, were less than pure at heart.

Well, the intrigue now began. To ratify the Chavez Ravine contract, we needed ten of the fifteen votes in the City Council. I was sure of eight. Four were against, one was out of town, and two were on the fence. The issue was debated at great length in the Council Chamber and the vote was delayed repeatedly, making O'Malley understandably nervous. National League President Warren Giles then got into the picture. He warned Los Angeles that unless it ratified the contract before the start of the National League meeting on October 1, the league would look unfavorably upon our city as a place to move a franchise.

I was up against it. On September 30, the Council was still arguing over the contract and not yet ready to vote. My leaders in the Council were Roz Wyman and John Gibson, who carried the discussion late into the night. All the while, I was seated in my office in another section of the City Hall, listening to the arguments over the intercom. Uneasily, I kept looking at my watch. The debate went on, and it was obvious

that the vote would be delayed again. It was now 11:50 p.m.

Desperate, I picked up the telephone and sent a wire to Giles, assuring him that I had mustered the necessary ten votes. Actually, I hadn't, but I couldn't gamble on blowing the whole deal.

The next day the press got word of the wire and turned it into a big story, announcing an imminent victory for Chavez Ravine. My opponents were suspicious--with good reason.

Still short two votes, I decided to get help from outside forces. Quietly, I visited some labor unions and asked them to use persuasive charm with one of the fence-sitting councilmen. To put the pressure on the other, I called on downtown businessmen. My opponents weren't idle. They threw every curve they knew, trying to swing the fence-sitters to their side.

On October 7, roll call was finally taken on the Chavez Ravine issue. Our team turned up with ten votes. We cheered loudly. The battle, at last, was won--or so we thought.

What happened immediately thereafter is pretty much a matter of record. Charging that the contract was illegal, our opponents took the case to Superior Court and won. The City appealed to the Supreme Court of California. This time we won. Next, our opponents took

the battle to the U.S. Supreme Court. We won again.

The resourceful enemy also circulated a referendum petition for which 53,000 valid signatures were obtained, enough to bring the Chavez Ravine issue to the ballot. Los Angeles is probably America's softest touch for a guy clutching a petition. A writer once observed that one putting his mind to it could gather enough signatures in the city to outlaw orange juice.

O'Malley and I announced we would detach ourselves from the referendum fight coming up. In a democracy, we said magnanimously, the voters decide what they want. Besides, we were confident we could lick the referendum handily. A poll showed that seventy percent of the citizens favored the Chavez Ravine contract.

Slowly, however, our cause began taking a turn for the worse. The opposition included three City Councilmen--Pat McGee, Karl Rundberg, and John Holland. Cleverest spokesman for the opposition was McGee. Handsome, boyish, and blue-eyed, he told the citizens that naturally he favored baseball. He merely wanted a more equitable contract. In truth, he was friendly with a group that wanted O'Malley in Chavez Ravine like it wanted smallpox. A couple from this group later tried to bring an American League team to Los



Angeles.\* They were rejected by the League. It is doubtful that O'Malley gave them the highest recommendation.

The opposition's argument for a better contract was believable to a lot of people. The cunning campaign began to hurt us. The next poll disclosed that fifty-two percent of the voters was opposed to Chavez Ravine.

It was here that I silently departed my neutral zone for some behind-the-scenes work. I met with our campaign leaders and insisted that we change our strategy of using carefully reasoned arguments to justify the contract. We were being drowned out by cries of "Save our land for the people!"

To counter this competition, I suggested a scare campaign that would strike home with the low-income people who didn't belong to country clubs and social groups and who wanted big league baseball for entertainment. The referendum, we led them to believe, was unalterably a yes-or-no vote for baseball. By this time,

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\* The couple I refer to are Harold Morton and Arnhold Smith of San Diego. J.A. Smith, the brother of Arnhold Smith, was in the foreground of the fight against the Dodgers, until they had to come out in the open in bidding for an American League team. Harold Morton was the attorney for them. Now let me tell you why Arnhold Smith of San Diego would oppose the Dodgers. He is the President of one of the big banks in San Diego and owner of a large tuna-fishing fleet and packing house; he is also owner of the San Diego Padres. Bringing big league baseball to Los Angeles meant the breaking up of the Pacific Coast League, of which the San Diego Padres was a member, and all the other members were north of Los Angeles. They never used these reasons in fighting us, they just manufactured some phony ones and some which were very dishonest.

the Dodgers had started playing in the Coliseum, and the fans loved them. The prospect of losing them wasn't appealing.\*

On June 3, 1958, the citizens went to the polls. The battle was touch and go, but we beat the referendum by some 23,000 votes, not too many considering the population of Los Angeles.

Now the Dodgers ~~were~~ pretty firmly implanted in Chavez Ravine, but my popularity among the anti-O'Malley's in the community wasn't enhanced. The ball club became a smash hit, particularly after winning the World Series in 1959. But I was left in the afterglow with a lot of enemies. My old antagonists, the community newspapers and the TV commentators, lay in the thistles, awaiting their chance to strike in the next mayoralty election.

I am now 66. I truthfully wasn't enthused about running for re-election last year, but I was encouraged

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\* Now here is another instance where I have to pat myself on the back. As stated above, people were becoming confused. I personally called Warren Giles, who was President of the National League, on the phone in Cincinnati, to discuss the campaign with him. I convinced him that he should make a terse statement that this issue was definitely whether we were going to have baseball or not and the people's vote would decide it at this election. This cleared the air of confusion and certainly made the opposition angry. They accused Giles of interfering with local government. To add to the campaign, the night before election, someone else arranged for motion picture and TV stars to appear on a two-hour program sponsoring a "yes" vote. This program helped enormously.

by a lot of solid friends I had made in the city. Besides, I didn't want to appear as a faint-hearted guy, afraid to stand up and fight when the going looked rough. My opponent, Samuel Yorty, picked up a good-sized following in my baseball enemies. To add to my problems, I developed a throat ailment at the start of the campaign and lost my voice. You can picture the predicament of a politician who can't talk.

When the city went to the polls, the vote was even closer than the baseball referendum. Yorty beat me by 15,750 votes. Naturally, I was embarrassed losing, but I feel no need to apologize for my part in the baseball battle. There are close to 6,500,000 persons in Los Angeles County. It is absurd to envision a population center of this size without major league baseball.

Eventually, it would have come to the city anyway, but heaven knows when, considering the resistance there was to financing a stadium with public funds. The shenanigans in which I participated were only in the interest of sensible expedience.\* They also were necessary for coping with the underhanded methods of some of my conniving opponents.

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\* I was criticized by the leaders of the old opposition for the word "shenanigans." Well, I have told heretofore what I did and nothing else, and you can interpret the word for yourselves.

The Chavez Ravine deal not only brought the National League to Los Angeles, but the American League as well. Inspired by the roaring success of the Dodgers, the American League in 1961 established the Los Angeles Angels under the leadership of Gene Autry and Bob Reynolds. They will be tenants of O'Malley at Chavez Ravine.

I am convinced, in fact, that the Chavez deal speeded the expansion in both major leagues. First, it got O'Malley to Los Angeles. Second, he got Stoneham to San Francisco. Left without a franchise in New York, the National League then felt compelled to be represented in the nation's largest city. The New York Mets were born. And, for symmetry, another team was planted in Houston.

Baseball is no longer my problem. I am associated with the international Certified Public Accountants firm of Haskins and Sells. The people we talk to in Los Angeles seem extremely happy with their plush new stadium and their two big league teams, for which the ex-mayor is delighted. As Mr. George M. Cohan used to say, "Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye."

The opposition to baseball was becoming very bitter and they were resorting to barroom tactics. They were planting many rumors, as I heard one time while waiting for a golf partner at a public golf course. The conversation went like this: "Poulson played here today.

He ought to be able to afford to belong to a private club as he sure made a pile out of this Dodger deal." Naturally, I would hear about it some way. So one morning in late December of 1957, Miss Webb told me there was a Revenue Agent out in front to see me. I naturally asked him in, and he presented his credentials and said he was from the Fraud Division of Internal Revenue and therefore wanted to not only examine my tax returns but must see my safety deposit box, all bank accounts or savings accounts, and public records as to deeds, etc. I told him I had an important meeting that morning but he could look in my steel box right then as I had no bank box and that he should come back the next morning. He agreed and by chance and luck, Jim Arditto, tax attorney for Howard Hughes, came in the office on another mission and I told him about this visit. He advised me not to submit to the "rush act," and, in fact, offered to call the agent and tell him he was my attorney. Then he told me to get all my bank statements back to 1951. I told him I doubted if I had them because we had moved from Washington and had destroyed any thing we considered unnecessary. He told me to get photostats from the bank of both my account and Mrs. Poulson's, which we did. Then he instructed me to prepare a net worth statement for January 1, 1952, and each succeeding year up to date. My tax returns would show whether I

had approximately shown the necessary income to equal the succeeding net worth statement, allowing for living costs. This would have to work out to the current net worth, which they could ascertain.

Now if you think that is easy, try it, especially after you have moved as we had, and also including your wife's records. Mrs. Poulson's idea of keeping bank records was to check on her store accounts and also the bank--then why should she keep such records in a small apartment. There is a television comedy today called Many Happy Returns, making fun of the housewife returning goods to the store. Mrs. Poulson paid cash in many places and then she would get a check for the "returns" and DEPOSIT WITHOUT ANY NOTATION. Also she helped in a little financing with our daughters. She would buy something for them and they would eventually pay her and she would deposit that check. I spent the Christmas and New Year holidays, and also several weekends, figuring all this out. Here I was, a CPA, who had advocated to everyone else to keep their records! I also had the complication of living part-time in LA during the 1953 campaign and making many trips back and forth from Washington. I am not afraid of any puzzle now, as I finally had all the records straightened out and presented the finished statements to Jim Arditto to present to the agent. After two short meetings, it was

At the request of Norris Poulson, made on March 3, 1981,  
the following bibliographical reference is inserted:

For a fuller discussion of the Dodger move to  
Los Angeles, consult Cary S. Henderson, "Los  
Angeles and the Dodger War, 1957-1962," Southern  
California Quarterly 62 (1980): 261-286.

all over on their part but what a NIGHTMARE I had, on top of the many public duties, and all because of RUMORS. The Internal Revenue Department is compelled to investigate whenever a written and signed charge is made-- sometimes it bears fruit. I have had photostat copies made of that two-line letter stating that the examination disclosed no change in tax liability for said years. I guess this is part of the price of having the privilege of serving in high office.

This could have been an answer to the many slurring innuendos Yorty made in our campaign, about the oil deal and the ranch, which I will write about later. However, this would have been twisted around by Yorty as he has always been clever at telling half-truths and making innuendos.

Los Angeles has many historic dates to celebrate, but September 4th is Los Angeles' birthday, and every year there is a colorful ceremony at the City Plaza. We would all dress in old Mexican or Spanish costumes, and the Mexican community would furnish the entertainment.



## XIX

### SOME SECOND TERM INCIDENTS

During the second term, I had some very pleasant and enlightening experiences. After passing through the various offices, I was elected President of the League of California Cities. This organization of cities, through its Executive Secretary, Bud Carpenter, and his able assistant, Howard Gardner, carry a lot of influence with the State Legislature. We held day-long quarterly directors' meetings on the problems of cities and it was the equivalent of post-graduate work. Then I was elected President of the U.S. Conference of Mayors in 1958, which was organized to present city problems to the U.S. Congress. I succeeded Mayor Robert Wagner of New York City. This convention where I was elected President, was in Miami Beach, Florida. As usual, the society editors of the various papers interviewed the wives of some of the Mayors. Mrs. Poulson certainly was a credit to Los Angeles.

We had our 1959 convention in Los Angeles and we certainly rolled out the red carpet to entertain them. No other city had what Los Angeles had--Disneyland was the big attraction. At this convention, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago was elected President to succeed me.

I had been the first Republican Mayor elected President in the past ten years. In fact, I was the only Republican Mayor of the ten largest cities in the U.S.

In November of 1958, Mrs. Poulson and I were invited, along with many Federal officials and Members of Congress, to the inauguration ceremonies of President-elect Lopez of Mexico. We were in Mexico City for one week and there they celebrate for several days longer than we do in the United States. We had a personal friend, Dr. [Reynaldo J.] Carreon, Los Angeles Police Commissioner and head of Mexican Affairs in Los Angeles, as our guide. With Mexico footing the bill, and Dr. Carreon knowing where to go and what to see, we really had a wonderful week. The official ceremonies were what you would expect of such a nation, steeped in this rich historical background. Seeing the ruins and pyramids built in B.C., just a few miles out of Mexico City, you can see how we in the United States are really "babes in the woods." The President's full name was Lopez Mateos, but in Spanish custom he is called Lopez.

As early as December, 1958, the different cities in the country started bidding for the 1960 Democratic National Convention. They held a meeting in Washington, D.C., to hear from the various interested cities. Of course, San Francisco and Los Angeles mayors were there and Mayor Christopher of San Francisco made a few sly,

deriding remarks about Los Angeles to the press, and also at the closed meeting of the convention committee. The San Francisco and Los Angeles papers made quite a story about our battle and I was pretty blunt in criticizing Christopher, who had cast some slurring remarks about L.A. I told how Los Angeles had worked to get San Francisco the Republican Convention in 1956; furthermore, when out of California, we only spoke in praise of San Francisco and we washed our dirty linen at home. Christopher had no comeback. It is strange how so many of the old-timers in San Francisco are so envious of Los Angeles. Of course when we came to LA in 1923, San Francisco was the main business center of California; now it has shifted to Los Angeles and naturally they are resentful.

While I was President of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, I appeared before a conference called by the U.S. Public Health Service in Washington, D.C., on air pollution. I went there prepared to show how automobiles contributed the greater percentage of pollutants into the air. The representative of the Automobile Manufacturers spoke afterward and he not only insulted me but he made some very untrue statements.

At the press conference that evening at the Statler Hotel, and with the press boys imbibing a few drinks, they were full of wisecracks. There was a popular song

at that time about the "Little Rambler" and its toot, toot. Someone said, "Why don't you get a Rambler?" and I said, "I guess I will." I didn't take it seriously, but it was in all the papers and when I got off the train in Pasadena, there was the Rambler. I was not going to back down, and from then on my official personal car was a Rambler. The City bought one and the Rambler factory installed free every contrivance known to the industry. I had a "dolled-up" Rambler. I asked the various City departments to buy small cars whenever they would serve the purpose, instead of smog-makers, and the City departments complied in such cases. While there was this lighter side, I really started a campaign against the automobile manufacturers. I am quoting an editorial in the LA Examiner and one in a Louisiana paper:

LA Examiner - 1/4/59. NEW SMOG DEAL.  
 Agreement has been reached between the United States Public Health Service and the automobile industry, to join forces in research and in production of a device to control smog-producing fumes. The Public Health Service share of the work will consist in studying the effects of the automobile emissions on health. On hearing about this, Mayor Poulson commented, "From past experience, not only the Public Health Service, but the auto industry, have been all talk up to date. I hope this is not another case of riding out a storm, because the storms are getting worse."

A Louisiana paper had the following quotation referring to the incident:

The outspoken Mayor further stated that it was evident to him that the automobile industry and the petroleum industry have far more influence in Washington than the Mayor and even the people-- we need more men like Mayor Poulson and less of the "gutless wonders" we have in high position in this country. Are we interested in the health of the people or are we interested in dollars?

And there were the following editorials:

Detroit News, 12/26/58 (republished in Mirror-News, 12/26/58). Come, come, Mayor Poulson. Let's be reasonable. You do not like our commodious, stylish and exquisitely comfortable automobiles. You are entitled to your odd-ball opinion and can ride to work in a go-cart for all we care. But when you talk of boycotting our handsome product, have you first assured yourself that the products of your Los Angeles region are above criticism? Your oranges are large only because fraudulently wrapped in skin of unnecessary thickness. Your movies are colossal, but at times only as regards the nerve required to foist them on the public. Then there are your airplanes which steadily grow larger and noisier. Should they not be boycotted in favor of something like the Piper Cub? A Piper Cub would damage the scenery less severely when ramming one of your outsize mountains. It has other advantages. Once equipped with these handy aircraft, the airlines could forget the currently vexing problem of three pilots in the cockpit. So have a care Poulson. You blame our big cars for your famous smog. Yet a motorized go-cart, ill-kept and heedlessly driven, can make more exhaust fumes than the biggest car on the market. Letting that pass, however, have you considered why so many Angelenos drive the big cars you dislike? It is because they love them, Poulson. Have a care that they do not boycott you.

LA Times, 12/17/58. THE MAYOR SWINGS AT SMOG. His eyes still smarting and his anger rising, Mayor Poulson came out swinging at smog and its prime source, auto exhaust. We all cheered as he threw his haymaker. But although it was headed in the right direction, it may have missed its mark slightly. The target of His Honor was the big car, which, he said, produces more smog because it uses more gasoline than a small car. This of course is true as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Obviously, as the Mayor contends, more

exhaust results from more gas consumption--if the engine condition and driver habits are the same. This is the illusion in strictly equating car and engine size with smog output. The amount of smog-forming gases coming out of auto tail pipes--any auto's, is determined by the efficiency with which the fuel is burned, not size alone. The factors involved are many, according to the Air Pollution Foundation; condition of spark plugs, valves and rings, plus carburetor size and setting, compression ratio and type of shift. In addition to these engine factors are the smog-producing habits of drivers who make "jack-rabbit" starts and who hit the brakes unnecessarily hard, thus throwing more unburned gasoline into the atmosphere. The Mayor however, in forcefully stating the problem, focused new attention on the real solution to Los Angeles' smog woes--an efficient device to control auto exhaust regardless of car size or condition. When this is achieved, the Mayor can have any size limousine he desires and we can all breathe easier again.

I can comment that here, in 1965, they are still fighting the issue of smog control devices on automobiles.

Denver Post, 1/2/59. A FIGHTING MAYOR PICKS A FOE. The Mayor's campaign has not made him particularly popular with the motor industry of Detroit, but he shows signs of being a dedicated and resourceful fighter. He has accused car manufacturers of spending only a piddling amount so far on smog research. He has announced a policy of using only small cars for police and other city business--on the supposition that small cars do not contaminate the air as seriously as large ones. And he has said that if the manufacturers do not like what he has been saying, he will give them the free use of the Rose Bowl or some other suitable forum, to present their views.

"CITY ROLLS OUT ITS RED CARPET FOR MIKOYAN, NO. 2 RED LEADER." This was the headline appearing in the LA Times on January 13, 1959, with a half-page picture of the Red Leader and myself. Needless to say, he was affable and keen but he didn't like the way we out-faxed

him. In every city where he had been appearing, there were so-called American Protest Groups, throwing eggs at him and making a very noisy protest. Our Police Intelligence suspected that this might be "Commie" groups trying to make a bad image of U.S. hospitality and use it for propaganda purposes. We publicized the fact that his plane would land at LA International, but at the last minute had it diverted to Burbank. We then had him and his party whisked in to town to UCLA and then to luncheon at Perino's. This was purposely a private luncheon to prevent these groups from interfering.

Well, the demonstrators were on hand at International Airport with their signs and shouting. Our plain-clothes police pushed in next to them and broke the eggs in their pockets. This incensed them and they started using their signs as weapons and then the uniformed police arrested some of them and took them in to headquarters and had their fingerprints taken, and sure enough, they were either registered Communists or affiliated with Communistic groups. At the luncheon, I sat at a table for ten with Mikoyan, and next to his son, who could speak English. Mikoyan pretended he couldn't speak English or understand, and had an interpreter. However, when his son asked me who owned the automobiles parked around the University, I told him, "The students. Their folks also have an automobile." Mikoyan interfered

and tried to break up the conversation but I kept right on. Later on, in an informal meeting, some of the local guests asked some pointed questions and he answered them in true Soviet style through the interpreter. You could notice by the expression on his face that he could understand the question as it was given to the interpreter in English.

I am writing principally about the official business of the city and the Mayor's part in same. Here is a letter from Miss Webb, which is self-explanatory and one of the reasons why I have nervous fatigue today. I naturally didn't accept all, or even one-third of them. I would send representatives, but many of the functions you are obligated to attend briefly.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

MEMO TO MAYOR POULSON

You asked me for the number of formal invitations which you have received since you became Mayor on July 1, 1953. This number does not include the innumerable telephone and person-to-person invitations you have received. As to the wedding invitations, we do not have them for the reason that they were always sent to Mrs. Poulson.



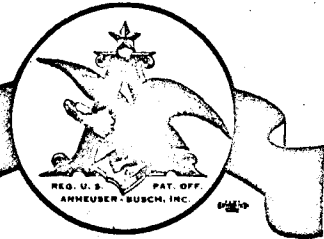
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February 11th, 1954

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LOS ANGELES

Mayor Norris Poulson  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mayor:

you

We were very happy to have attend our Baseball Players  
Dinner, last Sunday evening.

After realizing my error in introducing you to the crowd  
as Morris, I decided it best to stick to my decision and  
let you remain Morris the rest of the evening. I could  
have reversed myself, but you know a good Umpire isn't  
expected to do that.

Umpiring professional baseball thirty years is quite an  
education and a good umpire learns very early in his  
career not to reverse his decisions, (or he may not have  
a career.)

We hope you enjoyed the razzing and joking that went on  
and expect to look forward to having you there next year.

Best Regards.

Yours very truly,

*Beans*

John E. "Beans" Reardon

JERc

*Renown Umpire*

Office of the Minority Leader  
House of Representatives, U. S.  
Washington, D. C.

April 28, 1955

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles, California

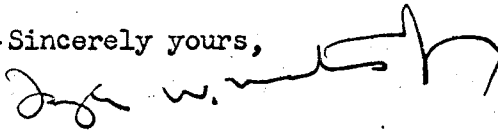
Dear Norris:

It was good of you to send your telegram concerning the unveiling of the portrait.

It was a nice ceremony and I hope it will be helpful to building up the Club and the party.

With kind personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,



Joseph W. Martin, Jr.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Denver, Colorado  
October 1, 1955

Dear Mayor Poulson,

Thank you for your telegram of concern for the President's health. When he is feeling stronger, I will be happy to give him your message. It means a great deal to both of us to know of the prayers of the citizens of Los Angeles for his speedy recovery.

*Mamie Ruth Eisenhower*

The Speaker's Rooms  
House of Representatives U.S.  
Washington, D.C.

January 9, 1956

Dear Norris:

Thank you for remembering me on my birthday. It is fine to have friends who remember. In turn, I wish for you and yours during 1956 all the good things of life.

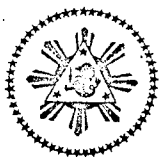
With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Hiram Poulson".

Honorable Norris Poulson  
The Mayor of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles 12, California

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Manila, July 6, 1958

Dear Mayor Poulson:

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the warm reception you made possible upon my arrival at the Los Angeles airport. I am also deeply appreciative of your very kind gesture in declaring the period from June 26 to July 3, 1958 as Philippine Week which, undoubtedly, helped make my brief stay in your charming city both fruitful and pleasant.

I wish you could be in Manila soon. This early, I take pleasure in inviting you to be my personal guest at Malacañang.

With my most cordial regards.

Sincerely yours,

President

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles 12, California



CONSULATE GENERAL  
OF BELGIUM

LOS ANGELES 13  
448 SOUTH HILL STREET

May 22nd, 1959

The Honorable Norris E. POULSON  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles City Hall,  
Los Angeles, California

My dear Mayor Poulson:

His Majesty, King Baudouin, has asked me to express His deep appreciation for the cordial reception and warm hospitality which you and the City of Los Angeles have extended Him and His party on His visit.

His Majesty was deeply impressed by all He saw and felt the dynamism of this great Metropolitan Area. He is convinced of its destiny as one of the world's leading centers. Had His schedule permitted, His Majesty would have enjoyed spending more time in the Southland.

When it was explained to Him that Los Angeles obtains its water supply from such far distances and of your plans and direction in current and future water projects, He could not help but marvel at these accomplishments in which you, Mr. Mayor, have such a great part.

I join my own thanks to the Royal thanks for helping make His Majesty's stay in Los Angeles most memorable.

May I add how much I enjoyed being seated next to Mrs Poulson during the dinner you offered in the honor of His Majesty.

Most sincerely yours,

  
Georges BARTHELEMY  
Consul General

LEE DE FOREST

8190 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.

Thursday  
Sept 18 '58

Dear Norris:

I have received about 1500 Telegrams and Birthday Cards from all over the U.S. but none is so valued by me as your Telegram.

My delay in thanking you is due to our 4-weeks vacation at Lake Tahoe. I found your telegram upon my return home a few days ago.

With Sincere Regards and Appreciation,

Sincerely Your Friend,

Lee De Forest

Father of Radio

7/1/53 - 12/31/53	677
1954	1011
1955	1014
1956	922
1957	971
1958 (to date - 2 mos.)	179

(Sgd.) Marion Webb

LOS ANGELES VOTED DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. On January 19, 1959, bold type heading appeared in all LA papers stating that the Convention Committee of the Democratic National Committee had selected Los Angeles as convention city. This was a feather in our cap.

Winning the first battles in the rubbish war was not winning the war. I had many battles afterward and I just want to quote from the LA Examiner of January 30, 1959:

PRESSURE GROUPS HIT IN DUMP SITE FIGHT. Mayor Norris Poulson yesterday angrily declared he will call another public inquiry into the City and County rubbish situation if the Board of Supervisors abandons its policy of acquiring needed public dump sites. He also emphasized that, if needed, he will exercise his power of subpoena if any efforts are made to bring back into power what he termed corruption and crime in private rubbish dump interests. Admittedly "shocked" by the County's complete "about face" in the rubbish dump program, Poulson who just returned from a Washington, D.C., conference on airport facilities in this area, said, "I have had a suspicion that something was cooking, so to speak, because the private rubbish



collectors and dump operators have been buzzing around Civic Center. Believe me I don't like the smell of their cooking."

RAPS MILKING. "I am not fighting private industry, but I will not permit the public to be milked by any pressure group." The Mayor's threat of another inquiry to "expose the scandal of corruption and crime" came on the heels of mounting public indignation over the Tuesday session held by the supervisors.

Now here is something that is characteristic of human nature. Everyone is willing that the other fellow should be taxed or that he should make a sacrifice but not THEMSELVES. This was true about the location of these public dumps. In most places they were selected back in the hills where there were no homes. It was a cut-and-fill process, where every day the rubbish delivered that day is covered with dirt by bulldozers. The Health Department would naturally insist. What they did was level out canyons and make ideal spots for public parks. The only inconvenience, and they were temporary, would be that the residents would see these large rubbish trucks (all rubbish enclosed) drive past their homes for maybe a year. Even though they would have a nearby park, they still continued to protest loudly. I lost some of my strongest political support in Eagle Rock over one of these dumps. I still claim I was right and now they have a park area.

I like to tell this story because it is very seldom

that a little country couple such as Erna and I have a chance to meet royalty, or at least a royal person we heard so much about when we were young. It was at a private party given by Cobina Wright, the society columnist for the Herald-Express, where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were the honored guests. They were so natural--the Duke still had his English accent. I sat beside the Duchess at dinner and told her how she and the Duke stole the show that time in Congress when Churchill spoke to both Houses of Congress. This I have mentioned before.

XX

THE ARECHIGA CASE

As you can plainly see, this Dodger fight was the bitterest one I had encountered to date. The extent to which the opposition would go is brought out in this Arechiga incident.

We had known for some time that the Arechigas lived on this property, which had been condemned years before for the housing project, which was considered unfeasible and collapsed when I took office. No great attention was paid to them, except it was rumored that the Sheriff would probably have to remove them. At this time of the year, I was speaking throughout the State in behalf of the State Water Project, which was before the Legislature awaiting passage to be placed on the 1960 ballot. I was in Santa Barbara at a civic luncheon and I received a telephone call from my office stating that the Council was having a special session with TV and all the special attractions about the Arechiga's eviction.

When my time to speak arrived, I told the audience about it and said I thought it was a planned affair but I was going back to Los Angeles and tell the Council what demagogues they were. I did tell them when I got back that afternoon (record driving time so I wouldn't miss the meeting) that "I do not want to make myself as

ridiculous as some of you have by this demagogic show."

This story is so ridiculous and silly that if I were to tell it now, you would think I had exaggerated, so I am going to quote three editorials which tell the graphic story. First, the LA Times editorial, which appeared on May 13, 1959, in the morning:

THE CHAVEZ RAVINE INCIDENT. Sympathy for the Arechiga family of Chavez Ravine comes easily and universally, and that is one of the reasons we're glad we're Americans. The family will be taken care of, we may be sure, with the same unquestioning generosity that is bestowed on the victims of unheralded calamity. But when the Arechigas are securely resettled, there will be something left of the case that is not so candid as the eviction which an easy-going government had to put off for at least six years. What is the motive of the agitators who have been trying for nearly a week to make martyrs of the Arechiga family? The question is fair. Many of the agitators know the history of the Arechiga affair, have known it for a long time. And they had a refresher course in it in last Friday and Saturday's newspapers. Yet they stormed into the City Hall Monday declaiming that a heartless government and callous officials had let the Arechigas slide to destruction without pulling a lever or reversing a wheel. They cowed a few councilmen and gave others some meat to hack with their political axes. When they prompted the Arechigas to say that they were being sacrificed to professional baseball, the cup of indignation ran over.

Here is a capsule history of the Arechigas' eviction: In 1951 the City Housing Authority (which is a state agency despite its name) condemned the Arechiga property preparatory to building a low-rent apartment project in Chavez Ravine. The Superior Court fixed the price at \$10,050.

The voters rejected any public housing extension and in the adjustment which followed, involving the federal government, the City Council agreed to buy the condemned property.

In 1953 the Arechigas sued to set aside the condemnation judgment on the ground that the housing project had been abandoned.

In 1957 the District Court of Appeal ruled that "when the judgment in the condemnation case became final the Arechigas were divested of all interest in the property, regardless of the purpose for which it might later be used." From 1953, the Arechigas lived rent-free on the property. The \$10,050 was held available for them, minus a deduction for \$11 for unpaid personal property taxes. The city, on second thought, did not care to charge rent for houses which had been declared substandard. The Arechigas had refused to move in 1951 when the resettlement agency was finding dwellings for families whose property had been condemned.

On March 9, 1959, the Arechigas were served notice to vacate in 30 days. Sixty days later they were evicted and their houses were destroyed. What fair-minded person, no matter how deep his sympathy for the Arechigas, will now say that they were given short shrift?

And here's another question: What would happen in the general reordering and rehabilitating of Los Angeles if by some mischance the Arechigas found court support for their view that nobody should be evicted unless he approves the use to be made of his condemned property? For one thing, freeways could not be built. Some schools could not be located. One property owner's refusal to sell could block a Bunker Hill development. The Civic Center would have been impossible. And of course, a baseball stadium or any other spacious project would be precluded in Chavez Ravine. Hardly anybody needs to be told this, and that is why the pumped-up case of the Arechigas has such an implausible look. The television people were invited to the eviction and the cameras were a strong temptation to dramatics. The glosses of the commentators on the televised film made it appear as if somebody had wantonly pulled the hair of Our Lady of the Angels.

A councilman, warmed by the hot winds of the agitators, orated about violation of individual rights, the Spanish Inquisition and Hitler's Germany, and all this eight years after the initial act of condemnation, after rulings by two courts and two referendums to the people of Los Angeles, one rejecting the housing project, the other approving a Chavez Ravine baseball development. We feel sorry for the Arechigas, even though they have a \$10,039 credit and many hands helping them to a new home. We also feel sorry for the sheriff's deputies who, after eight years, had to finish the work.

Now that afternoon, the Mirror-News appeared with this headline:

HOMELESS ARECHIGAS OWN 9 OTHER HOMES. Chavez Tent Family Rents Out Properties. "Daughter's mate has vacant house near Ravine camp. The "homeless" Arechiga family, 11 of them living in a tent to dramatize their eviction from Chavez Ravine, owns at least 9 homes, the Mirror-News learned today. The Arechigas, center of a raging controversy since bulldozers reduced their two ravine homes to rubble Friday, rent most of their properties at prices up to \$75.00 a month. Although Abrana, 69, and Manuel Arechiga, 72, have been living in the canvas shelter five days, a son-in-law Miguel Angustain, owns a vacant three-bedroom house a short distance away.

Los Angeles Examiner, May 15, 1959. WEEK OF DECISION. In the most vehement language he has used in his six years as the city's chief executive, Mayor Poulson has helped in large measure to wrench the Arechiga case into reasoned perspective in the public mind. The Mayor hit the bedrock question squarely when he said, with understandable wrath: "If the government is to see it's legal decisions tested in the streets--tested by ham actors on television--tested by the strident voices of City Councilmen seeking to gain the limelight--and not tested in the courts where they should be, we must admit it is a sad day for America." He rightfully accuses those Councilmen objecting so rabidly to the eviction of the Arechiga family by court order of, in fact, attacking the very law they have sworn to uphold. The Mayor re-emphasized, too, what the critics of the eviction blandly ignore--namely, that the refusal of the Arechigas to leave the property left the Sheriff's deputies no alternative but to use such force as was needed or risk a contempt citation themselves. His comments on the shocking disclosures that the family owns some 11 other homes valued at more than \$75,000 burned away much of the oratorical underbrush that has sprung up around this incident. "It is perfectly plain now," he said, "that the family needs no sympathy. It is a victim of its own eagerness to extract from the taxpayers more than it was granted by valid court decisions. The family used its own children as pawns to gain sympathy. It was obviously, plainly, publicly, shamelessly, flouting the law."

The Examiner is strongly hopeful that the courageous

and forthright stand taken by Mayor Poulson will alert the public to the transcending importance of the real issue here. It goes far beyond the development of Chavez Ravine for whatever purpose. The decision here, to quote the Mayor again is between "mob hysteria and calmness, reason and a respect for our society and its laws."

Los Angeles Times, May 15, 1959. TEARS ON THE PICTURE TUBE. After Mayor Poulson's last words on the Chavez Ravine incident, there isn't much left to do but underscore his remarks. For the benefit of those who came in late we underline them.

Wednesday's revelation about the 11 houses owned by the evicted Arechiga clan confirmed the suspicion of political conspiracy. It is clear now that the dramatics of the eviction were precisely what that word means. The ranting councilmen did not know the facts until the newspapers told them, but they had leaped at the opportunity to discredit the mayor and strike a blow against the Chavez Ravine baseball stadium. The television pictures--wonderful action pictures--were the answer to a demagogue's prayer. With such pictures facts would only spoil the effect. The television commentators shared this view. There may never have been a better example of the emptiness of on-the-spot television news coverage. The commentators or reporters--"actors" was the mayor's felicitous word--were like the cameras; they could see, but they could not think or ask questions. Any private citizen who relied, like some of the councilmen, on the television version of the Arechiga eviction, was bound to be outraged. We have had letters from some of these private citizens.

We have no difference with the Chinese who said that a picture is worth a thousand words. He did not say, so far as we know, that the picture, even if it could move on a television screen, was self-sufficient, or could be explained simply by looking at it and deducting all the facts from it.

The weakness of the Arechiga type of television performance rises from the commentator's necessity as an actor, to use the mayor's word. He has a strong feeling for climax and crisis. News to him must always have a rising inflection. If it is completely and thoroughly true it may be dull; certainly it will not always be dramatic. It does not pay off, in the news-actor's opinion, to look under the headline or behind

the picture. However, his attitude is not new. For many years, fiction writers, dramatists and actors have been baffled by news and newsmen, perhaps because it and they are too real for treatment. In plays and movies the newspaperman is a pretty silly character, full of shallow frauds and with motives that would not do credit to a dancing bear. The television news-actor often seems to believe in this fictional version of the newspaperman and to adapt himself to it.

The damage done by the television 'coverage' of the Chavez Ravine incident is hard to measure. How many people who look and listen but only read while they run, will ever be cured of the opinion that the Arechiga clan was turned out of doors without decency or fair warning? For all of these misled people, blame the television news-actors, who "bled insincere tears up and down the picture tube without any effort to find out or present the true facts." Thank you, Mr. Mayor.

Independent Star-News, May 17, 1959. CHAVEZ RAVINE: INQUISITION OR CIRCUS? Many thousands of Southern Californians were deeply shocked at newspaper stories, photographs and telecasts of husky policemen dragging the Arechiga family out of their two homes in Chavez Ravine. The story has even achieved nation-wide prominence. Los Angeles Councilman Edward Roybal went so far as to call the eviction and the subsequent bulldozing of the two houses, a "reminder of the Spanish Inquisition and Hitler's German." On every hand could be heard the angry comment: Imagine throwing those poor people out of their homes so the city could give the land away to the Dodgers for private profit.

The facts don't jibe with these opinions, the Arechigas don't merit this sympathy and the pictures taken of the eviction aren't worth ten thousand words--unless the words are distorted:

CLAIM: Police suddenly marched in and threw them out.

FACT: Condemnation proceedings were begun back in 1951 after proposals to build a public housing project in the Ravine. The project was defeated at the polls, but this had nothing to do with the condemnation or the fact that the Arechigas had eight years to find a new home.

CLAIM: The city of Los Angeles is pushing a little guy around so it can give this property away to a big guy.



FACT: Since the houses were condemned, long before the Dodgers came along, the Arechigas have not owned them. Yet the city has let them live there rent free and tax free for six years--since 1953.

As for the Dodgers getting the property through condemnation, this is the only means of community progress, other than the questionable practice of a city running everything itself. If a city doesn't want to enter into the ballpark business and the concert hall business, and have a virtual monopoly on housing development, it must use its power of condemnation. Otherwise, for example, one home-owner who wanted a million dollars or a hundred million dollars for a crumbling tenement on Bunker Hill, could virtually block that downtown Los Angeles project. The same thing could happen during an urban renewal project in Pasadena.

CLAIM: The Arechigas are standing up for principles. The elder Mrs. Arechiga was quoted as saying, "Money is no object. I'm too old for money anyway I want to stay here the rest of my life with the dogs and the chickens. If they take me out of here they're going to have to take me out of here dead."

FACT: The court appraiser set a value of \$10,050 for the property. The Arechigas were holding out for \$17,500. It was a question of the \$7,050 difference, not principle.

No government body with the power of condemnation can permit the householder to establish the price to be paid. If this were the rule, no freeway would ever be built, no street would be laid or widened, no slums would be torn down.

CLAIM: Support for the Arechigas comes solely from a groundswell of public indignation.

REBUTTAL: This may be true, but public sympathy is seldom transformed so quickly into such concrete action as a table set up at the Chavez Ravine site for a petition demanding "justice for the Arechiga family." Often in the past when petitions were circulated calling for signatures and money to support justice for someone, a certain political movement was behind it.

CLAIM: The Arechigas were forced to live in a tent.

FACT: The family owns 11 houses, two with double apartments. They have an unoccupied three-bedroom house not far from Chavez Ravine.

CLAIM: These are poor people, forced to use a bathtub as an icebox and an open fire as a stove.

FACT: They have property which is probably worth more than \$75,000. Some of it is rented. They have lived rent and tax free since 1953. They drive a 1959 automobile.

It was natural to have felt sympathy for the Arechiga family while viewing pictures of the eviction. Sympathy today is misplaced. A community must live by laws. The Arechigas have chosen to flout the law. The petition calling for justice seeks to make a mockery of the law. When the Arechigas were carried struggling from their homes, they were fully aware the cameras were trained on them. For the past week they have been all three rings of a three-ring circus, especially when they lived in the tent. No doubt they enjoyed every indignant minute of it.

## XXI

### SOME LOST BATTLES

I certainly didn't win all of the battles which I had while Mayor, but one thing, I never carried a grudge against my opponents because in the next battle we might be allies. You fight issues and not personalities.

Mrs. Harold Morton, a Recreation and Parks Commissioner, opposed the State Highway Department building a freeway straight through Griffith Park, cutting it up so that fringes along the Los Angeles River would be useless and completely break up a golf course. She pointed out that they could easily follow the general river bank without any noticeable curves or great extension of distance. However, the Highway Department is a little kingdom unto itself and they paid no attention. I joined her in this fight and they furnished me with some ammunition and I let go. Well, the local press was all in favor of the new freeway straight down the center of the park. Then when the Highway Department, through its publicity department, produced evidence that Mr. Harold Morton was the main lobbyist for the oil companies in opposition to most highway programs, I was really stymied and my own Parks and Recreation Commission overrode me. However, today as you drive through the park you can see

this waste of valuable park land. There is a limit to public park land.

When the State Legislature set up the Metropolitan Transit Authority covering Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, and San Bernardino Counties, I approved it and testified before the Legislative Committee hearing the bill. It would be tax and license free and it was expected that it would negotiate for the purchase of the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Railway equipment. But when they made public the amount they were going to pay the LA Railway system for its obsolete equipment, I protested loudly. There were other complaints and the Legislature had its Senate committee hold some public hearings in this area. The LA Public Utilities Department furnished me with figures, showing the cost and age of this equipment and I really went to town. I also predicted that they would be weighted down with this obsolete junk, and while they were getting new buses, they would be a long way off from getting rapid transit by spending their money bailing out the stockholders of the LA Transit Authority. The storm died down and the Authority went ahead and purchased this obsolete equipment and sold revenue bonds to pay for it. Today the transportation problems of LA have not improved but the taxpayers will be holding the sack. They are trying to find a new method of raising taxes and they have reorganized

the Authority. I wish them well.

Before the Dodger Stadium was built, the Dodgers had to play in the Coliseum. It was a makeshift baseball field, with the left-field fence so near that a high fly became a home run. It did hold large crowds and, in 1959, it was the Dodger's turn to host the Major League All Star game for the benefit of the players. We broke a record with 55,105 people in attendance.

As early as one year before the Democratic Convention in LA, we had a big fight between different factions in the Democratic Party over the allotment of tickets. To the average layman this would seem trivial, but not to the leaders. I thought for awhile that there would be no convention, and let me say that Edwin Pauley and Paul Butler were hard traders and I didn't think either would give in. This Examiner editorial tells the story:

THE TICKET ROW. The 1960 Democratic National Convention has been saved for Los Angeles--that is the important thing to the community. Assuredly, Paul M. Butler, the party's chairman, proved a hard bargainer. He not only forced the Citizens' Host Committee to yield to his 1500-ticket limit but he also made it necessary for it to raise another \$100,000 in pledges to underwrite convention costs. However, at the same time, Mr. Butler demonstrated a strong personal desire to keep the conclave here.

California's Democratic National Committeeman, Paul Ziffren, must be given major credit for achieving the primary objective of retaining the convention for Los Angeles. In less than three days, Mr. Ziffren, laboring day and night hardly without pause, worked out an entirely new underwriting arrangement. This was a remarkable accomplishment requiring vast persuasive

powers. The apparent losers in this battle over tickets were Oilman Edwin W. Pauley, Mayor Poulson and Frank G. Bonelli, chairman of the County Board of Supervisors. It is true that they were unable to obtain the 3133 tickets they felt was a fair number for use by the host group in soliciting underwriting pledges. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that the convention would never have been awarded to this city in the first place if it had not been for all that was done by Mr. Pauley and Mayor Poulson in collaboration with Mr. Ziffren. When there was slim evidence the community would meet the minimum underwriting requirements of the National Committee, Mr. Pauley on his own signature pledged \$150,000. And, in proof that this was no partisan move, he made an identical pledge in the unsuccessful campaign to land next year's G.O.P. convention for Los Angeles also. The Mayor, though a Republican, gave outstanding leadership throughout this whole fight between top figures of the opposite party. He could have bowed out of the dispute long ago but, dedicated to the best interests of the community, he chose to stay to the end.

Supervisor Bonelli and the Mayor were both obviously disappointed that what they regarded as a ticket compromise favoring neither side could not be accepted by Butler. In view of this, they are to be commended for putting personal feelings aside and agreeing to serve on the new host committee which made the settlement with Mr. Butler.

Undoubtedly, the public must have wondered--as apparently some of the principals did at times--why there was all this furor over tickets to a convention. The point is that they have a significance that goes far beyond, for example, the Rose Bowl pasteboards so desperately sought to charm business contacts or delight visiting relatives from Iowa. At more than one national political convention, delegates have been stampeded into throwing aside caution or conviction, or both. Witness the "Voice from the Sewer" that brought Franklin D. Roosevelt's unanimous first-ballot nomination at Chicago in 1940. This bit of psychological trickery abruptly snapped the tradition against a third term. Or witness the G.O.P. nomination given Wendell Wilkie, the political neophyte, at Philadelphia the same year. In that upset, stunning the "pros" in the party, a well-organized and noisy gallery played perhaps the pivotal role.

Mrs. Poulson and I attended the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1944 and the Philadelphia Convention in

COCONUT ISLAND  
KANEDHE BAY  
HAWAII

September 5, 1960

Dear Norrie:

I received the information that you had called me after I had left for the Islands and yesterday I talked to Steve Gavin, and today I received your letter of August 31.

I am delighted that you have decided to run again for Mayor. You have been a fine one and I attest that you have handled yourself in a non partisan manner and did everything possible to bring the Democratic Convention to Los Angeles and to make it a success.

I told Steve I would like to help you all I could and I will call you when I get back to Los Angeles.

Best personal regards.

Most sincerely,



EDWIN W. PAULEY

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor, City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

ewp gb

# *The Coca-Cola Export Corporation*

515 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

JAMES A. FARLEY  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Dear Mr. Mayor:

May I take this opportunity to commend you highly on the manner in which you and the city government handled the details in connection with the Democratic National Convention.

There was evidence of friendliness and willingness to be of assistance on all sides, which was a great tribute to you and your administration.

I went to the baseball game with Walter O'Malley the night before I left, and I was delighted to have him tell me of the progress being made in connection with the new stadium.

May I take this opportunity to also say that I was happy to hear such fine observations on the manner in which you conduct the duties of your office.

With my very kind regards and best wishes for your continued success, good health and happiness, and looking forward to our paths crossing again,

Sincerely yours,

Hon. Norris Poulson  
Office of the Mayor  
Los Angeles, California



July 22, 1960



1948, as a Member of Congress; the San Francisco Republican Convention in 1956 as Mayor; and the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles in 1960 as the Mayor. We were invited out to the big social events in Los Angeles, and the Democrats (while it claims to be the party of the common man) surely have their share of the wealthy and influential. I am not a society editor so will not attempt to report on same. I was treated as though I was a Democrat and that was probably because of my fight to get the Convention for Los Angeles.

Much has been written about this convention and it was interesting to sit in the galleries and see the well-oiled Kennedy machine roll to victory. We were out to one party and saw Joseph and Rose Kennedy, the parents, sitting proudly in a corner.

## XXII

### KHRUSHCHEV'S VISIT

I had no idea that Khrushchev's visit would become an international news story, and in fact when I met him at the plane that morning I wanted to be courteous but not exuberant. I should tell the build-up to this meeting and the pressures I was receiving even before his arrival.

I was enjoying my annual vacation up on the farm in Baker County, Oregon, when I received a telephone emergency call from my office in Los Angeles. I was told that the State Department had notified us that Nikita Khrushchev would visit Los Angeles for one day and night on September 19th, and they expected us to give him an official reception. This news was on the wire and by the time I arrived at the hotel in Baker, it seemed everyone knew it. The universal advice I received was not to bow and scrape too much to Khrushchev.

When I arrived in my office in Los Angeles there were urgent telephone calls from good friends and they all had the same advice. I can distinctly remember Ken Norris, the big industrialist, when he said in his style, "Don't kiss his rear-end." This was all because they knew I was a great one to "hand out the bouquets."

This is the strange part of all my performance. I inwardly felt exactly the same way, but I was determined to be dignified and speak in as calm a fashion as I could. Some of these folks, like Ken Norris, thought I was too friendly and courteous at the Mikoyan reception. You see you can't always satisfy.

Now before Mr. Khrushchev arrived, I read all the news stories and saw the TV news and I naturally noted that he was getting bolder all the time at every stop, and was downgrading us. He intensified this attitude and I had something build up in me that I couldn't disregard. Then my press man, Dave Janison, had in-laws back of the iron curtain. Steve Gavin was a devout Catholic and his distaste for Communism was well known. We all worked on the speech.

I also read the following editorial in the LA Times of September 1st, and you note what it said about the "burial" subject. Ambassador Averill Harriman also told me months later that this was brought up at a private meeting in New York and Mr. Khrushchev didn't disavow it--he just made light of it.

MORE ABOUT KHRUSHCHEV'S VISIT. We said in the beginning that Premier Khrushchev's visit could be useful to the United States. Nothing has happened since the invitation and acceptance were announced to change our view that this sometimes-ignorant Russian should find American travel broadening and instructive. Vice-President Nixon told him in Moscow there are things he doesn't

know and Mr. Khrushchev could infer that it is to his advantage to find out about them. But since Americans have had a little time to reflect about the impending visit, they have developed all the jitters of a bride who is cooking her first dinner for company. Their anxieties, one way or the other, don't do them credit. Their hopes and worries blind them to the main point.

But if the false hopes and equally false fears can be abated before Khrushchev arrives, and if the State Department doesn't botch the arrangements, all Americans will, as we believe, gain by the visit. For Khrushchev has delusions too, delusions arising from his ignorance. His own country's remarkable industrialization seems to him to be unique. There is no doubt that he believes that Russia soon will "bury" the United States in a great eruption of production. His belief in his own peerless power shapes his policies toward the non-Communist world. He must see America to believe America. What Khrushchev sees won't change the aspirations of Communism but it may persuade him to change the burial schedule. That's more than any number of international conferences can do.

That morning when we met him at the airport, there was a certain amount of confusion because of the plane landing in an isolated spot at the airport to avoid crowds. I was at a loss just how to be calmly courteous instead of my natural exuberant self. The papers picked this up and blew it out of proportion. Then when we rode in the car along a guarded route to show him one side of Los Angeles, I tried to be my old self. He had his interpreter, and as I would point out certain landmarks he would remark, through his interpreter, that they had that in Russia but either much bigger or much better. I was getting nowhere, either because he picked up my feelings at the airport or that he had picked Los

Angeles to put on one of his tirades. Maybe Mikoyan had reported about me, and Mr. K. was wondering why I wasn't so excited about him. We drove him to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio for the first official luncheon and tour of the studio and to see the shooting of a film in progress. I must say that the people along the route were cooler than I was. There was practically no applause, and it was even embarrassing. This had been the same way in the East. I tried to pass it off that no one knew who it was, until one man shouted, "There he is!" Mrs. Poulson rode to the studio with Mrs. Khrushchev and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, and Mrs. Lodge said to Mrs. Poulson as they got out of the car, "What a fine diplomat you are."

I will admit that maybe I muffed the ball in my greeting, but what transpired afterward at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio dispels that idea. Mr. Khrushchev was looking for a chance to cow the people of the United States. To be fair, I will quote the New York Times story of his arrival:

KHRUSHCHEV TOURS LOS ANGELES AFTER A JET FLIGHT ACROSS U.S. .. MEETS MOVIE STARS AT STUDIOS. Mayor's Greeting Brief and Russian Drops Speech of Reply. Nikita S. Khrushchev arrived in Los Angeles today, after a flight of 5 hours, 27 minutes from New York. The Soviet Premier's orange-nosed United States Air Force Boeing 707 jet liner swept in over the Los Angeles foothills to a whistling stop at Los Angeles International Airport before a small official group of greeters. The plane

landed at 12:10 p.m. (Pacific Coast Time, 3:10 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time). The weather was mild. The temperature was 72 degrees, with a brisk wind. There was no smog but the sky was somewhat overcast.

POULSON IS ALMOST CURT. Mr. Khrushchev was welcomed by Mayor Norris Poulson in a brief greeting that was almost curt. Mayor Poulson said to Mr. Khrushchev: "Welcome to Los Angeles, the City of Angels, where the impossible always happens," Mr. Khrushchev, who had dismounted from the aircraft a moment before, looking dapper and chipper in a new gray worsted summer suit, light tan shirt and brown tie, stepped up to the microphone. An Aide had handed him a sheet of paper containing his speech. However, the Soviet leader decided to follow the Mayor's example. "Thank you," Mr. Khrushchev said. "I am happy to have an opportunity to visit your city and to meet its representatives and acquaint myself with your citizens. Thank you."

MOOD APPEARS AMIABLE. He handed his speech back to his aide undelivered. Mr. Khrushchev was smiling and appeared to be in a pleasant mood despite the brevity of his welcome. He then was escorted to the waiting limousine, which he entered with his wife, who had been presented with a large bouquet of orange and red bird of paradise flowers by Mrs. Poulson. Bird of paradise flowers, it was explained, are the official flowers of the City of Los Angeles.

Nikita Khrushchev's luncheon at the studio was sponsored by that internationalist, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Producers Association, and it was a grandiose affair. I noticed that all of the actors and actresses who had in the past been questioned about their left-wing leanings, were there in full force, which was fine. Spyros P. Skouras, President of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, and himself a Greek immigrant, was the Master of Ceremonies. I want to quote a concise news column on this affair, as it

wasn't our party:

At the studio, Spyros P. Skouras gave the Russian premier a first class lecture on America and our way of life. It was a masterful speech. But then alas, Skouras got into a verbal tilt with the visitor and, in all frankness, Mr. K. came out the winner. The Khrushchev family undoubtedly expected to visit Disneyland--just as every visitor to Southern California wants to. When Mrs. K. learned during lunch that Disneyland was not on their schedule, she sent a note to her husband. This hit him like a rocket and led to his child-like wail about being denied this little pleasure. The truth about the Disneyland fiasco will come out in time. The facts known now are that the fairy playland was discussed with Russia's security agents some weeks ago; it was not included in the final itinerary agreed upon, but "someone" contacted Disneyland Friday night and said the Khrushchev party would motor there on Saturday. Chief Parker quite rightly said he could not take the group to Disneyland, but the party could go if it wanted to do so on its own.

As to the trip to Disneyland, we have always recommended that to distinguished guests, but Khrushchev's security agents had turned it down and you cannot, on brief notice, set up the proper security arrangements. He used this, as the other incidents, to build up his tirade, which came to a climax that night. After he rebuked Skouras, I briefly spoke to Harry Brand, public relations chief for the studio and he remarked, "Wasn't that awful?" I told him I was going back to the office and revise my speech and try to be diplomatic, pleasant, but firm. I didn't stay to see the show, where he criticized the motion picture industry.

Because of my inability to get anything across to Mr. Khrushchev, and the necessity for an interpreter, I asked Victor Carter, who could speak Russian, to be my representative. Incidentally, Vic Carter was one of the highly respected and successful business and civic leaders in LA, former President of the City of Hope, member of the Fire Commission, director in a local bank and President of Republic Studios. I thought this would be a courteous act, but Mr. Khrushchev made this statement and I quote:

LA Times, Sept. 21, 1959. Before crossing the Tehachapis, the departing Premier Khrushchev gave Mayor Poulson the back of hand, saying his host of yesterday "does not shine by his intelligence." He charged in conversation with newsmen, as he walked through the special Southern Pacific Daylight carrying his party up the California coast to San Francisco, that the Los Angeles mayor was "getting his revenge" by having a Russian-born Jew escort Khrushchev on part of his Los Angeles visit. Khrushchev said he understands that the escort was born in Rostov and that he therefore could not be a true American. A reporter pointed out that the man in question, assumed to be Victor Carter, a member of the Los Angeles Fire Commission, who as Poulson's representative escorted Khrushchev through a San Fernando Valley subdivision, was in fact an American. "Yes, an American," Khrushchev said, "but understand the psychology of the man. The Bolsheviks nationalized the factory of his father and he is appointed to welcome me."

#### CARTER SURPRISED BY KHRUSHCHEV'S SLAP.

Victor M. Carter, President of Republic Studios and a member of the Los Angeles Fire Commission, expressed surprise last night when told of Nikita Khrushchev's verbal slap at him as Mayor Poulson's representative. Carter said, "Our conversation seemed to be quite friendly. We talked about



housing and discussed his interest in seeing world peace. In fact, he did most of the talking during the entire trip." Carter said much of the Red leader's conversation was directed to Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., U.N. Ambassador to the United Nations, who was in the party. Carter said he was asked by Mayor Poulson to accompany the Khrushchev party as a courtesy because of his ability to speak Russian.

I will not attempt to give you the context of my speech as I really think it was anything but inflammatory and I know I spoke with the most gentle expression at my command. I looked at Mr. Khrushchev when I mildly stated what he used as his pretext for the tirade, and as the interpreter translated it to him, I noticed his small eyes sparkling. I was told by an American born in Russia that he heard the translation to Nikita Khrushchev and that the interpreter, a young, sophisticated American-educated Russian, put an entirely different, or what he called "an offensive" twist to my statement. Anyway, it sure travelled around the world.

I received letters from all around the world. Of course, I received some obscene and filthy ones, but they were unsigned. There were about 3,600 in all, and the ratio ran 3 to 1 commending me. Those opposed were afraid that I was starting a war. My driver heard a young couple that night getting into their deluxe car, make the remark that "we should never cross the Communists as they might attack us." That attitude made me glad I had unconsciously "spoken up" to Mr. Khrushchev, as I had

learned when a boy that a bully attacks when he thinks you are scared.

Mrs. Poulson sat next to Mr. Khrushchev and they got along gloriously well, and Norrisa and Erna Bea came up to meet him. In fact the next day in the papers he couldn't see how such a nice family would have such a father! Ambassador Gromyko sat on the other side of Mrs. Poulson, and Gromyko talked like a great friend of the U.S.

The local papers stayed editorially neutral but some of the top men privately commended me. In fact, Bill Henry told me personally that after Los Angeles, Khrushchev was an entirely different man and he didn't deride the U.S. as he had, but how he loved to tell filthy and vicious stories about me to the press. When he returned to Russia he even took a jab at that "little Mayor" from Los Angeles.

This dinner was held on Saturday night, and the next day, Sunday, was a good time to fill in with Khrushchev stories. Mr. K's speech and mine were played over the radio and television time and again throughout the country. This I heard about through the letters I received and, of course, from my daughter Patricia, in Washington, and the relatives in Oregon. In 1962, in a hotel lobby in Quito, Ecuador, I had a young Englishman come up and ask if I was a TV personality. I told him no.

Then he asked me what I did and I told him I had been the Mayor of Los Angeles. "That is where I saw you, on TV with Khrushchev!" he said excitedly, "Let me shake your hand." Others in the hotel soon found out who I was, and while I was down there to rest my voice, I didn't have much chance for that.

Then, when Mrs. Poulson and I were flying to Brazil in November, 1959, a crowd appeared at the airport in Bogota, Colombia, to see "that man who had spoken up to Khrushchev." In Rio de Janeiro, I had a large press conference and was asked what I thought of Khrushchev. I said he was a big bully, and that made headlines. We were invited out to a swanky social party for our group and the host came up and said, "My, what a surprise! I thought you were a big six-footer." Today I meet people and they again speak up and commend me. I know others didn't approve, but even though I didn't intend to make it an issue, I certainly have no regrets. I might say here that before I made my talk I showed it to Preston Hotchkis, Los Angeles' official host, and he suggested that Ambassador Lodge see it, which he did. He protested, but I told him I was not from the weak-kneed State Department, and that as Mayor I didn't have to take his orders, and that was that. In order not to give a biased story, I am quoting the news stories from the New York Times, Philadelphia Inquirer and New York Herald-Tribune:

New York Times, September 21, 1959. A PIXYISH MAYOR. Mayor Norris Poulson, in greeting Premier Khrushchev at the airport yesterday, said simply, "I welcome you to the City of Angels, where the impossible always happens." Before the day was over the Mayor himself exemplified this by goading the Soviet leader, in a speech at a civic dinner, into a petulant implied threat to break off his tour and go home if people were not nicer to him. "That's our Mayor for you!" departing banqueters commented, in tones of mixed bewilderment and admiration.

Mayor Poulson, who looks like Harold Lloyd, recurrently pops up in situations nearly as unlikely as those that characterized the comedian's films. Although he is a card-carrying Republican, he found himself a few weeks ago in the midst of the 1960 Democratic convention ticket-allocation battle. He is chairman of the municipal committee that will play host to the convention. There too, he snorted defiance of forces he was unable to vanquish, leaving no doubt about his gumption.

Two years ago, he was shuttling back and forth across the country, luring the Dodgers away from Brooklyn with lavish promises of real-estate grants. A barrage of still-unresolved litigation resulted. But the Dodgers are within reach of the National League pennant--as representatives of Los Angeles.

CONSTITUENTS SURPRISED. Mayor Poulson's pixyish qualities--he has slid into home plate in a clean white shirt and posed for photographers recumbent on a motorized reducing couch--are a fixture in the nation's third largest city. But even the Angelenos who put him in the \$25,000 a year office in 1953, and re-elected him in 1957, were hardly prepared for such ruggedly individualistic sallies as those last night.

Mayor Poulson's 64 years are belied by a customary air of detached amiability, twinkling eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, hair that has kept its blackness and a habitual grin bolstered by gleaming "store teeth" he jokes about. He is a six-time grandfather.

Born of Danish parents on a farm in Baker County, Oregon, he migrated to Los Angeles at 28 and, through correspondence courses and night school, became a Certified Public Accountant.

He was elected to the State Assembly in 1938. In 1942 he went to Congress from Los Angeles' conservative Thirteenth District. Except for a defeat in the 1944

election, he served there until he became Mayor.

As Mayor, he was expected to be a timid and unimaginative mouthpiece for the community's conservative elements. He has not tangled with any millionaires, but his unpredictableness keeps people reading their newspapers.

FEDERAL HOUSING BLOCKED. He spearheaded a quick and successful campaign against what was regarded locally as a Federal housing boondoggle. When a tough lobby of trash-collection concerns tried to obstruct a municipal sanitation program, he routed it in an angry fusillade of unminced words about racketeering.

When a Mayoral limousine began falling apart prematurely, he did not hesitate to proclaim that the city had bought a "lemon." Recently he took on most of the auto industry by denouncing its overblown vehicles as smog-producers. Then he ordered a light economy car.

His didoes seem untainted by political ambitions. City politics are non-partisan--bereft of machine alignments, log-rolling and patronage--and at his age are an unlikely springboard to any higher office. The Mayor habitually indicates that he does not care whether he is re-elected a second time in 1961. He is an inactive partner in a leading Los Angeles accounting firm. He owns a farm in Oregon, which, he commented with Republican asperity, "the Government didn't pay for."

He has been married for forty-three years to the former Erna Loennig, who grew up on a farm less than a mile from his family's in Oregon. They have three married daughters. Says Mrs. Poulson with awed respect: "The Mayor isn't afraid of the devil himself."

New York Herald-Tribune, September 21, 1959. HOW POULSON SPEECH SET KHRUSHCHEV OFF. Mayor of Los Angeles Unmoved, Says Russian Distorted His Talk. Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles took an utterly calm view today of the angry outburst his remarks provoked last night from Soviet Prime Minister Nikita S. Khrushchev. The Mayor's remarks angered Mr. Khrushchev into threatening to return abruptly to the Soviet Union unless the American people take him seriously. The Soviet leader also issued this warning: "The question is one, ladies and gentlemen, of there being either peace or war between our two nations." Told that the State Department viewed Mr. Khrushchev's statements with concern, Mayor Poulson said, "I think he'd kind of like to find any kind of excuse to fly home. He hasn't received an enthusiastic reception."

Mayor Poulson said he believed Mr. Khrushchev had distorted his (the Mayor's) remarks. "If a little old insignificant mayor can make him mad," he said, "well, we'd just as well find it out."

Mr. Khrushchev had just delivered a comparatively mild prepared address to 1,500 persons attending a dinner in his honor when his angry, off-the-cuff speech came. It was prompted by some remarks Mayor Poulson had made in a speech delivered a few minutes earlier. The Mayor had recalled Mr. Khrushchev's celebrated, "We will bury you" comment and said America did not agree with this, adding: "You shall not bury us, and we shall not bury you. We are happy with our way of life. We recognize its shortcomings and are always trying to improve it. But if challenged, we will fight to the death to preserve it. . . . We tell you in the friendliest terms possible, we are planning no funerals, yours or our own." Mr. Khrushchev had explained in Washington on Wednesday that he did not mean that Communism would "bury" Capitalism literally--but that it would surpass and outlast it as a system. When Mayor Poulson brought the matter up again, Mr. Khrushchev grew angry. And as he began speaking extemporaneously, it rapidly became clear that he felt he was being treated far too frivolously for a man of his station in the world. "I answered the statement before," he snapped to Mayor Poulson. "Don't you read your own newspapers? In Russia, a provincial mayor would not be re-elected if he didn't keep up with the news. . . ." Mr. Khrushchev's threats followed.

"The unpleasant thought sometimes creeps up on me," he said, "what if Khrushchev had been invited here for you to rub in your sauce, show him your might, make him shaky at the knees. . . . It took us only about twelve hours to get here. Perhaps it would take us only about ten and a half hours to get back."

Mr. Khrushchev then questioned a man in the audience, A.A. Tupelov, son of the man who designed the big Soviet jet in which Mr. Khrushchev arrived in the United States. "Isn't that so?" he asked, referring to the ten and a half hour time for a return flight to Moscow. "Less than that," Mr. Tupelov said. A collective gasp came from Mr. Khrushchev's audience. It seemed quite clear that he was--for the moment, at least--in dead earnest. His anger showed in the bulge of two large veins on his forehead. "If you want to get up on the same old horse and proceed in the same old direction," he said, directing his remarks at Mayor Poulson, "if you want the continuation of the arms race, you are doing right."

At another point, he said: "After all, I am the first head of the Soviet Union ever to visit the United States in all your history. . . if you do not accept this, of course, then I can just go. And one never knows whether another head of a Soviet government will ever visit this country."

"If America wishes the cold war to continue," Mr. Khrushchev said, "very well--the Soviet Union is prepared to continue it--there are rockets already on the assembly line in Russia." "But think," he said, "what that competition will mean." "It is much better to live in peace," Mr. Khrushchev advised, "than with a loaded pistol pointed at one's head. It is much better to have a friendly and tranquil atmosphere so people can go to bed at night and not be afraid that war will disturb their sleep."

I have in my scrapbooks, statements of Khrushchev, made in New York, Washington and other places. Time magazine quotes him in his boasting and bluffing speeches continuously, so I will not spend any more time trying to show that he loved to put on those tirades. Look at the meeting with President Eisenhower in Paris, and his famous shoe-hammering stunt before the United Nations, and you can see that Los Angeles was just another of the spots to put on his show.

As usual in San Francisco, they tried to do the opposite and they really bowed and scraped before the Khrushchev party. He invited Mayor Christopher to Moscow and the City of San Francisco sent him over there, but Mr. K made his visit with Harry Bridges of the Longshoremen's Union the high spot on his San Francisco visit. They called each other "comrade" and as a result I

received more complimentary letters from San Francisco than any other city besides Los Angeles.

Now that Nikita Khrushchev and I have both been involuntarily retired, let us take a look at our plight and what each respective country has to offer. Of course I in no fashion am comparing my position in public life with his as he was a world leader and I was not. We did brace up to one another though and he predicted dire prospects for my future. I guess we will both have to admit that we had a "shock" and that isn't too conducive to good health, but today, in 1965, I am feeling fine and I hope he is likewise. He lives in a government retirement home on a very modest pension and evidently feels restrained about going out in public. I live in our own home (no mortgage) and get a City Pension, Congressional Pension, and Social Security, besides income from modest investments, entitling us to a comfortable living. I served in the State Legislature and the U.S. Congress as a Republican, and I have just been appointed the second time, by a Democratic Governor, as a member of the State Water Commission. I wish that Nikita could know this. It would prove what I told him in my speech, that in this country we have freedom of religion as well as political beliefs.

For a week the papers were filled with Khrushchev news and the press was continuously calling for my



answer to a Mr. K retort. I complied, as I was enjoying it by that time, although I must confess that my knees were shaking the night I arose to make my talk at the Ambassador Hotel before 1,500 people on the occasion of Mr. K's visit. The only other time my knees shook like that was when I was married. I thought though that I could hold my own in this rough and tumble fighting with K, with Gavin and Janison helping; however, finally THE DODGERS RESCUED ME!

In the bulldog issue of the Los Angeles Examiner of September 30th, and on the streets about 9 o'clock the night before, appeared this headline in three-inch type in red, "WE'RE CHAMPS!" There was a tie in the National League standings between Milwaukee and Los Angeles and, in the play-off game, Los Angeles won in the twelfth inning. It was one of those unbelievable games and likewise finish. I had to go to a public reception at the University for some distinguished visitors and while people had little radios cached around it sounded in the ninth inning as though Milwaukee was going to win. I didn't get to hear how the score was tied, but on the road home I turned on the car radio and they had just won in the twelfth inning. I couldn't believe it and had to stop and call the sports desk at the Times. Out the window with Khrushchev, as Los Angeles really went wild and we knew nothing but baseball for 10 days.

Wallowa Record, September 24, 1959. DISTINGUISHED GUEST LEAVES CARD IN WALLOWA. "It could have been the Mayor of Los Angeles all right," Lee Burrows told waitress Mary Manns after the recent visit of a party of three to the popular Wallowa food dispensary. But Lee continued to act as though somebody was going to have to prove to him that the Mayor of Los Angeles had actually stopped at his humble hearth. But Mary Manns had a calling card one of the gentlemen gave her, and on it was the seal of the City of Los Angeles, together with the legend: Norris Poulson, Mayor of Los Angeles.

This week Chef Burrows knew for sure that he had cooked for Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. Over T.V. came a scene of Nikita Khrushchev being greeted by the Mayor of Los Angeles, and the name given by the announcer was none other than that of Norris Poulson.

The mystery of a visit by such a distinguished person had, in the meantime, taken shape in Lee's mind. Visiting with Bill DeGrofft, Jr., a former Baker resident, Lee learned that Norris Poulson grew up around Baker, and that he owns a large cattle spread there. During the time Mr. Poulson was in the Wallowa valley he completed arrangements for the purchase of 40 heifers from Darrell Galsinge middle valley wheat and cattle raiser.

Lee relates that the mayor and his party were quite talkative--especially the mayor. With him were two other gentlemen. One of them, Bill DeGrofft advises this reporter, was Roscoe Brown, a cattle buyer from Baker.

Mary Manns had a treasured memento of her service to strangers who sat down at her table for service. Lee is scratching the back of his head and wondering if he should put up a sign: "The Mayor of Los Angeles Ate Here."

As I stated, nothing could be more spectacular than being in a tie with Milwaukee for the National League pennant and then winning the play-off game in the twelfth inning. I might add that Los Angeles surged to this position by taking a three-game sweep against their arch

enemies, the Giants, in San Francisco. It took something like this to jar the Khrushchev stories off the front page of the newspapers and the top news story on radio and television.

The series is of record but the Chicago White Sox defeated the Dodgers by a lop-sided score in the first game in Chicago. However, the Dodgers won the second game, coming from behind. That set the stage in Los Angeles for the biggest turnout in World Series history, 92,294 the first game and 92,550 the second day. The Coliseum was anything but an ideal baseball field but that didn't stop the crowds and they could have seen it better on TV. I can't describe it, but there was a feeling in the air in that packed Coliseum that only comes to you once in a lifetime.

Getting tickets for some was harder than making a million dollars, but naturally I was able to buy what I wanted for close friends. There were no free tickets to a World Series game, unless you were invited to Walter O'Malley's personal box, which we occupied for the first game in Los Angeles. I purchased for some friends from Baker, eight tickets for the three games played in LA. The Mayor's box, which we purchased ticket for, held eight people and we rotated relatives and close friends in same.

Los Angeles won the first two games in LA, losing the third, which necessitated winning the next game in

Chicago to become World Champs. The Chamber of Commerce figures there were \$3 1/2 million dollars of outside money spent in Los Angeles during the series. The hotels were filled. Then, when you consider that we had just perfect weather, and the millions hearing and seeing the game on television would hear the announcer comment on this, that was another intangible value.

Los Angeles Examiner, October 9, 1959. WE'RE VINDICATED. Dodger Move Here Pays Off. Those who fought so valiantly to bring major league baseball to Los Angeles, had their finest hour yesterday. What vindication! A world baseball championship for Los Angeles in only its sophomore year in the majors! It might be remembered that the Chicago White Sox were 40 years between World Series.

The Examiner and its columnist, Vincent X Flaherty, began campaigning for major league baseball for Los Angeles many years ago and, amazingly, against a good deal of opposition. The opponents anticipated the cigarette chant. They said it couldn't be done. Frankli S. Payne, publisher, and Warden Woolard, editor of the Examiner, disagreed. They gave this newspaper's all-out support to the campaign. The campaign for major league baseball found staunch supporters, too, in Mayor Poulson, City Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman and County Supervisor Kenneth Hahn. Together the supporters persuaded Walter O'Malley, owner of the Dodgers, to bring his valuable franchise here from Brooklyn. O'Malley took the gamble - and how it paid off!

LA Examiner, October 9, 1959. SOUTHLAND LEADERS HAPPY-- GIVE WORLD CHAMPS PAT ON BACK. City and County officials brought out their adjectives yesterday to commend the world champion Dodgers for the team's superior batsmanship. One supervisor even recalled that he predicted the outcome last week.

City Council president Gibson, speaking for other sport lovers, and County Secretary Cora Carlson with the woman's point of view, provided brief but expressive opinions. Statements follow:

MAYOR POULSON: "This is one of the biggest thrills of

my life. Los Angeles is indeed the city where the impossible happens. We have astounded everyone by jumping from 7th place to champions of the world."

COUNCILWOMAN WYMAN: "This is Los Angeles' greatest hour. In two short years, the Dodgers have come from rags to riches. We all hope that the pennant which symbolizes the world championship will soon be proudly flying over the Dodgers' stadium in the embattled Chavez Ravine."

SAMUEL LEASK JR., City Administrative Officer: "A dream come true. The entire Dodger organization deserves highest praise for this grand achievement."

ROGER ARNEBERGH, City Attorney: "It's a great day for L.A. and the Dodgers. The team won the hard way, on the road. I'm worn out but I can hardly wait for the next season."

JOHN S. GIBSON, JR., President of the City Council: "This almost beats duck hunting. My congratulations to the entire organization for its wonderful achievement."

LEMOINE BLANCHARD, Councilman: "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to Los Angeles--for a team to come from 7th place to world championship."

FRANK G. BONELLI, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors: "It couldn't happen to a greater team than our own Dodgers. It was a tremendous victory by a ball club that has given us many thrills during the entire season, a fabulous comeback from 7th place a year ago to the world's championship this year."

Baseball took Khrushchev off the front pages in Los Angeles but it was still a news item throughout the world. I received press reports from European countries (translated for me) and there was a tone of glee in having Mr. K nettled. This article, written by Robert Hartman of the Times, on October 10th, I think sums up the story very well, and I am quoting it:

KHRUSHCHEV'S LOS ANGELES OUTBURST STIRRED BY FEAR, IGNORANCE OF U.S. What really caused Soviet Premier

Khrushchev to throw his spectacular whingding in Los Angeles on September 19th can now be told on sufficient authority to make this minor cold-war crisis worth rehashing.

Mayor Poulson, far from being the villain of the piece, emerges as the volunteer professor who taught the ruler of 208 million Russians the most important lesson of his 13-day cram course on American government--that neither President Eisenhower nor anyone else can bridle the tongues of other U.S. Officials or private citizens. Khrushchev was not a grateful pupil. He left thinking that he had put the mayor properly in his place by his temper tantrum, summing it up in San Francisco with an utterly unprintable wisecrack which continues to cause chuckles as ranking American policymakers pore over the top-secret reports of his remarkable tour. These reports reveal that the Soviet big shot's two public outbursts--over Disneyland and denouncing Poulson's revival of his "We will bury you" boasts--failed to quench Khrushchev's slow burn and were followed by a formal international protest as fantastic and bizarre as any Hollywood could hope to conjure. Shortly before 2 a.m., when the tumult was all over in the Embassy Room, U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, ranking U.S. escort on the Khrushchev cross-country tour, was in his hotel room writing the detailed report (now thick as a telephone directory) which he dispatched nightly to President Eisenhower. The telephone rang. It was, an English-speaking Russian voice said, an urgent request from Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko to see him immediately and "officially". "Why not," Lodge replied wearily, "you're only two doors down the hall."

GROMYKO VISITS. Through the carpeted corridor, closely guarded by the United States and Soviet security details, came the strange diplomatic mission. Lodge, his tie off and shirt-tails out, received the foreign minister of the U.S.S.R. and his interpreter in his hotel room and bade them have a chair.

Shaking with restrained indignation or excitement, the usually poker-faced Gromyko stood ramrod-straight and replied that he came to protest in the name of the Soviet government over the insulting remarks of the mayor of Los Angeles and the extreme security precautions which had prevented the Premier of the U.S.S.R. from having any contact with American citizens. Gromyko's formal complaints included incidents in New York City, which the party had left some 22 hours earlier, as well as Los Angeles. He made it plain that Khrushchev

considered the whole trip was being stage-managed from Washington and that the mayor of the third U.S. metropolis could not have uttered such 'provocation' except on orders.

LODGE REJECTS CLAIM. (His reasoning was perfectly sound by Soviet standards, where such tours are totally managed from Moscow. Nobody heckled Vice-President Nixon without an express assignment to do so. Significantly, the man who had Lodge's role in escorting Nixon through Siberia, Georgi Zhukov, cultural exchange director, was a key adviser in the Khrushchev entourage.) Lodge rejected this notion as ridiculous and told Gromyko he had spent enough time in the United States to know that President Eisenhower has no such control over local officials. But he did promise to try and ease the security situation thereafter. In this "official" exchange, it should be noted, there was no repetition of Khrushchev's public threat to fly home to Moscow. At no time did responsible U.S. officials regard this seriously, except as a warning that the Soviet boss might suddenly cut short his sight-seeing tour and return to Washington. Wild horses couldn't have kept him from Camp David, they reasoned.

FEARED "FRAME." The 20th Century-Fox Studio episode in which Khrushchev applauded the "Can-Can" dance sequence he later denounced as immoral is explained by U.S. experts on Soviet psychology as an even more incredible quirk of the Khrushchev mentality. He was terrified that his hosts were going to "frame" him in a compromising pose with scantily clad young dancing girls, U.S. observers have concluded. This, of course, is a common Communist practice in the U.S.S.R., especially with unwanted foreigners. Khrushchev's fears and those of his aides who were feeding him such bunk (mainly Zhukov and Ambassador Mikhail "Smiling Mike" Menshikov) were reinforced when an unidentified studio official told one of the can-can girls to lift her skirt a bit higher while posing alongside Khrushchev for photographers after the episode. Fortunately for East-West tensions, she refused.

KHRUSHCHEV RESTS. On the train to San Francisco the following day, Khrushchev recovered his transcontinental loss of sleep and some of his good spirits. Perhaps, on this scenic ride along the Pacific Coast, he forced his Communist-shaped mind to accept the totally strange and important truth that in America people really are free to do and say what they please, not what the government wishes. Those who watched Khrushchev closest think that the greatest deception he put over on the American public--in which we who tried to keep pace with him were unwitting

accomplices--was that he is a physical superman who never gets tired and his temperament was closely tuned to his degree of fatigue they reported. Los Angeles, for example, was uncomfortably hot for Khrushchev after Washington and New York, which were as cool when he visited them as his more northern homeland. It was only 79° in Los Angeles and there was no smog that day, but it was too hot for a fat 65-year-old Russian, and he made several public references to it. The hot camera lights in the studio commissary added to his discomfort, but his dander over Disneyland was already aroused when the plane landed, it was learned.

OUT OF PARKER'S AREA. During the flight from New York, Khrushchev decided he would like to go along with members of his family to the world-famous playground. Lodge radioed ahead to Los Angeles to change the plan. But after Chief of Police Parker's car was struck by a tomato, the chief informed Lodge he could not guarantee Khrushchev's safety there, according to this source. (A significant fact is that Lodge, as well as his Soviet guest, was quite unaware of the jurisdictional factor involved since Disneyland is not in Parker's Los Angeles city limits but in another county.) At any rate, Lodge relayed this adverse report to Khrushchev and added that the top Soviet M.V.D. officer, Major General Nikolai Zakharov, agreed with Parker. Khrushchev gave him a wilting look and snapped: "General Zakharov is one man, and I am another man." Translated from Kremlinese, this means that when Khrushchev wants to go, who cares about a major general's opinion.

TOOK OPPORTUNITY. There is no doubt the resourceful Russian saw in the Disneyland episode a chance to dramatize his annoyance over what he called "house arrest." Khrushchev had, up to this point, begun to imagine every event as part of a gigantic plot to make his American tour appear a flop. He decided to take things into his own hands and he did, with a vengeance. The strange aftermath of Khrushchev's Los Angeles adventure, in which he heaped special scorn on Victor Carter, his Russian-born host for a tour of San Fernando Valley housing projects, is still a partial mystery. Carter, president of Republic Pictures and a member of the city fire commission, was asked by Poulson to accompany Khrushchev because he speaks Russian, but somehow Carter rubbed the Soviet boss the wrong way and he popped off about it on the train the next day.

Two clues are being considered here: A strong streak of anti-Semitism runs deep in the Russian character, and



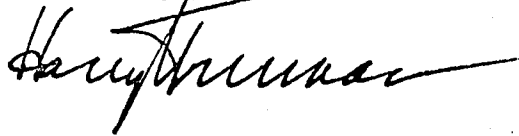
HARRY S. TRUMAN  
INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

October 1, 1959

Dear Mr. Mayor:

I certainly did appreciate your letter of September 22 with the enclosure of a transcript of your speech and my statement about Mr. Khrushchev crying because he is needed. It seems to me that this should fill the bill. I have no quarrel with what you said. I thought it was good.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Harry Truman", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Office of the Mayor  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12  
California



# DER REGIERENDE BÜRGERMEISTER VON BERLIN

Geschäftszeichen:

① BERLIN-SCHÖNEBERG, DEN 26 May 1959  
RUDOLPH-WILDE-PLATZ  
FERNRUF: 71 02 61, APP. ....  
(95) ..... (nur im Innenbetrieb)

The Honorable Norris POULSEN,  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles,  
Los Angeles, California, USA  
=====

Dear Mayor Poulsen,

Now, a long time after I went round the world in a few weeks, I remember our meeting in the City Hall of Los Angeles where we saw the two boys whose fathers lost their lives during the airlift. Recently I met again both the boys here in Berlin on occasion of the tenth anniversary of the termination of the Berlin Blockade. I hope that the two boys will be able to study one day here in Berlin by means of the funds of a foundation established by me under the name "Luftbrueckendank" and that we may to some small extent pay off our indebtedness to all those who sacrificed themselves for the freedom of Berlin.

In Los Angeles I could state that on the western coast of the United States the interest in the former German capital and the preservation of the freedom of this city is not less strong than in the US cities of the East. This was a most cheerful experience for me. I hope that the Geneva conference in its negotiations of these days will succeed in preserving the stand of the free world and in checking the efforts of the Soviets to change the status quo of Berlin. Nikita Khrushchev who immediately after my return from my trip asked me to meet him in


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Berlin, an offer which I had to reject in view of the circumstances, hopes that the West will become weak and that he will get through with his demands. We all must stand together to frustrate these his plans.

Should you see your way to make a trip to Europe and Germany, I should like to cordially invite you to also visit Berlin. It will be a great pleasure and honor for me to return the hospitality generously extended to me.

With kind regards to you and Mrs. Poulsen, from me and my wife, in which Senator Dr. Klein who accompanied me on my trip, joins us with best thanks.

Cordially yours,

  
(Willy Brandt)

LAW OFFICES OF  
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510 SOUTH SPRING STREET  
LOS ANGELES 13  
MADISON 8-3303

OUR FILE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

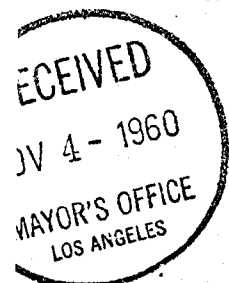
November 2, 1960

Honorable Mayor Norris Poulson  
Office of the Mayor  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Mayor Poulson:

I have recently returned to my native Los Angeles, after a sixteen-day tour of the Soviet Union. One of the things I brought back with me was a greater appreciation of you as the Mayor of our great City. From what I saw in Russia, I think you were one of the few mayors who were obliged to meet Mr. Khrushchov during his 1959 visit to the United States who not only had him "figured out", but also had well in mind his objectives and those of international Communism. Needless to say, you certainly made an impression on the Russians, even though they didn't like it.

I brought back with me a book entitled "Face To Face With America" which was written by Khrushchov's son-in-law who accompanied him on the trip, and which has been awarded a Lenin Prize, which refers to you, on page 105,




Honorable Mayor Norris Poulson    -2-    November 2, 1960

as the "notorious Mr. Norris Poulson, Mayor of Los Angeles" and makes other derogatory remarks about you. As far as I am concerned, such statements are the most complimentary statements which could be made about you, because you were one of the few governmental officials who had the courage to speak out and tell the American people about the real objectives of Mr. Khrushchov and the party he represents.

Again I say that I am proud that you are the Mayor of Los Angeles and particularly happy to have read in the local newspapers that you will again be a candidate for office, and assure you of my support in any way that you may deem helpful.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Leonard S. Janofsky".

Leonard S. Janofsky

LSJ:HMP

Khrushchev angrily made a point of the fact that Carter, who is Jewish, was born in Rostov, where the Czar's Cossacks staged some of their worst massacres, and could not be a true American. He remained unmoved by U.S. protests that we measure Americanism in our own way. The other clue is that Khrushchev, having once accepted the fact that President Eisenhower and the U.S. Government did not deliberately put Mayor Poulson up to needling him, had to rationalize why Poulson had done so--and pounced upon Carter as the agent provocateur.

The Washington Post on October 17th, was taking a jibe at the New York Times about a controversy the two papers were having over the proposed 1964 World's Fair. I must quote this as it has a reference to me:

Washington Post, October 17, 1959. LOOK WHO'S TALKING. Just when we decide we can never again be surprised, something comes along which really flips us. And so it is with the parochial pile of untruths in a New York Times editorial about the 1964 World's Fair, reprinted elsewhere on this page. The population figures in the editorial are so flagrantly in error as to suggest that the T.V. quiz show expose reflects an epidemic New York condition. Perhaps it is natural that New York is edgy about Los Angeles, soon to become the nation's largest city. We leave Los Angeles (which besides sprawling millions also has smog, Mayor Norris Poulson, Disneyland and the Dodgers) to take care of itself.

Then that eminent columnist of the New York Times, Arthur Krock, in a general article on Khrushchev's visit in both New York City and Los Angeles, sums up Mr. K's actions, and I quote:

New York Times, September 24, 1959. It seems abundantly clear on this record that in the circumstances no arrangements could have been made, by the State Department, dinner hosts or local

authorities, that would not have provided Mr. Khrushchev with opportunities of which he availed himself--to stage an explosion or a touching show of turning the other cheek, according to which was best for his business.

I am glad we showed we weren't frightened.

Then the following letter was received:

One of the first new African nations to gain their freedom sent their President on a tour of the country and it was our privilege to entertain him. I am quoting a caption in a local liberal Negro newspaper. As all foreign guests did, they brought presents and this was embarrassing as our budgets do not allow for any pretentious gifts. I have some interesting mementos and especially from President Sekou Toure.

Los Angeles Tribune, November 6, 1959. AFRICAN PRESIDENT OPENS ARMS TO U.S. NEGRO. Poulson on Good Behavior. Mayor Norris Poulson, at left, whose baiting of Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev won him national and international grand slams, showed up in better form last Saturday when he officiated at functions honoring President Sekou Toure, of the tiny, newly independent African country of Guinea. The handsome Toure, who was introduced by Los Angeles World Affairs Council President Walter Combs, as one of the most important men in Africa, led his country out from under France's yoke in spite of poverty, although it is without adequate transportation, energy and fuel resources. Toure is one of the prime movers for a United States of Africa. He told a World Affairs banquet Saturday night that the liberty given America by its founding fathers had made it great, but intimated that present day Americans needed to make a comparable contribution to the progress of mankind if the country is going to retain its place in the world.

## XXIII

### SOME TRIPS AS MAYOR

L.A. DIGNITARIES FLY TO BRAZIL. This is a headline in the Examiner, and I will quote the brief story:

City officials and other dignitaries were winging toward Brazil yesterday on the return hop of the inaugural flight of R E A L Airlines between Los Angeles and Sao Paulo. The Super H Constellation left International Airport late Saturday night with 18 guests, who were to join 40 others from Latin American way stops for a 5-day tour of Brazil. Passengers included Franklin S. Payne, publisher of the Examiner, and Mrs. Payne, Raul de Smandel, Brazilian consul here; Mayor and Mrs. Poulson; Harry C. Dow, Airport Commission vice-president; A.R. Allen, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce transportation director and Herb Krauch, managing editor of The Herald-Express. Earlier Saturday, the big airliner landed here after a 28-hour flight to inaugurate a weekly schedule to Sao Paulo via Mexico City, Colombia and Rio de Janeiro. It carried 42 prominent Latin Americans, who were greeted by a civic delegation led by Mayor Poulson and John F. Mano, R E A L general manager in the United States.

Now, among the guests was our very good friend, Cobina Wright, columnist and society editor of the Herald-Express and I am going to take the easy way out by quoting some of her columns:

Dec. 2, 1959. ANGELENOS ENJOY SOUTH AMERICA TRIP. On the famous R E A L (Brazilian Airliner) inaugural flight to South America, we started a journey that was to be full of surprises and adventures. With us on the flight were our wonderful Mayor Norris Poulson and his devoted wife; Harry C. Dow, president of the airport commission; Francis Fox, manager of International



Airport; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Payne, he is publisher and editor of the Los Angeles Examiner; Herb Krauch, managing editor of Herald-Express; James L. McManus, assistant editor of San Francisco Chronicle; Raul de Smandel, Brazilian Consul to Los Angeles, and Victor Rueda, columnist for Spanish and Latin American newspapers.

I phoned Carmen Figuero and Miguelita Aleman Jr. Had a nice chat with Carmen, but, being Sunday, Miguelito was not home. I wanted to thank him for his red roses and his invitation to the Film Festival in Mexico City.

In Mexico City we were joined by Armando Cantu Medina, vice consul of Mexico; Magdalena Solis de Perez, vice president of public relations; Charge d'Affaires and Mrs. Jorge de Oliveria Maia and their handsome young son Michel; the Ambassador to Mexico from Salvador, Emillo Caldren Pulg, and Adrian Fernandez de Mendoza of Novedades (Mexico's leading newspaper). We left for Bogota, Colombia the same day. But as the weather was bad at Bogota, we had to land in Panama and I found myself in the Panama-Hilton Hotel. The humidity was tremendous, but our rooms were cool and the food was excellent. We dined in the beautiful Bella Vista room, listening to the lovely voice of Italian singer Anna Laddy. After dinner we all went to the casino, on the roof, to try our luck. The following day we arrived in Bogota, 8,660 feet above sea level and within 15 minutes we had flown by 11,000 foot peaks of Tres Moros over the western range. Bogota's mayor, Juan Pablo Llinas, and several others came to greet us. This is a lovely city founded by Spain in the year 1538. The flowers are beautiful. There are millions of orchids and calla lilies and some of the florists paint them red, which might be a good idea for Christmas in Los Angeles. Rueda presented Mrs. Poulson, Mrs. Payne and myself with sprays of lovely orchids.

Dec. 3, 1959. TRAVELERS DINE AT BRAZIL OPERA HOUSE. Our stay in Sao Paulo was made memorable by Mayor and Mrs. Adhemar de Barros, who invited our entire party to a dinner in the foyer of the Opera House, which was built in 1912 and is magnificently decorated.

We sat at an enormous circular table (the center banked with beautiful flowers) which afforded us a closer approach, and we could talk quietly during the dinner. Mme. de Barros presented us with Brazilian-style demitasses for drinking coffee. Jorge de Oliveira Maia,

Brazilian Consul in Mexico City, who was present, said that "coffee in Brazil to be good must be black as night, as hot as hell and as sweet as love." Speeches were made by mayors of Sao Paulo and Bogota and Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. We were delighted and amused with Poulson's speech. He said, "I am remembering the big fuss made by Mr. Khrushchev over his inability to visit Disneyland. It presents me with the idea to invite the mayors of Sao Paulo and Bogota, with a personal invitation from Walt Disney to visit Disneyland, assuring you that you will not need guards, just as I do not need guards in visiting your cities."

This struck a popular note, and there was great applause. He said, "I'll ask Mr. Disney to send you a book about Disneyland and a gold card which will give you all the privileges."

Dec. 4, 1959. BRAZIL CREATES CITY OUT OF WILDERNESS. Brasilia--A City is Born. The eyes of the entire group on R E A L's inaugural Los Angeles to Rio flight opened wide in wonder when we looked, for the first time, on Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil, an ultra-modern city in the process of being built which will have its dedication in April, 1960.

This city, which is being carved out of the wilderness in the central area of Brazil, 700 miles inland from Rio de Janeiro, will probably be considered one of the wonders of the world when it is completed. Oscar Neimeyer is the architect of this unique city, planned in the shape of an enormous airplane, and under his guidance are many other architects, mostly from Brazil. I was given a map of this remarkable city which upon completion will be entirely surrounded by a lake. There are no two-way streets, all traffic flows in one direction on these broad avenues. Cross streets for traffic and pedestrian use are tunneled under the streets.

The wing structures of the city plan are designed as residential sections, with huge apartments which will accommodate a population of 700,000 people, in addition to super markets, theaters, sports arenas, cultural centers and schools. In the area corresponding to the body of a plane, will be governmental buildings, the supreme court, national congress, ministries, the senate and offices for government and city employees.

In other sectors will be banks, commerce, radio and TV stations, and various types of industry. Included

also are a cathedral, a beautiful, ultra-modern structure more than 150 feet high, a chapel and a university.

The presidential palace has already been constructed, and there will be a yacht club, golf course, airport, hospitals and a cemetery. Sites have been laid out along the lake front for embassies from all over the world.

We lunched at the Palace, Brasilia's most modern hotel, and were served wonderful food. Esdras Silvira, representing the president of the Novacap Company, was kind enough to show us through the presidential palace. He told us that Juscelino Kubitschek, President of Brazil, is delighted with this new city, an immense and wonderful project.

There are many ranches situated anywhere from 50 to 80 miles outside this new capital of Brazil. Among ranch owners from the United States are Janet Gaynor, Cary Grant, Mary Martin and Chaffee Earl.

Now, I hate to inject this sour note, but the following came out later on. They were just throwing these buildings together. In fact the plaster was beginning to come off in the Senate auditorium before the building was completed. The buildings looked like an architect or artist's dream, but they were certainly not functional.

Dec. 7, 1959. STATUE OF CHRIST AT RIO AWES VISITORS. The Los Angeles group on R E A L Airlines' inaugural flight to Brazil, flew into this beautiful city after nightfall and was greeted by an unforgettable view of the floodlighted, giant 98-foot statue of Christ atop a mountain against a cloud-black sky. After landing, we went to the beautiful Copacabana, where hotels and apartment houses overlook the water and a wide stretch of sandy beach. That evening we attended a charity ball given in the Golden Room of Copacabana Palace. Benefiting the House of Mercy Hospital, the ball proceeds were used to aid in building a new ward. The ball was sponsored by Princess Fatima (cousin of ex-King Farouk

and wife of Prince Joao de Orleans e Braganca, heir to the non-existent Brazilian throne) and organized by Brazil's most famous social columnist, Ibrahim Sued, who knows Brazilians from top authorities to all social levels. Success of the ball was due to Sued, who can turn out all the big names, and to Prince and Princess Fatima Orleans e Braganca. The Prince made the drawings for the prizes and the first went to Mme. Paternotte de la Vaillee, beautiful Italian wife of the very wealthy Minister of the Belgian Embassy. I must say that not even in Hollywood are the women more beautiful than those of Brazil, where each one is lovelier than the other.

Guests at the ball included Mayor and Mrs. Norris Poulson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Payne, Herb Krauch, Marisa Graca Couto, Marques de la Stuffa (my charming escort at the ball and other functions in Rio) and Roberto Marinho and his Senora. Others were the mayor of Rio and Mrs. S. Freire Alvin, Secretary of the Air Force, and Mrs. Francisco Mello, Mr. and Mrs. Octacilio Gualberto and Horsky Giglioli.

Congress set up a Commission, known as the Commission on Inter-governmental Relations to Study Problems Involving Federal, State and Local Governments. There had been a similar committee before, appointed by President Eisenhower, but not having this official standing. I was appointed by President Eisenhower on the first committee as well as this official commission. There were twenty members, including Governors, U.S. Senators, U.S. Representatives, State Legislators, County representatives, Mayors, and laymen who were college professors. It was to be equally divided as to Republicans and Democrats. We had a broad subject and a tremendous job to try and unravel this bureaucracy, although we hired some experienced research men. My term expired when I left office and frankly I haven't heard of it since.

Probably lost in the avalanche.

I would much rather have someone else tell about our accomplishments and I am therefore quoting this

Examiner editorial:

December 27, 1959. STATE OF THE CITY. Mayor Poulson last week followed his annual custom of giving the people of Los Angeles a report on the "state of the city." Likely, he patterned this yearly accounting after the 'State of the Nation' message which the President regularly delivers annually at the opening of Congress. Mr. Poulson was a Representative for many years in the Congress before he became Mayor. Because of this experience he appreciates a summing up of our status is helpful for future legislation, in addition to rendering a report to the public. When his address was presented to Town Hall last week, it was an excellent accounting of his stewardship. Also, he spotlighted some of the handicaps and problems we face.

He listed many happy, beneficial accomplishments of this ebbing year. For instance, the roadblock finally was broken for a world zoo in Los Angeles. This will be a concerted enterprise by a group of public-spirited citizens known as "Friends of the Zoo," who will stock, operate and perpetuate what will undoubtedly be one of the finest zoos in all the world.

The Bunker Hill project, which will revitalize the heart of the city and add vigor to our whole development, also was pushed forward over the obstructing maneuvers of a few councilmen. The mayor properly expressed pride in recounting the many benefits of Los Angeles' winning the Dodgers National League baseball team, and at last clearing the way for a great stadium in Chavez Ravine. He played a big part in that victory, and he listed some significant facts. Since major league baseball came to this area, little league baseball activities have increased by 600%. This is fine for clean sportsmanship and for future good citizenship. For the adults there were other benefits. Financially it brought \$3,500,000 in added business during the World Series. It gave this whole area exultation in having the world champion team and provided a rallying point for community spirit in which we oft-times have been sadly lacking. Of first importance to us is the diversification of industry which Mayor Poulson reviewed. He stressed that

we must never drift towards the condition where Los Angeles depends upon a single industry for its life. In the past six years the metropolitan area's production has grown from \$4,600,000,000 a year to \$7,200,000,000. There was a time, not long ago, when Los Angeles was regarded by the nation as only a land of mild climate inhabited by braggarts who lived on movies, oranges and tourists. That changed when airplane manufacturing became the backbone of our economy. Happily, aircraft production still is in top place, aided now by missiles manufactory.

However, among the top 10 of our industries today, motion pictures are seventh, tourist income is eighth and agricultural production is tenth. These three have increased astonishingly but they have been outstripped by other sources of income such as electronics and electrical machinery, now in number two position. This variety of income makes for a sound support to what will become the biggest population center of the United States.

Confronting us are many unsolved issues. Foremost is water. We must develop more water resources for the millions of newcomers in this generation and for the generations to come. We must establish low cost collection and disposal of rubbish as part of our war on smog. On the profit side of this is the creation of more park and recreation facilities. By public operation and control of dump sites, we can prevent private monopoly abuses in this public utility field and at the same time reclaim land for inexpensive playgrounds.

All in all, Mayor Poulson's annual report on the 'state of the city' showed great progress for Los Angeles, and cast a rather dismal light on those few elected officials who knock and block and oppose and try to obstruct progressive programs apparently for the personal pleasure of being "against." The Examiner commends Mayor Poulson on his report. Perhaps we are a bit prejudiced because we have waged long and aggressive campaigns for major league baseball, a world zoo, Bunker Hill redevelopment, public rubbish collection and dump sites, for greatly increased park and recreational advantages; and, most importantly, for a program that will bring us the water we must have sooner than most of us realize. That is why we say, "Thank you, Mayor Poulson, for a splendid year's report and for the many things you did to bring these accomplishments." We are confident 1960 will be even a greater year for Los Angeles.

When I first flew to Hawaii in 1957 with J.A. Krug, Secretary of the Interior, on his inspection flight of the Mandated Island of the Pacific, China and Japan, it took us ten hours in one of President Truman's special planes. Read about this trip.

LA Times, Jan. 23, 1960. SOUTHLANDERS ENJOY JET HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY. Business, Civic Leaders Fly to Honolulu and Back in Day for Swim and Luncheon. To Hawaii and back the same day with time for a swim in the surf at Waikiki, luncheon at the Royal Hawaiian and a sight-seeing swing through Honolulu--that was the jet-age trip experienced by 88 Southland civic and business leaders yesterday. Sponsored by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Pan American World Airways flight demonstrated the nearness of the island neighbors, 2,558 air miles across the Pacific.

The Boeing 707 left Los Angeles International Airport at 8:05 a.m. Soon the modern-day magic carpet was winging its way westward at 575 m.p.h. 35,000 feet above the ocean. Five hours later at 1:10 p.m. PST--11:10 a.m. Hawaiian time--the jet touched down at Honolulu. With that, one of the briefest holidays in Alhoa-land on record got under way. After a traditional lei greeting by a host of island girls and 50th state officials, the contingent of speed-minded Southern Californians was whisked to Waikiki for a refreshing dip, for breath-taking trips in outriggers manned by brown-skinned beach boys.

The luncheon at the Royal Hawaiian--a gourmet's delight--and a quick tour of Honolulu--Iolani Palace, Washington Place and other famed landmarks. Back to the airport to board the jet. The schedule on the "dawn-to-dusk" flight called for arrival in the Southland at 10:45 p.m.

It was a great trip.

While I was President of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, I was invited to Vancouver, B.C., to speak, and

I advocated a better highway to Vancouver as the Angelenos like to spend their summer vacation up there.

In May, 1960, Mrs. Poulson and I headed for Chicago to attend the annual convention of the U.S. Conference of Mayors. We thought we would get a nice rest and also travel by Western Pacific Railway over a new route to us, the Feather River Canyon and Denver, Colorado, route. We looked at the weather report for Chicago and it was springlike, and, of course, it was fine weather in Los Angeles so I wore a light suit. It was a beautiful trip and it used up three days, but during those three days the weather changed in Chicago. I was never so cold in my life and, as a result, I just put on my lightweight suit over my pajamas and that brought this headline:

L.A. MAYOR HERE--IN PAJAMAS. Faced with Our Cold, Wears 'Em under Lightweight Suit. The mayor of Los Angeles came into cold, drizzly Chicago wearing his pajamas. He wore them under his lightweight suit. "I don't have any longies," explained Mayor Morris Poulson as he stepped from the California Zephyr in the Union Station. Then he lifted up a pants leg to reveal his secret. "One of the first things I'll do is head for Field's to buy some long underwear," said Poulson through chattering teeth.

Poulson was one of about 1,200 mayors expected to gather in the city Wednesday, for the four-day International Conference of Mayors in the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Chicago's Mayor Daley is president of the United States Conference of Mayors, one of the sponsoring groups. The other is the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities. Poulson, immediately past president of the U.S. Conference, said he did not think Los Angeles would overtake Chicago as the nation's second largest city. "Our



metropolitan area is larger than yours--we have about 6 million there," he said. "But the city itself has a population of about 2.5 million." Poulson said the biggest headache of all cities today stems from a single cause: growth.

Life's issue of June 20, 1960, had one of its most spectacular displays on Los Angeles. This will be a keepsake for my grandchildren.

This is one thing that I can boast about for my eight years. Even though the Council might amend my budget, the final version was within a small percentage of what I originally submitted to the Council. I give the great credit to Sam Leask and his staff. I can claim this credit though, that this was in line with my profession of a Certified Public Accountant, and we made a good team in preparing the budget and holding public hearings. Here are the headlines on three editorials:

Citizen-News, June 23, 1960. BUDGET VETO JUSTIFIED. Mayor Norris Poulson says he will veto the budget passed by the City Council because it dips into the City's reserve funds to the tune of \$1,300,000.

Los Angeles Times, June 25, 1960. A PENNY-WISE PROPOSAL IS VETOED. The City Council's penny-wise attempt at avoiding a property tax increase by raiding the reserve fund, was a pound-foolish manipulation of the budget. It deserved the veto that was imposed by Mayor Poulson.

Los Angeles Examiner, June 27, 1960. TAX GIMMICK. In vetoing a proposal to transfer \$1,300,000 from the city's reserve fund as a device to prevent

an increase in the tax rate, Mayor Poulson of Los Angeles acted with commendable prudence and candor. He took the clear, businesslike view that to deplete the reserve fund at this time would hamper the city's ability to balance the budget for the coming year.

Two of the most pleasant and lovable foreigners to visit Los Angeles were the Crown Prince and Princess of Japan. He was here in 1954, and six years later he had become a man. He wanted to see wild-west rodeo and we put one on for him at the Will Rogers Estate in Brentwood. He truly enjoyed it, and we had professionals.

Los Angeles Times, November 17, 1960. POULSON KNIGHTED WITH CROSS OF DANNABROG. Mayor Poulson became a knight Wednesday when he was decorated with the Cross of the Commander of Dannabrog. The Danish decoration of an order founded in 1219 was presented by Ryan A. Grut, Consul of Denmark, on behalf of King Frederik IX and Queen Ingrid. It was in appreciation for the courtesies extended to the Danish rulers by Mayor Poulson and the city on their recent visit here. Grut said the honor seldom is bestowed outside of his home country. "I am very proud of this honor, just as I am very proud of my Danish ancestry," Mayor Poulson told Grut.

## XXIV

### STATEWIDE WATER PROBLEMS

Water and its kindred issues have played a prominent part in my adult life. Right after we were married we started farming in Baker County, where you irrigate. You find the value of your land and its production definitely dependent upon your source of water. As I mentioned earlier in these memoirs, during irrigation season it was not uncommon for neighbors not to speak to one another over arguments about their water rights. This was forgotten when harvest time came and they all joined together.

Then when I was in the California Assembly, various phases of the Central Valley Water Project became issues.

When I went to Congress, I wanted to get appointed to the Appropriations Committee but various California groups had contacted the Republican leadership and they placed me on the Interior Committee which handled all legislation pertaining to water and its many related problems. When I left Congress to become Mayor, I was Chairman of the Sub-committee on Irrigation and Reclamation.

While in Congress, and during Governor Earl Warren's administration, the State Engineer [A. D.] Edmonston, conceived the idea of a State Water Project. It was then

called the Feather River Project. The Feather River Association, consisting of groups throughout the State, became very active in educating the public on the necessity of such a move.

No legislation was introduced during Governor Warren's administration but shortly after Governor Knight became Governor, certain legislation was introduced but made no progress because of the opposition of the North. There were many Northerners who were opposed to anything for the South but the majority of them were worried about losing water which someday they might need. The fact that thousands of acre feet of water were wasting to the ocean each year did not alter their opinion. Therefore, the big question became what was known as the County of Origin Rights. It was the opinion of many that this issue had to be settled before any project could be planned or put into operation. The fact that the Senate was dominated and controlled by Northern California Senators, even though the majority of the population was in the south, meant that, under Governor Knight, no headway could be made on the subject.

Now I might say that with my experience on the Interior Committee, I was thoroughly alerted to the serious need of water for Southern California within the next twenty years. I knew that San Diego, for instance, imported 80% to 85% of the water consumed.

Also, while I publicly claimed that the California rights on the Colorado River were valid, I could never thoroughly convince myself of the total amount of the claims. This is a rather bold confession, when it is recognized that in the House Interior Committee I was most influential in keeping the Arizona project bottled up.

Early in my administration as Mayor, when the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco asked me to speak, it was natural that I would speak on the value to the State as a whole of having a State Water Project taking the surplus waters of the North to the dry areas of the South. I had statistics to show how that would help Northern California, especially the Bay area.

Many people thought that a landslide victory of Governor [Edmund G.] Brown in 1958, and with a majority of Democrats in both the Assembly and the Senate, would give him a political honeymoon and quite probably put over a State Water Project. Governor Brown admitted that this was the time, if ever, to have the Legislature place this on the ballot. But again the great bugaboo of protecting the Northern California rights for future development became a big issue. Governor Brown then appointed a blue-ribbon lawyers' committee, consisting of constitutional lawyers and water rights lawyers representing all sections of the State. Their job was to come up with a constitutional amendment that would

settle this problem. Even though they approached the problem in an unbiased manner, they could not agree on anything definite. They were getting nowhere and there seemed to be the one big issue of how far the South could go in guaranteeing the County of Origin Rights. Well-informed political advisors were sure that if they had a constitutional amendment guaranteeing everything the North wanted, it would not pass in the South. They also believed they could pass a straight bond issue, but that wouldn't be worth anything unless the water rights issue was settled. Now to those interested in getting a water project, it looked very discouraging and Governor Brown was one of them.

Then one morning, Gilmore Tillman, the brilliant legal counsel for the Department of Water & Power in Los Angeles, called me and asked for an appointment. He called my attention to the fact that, in Los Angeles, whenever we passed a bond issue, we inserted in the bond issue all of the legal requirements which might be questioned by the bond buyers to alleviate their worry. As he stated, these provisions were legal, at least for the life of the bond issue. Then I conceived the idea of guaranteeing the North everything they wanted by writing it into the bond issue, as it would definitely be good for fifty years, or until the bond issue was paid off. Then the project would be complete. We would

be getting water, the people would be moving in where the water went and that would mean more votes, and then why worry what happened afterward. The Northerners would have to worry then. I tested this idea out with other constitutional lawyers and I called Governor Pat Brown and set up a luncheon date and took Gilmore with me. It was in the Sutter Club and I can picture Governor Brown today and his astonished look, with the great ray of sunshine from his eyes as he asked why somebody hadn't thought of this before!

He said he would consult with his legal staff right away, and if they agreed, he would have the necessary legislation introduced. Let me say it was introduced pronto. I appeared before meetings in Sacramento and advocated a one-bill approach with all of the legal guarantees in it. The Constitutional amendment which was introduced was known as the Burns-Porter Act (Senator [Hugh M.] Burns and Assemblyman [Carley J.] Porter). Governor Brown had many private meetings with the Senators and he evidently "twisted a lot of arms," and probably did a little political trading to get the constitutional amendment through the Senate by a two-thirds vote. Great credit is due him. During this time I spoke in San Jose, Stockton, Santa Barbara, Visalia and San Bernardino.

At first Governor Brown thought we should only have

a \$1-billion-dollar issue--the engineers said it would take much more. I advocated a \$2-billion-dollar bond issue because I said I had found from experience that you could pass a big issue as easily as a small one and when you get into such high figures, the public thought of the merit of the project and not the amount. They settled for \$1-and-three-quarters-billion. When Governor Brown was campaigning in San Diego in 1962, at a banquet I attended, he told the audience that I was responsible for getting him to raise the bond issue which the people in San Diego would benefit from.

Now I would like to present two letters from Governor Brown, to substantiate the information given heretofore:





State of California  
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE  
SACRAMENTO

EDMUND G. BROWN  
GOVERNOR

June 24, 1959

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Norrie:

If it weren't for you, a Democratic Governor would not have had a water program. Your courage, your suggestions, and your fight were magnificent!

I only hope that in the future if you, from your wide experience, have any ideas or suggestions of help to this great State, you will let me have them. I won't promise to give you credit, but the good Lord will know about it, and maybe that is more important than anything else anyway!

Sincerely

EDMUND G. BROWN, Governor



# SAN DIEGO COUNTY WATER AUTHORITY

2750 FOURTH AVENUE  
SAN DIEGO 3, CALIFORNIA

BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
D. A. HEILBRON, CHAIRMAN  
JAY COYLE, VICE CHAIRMAN  
FRANK H. DOE, SECRETARY

November 17, 1960

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

My dear Mr. Mayor:

Please accept the congratulations and thanks of the people of San Diego City and County for your efforts in support of the approval of the California Water Development Bond issue at the recent election.

As Chairman of the Southern California Committee for the California Water Plan, we know that your efforts were instrumental in the success of the proposition in Los Angeles County and in fact in all Southern California. As one of the areas most greatly benefited by the approval of this proposition, we wish not only to congratulate you on the successful campaign but to express the personal appreciation of the people of this city and county for your efforts.

Sincerely,

Fred A. Heilbron  
Chairman of the Board of Directors  
San Diego County Water Authority



## MEMBER AGENCIES

TIES  
IDO  
AL CITY  
IDE  
GO

IRRIGATION DISTRICTS  
HELIIX  
SAN DIEGUITO  
SANTA FE  
SOUTH BAY

PUBLIC UTILITY DISTRICTS  
FALLBROOK

MUNICIPAL WATER DISTRICTS  
BUENO COLORADO  
CARLSBAD  
OLIVENHAIN  
OTAY  
RAINBOW  
RAMONA  
RINCON DEL DIABLO  
RIO SAN DIEGO

EDMUND G. BROWN  
GOVERNOR

State of California  
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE  
SACRAMENTO



February 10, 1960

CONFIDENTIAL

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Norrie:

Your confidential letter with so much material was greatly appreciated by me.

I intend to talk to Bill, Randy, and David (and George, if you think it necessary) in order to move Mr. Krauch. My people are working very closely with the Metropolitan Water District on the contract features of our water contracts. This is tending to bring the people closer together, and, as a result, leads me to the optimistic opinion that even Mr. Joe Jensen will come around.

I have talked to quite a few people in my administration, and I am confident I will be able to get the necessary support for the water bond issue. I think the important thing is to obtain the services of a man as chairman who is absolutely dedicated to this measure, whether or not he is part of the bluebook of Southern California. I think the latter is important, but it should be second to his dedication. If you have anybody in mind, please let me know because I respect your judgment so much in these matters.

I hope that together we will be able to perform this great public service. I repeat that without you this whole water program would have gone down the drain.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "Jwb" or similar, written over the word "Sincerely".

EDMUND G. BROWN, Governor

I was appointed Chairman of the Southern California Committee for the passage of Proposition #1--State Water Project.

Now, Northern California water experts realized the possibility of what could happen in fifty years, although they received many special benefits in what is known as the Davis-Grunsky Act, which develops many non-feasible recreation projects in the North. Realists know that they can't push water uphill in that mountainous country and get a beneficial use out of it and still be feasible.

The League of California Cities put on a "Get Acquainted" tour for the various Mayors throughout the State. We in Southern California, in private planes furnished by airplane dealers, met the Northern California Mayors down here and then we toured in the State for two days, making brief stops at various inland cities, and, of course, I would be asked to say something as the Mayor of Los Angeles and I never lost an opportunity to plug the Water Bill. It was apparent in the campaign that the North was against it.

Here in Southern California I was surprised to find so much opposition. There was the size of the bond issue, although the water users would eventually pay for the bonds and interest and the Northerners would not pay for same but just lend their credit through the State.

Then, some thought Southern California could do it alone and not have the State dabbling in it, since they would be paying for it. The leader of this thought was Joseph Jensen, Chairman of the Metropolitan Water District--a most sincere and able water authority. We argued and believed that the M.W.D. (being strictly Southern California) could not possibly overcome the political barriers that the North would raise, particularly the Bay Area and the Delta Area. (This has certainly been borne but with even the State's superior authority. To this date, it is the biggest obstacle to overcome, as you will note in a letter later in these memoirs.)

The M.W.D. was the dominant water agency in Southern California and they had seen the need for water for Southern California and financed the Lake Havasu Dam on the Colorado River. There they have their intake located for bringing water to Southern California. The reason for financing the Havasu was the urgency of building same, as it would take years for the Federal Government to act and get the necessary appropriations. The people knew their accomplishments and so their influence could just about determine the vote in Southern California.

The M.W.D. had a very intricate system of voting. Los Angeles City's vote carried a weight of approximately 36%; San Diego had a lesser percentage vote, and so on.

Furthermore, what the majority of the Los Angeles directors on the M.W.D. Board voted, constituted that 36%-vote as a unit. So if Joe Jensen controlled the majority of the City directors' vote, he would wield a big club in the overall District's voting. There were others outside of Los Angeles in the M.W.D. who believed in going it alone and not being dictated to by the State. We had done a lot of nose-counting and it was generally agreed that M.W.D. would not endorse the State Water Program unless we could get the majority of the Los Angeles City Directors' vote. The Governor knew this and so did others interested.

I had many telephone calls with Governor Brown and Ralph Brody (his water advisor), and he had his friends using their influence but seemingly to no avail.

I had appointed two directors who were not voting with me in the preliminary vote tests. One was Ferdinand Mendenhall and the other was Noah Dietrich. I had talked to both of them and they had confidence in Joe Jensen's leadership. I knew they were men of stature and so I wasn't going to talk to them and try and argue them out of their position at that time.

Then out of a blue sky, Ferdinand Mendenhall came to me and stated that he was going on a trip to Hawaii and the South Pacific and wouldn't be there for the final vote. I never questioned him but it gave me new hope.

This was just a few weeks before election.

I called Noah Dietrich and arranged a meeting. I asked him bluntly why he sided with Joe Jensen in this fight. He told me that he didn't consider it a personal issue between Jensen and myself. He had been so busy, he stated, that he had attended very few meetings and that Joe Jensen had seemed to be a conservative and level-headed man and apparently had the confidence of the majority of the directors and, therefore, why should he oppose him. Noah, having been the head of Howard Hughes' empire for many years certainly knew what leadership needed and usually received--support. He admitted frankly that he wasn't too well informed on the issue and I proceeded to give my reasons for his support. He stated that he could be absent as he had been so many times but I pleaded with him not to be. I told him that I had counted the prospective vote and that in the event of certain absences his vote would be the deciding vote. He stated that he was not a vote-switcher but certainly didn't want to be the deciding vote against it, for my sake. To sum it up he agreed to be present and if his vote was the deciding vote he would not be responsible for defeating it, or in other words would change his past voting stand. Let me say now that Joe Jensen had complained to me several times about Dietrich always being absent. Also, that if Noah Dietrich

had had any clear-cut opinion on the issue, he would not have changed his position, as he is a man who would back his convictions. However, he wasn't certain and he went with his friend.

Well, when the final vote came up, there were two absentees who had previously voted with Joe, and Noah Dietrich became the deciding vote and Joe Jensen never forgave him for that. I had told the Governor right along what my strategy was, and was I happy when I called him and told him the vote! This vote of the City of Los Angeles' directors swung the district endorsement and I saw the passage of the Bond act. Let me show you my reasoning. First of all, I will say that the vote of Noah Dietrich was the most important single act in the campaign.

We had great difficulty in getting campaign funds, as the Presidential election took priority over everything, and, frankly, in the South there was a lukewarm feeling because of the known opposition of such men as Joe Jensen and others. Therefore, the M.W.D. endorsement made headline news and carried an inestimable amount of influence. Joe still opposed it personally and publicly, but now he is most cooperative.

The Northern part of the State, from the Tehachapi Mountains north, had a majority of 638,916 against, and if it were not for the majority of 812,860 votes in



favor from the seven Southern California Counties, we would have been defeated. As it was, the total majority was only 173,944 for passage.

Now let us analyse further--it would have only taken a switch of 87,000 votes in the South out of a total of 3,361,588 votes cast to have defeated it state-wide. An adverse vote by M.W.D. or their official opposition could easily have influenced 87,000 votes out of the 3,361,588 cast.

This is a story that can't be written in the news columns but the facts are all there to support it.

I will tell later how I never got out of "WATER."

## THIRD-TERM CAMPAIGN

This mistake was that I ran for the third term. Not that I lost the campaign, but I lost my good health and voice, and I have never recovered same. This, I notice, has been the experience of many other office holders of good record and long service, who just try to defeat the laws of nature. It should be a lesson, but I can appreciate how they think they still have the old vim and vitality to face a stiff campaign. Then, as one columnist wrote, if you are aggressive and accomplish something while in office you make intense enemies of the "status quo" element, whereas a "do-nothing" office holder does not have those enemies. Anyway, this is life and results of the game, so just accept it as such. I have the satisfaction of accomplishing something for Los Angeles. Now it is an interesting story as this unfolds, but in some ways a terrible nightmare, as I really suffered from nerves and frustration during the campaign.

Early in 1960, I visited John Queenan, national executive officer for Haskins & Sells, and again arranged to become associated with this great international accounting firm. I was to go back to Los Angeles and work out details with Malcolm De Vore of the Los Angeles office.

HASKINS & SELLS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
TWO BROADWAY  
NEW YORK 4

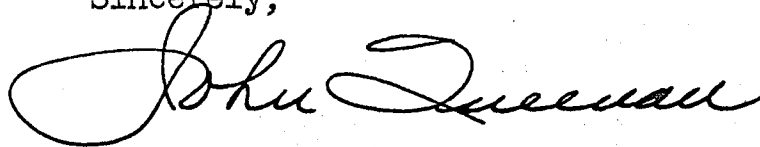
April 28, 1960

The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Mayor, The City of Los Angeles,  
City Hall,  
Los Angeles 12, California.

Dear Norris:

Malcolm has advised me of the arrangement he has made with you to come with our firm upon the completion of your term as Mayor on or about June 1, 1961. I am delighted with the arrangement and I feel certain it should work to our mutual advantage. I shall look forward to welcoming you into the organization next year.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John Sweeney". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

I was to get \$20,000 per year with no accounting assignments but in an executive capacity along public relations lines for Los Angeles and other offices.

Naturally I made this known in an indirect fashion. Then quietly a certain group, headed by Herb Baus of Baus & Ross, and Carlton Williams, started to work with leading citizens to draft me. They had made a lot of headway before I found out about it and, admitting that it tickled my ego, I did not stop it at that point. Herb Baus was evidently thinking about the big fee for their public relations firm in directing the campaign. Carl Williams was due to retire from the Times and he had hinted that he would like some kind of a job. I didn't think they would get very far as I had stated many times before that I would never run again unless responsible people had pledged \$200,000 in the bank to start. This I sincerely thought would shut off any draft.

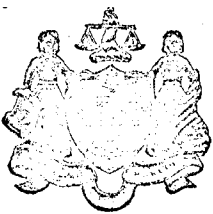
In August, I was invited by a leading citizen to a luncheon one day and there were thirty of the "top men" from all fields of Los Angeles, and I heard a well-prepared pitch to run again, on account of the threat of the liberals taking over. I was asked just one question by Charles Jones of Richfield, and that was how was my health. The others asked no questions but pleaded with me to run again. To Charles Jones I answered what I sincerely thought was the correct answer--I feel

fine although at present I am a little tired, but am going next week to Oregon for a good rest and vacation.

The weakness of man surely came out in me as I thought I was really needed. How silly! In a few days, I gave my affirmative answer to the public, and of course the meeting was mentioned from another source. There were congratulatory letters and congratulatory editorials. Heretofore, I had had a carefree attitude, knowing I would soon be out of the "rat race." After this announcement, I had the strangest feeling come over me as I came face to face with the many problems ahead. I went on the vacation but I couldn't shake off those worries, like I had before when I went to Oregon.

I returned and got in the Nixon campaign and, of course, the Water campaign up to my ears, and temporarily forgot everything. I might note now that Sam Yorty came out for Nixon with a scathing attack on Kennedy, and Dick Nixon naturally could become involved a little with Sam with Young Republicans in the Valley in our campaign.

I went to the hospital ten days before Christmas to have an examination, for a prostate and kidney check-up, and I took an anesthetic. I was only there a couple of days before I had to get up and ride in the annual religious Christmas parade in Van Nuys. It was a very cold night, and while I put on heavy underwear, I found myself riding in an open car at night with my hat off.



CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

RICHARDSON DILWORTH  
MAYOR

September 6, 1960.

The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Office of the Mayor,  
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Norris:

I felt confident that you would not be able to turn down the real pressure which I am sure was put upon you to run for a third term.

When a man has served his City as well as you have, it is not easy to retire.

Sincerely,

*Dick.*

RD:MD

Why? Some of the people shouted, "Take off your hat!" and being a candidate, I did, and remember I always wore a hat. I used to say that I could go barefooted easier than without a headpiece. I caught a terrible cold and sore throat. I couldn't shake the sore throat and went to a throat specialist who cured it, but I talked as though I had laryngitis. THAT IS WHEN I SERIOUSLY THOUGHT ABOUT REFUSING TO RUN AS WE HAD NOT FILED OUR FINAL PAPERS. I thought I would be letting those people down as they had raised the money, and Baus & Ross had spent some. Get this--the campaign was not run for \$200,000, that was just a start.

Before the campaign was over, I had gone to five throat and lung specialists and a voice therapist (recommended by doctors). The voice deteriorated instead of improving, but more about that later.

The two chief contenders were Sam Yorty and Pat McGee, a councilman. We ran our campaign upon the basis of the record, but all the time both Yorty and McGee were challenging me to a debate, which of course I couldn't meet on account of my voice. Remember debates between candidates had been popularized by the recent Presidential election. I didn't appear on TV until McGee accused me of having cancer and then we scheduled and advertised my appearance. A trick in television is that you can slow everything down while shooting and then

speed it up to normal in showing it. Even then they could tell that something was wrong. The TV boys would catch me off guard for a news story, and while I didn't avoid them, I spoke very sparingly and still had that "frog" in my voice.

Most everyone expected McGee to run ahead of Yorty, but Yorty barely nudged ahead of McGee in the primaries and I didn't get 50%-plus of the votes and had a run-off.

I had evidence that Yorty was supported by questionable people and in a TV interview after the primaries I stated that he was backed by "underworld" forces.

There was an attorney in LA (publicity seeker and hopeful candidate for something, as he has been an unsuccessful candidate twice since) by the name of Phil Silvers. Silvers had heretofore filed suits against the city and public officials on everything from the oil leases, baseball, and zoo location, and had done so as a "public-spirited" citizen. This was questionable because this took money and an investigation of his background had shown several bankruptcies on his part and no visible practice. Anyway, he appeared as Yorty's attorney and sued me for \$1 million dollars.

Yorty knew that he personally had a questionable past as far as representing certain elements, and smartly figured that by taking the offensive he could take the spotlight from there and center it on the current lawsuits,



which he never planned to bring to fruition before the campaign closed. Before the campaign was over, he had sued me on other charges and finally the amount was \$3,300,000. Now by legal methods he could demand that depositions be taken, and, of course, this was granted by the judge and this was a field day for press and TV. Nothing would be accomplished as Phil Silvers would amend his complaints and file new suits and just keep everything in the air. As far as I was concerned it was "hell on earth," as I couldn't speak up and back as I had been accustomed to, my voice not permitting. This torture I think was part of their planned campaign and it worked. I had a committee of the best attorneys in the city volunteer for my defense but they never had the opportunity to finish the case. We really prepared the evidence then to show that he was supported by "underworld forces" but never had the chance to bring it out. The head of this group was Walter Ely, now a Federal Judge.

The two largest newspapers in Los Angeles, Los Angeles Times and Los Angeles Examiner, sent their own investigators and newsmen out to get stories on Sam Yorty, and I will just briefly mention them, as that is past history. I just want to show how a smart campaign can throw the focus off of that onto other issues. His great campaign was that of being "smeared" and picked on

by "downtown interests" of Los Angeles.

The Examiner brought out an affidavit form of Yorty representing certain underworld or gambling elements, trying to use his influence incorrectly with the Attorney General to drop charges. The Times brought out about his ownership in private dumps and also his attempt to use his political influence in Democratic circles to get certain Federal lands in LA County for dump purposes. He was shown to be an officer in an illegal stock-selling venture of uranium stock. I received a letter from a party who had been sold said stock, and he had received a letter from Yorty. I turned this over to the Times. His answer was a series of broadcasts about being "framed" and why didn't Poulson come and argue this out on TV.

Yorty was also shown to be attorney for Cabazon Village, trying to be incorporated so that they could have gambling. This was near Palm Springs. Also, as a member of the Assembly, he had publicly advocated bookmaking be legalized back in 1949.

Now he wasn't on the defensive, as he was on the air attacking me about every night. George Putnam, whom I had testified against in a libel case, had him on his show continuously, and here was the basis of Yorty's attack. Of course, he was being "crucified" by the downtown moneyed interests. I was the puppet of this group. Then he elaborated on the oil leases, which

# WILSHIRE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Third Street and Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California

Telephones: DUNKirk 7-5387; DUNKirk 7-5388

W. CLARENCE WRIGHT, M.A., D.D., Pastor

EDWARD E. BAIRD, B.D.  
Assistant Pastor

JAMES C. DYER, JR., M.R.E.  
Director Christian Education

WALTER G. BEAMAN, Clerk of Session  
PAUL W. PENCE, Church Treasurer  
GRACE M. BAVIN, Church Secretary  
VIRGINIA M. PIERCE, Pastor's Secretary



May 19, 1961

The Honorable Norris Poulson, Mayor  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Poulson:

Although I have been pastor of the Wilshire Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles for more than twenty-three years, only once or twice have I supported a candidate for public office, publicly, unless such was a member of the church of which I am pastor.

I do not feel that ministers of congregations should make a public endorsement of a candidate, unless a moral issue or critical situation is involved.

However I feel that a very definite moral issue is at hand in the mayoralty election on May 31, and I want to give to you my unqualified support in recognition of what you have done to enhance the good name of our city.

While I have differed with you on specific items, as you well know, I recognize your integrity and your ability, and feel that under your leadership the police and law enforcement agencies have demonstrated a high standard of honesty and fairness, and that our citizens can be proud of the almost complete freedom from corruption by underworld influences which have designs upon any major city.

Your choice of able commissioners who would carry out your policies with wisdom and civic pride, has demonstrated your determination that Los Angeles should be a city of stable and honest administration.

I think a continuation of the good name of the city is dependent upon your re-election, and I am happy to express my full endorsement of your candidacy.

Sincerely,

*W. Clarence Wright*  
W. Clarence Wright

I have explained before. As an attorney, he knew I had no part of same, but he classed it as the "multi-million-dollar steal."

As he told an attorney, "This is just campaign fodder and I am not worried about the facts." He used innuendos and thus avoided libel, but the public certainly would interpret his charges otherwise. He also knew that they had struck "dry holes," but he wasn't going to tell that story.

Now the biggest issue, as the campaign developed, was the exaggerated \$250,000 ranch I had in Oregon. This was so ridiculous that at first I just laughed about it. He even described my brother-in-law's (Carl Loennig) herd of cattle, but the picture he had of them was distributed far and wide. I finally came back to refute the story and he asked again to debate it.

If you were to hear all of these charges and counter-charges, not being acquainted with the true facts, and then find one contestant quiet and the other one on television about every night, what would you do?

LA Examiner, April 30, 1961. POULSON TO TAKE CHECK-UP. Report on Condition Set for Wednesday. Mayor Poulson Saturday accepted a request from a group of leading citizens that he undergo a thorough physical examination "to put to rest an ugly whispering campaign aimed at injecting lies into the mayoralty race." The Mayor will be examined by a panel of physicians chosen without his consultation by the citizens' group. The check-up will take two days. It will be conducted at Good Samaritan Hospital.

The Mayor said he wanted "full disclosure" of the results. The doctors' findings will be released at a press conference scheduled for 10 a.m. Wednesday in the Mayor's office. The physicians will include Drs. George C. Griffith, Donald A. Charnock, John C. Jones and Harold Boyd.

In the citizens' group are Fritz B. Burns, builder; Bryant Essick, campaign chairman for former Mayor Bowron; W.J. Bassett, executive secretary, Los Angeles County Federation of Labor; George B. Gose, former Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce president; Frank L. King, financial and civic leader; Victor M. Carter, businessman and philanthropist, and Robert S. Fuller, San Fernando Valley business leaders.

LA Examiner, May 4, 1961. POULSON'S HEALTH EXCELLENT. Mayor Poulson, vigorous but voiceless, was given a health rating of "excellent" by a team of four medical specialists Wednesday. Final results of a two-day hospital examination of the Mayor showed a biopsy on his vocal chords and a stain test of sputum were found "absolutely negative for cancer." The doctors' report was read at a news conference in the Mayor's office by Dr. George C. Griffith, internist and spokesman for the panel. He said: "Norris Poulson was physically examined by us, May 1 and 2, 1961, at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan. Indicated laboratory and x-ray examinations were done. It is our opinion that Mayor Poulson is in excellent physical condition consistent with his age. There is no evidence of heart disease and no demonstrable evidence of malignancy." But Dr. Griffith said Poulson was requested not to speak for 10 days to rest his throat from the rigors of an examination that included a biopsy of a segment of his larynx. The tests were made at the request of a group of business and labor leaders "to put to rest an ugly and insidious whispering campaign aimed at injecting lies and false health issues into the present mayoralty race."

Haven't you heard similar reports before and the party drop dead? I know personally that a very close friend afterward told me, "My wife said she wouldn't

condemn you to death as she knew you would die on the job."

Now, let me quote from the 1965 campaign:

LA Times - Richard Bergholz - Political Writer.  
March 18, 1965.

Statement by Mayor Yorty:

In a jovial mood, Yorty recalled his triumphant campaign for mayor four years ago and said he's willing to recognize now that he felt free to challenge incumbent Mayor Norris Poulson to debate during that campaign "because I knew he couldn't accept because he had lost his voice."

LA Times  
March 19, 1965.

Statement by Congressman James Roosevelt:

"As for his political challengers, Yorty's contempt was demonstrated," the congressman said, "in his recent remarks that he felt free to challenge then Mayor Norris Poulson to debate in the 1961 campaign because he knew the mayor was suffering from a throat ailment and couldn't accept. I am shocked that any responsible official would have done such a thing," Roosevelt said, "and even more at his arrogance in boasting about it."

LA Times Editorial, Sunday, March 19, 1961: POULSON  
SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED

A number of his major accomplishments have come about through his leadership of the whole electorate, not simply by his skillful management in City Hall. The baseball and recreation center in Chavez Ravine resulted from his direct appeal to the people who endorsed it in a referendum. In the same fashion he won the people to his plan for municipal rubbish collection, which saves the householders money and checkmates the sinister threat of a collection syndicate. His prestige has helped the people of Southern California beyond the bounds of his own bailiwick. He was the first to propose the solution of the constitutional and legislative difficulties in the way of the Feather River program--to wrap the program up in a bond issue referendum for all the

people to vote on. They endorsed it last November. Statesmanship of this kind is of a higher order than that usually found in the head of a municipal government. The January-February issue of the Harvard Business Review presents a table on the opinions of business executives who work in or near the great cities, showing their estimation of the several municipal governments, and Mayor Poulson's Los Angeles administration ranks "head and shoulders above" the others. The table shows that in Los Angeles, 88% of those polled are pleased with their municipal government. The score for other cities: Detroit 78%, Philadelphia 75%, Chicago 55%, New York 51% and Boston 13%. The average approval of the 10 largest city governments was 57%, which gives the Los Angeles government - Poulson's government - a 3 to 2 edge in approbation.

LA Examiner, May 28, 1961. FOR MAYOR. Not for many years has any campaign for mayor been as turbulent and as heated as the one drawing to a close between Mayor Norris Poulson and Samuel William Yorty. The mayor is seeking re-election on the merits of an administration that has been acclaimed nationally by the Harvard Business Survey, as well as other authorities, as the best among all large cities in the United States. He also stands on the merit of an administration which has kept Los Angeles free from organized gambling and the resulting graft and gangsterism. At the same time, Los Angeles has kept pace with the greatest increase of population faced by any U.S. city. His opponent, Mr. Yorty, has a smooth, polished, and effective eloquence acquired from a lifetime of candidacy for a great variety of offices.

LA Examiner, May 14, 1961. YORTY OFFERED "BIG PROFIT" BY POULSON. "Take Over My Ranch," he says. Ranch Bull Story Gets "Rich" Answer. Mayor Poulson offered his opponent, Samuel William Yorty, a chance to make a fortune Saturday. That is, the Mayor added, if Yorty still believes his own "bull" story. What Poulson did was propose Yorty buy his Oregon land for \$100,000. Another \$25,000 would take care of Poulson's entire interest in the cattle herd, or \$600 would purchase any of the bulls. Yorty last Monday claimed Poulson has built up holdings worth \$250,000 at his home town of Baker, Ore. This, he said, included blooded Black Angus bulls worth up to \$25,000 each. So Poulson, with the consent of his wife, made an offer good until election day, May 31. "Including the bull you say I own worth \$25,000 or more, I will sell you my entire interest in

this small herd for \$25,000," the Mayor's proposal to Yorty said, adding, "In fairness, I must tell you that I own only 60 animals and have half-interest in another 100--and they are white faced Herefords and not Black Angus as your snoopers reported. As to the bulls which seem to fascinate you, I will sell any one of them to you for \$600--so you can make more than \$24,000 if you still believe your bull story. Then as to land, I will sell you my entire interest in it for \$100,000. This is the 390 acres I have bought over the years, and does not include that inherited by my wife from her folks. Again to be fair, I must tell you I have paid \$73,655 for it and still owe \$12,000 on it. But if you really believe it is worth \$250,000 you can have it for \$100,000 and delude yourself further into thinking you have made \$150,000 profit. Mr. Yorty, maybe you can get this money from some of your 'questionable character' friends. From now on, I am going to discuss the serious business of the future of Los Angeles."

The election became very torrid and the Hollywood Citizen-News in its editorial of May 26, 1961, had this to say, which I think covers the story:

ELECTION ISSUES. We hear many people expressing the fear that few voters will turn out next Wednesday when Los Angeles faces the duty of hiring a chief administrator to serve for the next four years. Several excuses are given for the apathy of the voters. One is the short ballot. Another is the proximity to Memorial Day. In fact, the election was postponed one day for this reason. But the main excuse is that some voters feel it makes little difference whether Mayor Norris Poulson or former Congressman Sam Yorty wins the election. This "plague on both your houses" attitude may be due, in part, to the smears spread by the supporters of both candidates. But in our opinion it is vitally important that we re-elect Mayor Poulson for a third term.

Let me also state that the Citizen-News fought me bitterly on baseball, and they were great supporters of Bowron. Furthermore, they thought I was too close to downtown interests, since they were located in Hollywood.



They opposed me on many issues and had supported McGee in primaries.

The Harvard Review had written an article on the ten largest cities, and it was referred to in an Examiner editorial of April 2nd:

FOR MAYOR. This efficient administration of the City's affairs recently won singular distinction from the Harvard Business Review, based on an exhaustive study of the 10 largest American cities. We were named the least corrupt of all the cities, which was the highest possible compliment to our municipal administration from the top down. Los Angeles won another first place in "doing as good a job as can be reasonably expected," and was in top rank in providing "an outstanding example of progressive municipal government." Also on the matter "power for growth" Los Angeles is far ahead of its nearest competitor. These opinions were based on answers to questionnaires submitted to 9,000 owners, presidents and high executives of large corporations, and to leaders in the professions, government and labor unions throughout the country. Further enhancing Mayor Poulson's executive and administrative success are such accomplishments as keeping Los Angeles free of friction among minority groups; sound grasp and professional handling of City finances in close liaison with the City Administrative Officer; putting the rubbish disposal program on an efficient footing that permits no monopoly; backing vigorously the movement to make Los Angeles a beautiful and physically clean city, and taking a leading part in an effort to assure this city a plentiful water supply. Other accomplishments with the Mayor's active aid and participation include the bringing of major league baseball to Los Angeles; launching of great public works like the new Los Angeles International Airport, the new Los Angeles Zoo, and the Bunker Hill redevelopment project; passage of bond issues for major improvements to sewers, parks and playgrounds.

This nightmare finally ended and Yorty won by 16,000 votes, with only a 47% turnout. The election was held on May 31st, the Tuesday after a three-day

Memorial Day weekend. In the districts where I won, there was a light turnout but in the Negro and Mexican districts the turnout was larger. The "againsters" always turn out and it is up to the incumbent to get a good turnout. To add to our troubles, on Memorial Day there was a minor race riot in Griffith Park. Some Negroes who insisted on riding the merry-go-round free, encouraged by a few drinks, resisted arrest, and, of course, that made headlines in the Negro districts. That would have been good campaign strategy on the part of opposition as the Negroes loved to cry, "police brutality." Anyway, I lost, and that is history, but as the polls before had been most favorable, assuming a fair turnout of votes, many people were surprised, including myself.

LA Times, June 2, 1961: THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT HOPE. Samuel W. Yorty got the city of Los Angeles at a bargain price--for 273,701 votes, 24.2% of the 1,128,070 of the registered voting potential. More than half of the qualified citizens were willing to take a chance. They hadn't had a fire in the city government for some years, so they let their insurance lapse."

Newsweek, June 12, 1961: Yorty's slim victory, by 273,701 to 257,073, out of 1,128,070 registered voters in the 452-square-mile city, shook the downtown bigwigs because it indicated a shift in power from pioneers to newcomers of varying backgrounds. (Yorty received heavy support from Negro and Mexican-American districts and from the mixed-population San Fernando Valley, where he lives.)"

Time, June 9, 1961: SLUG-FEST. Last April Yorty again sallied forth against the will of party

leaders, surprised everyone by finishing close enough to Poulson in a nine-candidate election for the mayor to force last week's run-off. Opposed by leaders of both parties and by all four major Los Angeles dailies, Yorty fought his special kind of bare-knuckled campaign. He cried out against the "entrenched downtown interests," vowed to fire the whole police commission if elected, and questioned darkly how Poulson could afford a cattle spread in Oregon worth, or so Yorty claimed, a cool \$250,000. Famed in Los Angeles as the gladdest glad-hander of them all, Norris Poulson made the mistake of trying to slug it out with Yorty. He linked Yorty with Nevada gamblers, claimed his opponent had underworld support. Yorty sued for \$3,300,000 for slander. Suffering from a severe case of laryngitis, Poulson also made the tactical error of appearing on television shows with the vigorous Yorty, left the impression that he was a sick and tired old man.

LA Times, Sunday, July 2, 1961: HAIL AND A FOND FAREWELL. A new mayor of Los Angeles took the oath of office on Friday and spoke expansively of the future. And while all of us hoped for the best with Samuel W. Yorty, some of us, observing the slender, nervous man who was retiring from the office, could express the hope in concrete terms: we wished that Mayor Yorty will do as well as Mayor Norris Poulson did. For Mayor Poulson did very well indeed. One might reflect, in watching the ceremony of changing mayors, that Mr. Poulson would have been spared this public parade of defeat if he had followed his private inclinations. He wanted to retire, and so did Mrs. Poulson, the constant and indispensable partner of his career, but he yielded to the pressure of those who believed that his work in the City Hall was unfinished and that only he could finish it. If he felt any bitterness at the Friday exhibition it may have come from thinking about the wages of a man who rises above his own interest: somewhat more than half the Los Angeles voters were so indifferent to his labors in their behalf that they troubled neither to approve nor disapprove what he had done. He might think, as a person of similar experience thought 250 years ago, that "no man can conceive, until he come to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person." The local historians will be kinder to Mayor Poulson than his constituents were. Perspective will show that he did not prove his capacity by overriding a single great crisis in city government--such a thing wins quick

fame but is relatively easy to manage; what he did was cope almost continuously through eight years with the problems that rolled in with the new population. During his two administrations the population of Los Angeles increased by half a million. As mayor of a great American city, his problems were unique, for all the other cities of size were losing people. While a city of the class, say, of Denver was suffering the normal municipal perplexities, Los Angeles in Mayor Poulson's time was absorbing a new population equal to Denver's or Atlanta's or Cincinnati's. To adjust the city's garment to this growth with a minimum of discomfort was a remarkable achievement of municipal government, and anything accomplished beyond this adjustment ought to be called spectacular. And there were several spectacular breakthroughs during the Poulson administrations. The municipal refuse collection program was created to solve a problem thrust on the city from outside; one of the world's finest airports was designed and pushed toward completion; harbor development leaped ahead; the baseball stadium and playgrounds in Chavez Ravine were gotten under way on lands that had been condemned to be the site of a group of rent-subsidized tenements; steps were taken to create a zoo equal to any in the United States.

While presiding over a city government that could do all this in a time of seam bursting stresses, and still remain solvent, Mayor Poulson found time to exercise some water statesmanship at a higher level. His was the suggestion, taken and shaped and managed by Gov. Brown, that brought the Feather River program into being in our time: the idea of a direct appeal to the people through a bond issue proposition.

Norris Poulson gives the new mayor something to shoot at, and the next one, and the next one after that. He helped to set some patterns that should not be broken without the jangling of many alarms. Defeat may still sting a little, but Mr. Poulson goes into retirement with much salve for his hurts. He has been the good and faithful servant, and now he ought to know that his perceptive friends know it.

I wish I could mention all of my good friends, but this incident I will never forget. Ben Griffith, a leading industrialist and civic leader, and Chairman of the Water and Power Commission, and likewise one of

BEN P. GRIFFITH

611 SOUTH SHATTO PLACE  
LOS ANGELES 5

November 13, 1961

Dear Norrie:

Katie and I deeply appreciate the expression of sympathy from you and Mrs. Poulson.

I can tell you sincerely that this was not as great a tragedy to us as was the last election. It seems as though 1961 is not a very good year for all of us, but we intend to rebuild and look to the future just as you are.

Every good wish from us both.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ben".

Ben P. Griffith

. Mr. Norris Poulson  
Haskins and Sells  
523 West Sixth Street  
Los Angeles 14 California

my great supporters and financial backers, lost his home in the 1962 Bel-Air fire. I wrote him a letter of sympathy and when I saw him on the street later, he said, "My loss was minor whereas the loss to the City in your defeat was major."

I received many letters after the campaign, and I am going to show just a few to give you an idea of how some people thought.

JAMES L. PATTEN  
FRANK W. DOHERTY  
JAMES A. DOHERTY

LAW OFFICES  
**FRANK P. DOHERTY**  
717 TITLE INSURANCE BUILDING  
433 SOUTH SPRING STREET  
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA  
MADISON 8-2296

June 1, 1961

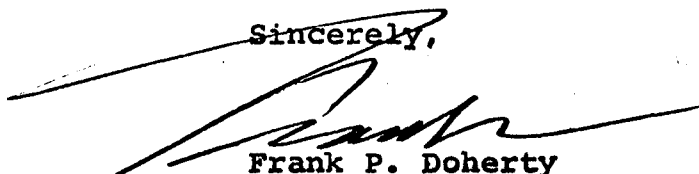
Mayor Norris Poulson  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

My dear Norrie:

How quickly and easily our people forget. You rendered excellent service in the California Legislature for the people of this City and as a member of Congress from this City you did an outstanding job; and for the past eight years you have given the people of this great City an administration for which you may be justly proud. An overwhelming majority of the people of this City realize this. They take good government for granted when they have it, yet they become so casual and indifferent about it that they do not take time to go to the polls. If there were a normal turnout yesterday, you would have won handily.

You have for a quarter of a century done a good job for California. You have the consolation that you served faithfully and well. We will all miss you.

Sincerely,



Frank P. Doherty

FPD:djs

*S. Bond*

GEORGE F. GETTY II  
4201 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD  
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA

June 1, 1961

*ack'd*

Dear Mayor Poulson:

It is with regret that I see your term in office as Mayor of the City of Los Angeles coming to a close. Since Tidewater Oil Company moved its Home Office and Western Division Office to Los Angeles in November 1958, you have been most cordial and helpful to us in many important ways, and I do want to thank you for all of us for all of your courtesies.

With all good wishes,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "George F. Getty II", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California



PRESTON HOTCHKIS

PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING  
LOS ANGELES

June 1, 1961

Dear Norrie:

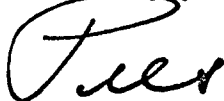
Andy Smith, when he was coach of the University of California "Wonder Team" in 1920, told his players, "IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOST AND PLAYED SQUARELY THAN TO WIN AT THE SACRIFICE OF AN IDEAL."

We lost but we fought squarely. We everlastingly held to the ideals of clean and able government and strict enforcement of the law without fear or favor. We sacrificed not one iota of ideals or principle.

This record added to your eight brilliant years as Mayor is one that has never been equaled in the 110 years of Los Angeles.

Indeed, you can hold your head high and enjoy the rare distinction of being a proud loser. I salute you!

Cordially yours,



Preston Hotchkis

Hon. Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

5 (B) 1

# CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

Head Office

457 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California

LAUDER HODGES  
*Vice President*

June 2, 1961

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norrie:

Needless to say, the election results were a great disappointment and in political life the best man does not always win. Congratulations on your courageous campaign.

In bringing your term as mayor to a close, I feel that the community is losing an able administrator, a dedicated public servant and a forward looking leader -- in fact Los Angeles' best mayor. It has been both a privilege and pleasure to join forces with you on occasion and I sincerely hope that our paths will continue to cross as you return to private life.

With every good wish for your continued happiness and success.

Sincerely,



Lauder Hodges



HOUSTON FEARLESS CORPORATION

9107 WILSHIRE BLVD.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

NOAH DIETRICH

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

June 2, 1961

Dear Norrie:

I almost feel like saying congratulations.

From a personal standpoint this is probably the best thing that could happen as you and Mrs. Poulson can now begin to live a normal life. At any rate, this will separate the men from the boys and you will find out who your real friends are.

Cordially yours,

Mayor Norris Poulson  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California



NORRIS POULSON  
MAYOR

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR  
CITY HALL  
LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA

June 2, 1961

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

My dear Mayor:

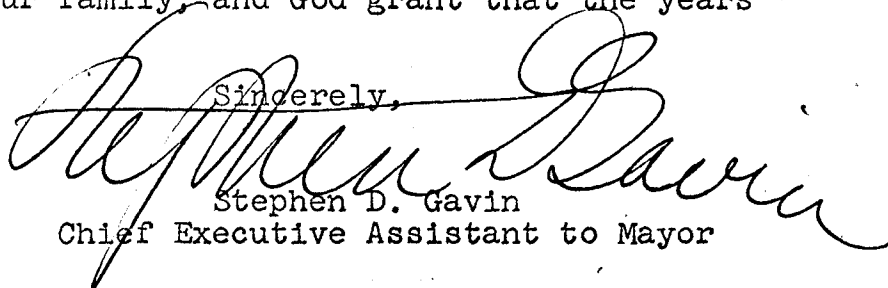
I herewith submit my resignation as your  
Chief Executive Assistant, to be effective as of  
5 o'clock, June 30, 1961.

As I have told you personally before, the  
3½ years I have spent with you have been the most vital  
and interesting of my life. While I am naturally deeply  
disappointed at the outcome of the election -- primarily  
for your sake -- I am proud that you are leaving the City  
as its Chief Executive Officer with honor and dignity  
after eight years of the most progressive and constructive  
years it has ever experienced.

Had I not had complete confidence in your  
honesty and integrity, I would never have joined your staff,  
and the time we have spent together has not only reaffirmed  
that confidence, but has given me close personal insight  
into the reasons why you have done such an outstanding  
job as Mayor.

As long as there is a breath in your body, you  
will have a continuing interest and be a factor in the  
affairs of government and your city, and Alicia and I  
earnestly hope that the years to come will be full and happy  
ones for you and your family, and God grant that the years  
will be many.

Sincerely,

  
Stephen D. Gavin  
Chief Executive Assistant to Mayor

SEG:IN

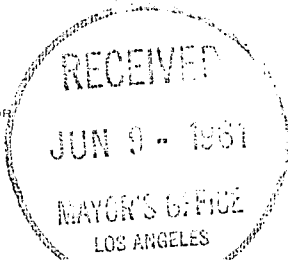


AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

270 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

June 5, 1961

JOHN L. CAREY  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norris:

We were sorry to read that your reign as Mayor of Los Angeles is coming to an end, but I imagine you accept this change with a certain sense of relief. For many years now you have been in the public service, and in many ways this is hard and thankless work. We have all been proud that you as a CPA have made such a distinguished record, and we wish you many years of happiness in private life, if that is your intention.

If the Institute can be of any service, please remember that is what we are here for.

With all good wishes and personal regards,

Yours sincerely,

JLC:A

  
Executive Director

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR  
DEPARTMENT OF  
PUBLIC SAFETY



TERRY D. SCHRUNK  
MAYOR

CITY OF PORTLAND  
OREGON

June 6, 1961

Dear Norris:

We were startled to learn the results of the recent city election in Los Angeles. Being a considerable distance away, naturally we have no way of judging what influenced the election outcome. However, I do know from several years of experience that you have had the greatest respect from the mayors across the United States, and I personally felt from my observation that you were doing an outstanding job as Mayor of Los Angeles. It certainly has been a pleasure for me to know you and to work with you, and even though, at least temporarily, you will be leaving the office of the Mayor of Los Angeles, I am still looking forward to seeing you and your family many times and carrying on our friendship.

Best regards!

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Terry", is written over the printed name "MAYOR". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the beginning.

MAYOR

TDS:1

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

FRANK P. ZEIDLER

June 6, 1961


Hon. Norris Poulson  
Mayor, City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mayor Poulson:

Although the turn of events will bring to a close your term in the office of mayor of the city of Los Angeles after a hard fought campaign, I trust that you will not leave with too many regrets. Naturally you will feel the keenness of a struggle that has not ended as you have wished, but you can look back with a sense of achievement in helping build and strengthen the city of Los Angeles and in working hard for the improvement of municipal government everywhere.

It was a pleasure to have worked with you in municipal government and I hope to hear that your great talents will continue to find useful employment in the public service.

Yours sincerely,



Mayor of Milwaukee  
1948 to 1960

2921 N. 2nd st.  
Milwaukee 12

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR  
SAN FRANCISCO

GEORGE CHRISTOPHER



June 8, 1961

Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor, City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norrie:

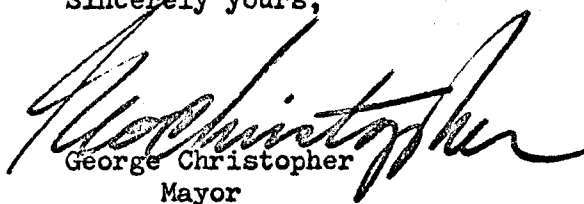
Just a note to assure you that those of us  
in San Francisco still hope to be numbered among your  
innumerable friends.

I am sure that the results of the recent  
election, although undoubtedly a source of personal  
disappointment to you, still indicate your great popu-  
larity and prestige amongst your constituents for more  
than a decade.

I will always value your friendship and  
counsel and wish you every success in your future en-  
deavors.

With warmest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

  
George Christopher  
Mayor

50



LOYD WRIGHT

LOS ANGELES


June 12, 1961

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor  
City of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Norrie:

Just a note to tell you that, as a citizen,  
I appreciate all the good things you have  
done for my city, and I regret that the people  
of Los Angeles are so short-sighted as to not  
discern the difference between rabble-rousing  
and integrity.

All good luck.

  
Most respectfully,

LW:11

64

CHARLES DETOY

June 14, 1961

Dear Norris:

This is a brief note to congratulate you upon your eight years of excellent service to the City of Los Angeles.

Having been rather close to some of the important decisions and situations that confronted you, I know first hand how sound your judgment has been and the important contributions you have made to the future of our fine community.

I know that you are going to enjoy being relieved of the tremendous burden you have been carrying and wish you every success in your new undertaking.

"Idaho" joins me in sincere best wishes to you and Mrs. Poulson.

Cordially,

Charles Detoy

Hon. Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles

5 125

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# The Times-Mirror Company

202 WEST FIRST STREET \* LOS ANGELES 53, CALIFORNIA \* TELEPHONE MADISON 5-2345

NORMAN CHANDLER  
PRESIDENT

June 28, 1961

Dear Norrie:

Just a note to tell you how sincerely disappointed I personally was with the results of the election. I am truly sad that you will no longer be the city's Chief Executive.

You have proven to be a fine administrator -- faithful -- honest -- far-sighted and an all-round excellent public servant. Los Angeles has been most fortunate. Your accomplishments during the past eight years should bring you great personal satisfaction.

Mrs. Chandler joins me in wishing you and Mrs. Poulson much contentment and happiness for many years to come. You deserve it!

Sincerely,  


Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12

OFFICE OF  
**CITY ATTORNEY**  
CITY HALL  
LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA



**ROGER ARNEBERGH**  
CITY ATTORNEY

June 29, 1961

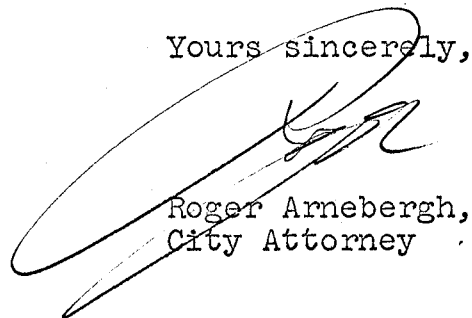
The Honorable Norris Poulson,  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles,  
Room 105, City Hall,  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Norrie:

Although you probably will be better off in every way in being relieved of the responsibilities of Mayor of our City, I feel your leaving will indeed be a great loss to the City and to me personally.

It has been a pleasure to work with you and my close association has convinced me that at all times you have done what you thought was best for the City, regardless of personal consequences or political expediency. You may indeed be proud of your many accomplishments during your term of office as Mayor and of the great progress made by the City under your dedicated and able leadership.

Yours sincerely,



Roger Arnebergh,  
City Attorney

LAW OFFICES OF  
O'MELVENY & MYERS  
433 SOUTH SPRING STREET  
LOS ANGELES 13

MADISON 0-1120

June  
29th,  
1961

H.W. O'MELVENY 1885-1941  
LOUIS W. MYERS 1927-1960  
WILLIAM W. CLARY  
OF COUNSEL

BEVERLY HILLS OFFICE  
136 EL CAMINO DRIVE  
BEVERLY HILLS  
CRESTVIEW 1-5267

CABLE ADDRESS "MOMS"

OUR FILE NUMBER

60,060

JOHN O'MELVENY  
PAUL FUSSELL  
HARRY L. DUNN  
JAMES L. BEEBE  
PIERCE WORKS  
HOMER I. MITCHELL  
GRAHAM L. STERLING  
WILLIAM B. CARMAN  
MAYNARD J. TOLL  
JAMES M. IRVINE, JR.  
SIDNEY H. WALL  
RICHARD C. BERGEN  
WILLIAM P. MARTIN  
DEANE F. JOHNSON  
RAY H. LINDMAN

JAMES C. GREENE  
WILLIAM W. ALSUP  
EDWARD C. FREUTEL, JR.  
GEORGE F. ELMENDORF  
PHILIP F. WESTBROOK, JR.  
RODNEY K. POTTER  
CLYDE E. TRITT  
E. HARLEY WALTHER  
WARREN W. CHRISTOPHER  
EVERETT B. CLARY  
BENNETT W. PRIEST  
JAMES E. CROSS  
JAMES W. BEEBE  
RICHARD F. IGL

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
232 North Arden Boulevard  
Los Angeles 4, California

Dear Norrie:

When you get this you will have retired to private life. I am sorry indeed to see that happen, though I realize the burden, strain and stress a man undergoes in the office of the Mayor.

You should carry with you the real satisfaction that you have rendered great service to the City of Los Angeles. I have said to some of my friends, though I think I have never said to you, that in my opinion you are the best Mayor the City of Los Angeles has had since I have lived here. I have seen some of the decisions you have made on very difficult problems and they have been extraordinarily good.

As a citizen of Los Angeles, I want to express my great appreciation for what you have done for this City, to have you know that you are a valued and trusted friend, and that I wish you long life and success in your business activity.

With warm regards.

Sincerely yours,



James L. Beebe

JLB:hk

OVERTON, LYMAN & PRINCE  
LAWYERS

550 SOUTH FLOWER STREET-SUITE 607  
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

TELEPHONE MADISON 9-3671

CABLE ADDRESS "OLAP"

AT ORANGE COUNTY

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK BLDG.  
900 NO. BROADWAY-SUITE 816  
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA  
KIMBERLY 7-6494

June 29, 1961

EENE OVERTON  
ARD D. LYMAN  
RGE W. PRINCE, JR.  
ALD H. FORD  
L J. SCHUCK  
NE H. KNIGHT  
BRENNAN  
RENCE J. LARSON  
D S. LACK, JR.  
EST E. JOHNSON  
J BRIDGES  
ILBERT JONES  
IUS WATTENMAKER  
IO E. EMMONS

RLES R. KAVANAUGH  
TAX COUNSEL

Dear Norrie:

This is just to tell you what you must already know, how very sorry I am that you were not re-elected. I could hardly believe it when I saw the headlines in the paper. When I say I am sorry, I think I am really sorry from the standpoint of the City than for you personally, though I know it must have been more or less of a shock to you. On the other hand, I think and hope that you will be much happier out of that office.

Most sincerely,

  
Eugene Overton

Hon. Norris B. Poulson  
Mayor City of Los Angeles  
City Hall  
Los Angeles 12, California

KENNETH T. NORRIS  
612 SOUTH FLOWER STREET  
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

July 3, 1961

Mr. Norris Poulson  
232 North Arden Boulevard  
Los Angeles 4, California

Dear Norrie:

Yesterday I read the very excellent editorial in the Los Angeles Times commending you on the contribution you had made to good government and to this City during your two terms as mayor. I want to add my endorsement to everything said in this editorial.

The comment that somewhat more than half of the Los Angeles voters were so indifferent to the work you did in their behalf "that they troubled neither to approve nor disapprove what he had done" is a sad commentary on the extent to which the average citizen discharges his first civic responsibility by participating in the election of those who will govern him. It is this same indifference which makes the average citizen unaware of the threats to our way of life posed by the Communists' conspiracy to take over the world.

While not a resident of the City of Los Angeles and therefore ineligible to vote, I do want you to know that I am proud of the service you rendered to this area, both as a member of Congress and as Mayor of Los Angeles. All thinking people can agree that you did your best and that you discharged your duties in complete honesty, guided only by your desire to serve the welfare of all of the people whom you represented.

No one likes to lose, particularly under these circumstances, but in the long run I am sure that you personally will be better off by having been relieved of these responsibilities.

#2

Norris Poulson

July 3, 1961

I hope that I will continue to see you from time to time. Always feel free to call on me for help in anything you undertake.

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "K. T. Norris", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the left.

KTNorris/nc



# Los Angeles Examiner

HEARST CENTER · 1111 SOUTH BROADWAY

P. O. BOX 2739 TERMINAL ANNEX · LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

LIN S. PAYNE  
BLISHER

July 7, 1961

RICHMOND 9-1212

Hon. Norris Poulson  
424 South Occidental Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norrie:

Now that you have returned to private life, it must be a great satisfaction for you to know in your heart that you have been an outstanding, loyal and sincere American - and that you have served your city, state and country with great credit.

Everyone honors and respects you as a gentleman and a fine administrator ... and certainly no one would ever think of questioning your honesty, sincerity and integrity.

With all of these excellent qualities you have guided the City of Los Angeles through all of its growing problems, trials and tribulations, making it a city whose reputation throughout the world is one of good, clean, honest, efficient and progressive civic administration.

Through your efforts there has been created an outstanding feeling of stability and confidence for Los Angeles which has meant so much in attracting so many people and great amounts of money for investment which eventually will make Los Angeles the largest, the best, and the most coveted city in America.

Everyone in our community should be forever grateful for the outstanding Mayor and splendid public official you have been over so many years.

It has been a great pleasure on my part to have known you and to have had the privilege of working closely with you for the benefit of our city. You deserve nothing but the best of the very best which I am sure the future has in store for you.

Sincerely,



Franklin S. Payne

You have many joys and many disappointments being mayor of a great city. Everything is subject to so many things beyond your control and this one disappointment came about principally because of a jurisdictional strike at the Airport. From the time the airport bond issue was passed in 1956, to July 1, 1961, they were just about four months late in finally completing all of the terminals and restaurant. That meant that Mayor Sam Yorty would have his name on most of those buildings. That is one of the permanent thanks you get out of being mayor. We did dedicate the main tower and administration building early, and on June 25th we dedicated the United Air Lines Terminal and had then Vice-President Lyndon Johnson dedicate it. He was enroute to Asia and Vietnam. We had a huge turnout and I remember so distinctly how the President (now) broke out of the parade to personally shake hands with so many people.

Then, as about the last official act, we officially entertained the Prime Minister of Japan, Hayato Ikeda, and I am inserting his letter.

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER  
TOKYO

July 10, 1961

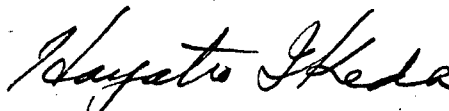
Dear Mr. Mayor:

On my return to Japan, I hasten to express my deep appreciation for the courteous and warm reception which was extended to me and my party by the city of Los Angeles during my short stay in your beautiful city.

It was a great pleasure and encouragement to meet and address the eminent leaders of your community and to realize what understanding and friendly sentiment they have for my country.

I take this opportunity to express to you, Mr. Mayor, and through you to the citizens of your city my best wishes for your continued prosperity and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Hayato Ikeda', written in a cursive style.

Hayato Ikeda

The Honorable Norris Poulson  
Mayor of the City of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles, California  
U.S.A.

Before I finish telling about my career as Mayor, I must say that the one person who deserves the most credit is my partner, Erna Loennig Poulson. She could handle herself very well, and I am just quoting from this interview in a not-too-friendly paper:

Citizen-News, January 28, 1961: GAL BEHIND THE GUY. Mrs. Poulson's Mink Hat Stirred Nikita Comment. Diamonds are said to be a girl's best friend, and mink can be friendly, especially when it forms a perky little hat for a busy little lady. "My hat also turned out to be a bit of a conversation piece for a visiting fireman named Khrushchev," says Erna Loennig Poulson, wife of Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. "After his visit here, during which time I wore the hat, he commented on the fact that American women sometimes must wear 'imitation' furs." There was nothing imitation, however, in Mrs. Poulson's interest in the K.'s visit. Even with ideologies conflicting, she found Mrs. Khrushchev "inwardly beautiful," thought her oriental brocade gown beautifully designed. Mrs. Poulson enjoys meeting the many representatives of foreign countries who come to Los Angeles. "Probably most of us who meet these persons feel the same increased subsequent interest in them and in events concerning their countries," she said. The Poulsons do very little entertaining at home. Most of the distinguished guests visiting the area are hosted by the World Affairs Council. "Tours are planned for them, and of course everyone wants to see Disneyland," said Mrs. Poulson with a smile. "There's very little time for personalized entertaining, unless they return for a second visit." Erna Poulson's interest in people is part and parcel of her interest in things generally. Art, music, theater come in for their share of perusal, and history--particularly early California--is spotlighted in her library. Perhaps her interest in the West stems from her own farm background in Oregon. It was here that she met her husband-to-be. "Norris was a 'city man' who, during his college years, came to work on my father's farm," she recalls with a twinkle. "We were married there at Shadow Lawn Farm, with

the living room's big bay window as a setting, in 1916." Mrs. Poulson has devoted her married life to her husband and their three daughters. It was she who steered Norris toward the political field, one which has been followed with interest by Erna Bea, Patricia and Norrissa. Erna Bea Anderberg is busy as an English instructor at Hollywood High School. Patricia is now Mrs. John Willis and Norrissa is Mrs. Alfred W. Brandt. Patricia has three children, Norrissa has four. "Which provides me with a fine field for passing along Americana books and literature," says their grandmother with a chuckle. Mrs. Poulson's schedule as mayor's wife keeps her pretty busy, but she still finds time to cook a bit, and to sew. "I learned to bake cakes and to make bread when I was eight years old," she recalls. "I made clothes for my younger sisters when I was 12." "And," she says with a small blush, "I had a newspaper column at age 14 in our home paper." Mrs. Poulson enjoys the variety of her existence. She and her husband are early risers. "We're up at 6 a.m." she says, "Every day is exciting and interesting." When things have been a bit too busy and time will allow their getting away, there's a little farm in Oregon that beckons.

## XXVI

### RETIREMENT

Ever since I was a boy I have had a great love of the farm. Erna likewise felt the same way. When a young boy, my father went to Denmark to visit his relatives and wanted to take me along, but no, I would rather spend the summer out on our ranch with the renters. Then why did I leave the ranch? In 1923, when we left the farm, I only weighed 128 pounds and was 5'10", which meant that I was skinny. They didn't have the machinery they have today and it was just impossible for me to physically keep up with other farmers in doing the work. You can see I was competitive, but all through my life I have not had real physical coordination.

Anyway, I always dreamed of making money and returning and buying a cattle ranch. An honest confession--we thought we might strike it rich on the uranium hunt and I had already visualized buying a cattle ranch in Baker County.

Now in 1951, Erna had the 160 acres, which she inherited from her folks in 1942, and we entered into an agreement with her brother Franklin and his son Frank, to start in the cattle business. We would furnish the land and capital to buy the breeding stock, and own same.

Then we were to share fifty-fifty in all increase and any excess produce from the farm to handle on customary basis in that area.

Our first investment was thirty-five head of white-faced cows at \$300 per head and a young six-months-old bull for \$750. Cattle was at its peak then and within six months the bottom dropped out of the cattle market, but we knew prices fluctuated and we were not discouraged. When we left Congress in 1953, we had saved about \$26,000 and we told Franklin to look for some more land. Then, in 1954, the Hutchinson Estate was being settled and we bid on 200 acres of fine land. Carl Loennig told me to bid low (sealed bids) as most farmers were low in spirits and he thought I could get it if I bid just above \$125 per acre. I was leary as I knew this similar type of land had been selling for \$200 per acre and besides this tract had a good water right. Well, I bid \$28,000 and got it as the people who were buying up land only bid \$125 per acre and Carl was right. I could have sold it three months later for \$40,000.

There was no house on this tract. Charles Hutchinson had land throughout the valley and rented to large operators and did not have farm buildings. Just below the irrigation ditch running around the hill overlooking this area was the Marion Heard ranch, inherited from her mother and she from her father. This had a good

water right, and they had started a new house but ran out of money. I tried to buy it but couldn't and just figured to wait for mortgage pressure to bring it about. We bought it in 1957, completed the house, and young Frank moved into it with his family. The buildings and fences were not only run-down, they just necessitated removing. We took the barn down and tore down other buildings and burned them. We built new fences after bulldozing out all rose bushes and other growths in fence corners. We put up wire fences, with hog netting. We opened the eyes of the countryside as they just couldn't recognize the place now. There was still a ninety-acre ranch between the two places and the executor for the minor (while wanting to sell the place) thought he had me over a barrel. I bought one-half interest from a young man of age and then I took the executor to court with the offer of a price to either buy or sell. This gave us a 400-acre contiguous ranch (390 acres after the road was taken out) and all lying on a slope downhill from the main irrigation ditch on the hill. Heretofore they had always had trouble with water washing cuts in the deep black soil. I settled that by installing a gravity-flow sprinkling system, all fed from the ditch on the hill above. We removed the buildings on the ninety-acre place and then I had one of the most beautiful ranches in the valley.



This necessitated a lot of hard work and I am grateful to Franklin and his son Frank. Poor Franklin died in 1960, just as we were about to get our just returns. I had borrowed from banks and insurance companies and assumed a mortgage to acquire this place. However, with a good salary, an economical wife, and income from the accounting firm, I was able to profit through income-tax deductions in operating the ranch and effectuating the rebuilding of same. We could also take advantage of capital gains in weeding out the cattle herd.

Now as to cattle operation, this was my great joy, and many times when the problems of the Mayor's office awakened me, I would just "day dream" about the cattle ranch. We bought good bulls and I was finding out that the first cross between a Black Angus bull and a Hereford cow brought a better price from feeders because it would put on fat better than straight breeds. I also purchased fifty fine young Hereford heifers and seven young pure-bred Angus bulls, and we began to eliminate the older cows whose calves were not up to standard and this weeding out really left us with a fine herd, one that I was truly proud of. While we could raise good grain crops on the big ranch, which was in a different section of the valley than where Erna's land was located, we were heading for strictly cattle raising. We used

Erna's place for pasture as it was considered one of the best wild-hay meadow-pastures in the valley, and earlier pasture than the other place. I had told everyone that we would retire to ranch in Oregon.

I guess we awakened from this dream like we did from others. Franklin died in 1960, and young Frank running my place and his father's ranch raised many problems. The help situation was becoming a big problem, as in other agricultural areas, and when we went up there in 1961 after our defeat we were confronted with this problem. First of all, I had lost my health as well as my voice and I surely thought of their cold winters as compared with Southern California. Erna and I saw that some different arrangement had to be worked out. While Frank was raising good crops and the cattle were doing fine, we could see the general appearance, fences and improvements going backward. As I look back, I can see that I carried a "stiff upper lip" from the public viewpoint, yet I was still a little crushed and I had lost a lot of zip needed to push the cattle activities.

I talked with a real estate man, having heard of a Californian coming up here after selling out to the then Lieutenant Governor of California, Butch Powers, in northern California. The land he sold was adjoining the large holdings of Butch Powers. After sparring

around, I set a price and we came home.

We received an urgent call about Labor Day to come to Oregon to close up the deal. After selling the ranch for \$110,000, we had until the next March to vacate and dispose of the cattle. My share of the cattle brought about \$40,000 and the total was just \$100,000 short of Yorty's original claim, although before the end of the campaign he had it up to around the million mark. Erna leased her place, which would net six per cent after taxes.

It was a pleasant episode in our life, but I know I am better off here in Southern California.

#### APPOINTMENT TO CALIFORNIA WATER COMMISSION

I think I should give a little background of my physical condition before I tell of this appointment. When my voice trouble first appeared, Dr. F.J. Gaspard, our family physician of two decades, stated it was just a ~~nerve~~ breakdown as I was beating myself to death with work. You know the answer, I kept it up. I went to at least a dozen specialists wanting to find an easier answer. The pressure of the campaign left me a wreck and after a month in the High Sierras, we went to Oregon, and I have told that story.

It took the balance of 1961 to complete the sale of the farm, cattle, and farm produce. Then, through

Lloyd Menvig, Erna and Lloyd arranged a trip for me to Ecuador and Peru on a banana boat, with the idea that the two weeks on the ocean would help, besides a visit where people would not be talking to me. I spent New Year's Eve on the boat as the only passenger but had to be an honored guest with the Captain at the party. The boat was not large and as a result I had to talk loud to be heard or understood as to my wants. Then, when I arrived, I was surprised at the number of Angelenos I met. Also strange how people would find out that you were there and the number of folks desirous of going to LA and wanting help. I have told about being recognized from pictures of the Khrushchev incident, and in Peru I met friends of very personal friends in the U.S., including Leo Adler of Baker, Oregon. The net result was that I had a wonderful time but didn't get the desired rest. I am enclosing copy of a letter I wrote my daughter in Washington.

Los Angeles, February 6, 1962

Dear Patricia:

Mother sent you my letter telling of my experiences on the boat trip to Ecuador, and I will try to tell of some of my experiences and reactions of my stay in Ecuador and Peru. This letter will not have passed inspection of our English teacher Erna Bea, and certainly not our State Department. I am not posing as an authority, but I did see and hear a lot. When I received this opportunity of passage on the Standard Fruit Company's banana boat, I thought I would be traveling incognito, but I soon found out differently.

I didn't save my voice, but I did have an opportunity to visit with some key people in Ecuador, as well as U.S. business people with branches in South America, and of course, tourists.

From Los Angeles, our destination was Puerto de Bolivar at the mouth of several converging rivers. Guayaquil, the largest city in Ecuador, is 83 miles by air up one of these rivers and while ocean-going vessels can sail up when the tide is right, most vessels handling bananas load at Bolivar. Ecuador is now the No. 1 banana growing country. Blight and tornadoes hit Central America. Because of the distance to New York and Los Angeles, they must not only have boats with refrigeration but fast ones at that, as the last day before reaching Los Angeles the bananas begin to ripen, although they keep the temperature at a constant 53 degrees. Incidentally, if they are not held up in the Panama Canal, they can make it from Ecuador (west coast of South America) to New York in seven days instead of the eight days to Los Angeles.

Puerto de Bolivar, with its beautiful name, comprises a few buildings with four walls and iron grates for windows. These are occupied by customs officials, bars, houses of prostitution, and stores. The homes are on stilts, boarded on one side, with thatched roofs; half-naked children and razor-backed pigs and dogs - all with long tails - in the muddy streets. The ship, of course, anchors in the middle of the river, and it is loaded by "lighters" or banana boats which come from everywhere. The bananas must be cut and loaded within 24 hours, so it is a busy place when a banana boat arrives. Each time, there were two ships loading. To load our ship, it took 150 men carrying a stem of bananas up a gang-plank to the top of the ship and then down into the hold. The gang-plank had a spring to it, and the men would go on a run, jabbering all the time. The stems weighed from 70 to 90 lbs. and I was told that only a small percentage of the young men could do the job. They loaded 40,875 stems from 1 p.m. to 6 a.m. and took off three hours to eat. To get the bananas to the port, one will see by air that there are canals from the plantations to the paved highways where the stems are loaded on trucks and then placed in polyethylene and loaded on the lighters, so I can't tell you how many people it takes to get the bananas on the lighters. The man who handles this for most of the shippers is a Lebanese from Palestine, there since he was four years old and now one of the wealthiest men in Ecuador. He married an Ecuadorian (Spanish) to be accepted. I was

a guest at his home, used his Cad and driver and learned a lot.

From Bolivar we drove six miles to Magello to take a Cessna up to Guayaquil. Reminded me of the delta at New Orleans, which is 100 miles upstream from the ocean. This was the beginning of their summer or extra heat, should I say. They had a football game with Brazil in the coliseum and it was packed with 80,000 people, but only 1,000 cars outside. This was Sunday and the next most popular place was the cemetery. In fact, cemeteries and churches were the show places. Standard Fruit gave me a Serbian who could speak English as a guide, and I would tell him what I wanted to see. Regular sightseeing or travel agencies won't take one to these places, I found out in Lima, Peru. Their slums would compare with Hong Kong, or Singapore, or Naples. The women were either old or pregnant, no middle-aged.

Speaking of weather, the stores would close at noon and open at four o'clock; when I say close, I mean that. They would roll down the steel door in front, which would be locked in many ways, because when they have revolutions and riots, they have to be locked. I was at the Humboldt, air-conditioned, but I spent that part of the day sitting in my shorts, looking out the window at the Ecuadorian Navy (five gunboats) and the river which flowed two ways. When the tide came in (12-ft. tide), logs, trash, and the like flowed back up the river, but when the tide was going out they went down the river like racing horses. The anchored ships being loaded swung around in the river with the tide (most interesting to watch).

The foreigners in business there live either in apartments atop the stores and business places - air-conditioned of course - or else in a separate colony on the outskirts of the city; nice homes but with iron fences, and windows and doors with iron gratings. No one trusts anyone there.

Drove out to a beach resort, 50 miles, through rice paddies and plantations and through poor country where real peons live. Stopped and took a picture of a large family in one shack and gave them six sucres for letting me take the picture (guide could talk to them), and they were so grateful that they had a little girl run out and pick up a skinny chick, just beginning to feather out, and give it to me. The guide said to take it and not offend them. He explained that with that 30¢ that family of ten could live for three days. A rejected

stem of approximately 80 bananas they could buy for 15¢ and 15¢ of rice would finish it out. Speaking of the poor country, the villages would smell so strongly, one would be anxious to get past them. They just let their cattle grow naturally and it seemed you saw as many bulls as you did cows. They were all colors and breeds and about fourteen inches wide and very tall. I saw real razor-backed pigs. I didn't say hogs, because I don't think they got that big in this section of the country.

At the beach resort, they had one nice hotel and a few apartment houses for the upper class and then shacks for the majority of the people. Here is where the famous Ecuadorian fisherman with his two balsam logs and one sail leaves for the deep ocean to ply his trade. These make-shift boats are manned by two people (sometimes a boy). The fishermen bring in their fish (half clean them), sell them to the fish buyers, throw the waste to the hogs and vultures, pick up their sail, leave the logs on the beach, go home and come back tomorrow. How the wind and rain brings wrinkles to these shriveled-up men.

Leaving the apartment of Vincenti (the banana king) and walking down the main street with others to my hotel at about 11 p.m., we passed restaurants and the odor would be repulsive. Sleeping on the sidewalks, wrapped in newspapers and other contrivances, were hundreds of people, mostly old women, although I did see some children. They have preventive-medical hospitals but nothing to take care of their aged.

Corruption is prevalent everywhere, especially in their government. An example: when our ship docked in Los Angeles, there were five Government men, representing public health, immigration and customs. They were business-like and took care of their business in short time and made a fair check. However, when we landed in Bolivar, we had at least forty Ecuadorians board the boat with empty brief cases. They all left with cigarettes, liquor, and other incidentals. I was told that if you don't give them such stuff, you would be held up for at least a day or two. I was the only passenger, and the boat was empty and was to load just bananas. It was true that a few of the sailors went ashore for a limited number of hours that night, but they were prey for the dens of iniquity. I was told that the officers and most of the men never went ashore.

Ecuador is the country where they elected a president,

but the Senate which had to confirm him, refused to do so as he was pro-Western and instead confirmed a vice-president who was pro-Communist. I was told by many that they were sure the Communists bribed the Senators. This man they confirmed gets on periodical drunks for a week at a time and always wears dark glasses because of his blood-shot eyes. He was on one when I was in the capital, Quito.

They talk freely of having enough sucres to hand the traffic cop to take care of traffic violations. One reason for all of this corruption is the small salaries. For instance, the Mayor of Guayaquil gets the annual equivalent of U.S. \$1,000.00. These alcaldes only serve one term because they are generally run out of the City, as was the last Mayor. When their term ends, they own a plantation, apartment house, and money in a Swiss Bank. The last Mayor attempted to return while I was there, as he had some property, but they had to call on the Army to save his life. They looted his beautiful home, and he left the City.

Their tax system is the most corrupt. They levy the tax on an equitable basis, at least according to their law, but how you pay it is the big question. For instance, you can rest assured the foreign companies and foreigners have to pay, but some of the local blue-bloods, they tell me, just don't pay all of it. Guayaquil has 259,000 people and Quito, 210,000 population, and 2,631,000 live in the villages and on the farms. Everybody pays an income tax but the farmers. The land is controlled by the aristocratic Spanish blue-bloods. If they export any of their produce, they pay an export tax, which takes care of bananas. Now here is the breeding ground for the Communists, as they talk land reform, which is to divide this land, held by a small minority.

We are hearing a lot about the great victory for the United States in Uruguay just lately, but I think we are talking through our hats. We were dealing with all of those corrupt governments and their officials. The Communists are working with the masses and what does the free enterprise system of Democracy mean to them in their countries. I rode from Quito to Lima on a plane with a Catholic priest (former teacher at Loyola here in Los Angeles), and his job is to make a survey of general conditions for the U.S. Church authorities. He wonders whether we are too late. He frankly stated the Church in South America was missing the boat, as



well as our Foreign Aid program.

From Guayaquil I flew to Quito, 55 minutes, sea level to 10 M. elevation. The big lines were not flying in on account of the weather, so I took a local airline. After I was there, I talked to a U.S. business man and he told me how foolish I was, because of the bad record of the airline; and when I flew out on Aviancia, I saw why. We flew between two mountains, and now I know why most of the passengers had their beads out when we were flying in through the clouds.

Anyway, Quito is entirely different from Guayaquil; all the Government employees and officers live there; beautiful city nestled in a cove in the Andes. The Incas discovered this place as a retreat back in the early 1500's. Here you find the original Indians of South America; 5 ft. tall and about 130 lbs. They do all of the menial jobs. Drove out to the official Equator statue established by France and saw their villages and huts scattered on the farms of the aristocrats. A Spanish hacienda would be located on a knoll with beautiful surroundings, and then for miles you would see the Indian huts scattered here and there. I was told that some of the land is rented to share croppers, and I have a picture of one plowing with oxen, and three women planting. A short distance from there, I saw a tractor working and then a modern sprinkling system. All this time, we were driving over a winding cobblestone road of unknown vintage; however, it was hard on tires and automobiles. I have pictures in this beautiful country, and I mean beautiful (around Quito), of Indians on their little burros (the rider's feet would almost touch the ground), and other burros with wood, grass or waterkegs as the Indians' means of transportation. Oh yes, here the pigs which wandered around with the dogs had curls in their tails, or I could say were not of the raxor-back variety. They had a little rope harness on these hogs so they could tie them up at night. The villages still had odors, and I saw no "Chick Sales" buildings.

Here in Quito, you saw mostly small cars and small buses because the business streets were very narrow and most of them one-way traffic because it is an old city. They have beautiful homes built on the side of the mountain, and they farm mountainsides as they do in Switzerland. I stayed at the Quito Hotel (tourist attraction), but found out the gyp-joint casino parlors were run by Las Vegas hoodlums.

Now, I gained weight on the boat trip because of the delicious food, but I lost more than ten pounds in Ecuador. When I left Los Angeles, we heard so much about hepatitis and that one of the sources was shellfish, especially if it passed through filthy hands. I saw enough filth that naturally I passed that up and then, to everything else they added sauces of Spanish variety. For instance, I could tell it was steak by looking but not tasting it.

The cockroaches in the best hotel in Guayaquil were at least 2 inches long; kept the light on. Oh, yes, to show you how Southern California has made me soft - in Quito, practically at the Equator, when it rains it gets cold and I had to go buy some long underwear and heavy pajamas, as my summer suits were not very appropriate (altitude and rain).

From my window, I could see a 22,000 ft. peak of the Andes when I first got there before the big storm. The storm held me in Quito two days extra, and then I had a chance to visit with stranded travelers and business people in the hotel, as the clouds and rain kept everybody in. I met a couple of tourists who lived next to the top man in Haskins & Sells outside of New York. One Englishman representing a clothing company came up to me and asked if I were on television, and when I told him my background, he immediately said "Khrushchev." He said that film was shown all over England and that the majority praised me. An officer of a prominent U.S. celanese fiber company and I became quite chummy after he found out who I was. I am not mentioning his name or company, as he told me things that might get back to Ecuador or Colombia. They have factories in Calli and Bogota, Colombia, and Guayaquil, Ecuador - manufacturing cellophane, polyethylene, yarn and cotton goods. They have to have members of the ruling class manage these plants and receive a percentage of profits; there are iron fences and iron window and door shutters, as there are organized gangs of bandits. In the mountains of Colombia, exploratory groups have to go with jeeps and machine guns. My guide told me that it wouldn't be safe to travel any farther than where I went.

Time means nothing in Ecuador, and making an appointment means a latitude of at least an hour. People wait for hours at the airport just to see a plane come in and leave. In Quito, the field is not lighted. From my hotel window, I saw shriveled Indian women carrying loads on their backs and going barefooted, and a modern auto passing them up. At least, the Mexicans in Los

Angeles drive a jalopy. As to treatment of their Indians, I know from my experience of visiting the Indians in Arizona and New Mexico that we don't treat them any better.

Met a United Nations agricultural representative in both Guayaquil and Quito and had breakfast with him, and while a very pleasant, affable, and well-educated man, he was up in the clouds as to the value of our Foreign Aid program. In fact, the only person with that idea. Even talked with a State Department man in both Quito and Guayaquil, and he thought the situation was very serious and told me that things were liable to blow up any time.

The United Nations man did tell me that the U.S. companies came in and developed the banana plantations on a wide scale and that now, by legislation and otherwise, the ruling Ecuadorian class was buying them back at a "fixed" price, and that if the companies got their money, they would be ahead, as pests and fertilizing problems were developing. The United States is the only place they can market the bananas on account of distance and being perishable. Russia can't buy them like Cuban sugar.

From Quito, I flew to Lima, Peru, and as soon as we got out of the mountains of Ecuador, we had sunshine and one of the surprises of the trip. Look at your geography, and you will see Peru with the Andes in the East and notice that the coast line cuts back abruptly when leaving Ecuador. Further examination will show that the Humboldt current from the Antarctic touches the tip of South America and then travels north about 200 miles out at sea from Peru and strikes Ecuador; result, Peru has no rain and Ecuador has a heavy rainfall. We would pass over barren, sandy hills with streams intermittently running straight from the Andes to the ocean; in other words, you would see these green and narrow, but fertile, valleys, cutting through the desert. In Lima, it seemed as if we were in Los Angeles as to climate and vegetation. You can drive fifteen miles out of Lima and see sand dunes like those around Imperial Valley.

Lima is a modern city and while they have plenty of poverty on the outskirts of town, they have some very nice residential areas. I stayed at the Grand Bolivar Hotel which is tops, and the food was excellent, and the melons and other fruits most delicious. I met a couple of tourists from New York and had mutual friends in Los Angeles and were in Los Angeles last spring during the campaign. Two years ago, they stopped at the Baker

Hotel. Lima is sure a melting pot as to its population, and no ban on inter-marriage or immigration.

This letter is getting too long, so I will just hit a few highlights. I have been interested in Inca history since Mother studied it in Glendale Junior College. I visited the Government House, 300 years old. So many things about their history that I never learned when I went to school. Visited the Cathedral where Francisco Pizarro - founder of Peru in 1535 - is embalmed in a glass case. The termites are working and I was told that the body would pulverize if air struck it. I would like to have gone to Cuzco, where the Incas and the pre-Incas lived, but didn't have time and money; 11,000-ft. altitude, 3-½ hour flight, roads impossible; but think of the fine cobblestone roads the Incas had then. I saw a replica of these cities built on top of mountains, in the museum. I did go to the Pachacamac Ruins. I will quote the tourist folder, "A 'must' for all Lima visitors. This half-day trip includes a visit to the National Archaeological Museum and a twenty-mile drive on the Roosevelt Highway to the ruins of the City and Temple of God Pachacamac. At the museum you will see mummies along with pottery, jewels, and tapestries. At the ruins, you will walk by the different temples, walls and streets of the ancient city." I have pictures taken with my Realist. If you want to feel insignificant, just spend some time in this museum. You will see remains of a culture of 1,000 B.C. They could embalm like the Egyptians. In fact, this was all restored from the ruins of the Incas, and there are traces of Egyptian, as well as Chinese influence. Some of the statues of people had slant eyes. This trace, incidentally, runs from Alaska to Mexico to Peru. They had the tools of the surgeons of that age and skulls which had been operated on. They even did dental work. Beautiful vases and sculpturing. They had become prosperous and soft, and 142 Spaniards on horses rode up their well-engineered roads to the top of the mountains and captured them. I might say their rulers were old. The city was covered by sand after the Spaniards drove the inhabitants out. There are remains of their irrigation system, as the Incas would raise their vegetables and fruits here and take them to the mountain retreats, which were supposed to be impregnable. Here is the evidence of a civilization wiped out, and how can we be sure that we will not travel the same path with our atom bomb. Although I am positive that Russia would go with us.

I saw a vicuna, which was Sherman Adams' downfall. It would make a fine pelt for a coat. I should say that

they now irrigate the lowlands and raise everything as in Southern California. Off from these ruins, you can look out and see Guano Islands, and driving there, you see the fertilizer plants.

There isn't much coherence in this letter, but we should worry. I knew that the streetcar companies in the United States, and especially Los Angeles, were selling their old streetcars to some of the South American cities. Well, I saw the old Los Angeles streetcars in Lima.

I now wish that I had bought more jewelry in Lima, as I have found out the true values.

Speaking of good food in Lima, I was told that native food was good in some of the large restaurants, but I didn't want to take a chance. They were having a garbage collector's strike, and I would take no chance because I looked out my hotel window and watched the people early in the morning, going through the garbage cans. They were the poor, of course. On the menu, they had "Al Maryland Chicken" and while it was raised in Peru, they charged the freight from Maryland.

I could write much about the Incas, but have the children read about that lost civilization. I do want to tell you about one of the many churches in Quito. It is called the gold church by tourists; supposed to be 200 million dollars of gold on walls and various altars. I could believe it. Have seen famous churches in all of Europe, Mexico City and Panama City but none as elaborate as this. One patron saint is buried in a 24-carat gold casket. I am sending postcards picturing the church.

I think you can see that I am not advocating we move to South America. In fact I can see why Virginia and her family are getting out. It was with a sigh of relief that I boarded the ship to return. This was a Danish ship; the first one, Norwegian. After the Ecuadorians left the ship, I didn't worry any more about possessions. First, I could get Miami on the ship's radio, then New Orleans and Louisville, then Texas stations, and all this time, I was hearing about the cold spell hitting the entire country. I was either on deck in shirt sleeves (84°) or in my air-conditioned cabin. Three days out of Los Angeles, I could get Los Angeles stations, but I had to put on a jacket. The weather turned warm on the Sunday I arrived, and thus ended a most enjoyable and enlightening trip.

Now, as to my voice. I was supposed to rest it,

but you can probably tell that I talked. Couldn't miss such an opportunity. However, I am a new man with a completely new outlook on life. I forgot Los Angeles and its problems and read two of Vincent Peale's books. My voice has improved, but it will take a long time, as it was a year or so coming on. Just too many pressures.

Am not going to take the Haskins & Sells full-time job; have my office there and will go down when I feel like it; have secretarial help. I have been asked to be a trustee for a mortgage trust company, which will pay and is a new set-up under a new Federal law. I am disappointed, but in life you have to take these things.

Love,  
Dad

Returning to Los Angeles I became impatient because I could not accept the position with Haskins & Sells because of my physical inability to carry a conversation. I still kept my small retainer fee, which I had had for fifteen years, when I first joined Gabrielson & O'Sullivan. I would spend a couple of short days a week in the office and had secretarial help, but when I went to the Jonathan Club for lunch, my old friends would greet me but would be on their way for more important business. I really expected this as I had seen it in operation with other defeated candidates, and while I was "braced" for it, I must frankly admit that these polite "brush-offs" really carried their sting. I will never forget a favorite expression of my good friend, Frank Waters: "There is nothing deader than a defeated politician." It was indeed true. Here was a man who had worked day

# United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D.C.

May 4, 1964

Honorable Norris Poulson  
424 South Occidental Blvd.  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Norie:

I was very sorry to hear that you have been ill, and I want you to know that you have still have a lot of friends back here around Washington.

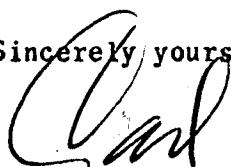
I have enjoyed my work here in the Senate, but I always think back to the old days in the House. You and your fine family were so well thought of here.

I have followed, with a great deal of interest, your excellent job as Mayor of Los Angeles. I certainly wish that we had more Republicans like you.

The Congress is really going to pot so far as schedule is concerned. Last year we were in session until the day before Christmas and also the day after Christmas. I do not know when we will get out this year. I guess it will depend upon what strategy President Lyndon Johnson decides is best. If he thinks keeping the Congress in is a good idea, we will probably be in.

Please extend our greetings to your family. Lois joins me in the very best wishes for you.

Sincerely yours,



CARL T. CURTIS, USS

CTC:mcf

and night on the job (and enjoyed it) and had influence, and, when the occasion demanded it, would take off for New York or Washington, D.C., on short notice. Suddenly he was plummeted out of office (frankly unexpectedly), and to add to that shock, he found he could not carry on a conversation. I am not asking for sympathy, just showing the frame of mind I was in when Governor "Pat" Brown appointed me to the Water Commission.

I have told of my background in the water development programs of Southern California and it was not out of line that when my friend Samuel Morris (former General Manager of Department of Water & Power) passed away, Governor Brown should appoint me from the Los Angeles area to finish his unexpired term. Only someone with my singular experience could tell what this would do to lift my spirits.

Having taken such an active part in the actual promotion of the State Water Project, here I could witness its progress more as an official observer and not a too-active participant. I have traveled throughout the State in this work and it has meant so much to me. I have seen so many associates in Congress, City offices, and even in business, crushed by these sudden shocks, and, unable to recover, have just faded away. Honestly, I never did give up, but I did get discouraged.

So it is natural that I would support Governor Brown



in his bid for re-election and I did. I was crucified by many of my good Republican friends and received many abusive letters, some from people I respected. I didn't mention to them that in my last election, Dick Nixon had worked with Sam Yorty out in the San Fernando Valley with some Young Republican groups. I knew that Sam had endorsed him in the Presidential election and realized the position Dick was in. I thought I was tolerant but I can't say that for many Republicans who were active in Dick's campaign and I KNEW would receive bigger appointments than the one I held. I won't name them, as we have to forget and forgive in life.

Now for the constructive reasons as to why I think Governor Brown should have been elected. Governor Brown was committed 100% on the State Water Project and a change in office could have weakened our position, as we are still not out of the woods. See the letter which I have just written Ray Hebert of the Los Angeles Times, asking for some articles on the North's attempt to sabotage the State Water Project at this late date of 1965. I am still satisfied with my endorsement of the Governor.

I must say something now of the fine treatment and cooperation of the other members of the Commission, as well as from the executive secretary, Bill Carah. There was the chairman, Ralph Brody, who had been in the

Governor's office at the time of the bond issue and really was his adviser on water problems (having spent years with the U.S. Department of Interior). There was Jack Chrisman, wealthy cattleman and also on the Board of Directors of the League of California Cities with me for the eight years I was Mayor. I could mention them all, but won't take space. They knew of my inability to speak and I naturally didn't participate in public discussions but would express myself in limited fashion in private discussions.

I know they all plugged for my re-appointment this year, including William Warne (whom I used to battle with when he was a top man with the Department of Interior in Washington). I thought I should resign because of my limited ability, and also the fact that I no longer lived in Los Angeles. Ralph Brody disagreed but he did consent to talk to the Governor. The Governor sent back the message to stay there. I am including his letter, which I cherish, and the one from Joe Beek, Clerk of the Senate.

EDMUND G. BROWN  
GOVERNOR

State of California  
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE  
SACRAMENTO



January 28, 1965

Mr. Norris Poulson  
8660 Kilbourn Drive  
La Jolla, California

Dear Norrie:

Ralph Brody has told me that you have considered retiring from the California Water Commission when your present term expires. I wish to offer the reappointment to you, Norrie, and I hope that you will accept.

Ralph has told me of the constructive work you have done on the Commission and the other assistance you have provided beyond the fulfillment of your responsibilities on the Commission. Of course, I knew of these to some extent. I know also they are consistent with your entire record dating back to the time you were a Member of Congress and Mayor of the City of Los Angeles. Neither the State nor this administration can afford to lose men like you who have such a deep understanding of the water needs and problems of this state and who approach the solutions on the basis of the best interests of the entire State.

I really appreciate what you have done and hope that we will have the benefit of your services as a member of the Commission for another term.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Pat", written over the word "Sincerely".

EDMUND G. BROWN, Governor

JOSEPH A. BEEK  
SECRETARY OF THE SENATE

SENATE CHAMBER  
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

RESIDENCE  
528 SOUTH BAY FRONT  
BALBOA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

Senate  
California Legislature


Sacramento, California  
March 24, 1965

Mr. Norris Poulson  
8660 Kilbourn Drive  
LaJolla, California

Dear Mr. Poulson:

I have the honor to inform you that the Senate on this day confirmed and consented to your appointment as a Member of the California Water Commission, by a unanimous vote of all Senators present.

Very truly yours,

  
J. A. BEEK  
Secretary of the Senate

JAB/ms

XERO  
COPY

XERO  
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November 23, 1964

Dear Henry & Norris:

It was last spring when I wrote about my visit to Oroville Dam, which will be the largest earth fill dam in the World. I have just returned from another trip over the entire project which is now under construction from Oroville to the tunnels in the Tehachapi Mountains.

I am sending you a topographical map and will touch a few of the highlights of my trip. We left from Sacramento in two planes (chartered five-passenger Cessnas) - engine and propellor in front and back. We flew to Oroville and over the work in progress. Then we went by car to several points. The suspension bridge over one of the canyons is 800 ft. high and when the lake is filled the water will be within 20 ft. of bridge.

We then followed the Feather River which empties into Sacramento River down over the Delta to the canal intake. You will notice on the map how many rivers flow into the Delta. This is the richest and most productive land in California. The tourists don't get to see it because there are no through highways. For years the rivers have deposited that rich silt in this area and then man came along and built dikes to keep the river waters off the land. As a result there are many many islands. The dikes have to be raised continuously as the rivers still bring down silt and therefore the bottom of the river is actually higher than the islands. Strange sight. Here is where they raise saffron (for oleo), asparagus, artichokes, sugar beets, kaffir corn, tomatoes and any other money-making crop. The yield per acre is fantastic. The Portugese and Italians pioneered this work. There are over 600,000 acres.

They are going to build a peripheral canal around this delta area to the intake canal. Then they have to pump the water up to a certain level and it runs by gravity to the San Luis Res. The water is then pumped up into the reservoir for storage during the winter and released in the summer. There are three pumping stations along the canal to raise the water so that it will flow by gravity to the foot of the Tehachapi Mountains. Then the big pump lift will be over 2000 ft. An atomic power plant is contemplated for that job.

They have already started on the five tunnels through the tops of the Tehachapi's. We went by car

from Bakersfield up to these tunnels.

This is one of the biggest undertakings of this age but by the time you boys are men this will seem so simple. Since I was there last spring, they have still larger equipment now.

They have carry-all trucks now the equivalent of three heretofore and run by only one man. They have three large truck motors - one in front, middle and rear. The man looks like a fly. They cost \$250,000.00 each.

Morrison-Knudsen has an earth loading machine which moves along at the same time it digs up the earth and loads continuously into super dump trucks as fast as they drive up. This cost over \$1,000,000.00. They told me the tires on the dump truck cost \$5,000.00 each. They travel at high speed up and over rough roads. The operation works 24 hours a day.

So when they talk about damming up the Eel River, which flows north, and tunneling through the mountains and bringing the water south, I can now believe it.

They will not finish the project until 1972 and when it is finished people will just turn on the faucet and never realize just what was necessary to MAKE THAT POSSIBLE. This is the time to see just that.

I just had to write you and I would suggest that you boys keep this letter just to compare progress of your day with this today.

Grandmother is just as enthused and interested in this great project as I am. We both join in wishing you a Happy Thanksgiving.

With love,

Grandma and Grandpa Poulson

February 6, 1965

Dear Daughters:

I want to tell Mother about my recent trip and some of the things I have been learning during the past few months. I can't tell her as easy as I can write it and so I thought why not send you copies.

I wrote a letter to Henry and Norris about my

airplane trip over the State Water Project. I expect to take another interesting trip next week when the flood control sub-committee of 3 inspects the flooded area in Northern California up to the Oregon border. We will fly commercial airlines to Eureka and then the Army Engineers are going to take us in helicopters. This is safer and besides we can go where even small planes cannot. I will tell you about that later.

Of course I am pleased that the Governor has asked me to serve another term and the term carries on regardless of who is Governor after the Senate confirms me. That was a nice letter I received from he; he calls me Norrie, which is a nickname I picked up from the news media while Mayor.

The work on this commission is just what I need after such an active life, where I was in on a lot of the big events going on in the country. I can only work so much on my memoirs and I couldn't physically hold a job, and I can see that I couldn't have lasted on the Mayor's job. Therefore, this is a "life-saver." After I had to give up the Haskins & Sells job because of my voice and other troubles, Martha put me wise how to pick up some extra social security, so we are now on full social security along with City and Congressional pensions. Martha - former accounting partner with Gabrielson. Even though I get \$50.00 per day on the Commission, I only draw up to \$1200.00 on account of Social Security.

So you see it isn't the money that attracts me, it is the fact that I have such a wonderful opportunity to hear and see what is going on in the field of water resources. You see the Commission really doesn't make any of these big decisions but we are the sounding board for both the water resources department and the public. We have one of the final vetoes on water rights and condemnations. So the department heads come before the Commission and make a report on major developments. Then the public has an opportunity to be heard in opposition. Maybe the administration will change and maybe not. Anyway, we hear these problems and I think of what the young man today has to know if he wants to get ahead.

Thursday in Sacramento, we went up to the 12th floor of this new Resources building. In this building they have fish and game, recreation and parks, conservation, water pollution and water resources and development (which our Commission covers). On the 12th floor they

have the U.S. Weather Bureau and State office depending on that information. I saw the weather radar and the man told us there was a storm 150 mi. out at sea, north-east of San Francisco. You could see it easily on the radar, which reached 250 miles out. This was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and he stated it would reach Sacramento about 7:39. It reached there at 8 p.m. They predicted it would go south and it did. It was clear when I left San Francisco last night but the clouds were so low in San Diego that we couldn't land here until midnight. I stayed in Los Angeles. A nice rain here in La Jolla and it is still raining a little.

Up on this 12th floor they have a large room with phones and electronic instruments connecting them with many points on the rivers where they have rainfall gauges and river levels. This is placed on charts and from this information they know when they should start releasing water from reservoirs because of the rainfall miles above. They want to keep all the water in reservoirs they can, and also they have to protect the country below from flooding. The Oroville dam is only  $1/3$  completed but it has paid for itself in that it saved Maryville from another flood like 1955 when they lost 115 lives and millions of dollars of damage.

Now on the Eel River the water got so high that it washed out all the instruments and besides they didn't have any dams. There is where the State Water Project calls for dams and reservoirs and will tunnel the water south through the mountains.

Every time man thinks he has solved a problem, he then creates another one. As on the Colorado River when they built Hoover Dam, they stopped the silt and the water became reasonably clear after it passed over the dam and through the power houses. This clear water flowed faster and cut out the river bottom below, changed its course, created tule beds which evaporate water so rapidly, and washed out all dams and lowered the river bottom below all canals taking water.

Now we in California built the great Central Valley Water Project, which brought thousands of acres under cultivation. This new State project is going to irrigate an additional 600,000 acres and then there will be supplemental water used in Kern County around Bakersfield.

The problem that this has created is that there is so much water being imported that California has to build a large drain (100 yards across) from Bakersfield to the



mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers where they meet. This drain is to take off the salts and pollution brought by irrigating and the pesticides used. But then in the Delta area, where they have 600,000 acres of the most fertile land in the State, it raised havoc for anticipated problems caused by this drain. They have to devise settling pools enroute to dispose of most of the contaminants. Then there is the fish and wild life which must be protected. San Francisco has made the wildest howl about polluting the Bay. Incidentally, the Bay belongs to the State and not any of the cities on the Bay, so it is the State's responsibility. Eventually there will be a drain to the sea. Last month we heard the head of U.S. Department on oceanography. He complained that everywhere we were running so much pollution into the ocean that it is killing some of the plant life on the bottom of the ocean and driving the fish to other areas. Do you know that they intend to mine boxite in the water of the Carribean as there is an unlimited supply there and our source is limited.

They are mining diamonds in the ocean off the coast of S/Africa.

The Department wants to use atomic energy and build an atomic plant to generate this power to pump the water over the mountains into Southern California. It will take a pump life of over 2000 feet. Naturally, the private power companies have started a big propaganda drive against it. Therefore, the Department in order to get their story over will present their case before the Commission and of course the power companies will have their representatives likewise present their arguments. While I say we won't decide it but just be the forum for the public, we do get to hear and learn all about these problems. The administration is going to get Admiral Rickover to present the plausibility of using nuclear power. So you see I get paid for attending a chautauqua. Now what I tell you about our functions is not exactly the way it is presented to the public but I am just being frank about our limited power. Personally, I would just as soon not have the full responsibility at my age but also to be in on a grandstand seat.

Well now I will get down to the meat of this letter and that is about Mother. This jumping of typewriter I think is my touch on an electric typewriter. It jumps easily.

I brought her home this p.m. and Patricia has talked to her already. She will have to take it easy. Since this little attack, I have run across so many people who have either had it or know of some one. The story is just the same. It is a blessing in disguise if you take the warning and pay attention and take it easy from then on. Many people get the first one in a sharp attack and never quite get over it, or die then. So Mother avoided that.

I think I had better ring off. Hattie will be with Mother while I am away. I didn't tell you that I get all expenses above the fee, so even after I have used up the \$1200.00 I will still go around the State and enjoy myself as all expenses are paid.

Love from Mother and Dad. She surely appreciated your many letters.

"DAD"

February 17, 1965

Dear Folks:

This is going to be my method of answering all of the letters from friends and relatives. Erna is most appreciative for them. She has been home from the hospital 12 days and her last cardiogram showed improvement. She is watching her diet and only gets up for a few hours each day. Fortunately, we are having beautiful sunshine weather now and she can enjoy it out on the sun patio. Every cloud has a silver lining, and ours was that this warning came in a mild fashion. She will know what to guard against and live accordingly.

Norrissa is recovering wonderfully well from her major operation. She spent 1 week in hospital, 2 weeks in bed at home and is to spend 3 weeks taking it easy. Erna says her voice sounds like a young girl and she (Norrissa) claims she never felt better.

Barbara spent one week-end with me and Erna Bea came down over the Lincoln holidays. She likes La Jolla and it did her a lot of good. Ramona is coming next.

Carl Loennig sent me a Portland paper which had pictures of the devastating flood in Oregon. I had a chance to see some of California's flooded area recently. Hattie, our once-a-week maid, stayed with Erna while I went as

a sub-committee member of the State Water Commission, so that in our request to Congress we could say we had seen this area. We were supposed to have viewed the Klamath area on the Oregon border but when we arrived in Eureka the gale winds had grounded all helicopters. And it was a gale. Incidentally, the greatest damage was around the Oregon border. The Russian River flood was equally as destructive as the Eel River.

Flying over the coast range that morning from Redding in a jet, we had to keep our seat belts on and we were tossed around like a volley ball. Flying over these wooded mountains is when you can really appreciate how much higher the redwood trees stand above the other trees. These mountains are not high but have innumerable canyons all leading into the Eel of Mad Rivers.

The Eel River, which is by far the largest, has three main branches, all flowing north over 100 miles through 3 narrow canyons and picking up additional water from the many smaller canyons until it reaches the delta, only about 10 miles from the ocean. While California under the State Water Project is going to build several dams at the head of the river and tunnel through the mountains and send it south, it could never build enough dams to prevent floods in an area that has an annual rainfall of around 50 inches, and has no outlet but the Eel River. However, in the past it has never rained so much at one time.

Throughout the mountains and along the Eel River and Highway 101, there are many sawmills operating and they had logs and lumber on hand and much of it was redwood. These flood waters picked up those logs and that lumber and with the velocity increasing by the time it left the Eel River Canyon and hit the delta area, eye witnesses say the logs were flying like rockets. They took out most of the bridges in the canyon but I saw one steel bridge with cement abutments at the mouth of the canyon, which was recently built, and now looks like it had been bombed out.

The U.S. Corps of Engineers flew a special plane in with a dozen men the night of the flood, right during the height of the storm. We had two of these men as our guides and their story of the flight and the panic of families not only trying to save the children but some of their personal possessions, makes a person forget his few problems. The U.S. Engineers will by the end of the month have contracted for \$6 million dollars to just

clean up the debris in the harbor, on farms, county roads and to bury cattle. The State has to rebuild the highway and bridges and they are just contemplating 1¢ additional gas tax to pay for this alone. When the roads will be open for trucks is not known. The railroad won't be rebuilt until August. However, they ship by sea and travel by air. The property owners have to bear their loss.

I would say that the delta area in size would compare with that portion of Baker Valley from Wingville to Baker. It is a dairy country and they had many Jersey Foundation herds, known throughout the State. It is one of the older sections of California, settled in the 80's, and the architecture demonstrated it (what is left). The newer homes were built up on the mountain sides. Incidentally, the loss of dairy cows was set at 3000 in the lowlands.

I must point out though that the lumbering industry constitutes 90% of the economy - fish 5% - dairy 5%. While most of their mills were on higher ground, they did lose more in value than the farmers in the logs and lumber washed away. They have formed a non-profit corporation to salvage the logs on the beaches and farms and divide according to the original loss. Eureka is one of the largest lumbering cities in the country and they manufacture many lumber by-products. All of the big companies are represented there.

Flood waters do strange things. There was a stretch of territory where the logs and lumber were standing on end, twisted around just like you would see bound grain which was shooked in a grain field. In places it would take the top soil off down to bedrock and in other places leave a foot of sediment. Some of the wire fences looked like vine-covered fences about two feet high. In front of a house you would see a pile of trees twenty feet high and the next place just the foundation. The tragedy is that because of the topography of the country, the engineers haven't the solution except levees, and some of them served like butter. So let us count our blessings.

Erna and I send our love,

Like all stories, I am going to have to bring this to an end. Our life the last few years has been like

that of most retired people. Erna has had two serious illnesses, went to the hospital in December of 1962, and was there seven weeks with complications resulting from a most active life. Then, while listening to the inaugural ceremonies in 1965 and seeing many of our old friends in Washington on TV, she evidently became too excited and suffered a slight heart attack. I have been a sort of guinea pig for the doctors and have been treated for everything by so-called "specialists," but my last doctor, Dr. Beary, has had me throw the medicine out the window and I just use common sense, knowing that I am not a young man anymore and that there are certain precautions you have to take.

We came to La Jolla in September of 1962, to get away from the pressures and the tensions of a great city like Los Angeles. Here in La Jolla it is like a sleepy village, no one in a hurry and it is ideal for people of our age. We have a modest, comfortable, and convenient home on the point of a mesa, overlooking the new campus of the University of California at San Diego, with several mountains in the background. No one can build and obstruct our view and we can enjoy privacy; at the same time, with our high aerial, we get all of the Los Angeles television stations.

Our very busy life heretofore has kept us from enjoying real companionship, uninterrupted by others. At the same time, we especially enjoy the visits from

all the girls and the grandchildren. It is sort of a second home for Erna Bea, who lives alone and teaches English in Hollywood High School and can spend many weekends in La Jolla.

Of course we are so proud of all of our grandchildren and their accomplishments, but, being a true "politician," I know the danger of attempting to write about their individual accomplishments, as some of them are so young and haven't had their chance yet to equal the record of the older ones. Grandmother Erna was especially proud to see in print that Erna Poulson Willis graduated at the head of her class in which the daughter of the President of the United States (Luci Johnson) was also a student. I am waiting to see in print also about my namesake, Norris Poulson Brandt.

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