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MANSFIELD OF MONTANA

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, last Sunday, there appeared in newspapers throughout the United States an article by Saul Pett of the Associated Press entitled "Mansfield of Montana." It captures in a highly accurate way what those of us who serve with him know about the majority leader.

In an atmosphere of public relations experts, image-makers, and media speculators, MIKE MANSFIELD of Montana is a rare man. He occupies one of the most powerful positions in the Government of the United States, yet he constantly eschews both the trappings and perquisites of power.

In an age of cant and phony sophistication, MIKE MANSFIELD is a man of strong character, simple tastes, and fierce honesty. Would that we had many, many more like him.

And combined with this strong sense of personal integrity Senator MANSFIELD is well read, deeply philosophical, and holds strong convictions developed from a foundation of fact and information.

Mr. President, I would like to give some of the flavor of this remarkable article by quoting one brief paragraph about the majority leader.

This is what Saul Pett writes:

He is in a position of power which, it is commonly agreed, he uses with all the respectful care of a yeoman carrying the crown jewels, to a coronation. On both sides of the aisle, in an age of alarums, of strident voices and personal image-building, old-fashioned words like honest, fair, humble, quiet, guileless, nice, unassuming and patriotic cling to him like stubborn vines. Mike Mansfield of Montana is, perhaps, the last of the low profiles, a man so singularly uncolorful and so indifferent to personal charisma that he is, these days, singularly colorful!

May I add one other word. Under the leadership of the Senator from Montana, the Senate is a pleasant and happy place in which to serve. It mirrors to an amazing degree the personality of its leader. It is an institution where issues are hammered out, dissent and minority views heard, and equal handed fairness is dispensed. Meanwhile, the Senate retains its essential civility and humanity.

Because of MIKE MANSFIELD, the Senate is a place where democracy works. It is not run as a benevolent dictatorship or as the province of a modern rhetorical buccaneer. Instead it is a place where arguments and ideas have an opportunity to be accepted and acted on provided only that they can survive the clash of debate.

Senator MANSFIELD's views of our troubled world are summed up eloquently and precisely in the final two paragraphs of the article:

In his office Mansfield spoke quietly with a reporter about the country's profound problems at home and abroad, of the deep trauma in the land. He drew slowly on his pipe, pausing deliberately between thoughts.

"We can't give up," he said. "This country is too young to die. We'll have to work our way through our problems and find a greater maturity. We've been lucky for too many

decades. Now our luck is running out and we have to do some thinking."

I ask unanimous consent that the Associated Press article by Mr. Saul Pett be printed in the RECORD at this point.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

MANSFIELD OF MONTANA

(By Saul Pett)

(NOTE.—He is a paradox, Mike Mansfield. A man of integrity as deep as the wise lines of his weathered face, yet holder of one of government's most partisan jobs. A man of calm in a chamber of clamor who reveres the presidency but who is battling a president. A paradox because even his chief adversary in the Senate calls the Majority Leader "the most decent man I've ever met.")

WASHINGTON.—At his place of business, he fidgets or wanders among the richly finished mahogany desks or sits with the clerks and stares from a lined, leathery face with hurt expression at the bronzed clock on the wall as though time were a personal affront.

Often, he wears the anxious look of an undertaker who fears that casket won't fit through the door; at other times, the pained look of a school teacher waiting and wondering why in the hell the kids can't return faster from recess. He seems to hurt inside but outside his patience is legendary except for those rare moments when he mutters to the chair, "Call the votes, damn it."

Under the skylight outlining the Great Seal of his country, he returns to the first seat on the right of the center aisle in the front row, the chair of an extraordinary man in an ill-defined job at an extraordinary time. He is the Democratic majority leader of the United States Senate, in a season of constitutional crisis, a time of greater rupture between the Senate and the President of the United States than any, since the days of Woodrow Wilson.

None of this is to the liking of Mike Mansfield, who is awed by the office of the presidency but not by presidents, who reveres the institutions of government and is constantly pointing out that its occupants are only transient. It happens, too, that he is profoundly opposed to the war in Vietnam and Cambodia and is orchestrating the bipartisan effort to define and limit the president's war-making powers.

He is in a position of power which, it is commonly agreed, he uses with all the respectful care of a yeoman carrying the crown jewels, to a coronation. On both sides of the aisle, in an age of alarums, of strident voices and personal image-building, old-fashioned words like honest, fair, humble, quiet, guileless, nice, unassuming and patriotic cling to him like stubborn vines. Mike Mansfield of Montana is, perhaps, the last of the low profiles, a man so singularly uncolorful and so indifferent to personal charisma that he is, these days, singularly colorful.

"The most decent man I've ever met in public life," says Hugh Scott, Republican minority leader, of the enemy general across the aisle. "He's fair. His word rates in fineness above the gold at Fort Knox."

In 1964, Mansfield's last election year, Everett Dirksen, then Republican minority leader, threw back his classic mane, rose on the floor of the Senate and committed what he called "political heresy." He hoped publicly that Mansfield would be back. He praised him as a leader who leads "through sheer force of character and gentility," not through drive. Dirksen said he would go almost anywhere to campaign for Republicans, even to the moon, but please, not Montana.

Northern Democratic liberals, Southern Democratic conservatives, moderate Republicans, conservative Republicans: there are apparently no anti-Mansfield senators as such these days. Some have complained mildly in the past that he could be more effective as party leader by being more partisanly aggressive. Others, apparently a large majority, insist that this ex-miner and ex-Marine is effective by being one of the least combative men in the Senate. In any case, says a member of the Senate staff, Mike Mansfield, at 67, in his ninth year as majority leader and his 18th as senator from Montana, "has now grown into a kind of untouchable—nobody dares really zing him."

By the usual standards of politics, Mansfield is as dynamic as a celery stick. "He is the original tell-it-like-it-is man, bland, straight-out, completely devoid of frills, fanfare or plumage," says an admiring Hubert Humphrey. "I've met many jokers who know how to be clever, Mike has something more remarkable. He knows how to be sensible."

He may also be the Gary Cooper of national politics, the exception who thinks that one word can be better than 10. He is the bane of TV panel shows where, it is said, his five favorite answers are: "Yep. Nope. Maybe. Can't say. Don't know." That may be exaggeration but it is a fact that on TV's "Issues and Answers," for example, the panel normally gets to ask about 25 questions in a half hour. With Mansfield they asked 76.

Picture, if you can, this scene in the White House, which violates Newton's law of motion that every action demands an opposite and equal reaction. Lyndon Johnson is president and he is conferring with the Democratic leaders of Congress. He particularly wants something from Mansfield, who was once his protege and succeeded him as Senate leader. The President rises, warming to his task, circles his prey, gestures, cries with passion, pleads, cajoles, invokes the gods of patriotism and party. The president subsides and awaits the reply from the thin man from Montana.

"Mike," said a man who was there, "simply would keep his firm jaw up tight, puff on his pipe and answer, 'yes!' or 'no' or 'won't work.' It was like stepping from a very hot bath into very cold water."

There is a searing no-nonsense quality about Mansfield, the leader of the club who is not clubby, a man not given to small talk or lounging in the Senate cloakroom to gossip. He has in his office a photograph blown up to about four-by-six feet. It is one of those accidentally funny pictures taken in the Rose Garden of the White House after a congressional leadership meeting in 1962 with President Kennedy. The leaders have just concluded a news conference and seem to be suspended in arrested motion. Vice President Johnson looks vaguely at the empty mike. Sen. Hubert Humphrey looks vaguely over his shoulder. Other leaders seem to have nothing to do, except Mansfield, who is walking firmly out of the picture, his back to the camera. Kennedy inscribed the photograph:

"To Mike, who knows when to stay and when to go."

Mansfield employs no press secretary, sends out few releases and, unlike most who do, does not have his picture or name lettered largely on the material. In a chamber of galloping egos, he rarely claims credit for anything and praise makes him uncomfortable. He has been one of the few men in Washington consistently believed when he denies having any ambitions beyond the Senate.

In 1964, when President Johnson seemed to be shopping around elaborately for a vice president, James Rowe, a friend and Democratic strategist, asked MANSFIELD: "Any feelers from the White House?"

"No," said the man from Montana, "and there better not be."

Recently a staff assistant asked the majority leader when he was going to have his portrait done to hang one day in the Capitol with those of past leaders.

"What for?" asked Mansfield.

"For history's sake."

"When I'm gone, I want to be forgotten."

Period.

Mansfield's interest in material things or the trappings of power is low. The only things he personally acquires are pocket mysteries and Dixieland jazz records. He and his wife, Maureen, bought their first and only house in 1952 without his seeing it; he thought any choice of hers would be fine with him. His clothes suggest an underpaid college professor of the '30s, which he was, and even when they aren't there actually, one imagines there are leather patches on his elbows. It took him years to get comfortable in the big black Cadillac that goes with the job of leader, frequently grumbling about being a "limousine liberal." He chose a modest office as leader instead of the huge "Taj Mahal" occupied by Johnson. Friends find all this remarkable in a man who has known much poverty in his life. . . .

Born of Irish immigrant parents in Manhattan, father a hotel porter, mother died early . . . Carted off to Montana to live with relatives. Kerosene lamps, no inside plumbing. Saturday night baths in a wash tub of water heated on the stove . . . Fibbing about his age at 14, joined Navy in first world war, then the Army, later the Marines, making him rare alumnus of all three services . . . Worked eight years in Montana copper mines 2,800 feet down for \$4.25 a day in the Depression . . . At urging of wife, who cashed in her life insurance, completed education, getting last high school credit and BA from Montana State almost simultaneously, at 30 . . . Came home one day with proud purchase: four pounds of hamburger for 25 cents. Wife cried. "I guess she felt I squandered the money. We had no icebox and the window sill wasn't much help in July . . ."

It is also said that one of the most impassioned speeches of his Senate career was delivered in successful opposition to the threatened closing of a Veterans hospital in Miles City.

But nothing is apt to make Mike Mansfield flare quicker than any reflection on his independence. In the years of the Johnson presidency, he was constantly and sternly reminding reporters he was not the president's majority leader but the Senate's. At a dinner party once, the lady on his right made the mistake of asking, "And what are your people back in Montana telling you to do on this issue, senator?"

"Madame," said the man from Montana, "my people don't tell me what to do. They sent me here. I do the voting."

In the view of James Rowe and others, Mansfield comes as close to the tradition of Edmund Burke, the 18th century British statesman, as anyone they know. Burke told the voters of Bristol, in a classic statement of the legislator's role: "Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion."

The job of majority leader, which is not mentioned in either the Constitution or The Rules of the Senate, is what tradition and the leader make of it. Lyndon Baines Johnson made the most of it. He drove with a

bull whip, wheedled, pressured, arm-twisted, jugular-squeezed, threatened, dispersed or withheld favors to push through legislation. He was a one-man decathlon.

Mansfield works almost as though from a civics book. He relies on gentle persuasion, accommodation and understanding. He clings to the notion that all senators are equal and each state has two, that each is a man of consequence who should be free to exercise his own judgment. He encourages committee chairman to floor-manage their own bills on the simple logic that they know most about them. He encourages young senators to speak up because he values their "currency." He rarely lobbies for votes and then only to the extent of saying, "If you can see your way clear to go with me on this, I'd appreciate it."

"Some senators like to be shoved around and told what to do," says William Fulbright of Arkansas. "But Mike rarely even tells you how he'll vote unless you ask him. Which is proper. It's all right for other senators to lobby senators but not the leader."

Hugh Scott says, "There is no cuteness or deviousness in him." Which means Republicans as well as Democrats trust him and are not nervous about leaving town for fear the majority leader might suddenly re-juggle the calendar or try to slip through a last-minute amendment.

With an absence of cuteness, an abundance of trust and a soupcon of persuasion, Mansfield steered the leviathan bulk of Great Society legislation through the Senate. He had, of course, consideration help, on the bridge and in the boiler room, from the big mover and shaker in the White House.

Since the Johnson days, he has been personally credited with revitalizing the Democratic policy committee in the Senate, pulling together such disparate as Richard Russell of Georgia and Edmund Muskie of Maine, Robert Byrd of West Virginia and John Pastore of Rhode Island. It was Mansfield who reportedly led the committee and ultimately the Democratic-controlled senate to adoption of a tax reform bill, an amendment that would give 18-year-olds the vote, a resolution calling for troop withdrawals in Europe and another warning the president he could make no binding national commitments abroad without the approval of Congress.

His greatest frustration in public life, Mansfield says, has been his inability to affect recent presidential thinking about Southeast Asia.

A recognized expert on the Far East, he made fact-finding trips out there for six presidents, including Johnson and Nixon. Nonetheless, he was unable to dissuade Johnson from escalation in Vietnam or Nixon from incursion into Cambodia, which he visited last year at the president's behest.

Aides say Mansfield agonizes before opposing any president, such is his respect for the office and his compassion for the burdened tenant. He, himself, says of the Johnson days:

"It's not easy to be the only one to say no to the president in that oval room, where he is surrounded by all his advisers and chiefs of staff. I guess I had to do that a dozen times."

Until Cambodia, Mansfield said he thought the Nixon policy in Vietnam was in the right direction—out—but hoped troop withdrawals could be speeded up. He was quick to acknowledge agreement with the President when he thought he was right. When Nixon briefed Congressional leaders on his plans for the strategic arms limitation talks, the Democratic leader was the first to respond to the Republican president, saying, "I think you've made the best choice. I will support you."

Then came Cambodia, about which Mans-

field and other congressional leaders were briefed briefly by the president after the operation had started. That night the majority leader had trouble sleeping. He put pillows over the phones in his house and tried to sort out his thoughts. The next morning he looked like he had been kicked in the stomach. He had, he explained to a reporter, been thinking of the spreading war, the problems and divisiveness at home. "I've never been so down in the dumps in my lifetime," said the man from Montana who almost never says never.

On the floor of the Senate, he said several times how much he regretted differing with the president but spoke out against Cambodia and warned, "There is grave danger the Parrots Beak may well turn out to be an albatross." Off the floor, he won agreement from Scott to ask all relevant Senate committee chairmen to give top priority to anything dealing with Cambodia and Vietnam. He also saw to it, says an aide, that the various attempts to limit the president's war-making powers be brought up one week as a "building-block" operation in a rising debate over the constitutional issue between President and Congress.

In his office, Mansfield spoke quietly with a reporter about the country's profound problems at home and abroad, or the deep trauma in the land. He drew slowly on his pipe, pausing deliberately between thoughts. "We can't give up," he said. "This country is too young to die. We'll have to work our way through our problems and find a greater maturity. We've been lucky for too many decades. Now our luck is running out and we have to do some thinking."

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. PROXMIER. I yield.

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. President, I associate myself with the remarks of the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin. I thank the Senator for having this exceptional article printed in the RECORD. I read it with the same sense of appreciation that the Senator has mentioned in the course of his remarks.

We have a majority leader who is a completely unassuming and utterly uncontrived man. And in this age of image making, particularly in the field of politics, that is a rare quality that commends our majority leader most highly, and reflects great credit upon the Senate and upon the whole political profession.

We need more leaders like MIKE MANSFIELD.