

Bayh Staff Stories

For those who worked on the staff of Senator Birch Bayh, the memories are enhanced by stories, things seen or experienced. Most of these stories mean more to the staff person participating and are not central to the Birch Bayh story. Nonetheless, they are compiled here for those readers who might enjoy the anecdotes that have provided the texture to so many memories from times long ago.

I have included several memories from my travels with Birch over a period of several years, some from the Senate office but many from travels in Indiana, some during campaign times and others not. Those stories begin here (B2 refers to Birch Bayh):

As planning for the 1974 campaign was taking place, I very much wanted to be part of the campaign staff, specifically in the role of “road show manager,” traveling with the senator and managing his life on the road. I remember telling that to Jay Berman who said I had been doing a great job as office manager and that he was reluctant to upset an office that had been running so well. I persevered and told him it seemed I was, in effect, being penalized for doing a good job, that I wanted this role in the campaign and thought our boss would be supportive as well. Jay agreed to talk with Birch and, shortly afterward, I was offered the job. The person with that job is often referred to as the ‘body guy,’ always seen with the candidate and at his beck and call.

The first few days on the road as Birch’s “body guy” were an adventure, mostly because I was so new at it and made rookie mistakes. A few of the notes I kept illustrate the coming and goings of those initial days.

June 6 – 5:57 PM– B2 arrives and we drive to Crawfordsville in heavy rain.

Montgomery County Demo. Dinner, large affair with great food and pies, biggest county Demo. event since 1964. 400-600 people, most 7th District candidates, speeches too long. Our coordinator had schedule arranged perfectly and sold many Bayh '74 pins. Need new large B2 pic for wall. Drove to meeting with CWA officials afterward. Got back 11-ish to Indpls.

June 7 – 5:25 AM - local Marion Co. candidate picks us up and go to Stewart-Warner Plant. Good reception but B2 was disconcerted to have to talk to another candidate so early. We shouldn't be picked up so early by a union official if he's also a candidate. Had breakfast and then to voter registration HQ at City-County Bldg. to impress volunteers with importance of the job. Next came a meeting with minority leaders and by 10:30 arrived at Indiana Broadcasters Assn, where B2 spoke on the copyright bill, a matter of concern to the 200 radio and TV broadcasters there. Good meeting. It was short and sweet and we arrived ten minutes late for my first private plane flight – and first big mistake of the campaign – to Ft. Wayne. I never asked the pilot which airport he was headed to because I didn't realize there were two in Ft. Wayne. When he asked me, I assumed it had to be the larger one and B2 was napping so I didn't ask him. We landed at Baer Field – Leigh Smith was waiting for us at Smith Field. After figuring out the mistake we took a \$9 cab ride to the Indiana State Hospital and Training Center to observe facilities for treating and rehabilitating handicapped children. It was quite sobering. A noon event, good media hit.

Leigh met us there and rushed us to the Dana Corp. to shake hands with shift changes from 2:20-3:15. Saw hostility to gun control for first time. Lunch in the car, then a TV taping of little consequence, then time for phone calls and left with Walt King's plane for Gary in bad

weather. He soon brought us down, in South Bend, saying he couldn't continue in the rain. The first big dilemma. I rented a car at the airport, B2 called coordinator in Gary and told him to get a helicopter to Michigan City Airport and we'd drive there. The Gary Sickle Cell dinner couldn't be missed. I drove rapidly to the airport where the chopper was waiting. B2 took off in Gary Police copter and we drove to Gary, arrived at dinner 20 minutes after B2 but before the program began. Gov. Bowen was there and all Lake County pols; at the conclusion (11 PM) we drove to Indpls. Over 750 people at the Dinner. A good hit but overly long. We had a very short sleep, the first of many in the next 5 months.

Later on we noted that Walt King wouldn't fly in a dew and it was to be his last flight with us.

The formal campaign kick-off was in Indianapolis and in Terre Haute on June 10, repeated in Evansville the next day and Clarksville the day after that. By the 4th of July, we were already bone-tired, had appeared at dozens of events. Evan joined us by then and participated in the parades with his Dad. Birch never rode in a car during a parade; he always walked and absolutely hated it when the organizers wanted him to sit on the reviewing stand, which he almost never did. We participated in six events on the 4th, starting across the northern tier of the state and finishing in the southwest corner. I was given a firsthand education on what aggressive campaigning meant and the five months we traveled together would be a bonding experience like none other.

The incessant flying on small planes also brought on some scary moments. Early in the campaign, we were flying from Indianapolis to Louisville late at night. Birch and with our pilot, Bob, were on the plane. I was reading while Birch slept. I pulled back the curtain to gaze outside and noted it was so foggy I could not see the end of the plane's wing. Bob reached back and

shook my leg, telling me that he was lost in the fog. “What do you want me to do about it?” I asked. He replied, “Do we keep looking for the airport or return to Indy.” I woke up Birch and told him we were lost in the fog. “What do you want me to do about it?” he asked. At that point, Bob held up his hand, animatedly talking into the mic on his headphone with someone we hoped was at the Louisville airport. Both of us were looking out our respective windows for what seemed like an eternity. Birch remembered looking at the plane’s altimeter and realizing that we were flying well below the heights of the small mountains in that part of the state. Anticipating a crash, I was thinking about the reactions of my family and friends, thinking about those who might wonder if it was me when they read, “Bayh and aide die in plane crash.” I was waiting for the impact to occur when I saw the fog clear and the runway not far below, but it was perpendicular to the direction in which we were flying. Bob successfully dropped the plane on the runway and yanked the wheel to jerk us into the right direction. Birch and I looked at each other and our relief showed. When we climbed out of the plane after stopping, we kneeled down to kiss the ground. Soon, the two men picking us up, Floyd County Coordinator Charlie Kirk and New Albany Mayor Warren Nash, rushed out to greet us. They were in tears, having just heard a radio report that a small plane had crashed in Madison, killing the three white males aboard. Madison was only a short distance from Louisville in the southeast corner of the state.

The campaign was full of memorable events. A few are worth noting here.

July 11 – 6:30 PM – Huntington – VFW Street Fair at Hiers Park. Empty, complete waste of time. Learned later never to stay at LaFontaine Hotel. Stay at motel where B2 stayed instead. Since we needed another car for the next day, fellow-staffer Tim Minor joined Jerry Jeter, Evan, Mike Trapp and me at the dreadful hotel. It took 4 trips upstairs looking for 2 double rooms before we settled on 3 rooms for the 5 of us. The fat, slovenly bell boy said they

hadn't seen the roll-away in 3 years. We were still giddy from laughing during a snack with B2 at the L&K. The color TV was green but you couldn't hear it because of the air conditioner. The toilet paper was 10 feet from the toilet and the shower hit me in the stomach. It felt like an evening in a black and white Bogart movie.

July 13 –we drove to Rochester for the Round Barn Festival Parade and then to Frankfort for the Old Indiana Sidewalk Parade, where we got our first impression of the Bayh-Lugar comparison. Lugar rode, B2 and Evan walked. Lugar even wore pancake make-up. The response for us was uplifting.

July 18 – New Albany – Floyd County 4-H Fair. Really good crowd and media, Lugar there. When B2 and I flew in, Evan and Jerry were already there. Evan observed Lugar's polite greeting and B2's enthusiastic one. Lugar told B2 he had met "Kevin." We laughed as pictures were taken of the two candidates eating corn-on-the-cob.

Another unforgettable event was when we ended up in a small town in the northern part of the state. Birch was awarded a key to the city in an outside ceremony. When we were departing through the mass of people and got to our car, I tossed the key to the city in the back seat of the car and it shattered into a million pieces. Birch got into the front seat and said, "Quick, let's get out of here;" we drove away before the mishap could be discovered by those around the car, laughing for quite a while after escaping the area.

On July 29, our Road Show took part in an event we always remembered and one similar to others later on. At the Elkhart County 4-H Fair, my job was to find out what where Birch could be introduced to the largest assembly of people, on this occasion a demolition derby. However, the policy of all county fairs was that the events were apolitical, preventing politicians

from being introduced to the crowds. The only way to be introduced to the crowd was to take care of it ourselves. Therefore, I ran out onto the track where the cars and trucks were bashing into each other, dodging the vehicles and crossing over to reach the announcer, who was describing the mayhem before us all. The crowd reveled in the noise and destruction and my arrival in front of the announcer startled him. I told him I was with Senator Bayh and would appreciate it if he would point out where the senator was, in effect announcing his presence. He was incredibly cooperative and did as I asked, directing a spotlight to the area where Birch was and bringing everyone's attention to him. Turned out the announcer was from Terre Haute, loved Birch Bayh and gave him a stirring introduction. We couldn't have scripted it better. My notes said, "The emcee was from Terre Haute and gave the most sterling introduction imaginable. Even Lugar would have voted for B2 after hearing it."

Five days later there was a tractor pull at the Vigo County 4-H Fair in Terre Haute, where I was once again successful in getting Birch introduced to a large and boisterous crowd.

On August 8, Birch was walking in a parade and someone came up to me, handing me a note to call Bill Wise. I went to a house where people were on the porch watching the parade, identified myself and asked to use their phone. They agreed and I reached Wise, who told me Nixon was going to resign that evening and our schedule was being adjusted as a result. We were to meet at a hotel in Indianapolis where the press would be watching the televised resignation speech. Awaiting Birch at the hotel would be a prepared text for him to give to the press following the televised resignation.

That evening, Richard M. Nixon resigned the presidency before a national audience, indeed a sobering national event. It didn't feel right to give the press and media a statement that had clearly been written prior to the resignation so we requested time for Birch to collect his

thoughts. Birch wrote changes, additions and deletions on the typed statement. Then, while he made phone calls, I sat in the bathroom, using the toilet as a desk, and penned the entire edited statement on hotel stationery in Birch's handwriting. Once it was done, he proofed it, I let the assembled masses in and the Bayh reaction to the Nixon resignation was given.

At a parade in Seymour, Birch was heckled by a man about gun control and the two of them went face-to-face. The man had first shaken Birch's hand and then said he wanted his handshake back, since Birch wanted to take his guns away. Birch told him where he could put his handshake. It was the closest I ever saw him come to hitting someone, a constant reminder of how emotional and intense the gun issue was.

On August 16, we were in Indianapolis for a fundraiser with Congressman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, the powerful Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Hoosiers in the financial world knew who Mills was and in a short two months, the entire world would also know. On October 9, he was stopped by DC police late at night near the Tidal Basin next to the Jefferson Memorial. His car lights were off and when the police talked to him, they noted he was intoxicated, had scratch marks on his face from a recent altercation and the woman he was with had dashed from the car and jumped into the Tidal Basin to escape. If that wasn't enough, it turned out the woman was a stripper known as Fannie Foxe. While he would be re-elected to Congress in 1974, a good year for Democrats, it was his last campaign.

That summer, there were conversations about asking the actor Carroll O'Connor, who played Archie Bunker on television's "All in the Family," to participate in a fundraiser on Birch's behalf. He and Birch had become friends and if we could get the entire cast of "All in the Family" together, they would be a huge draw. Birch called O'Connor on the car phone and

he could hear operators in the background saying, “Senator Bayh is talking with Archie Bunker.” Turned out O’Connor’s contract prevented him from participating in campaign fundraising.

After French Lick at the end of August, we found ourselves in South Bend once again, this time experiencing one of those nuggets of American political life that will always remain precious. We were two hours late for a walk with precinct committeeman Alex Niespodziany, known as Firpo. It was absolutely great. The presence of our sound truck, playing “Hey Look Him Over,” and Firpo enhanced the experience. It enabled us to see everyone in the neighborhood. Firpo threatened those who might prefer to stay inside their homes rather than emerge to shake Birch’s hand with keeping their walks from being shoveled. “You no vote for Birch Bayh, I no shovel your walks in winter!”

The Bayh campaign had instituted its own in-house polling operation, run by an academic from the University of Michigan, Ada Finifter. One of the most fervent of Bayh supporters was Morrie Katz. Beloved by the staff, he was nicknamed “a truly great American” and showed up at almost every important political event involving Birch Bayh. Since he always wanted to find a way to help his friend Birch, he was given a desk and phone in the headquarters to help out with the polling. Jay Berman was merciless in his teasing of Morrie and regarded the polling results which Morrie turned in with skepticism. His results were so overwhelmingly for Birch, they could not possibly be accurate. Jay was able to monitor the polling calls being made and decided he had to listen in to Morrie’s calls. When a voter told him that he was a small businessman and didn’t like Birch, Morrie replied, “What do you mean you don’t like him? I’m a small businessman, too, and I love him.” That voter was recorded as pro-Bayh. Needless to say, from that moment on, Morrie’s polling results were never factored into the day’s tally.

When Ted Kennedy visited Lake County that fall, I learned an important lesson. We were in Merrillville for a rally and cocktail party with Kennedy. There was a large crowd; a great event. But in the mass of people surrounding the two senators, who were depending on me to lead them through the room, I ended up leading them into a corner, where we were trapped. Paul Kirk, later to be chairman of the DNC and ultimately a U.S. Senator in his own right, was traveling with Senator Kennedy. Kirk made it clear to me in no uncertain terms that you never allow the candidate to be trapped in a corner like I did. Later that evening, we held a fundraiser with Kennedy at St. Savas Hall in Hobart. It was a small dollar event with 3,000 people in attendance. A few demonstrators at St. Savas got a disproportionate amount of the press coverage but the crowds were fantastic. Soon afterward, Kennedy announced that he would not run for president in 1976.

The flavor of the last few weeks on the campaign trail can be summed up by highlighting a few events during that period. At a grade school in Lawrenceburg, we were told that a right-to-life activist was giving Birch trouble publicly. In the classroom, Birch randomly picked out one student to teach with. It turned out to be the trouble-maker's son.

On October 19, after a late night and a large United Labor Reception in Fort Wayne, we were to fly to Muncie. A Lear Jet was provided because of a mix-up by the airplane company and we offered Larry Conrad a ride back to Indianapolis after Muncie. Trapp picked up a bottle of booze for the ride and it started snowing. It turned out the pilot couldn't land in Muncie or nearby Anderson. Conrad remarked, "I'll have that drink now." Eventually we were informed that given the weather and the kind of runway required for a Lear Jet landing, we could land only in Indianapolis. We checked Birch in at the Airport Hilton and Mike, Larry and I got on the phones. Trapp called Bill Wise to come and get us so we could stay in our apartments that night.

Larry was also calling for a ride and I was trying to reach our driver, Jerry Jeter, on the car phone to let him know our change of plans. When Larry reached John Dibble, Mike called Wise and told him not to come. Dibble arrived in a 2-seat sports car. We gave up and checked into the Hilton as well. I finally reached Jerry in Muncie by 2 AM and he drove back to his home in Indianapolis, slept a few hours and picked us up at 7:30 so we could drive to Muncie. It was one hell of a night.

Another experience late in the campaign was one we long remembered. Flying into Ft. Wayne late one night, for some reason no one was there to meet us. Snow flurries were beginning and it was very cold. The plan was for me to run from the plane to the single phone booth at the end of the runway, call a cab to get us to the hotel where we were booked. As the airplane door opened, I turned to Birch and Mike and asked them to get my suitcase, then scampered out of the plane, got to the phone booth and called for a taxi. Birch and Mike soon arrived at the phone booth and tried to crowd in with me because it was so cold outside. As they were doing so, I looked at the departing plane and noticed their suitcases sitting on the tarmac. Mine was not among them. I absolutely lost my temper, more violently than during any time in the campaign. I was so annoyed and could not believe after all of the times I had taken care of everyone else's luggage that the one time I asked them to take care of mine, neither did so. They both looked guiltily at the other but I didn't care who was to blame, I was angry at both of them. I left the phone booth, stomped around the tarmac and continued my obscenity-laden rant. When the cab arrived, no one spoke and I spoke to neither one when we finally got into our rooms for the night. I was sharing a room with Mike and Birch was next door. I had no toiletries, no clothes for the next day and no more patience. Once I began to settle down, there was a knock

on the door and Mike got up to answer it. When the door opened, I saw Birch's arm reach into the room, holding out a toothbrush, a peace offering for me. I yelled out an expletive telling him what he could do with the toothbrush and he quickly pulled his arm away from the door. For years, Birch described a display of temper he had never seen from me, before and since.

Another memorable evening was at the gridiron dinner in Evansville and came from Bob Flynn, an Evansville political reporter. I had told him an off-color, crude joke earlier in the day that involved leprechauns. Birch referred to Flynn in his remarks, calling him the "Happy Leprechaun of Evansville," an inside joke that totally cracked us up. When it became Flynn's turn to talk, he referred to the two Indiana Senators as "Bayh and Bought," which brought down the house. We had heard the references to Senator Hartke before and as amusing as it may have been, it was also a bit embarrassing.

On the last day of October and now the last week of a grueling campaign, we got a vivid "shot in the arm" when Birch did a walking tour through the Western Electric Plant in Indianapolis. Most of the workers were women and they went crazy, as though he was a famous movie star. Their enthusiasm was punctuated with screams as he walked through their ranks and we left the place flying high. The next days were a dizzying series of campaign stops, an extra burst of energy near the finish line like a long distance runner. The day had started with a tour of the Buehler Corporation at 6:30 AM, followed by Western Electric at 9, drive to Terre Haute for an I.S.U. Campus rally, a 1:30 meeting with workers at a glassblowers' factory, a 3 PM rally at I.U. in Bloomington, flying to Gary for a 7 PM Democratic rally at Marquette Park, finishing in Whiting at 9:15, Bingo Night at the Community Center. We spent the night in South Bend. There would be another plant gate event the next day, 6:30 AM at the Wheelabrator-Frye Plant, followed by a 7:30 meeting with union leaders. Then it was off to Kokomo for a 10:30 rally with

United Auto Workers (UAW) president Leonard Woodcock and later another plant gate event and a press conference. At noon Birch spoke at the Goshen Rotary Club, followed by another plant gate, this at the Delco Plant, where the workers were loudly supportive. The evening was spent in Fort Wayne, where we arrived at the scheduled labor rally, which was packed, enthusiastic and fantastic.

As the remaining days wound down, there were many memories those of us on the road shared. For instance, we attended a Chamber of Commerce meeting held at the prison in Michigan City. For me, that was a place I wanted to visit. My father had played semi-pro football there and always told me about how strange it was to play a game in a field surrounded by walls. I was escorted to the field to take a look while Birch was speaking and felt an eerie sensation while gazing at the vacant field on which my Dad had once played. Birch's memory of that event centered more on the cross-dressing among some of the prisoners, one being introduced to him as Bunny. And there was the speech at the Pulaski County Democratic dinner where, due to fatigue, Birch mis-spoke and said that 250 million Americans die every year from cancer. Larry Conrad muttered that "Birch just killed off all of America and part of China."

And there was the parade in LaPorte, which had been delayed by rain but by 11 AM it was sunny and the crowds had gathered. The Fair Marshal, however, decided that he wouldn't begin the parade until noon, too late for our schedule. I found myself talking to the leader of the first group in the parade and telling him to begin, which he and his group did. The parade was on, the field marshal was irate, but we remained on schedule.

Sometime that fall, we had an experience that was not discussed by any of us until decades had passed. We were near Evansville, either heading for the airport or a hotel rather late at night, when we decided to stop at a Denny's to pick up some food. While I stood near the

cash register ordering food, Birch circulated throughout the restaurant shaking hands and chatting with the patrons. A rather flamboyant-looking man in a blue blazer, bald-headed with the top few buttons of his shirt undone, a gold chain and medallion around his neck, a rather large and ostentatious gold watch on his wrist, came to me and asked if I was with Senator Bayh. I told him I was. He said that if the Senator would sit and chat with him, his wife and his mother, he would donate \$1,000 to the campaign. "Where are you sitting?" I asked. I immediately walked over to the Senator and whispered what I had learned. He asked where he was sitting and agreed that I should guide them to his table. He sat down with them and I returned to the counter to await our food and pay for it.

Soon an Evansville policeman walked up to me and asked if I was with the Senator. Acknowledging that I was, he told me that we ought to know that the man the Senator was sitting with was Kenny Campbell, believed to be a member of organized crime in the area. I thanked him, quickly paid for and grabbed the food, then went to the Senator to tell him we had to leave. Our routine was that I would urge him to leave and he would dismiss me, choosing the constituents over the lowly staffer. I cooperated with that; it was part of the "road show." But when he really had to leave, I would say so in a tone that he understood and would cooperate with, which he did on this occasion. As we said our farewells and walked out of the Denny's, Campbell followed us out and stopped me, as Birch returned to the waiting car. Campbell reminded me that he wanted to give us some money, was totally pleased that his wife and mother got to spend time with Birch and pulled out a wad of cash. After counting out the first ten \$100 bills, he kept slapping them into my hand. If memory serves, it was four or five thousand dollars by the time he was done. I shoved it in my pocket and got into the car.

As we drove away, Birch turned from the front seat and asked if he really gave us \$1,000. I fanned the bills widely, saying he sure did and lots more. Birch laughed and held up Campbell's medallion. "And he gave me this as well." With that we laughed a great deal and the matter didn't come up again until we made our way back to the headquarters in Indianapolis, a day or so later.

I handed Jay Berman the cash and, with eyes wide, he said, "You dumb shit. You can't accept that much cash. Don't you know the law?," which I did not. He was furious and blurted out that the legal cash limit was \$250, I think, plus the individual contribution limit in 1974 was \$1,000 so even if Campbell, his wife and his mother each gave the maximum, I had still violated campaign finance laws in two ways. Birch shared my lack of knowledge about the limits, which were part of the post-Watergate reforms, so they were new, though that was no excuse. I turned over Campbell's name and address to Jay, who promised to contact them and return the cash, requesting a check for the legal limit as replacement.

When returning to Evansville in mid-October we were to be picked up by the Democratic County Chairman, who was also the County Sheriff, Jerry Riney. He was not there when our plane arrived, which was extremely rare. While we waited, eventually his squad car came screaming into sight, lights on and siren blaring. He emerged from the car with many apologies, telling us he had to answer a call about a killing in Evansville. This guy Kenny Campbell, a noted member of organized crime, was executed gangland style. Birch and I remained silent while showing our interest in his story. We later resolved to keep that story between us and never tell anyone about it.

The familiar Campbell Soup jingle was, “ooh, ooh, good; ooh, ooh, good; that’s what Campbell Soup is; ooh, ooh good.” Every time we saw a Denny’s Restaurant for the remainder of the campaign, one of us would hum that tune, laughing all the while.

The coda to the story was a few weeks later but still before the election. We arrived at the headquarters and Jay took Birch and me into a room to ask if either of us had Kenny Campbell’s medallion. Campbell’s widow had called to ask that it be returned. Birch looked at me, I looked at him, and he scurried to where his briefcase was sitting. Rummaging through it, he pulled out the medallion and gave it to Jay. Jay also agreed that none of us should tell that story to anyone.

During the last two days before the election, Birch took part in a helicopter tour of the state, making multiple stops in each of the major and minor media markets in Indiana. On the day before the election there was a flurry of activities in several cities across Indiana. The evening was spent in Terre Haute at an election eve rally, a fabulous and exciting event. We spent the night in Indianapolis. Election day was no less packed and hectic than the days before. It started even earlier after a very short sleep. Birch stood at the Chrysler Foundry Plant Gate at 4:30 AM, an event that proved worth getting up so early, then a second plant gate followed at 6:15, this one of the best we visited in the campaign, Chrysler Motors. Flying next to Lake County for a rally and a plant tour, we returned to Terre Haute so Birch could cast his vote at the Goshen Fire House. He had to confront a local opponent who challenged his voting residency. We won the challenge, the confrontation and the election. That night was celebrated in Indianapolis at the headquarters.

1976

In the 1976 campaign, Birch was given three names of the people being sent from the Carter campaign to manage the Indiana effort. In charge would be Doug Coulter of New Hampshire and two women from Arkansas, Ruth Hargraves and Hillary Rodham. David Bochnowski was friendly with Bill Clinton, Hillary's husband, who had been Bochnowski's classmate at Georgetown University and was running for attorney general in Arkansas. David had been impressed by Clinton when they were in law school together.

During those final months, I spent a good deal of time with the Carter staff, sharing my knowledge of Indiana politics, particularly which political people could and could not be counted on. I'd meet them for drinks weekly at the Indiana bank building in the center of Indianapolis and, when Birch came to the state, I'd travel with him.

I look back and realize how lucky I was at such a young age to be given that measure of responsibility, learning a great deal about managing people and processes. There never seemed to be a shortage of things to do, or problems to solve. Not all memories, however, are pleasant. The Bayh office experienced a series of thefts, obviously by a fellow staff member. One former staffer, Gordon Alexander, talked of a time when there was a staff meeting in the senator's office and he left briefly to get something from his desk. When he walked in the room, he found the office receptionist taking his pay envelope from his suit jacket hanging on the coat rack. At the time, cash was paid to all staff rather than checks, long before electronic transfers. The receptionist soon left the staff. But other robberies happened long after her departure. This was an era before ATMs and in order to obtain cash, checks could be cashed at the Senate Disbursing Office, as long as they had the senator's endorsement on the back. I signed his name to staff checks daily and had interns take them to be cashed. If a staff member was out of the office when the cash envelopes were given to me, I'd put them in my desk until he or she came back.

Someone's envelope was taken one day during working hours, leading me to lock my desk later on. Also in the desk was a key to the Coca Cola machine in the reception room. One morning I arrived to find the front of my desk drawer ripped off. The key was missing and there was no money in the Coke machine. This was enormously frustrating to all of us and never solved but knowing there was a thief in our midst was more than a little unsettling.

Another troubling incident during those times involved a mail room clerk. After the Christmas break one year, we came back to work and he did not. No notice was given of any kind. Then, I started receiving phone calls from rough sounding men looking for him. This was disturbing but when we got a call from a hotel in Terre Haute that a check had bounced, written by a man with the mail room clerk's name, who showed an identification card as a member of the Bayh staff, things started to make more sense. As it turned out, he had a gambling problem, was in arrears with some pretty sketchy people and was on the lam. Eventually he came back and started working on his problems, though no longer as a member of the staff.

1977

That spring Birch and I took another Indiana trip that we would long remember. A businessman from southeastern Indiana, John Carson, was lobbying Birch to support a theme park in Clarksville, not too far from Louisville. Birch's instincts were that this was probably not a good idea but agreed to support federal funding for a study of the proposal. Carson was a new personality on the scene and could turn out to be a friend and ally. The local politicians and Bayh coordinators had heard nothing negative about him and also felt that a theme park in the area might be a boon for the local economy. The conversations with Carson ultimately led to an

invitation for Birch to stay at his hotel, the Clarksville Marriott. On the next trip to that area, Birch and I were booked into the hotel.

The day ran long and after a late night stop for ice cream, we pulled up at the Clarksville Marriott. The marquee out front read: “Welcome Senator Birch Bayh - World’s Greatest Senator.” We laughed hysterically as we read the sign. As I stepped from the car to the hotel entrance, a uniformed hotel bellman appeared to be standing at attention, asked me if I was with Senator Bayh. Telling him I was, he asked me to follow him. He got into a van and our car followed, driving away from the main hotel to a pier on a lake where two bungalows were floating. The bellman took our luggage as Birch and I walked out to the dwellings. Above the door, a sign hanging from ribbons swung down into the doorway with the words “Senator Birch Bayh” on it. We were stunned and walked into the room where there was a large fruit basket on a coffee table in the center of the living room, which adjoined an opulent bedroom. We began to giggle at this overdone display. Once Birch got settled, I walked across the alcove to the other room, opened the door and a similar sign dropped down with my name on it.

Ultimately the theme park was not funded. The next time Birch and I traveled to the area we were once again booked at the Clarksville Marriott. But this time there was no sign on the marquee, no one at the entrance to meet us. We checked in at the front desk as we normally would and walked down the corridors to our rooms. No signs, no fruit baskets. The next morning, I met Birch in his room and as we prepared to leave, we bemoaned the loss of status; John Carson must not love us anymore. With that, we left the room and walked down the hallway when we heard his name invoked from someone inside a room where a door was ajar. It was two cleaning women and they were commenting that Senator Bayh must not have shown up

last night. Hanging in front of the door was the “Senator Birch Bayh” sign and on a table was a fruit basket. We looked at each other, cracked up and departed. Sometime later, our county coordinator called to tell us that someone at the front desk had screwed up and Carson fired him. Birch then phoned Carson and made it clear in no uncertain terms that the staff person was to be reinstated. He was.

1978

I accompanied Birch on a lengthy Indiana sojourn in mid-October 1978 and it was memorable. The following are notes on the trip I wrote at the time.

Thursday night before flying to Indiana, the Ethics Committee report concerning Tongsun Park was leaked to the press. We spent Friday dealing with it. Sunday afternoon, Carol Sanger (press secretary) called. The Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette, a friendly newspaper, had editorialized that Birch had broken the law and characterized the charges in the worst possible way. It was incredible and included 14 factual errors. Carol was devastated and I advised her to keep it from the Senator until he was ready to leave for Houston to give a speech. We devised a schedule that would last from October 16-26 with a return from November 2- 6. Monday afternoon, the Senator arrived in Indianapolis and went to the office to discuss strategy for handling the Ethics Committee report with the Hoosier press. That evening we had a staff meeting. All of us, including Birch, were downhearted by the way a fairly innocuous story was being handled.

Tuesday morning press conference went well. We then flew to South Bend for several appearances. At each stop, the Ethics Committee report was foremost with reporters. Our first stop was at a high school, where Birch normally communicates well with students and teachers.

But this event was a disaster. In the back of the auditorium, a teacher began a tirade about irresponsible Congressmen and lack of accountability over the spending of federal monies. He simply wouldn't stop. What started with a petty statement or question morphed into a nasty dialogue with the teacher.

Before leaving, we met privately with the teacher and all of us settled down. However, the experience was a harbinger of things to come. From there we drove to North Liberty for a gasohol media event. Turns out the gasohol events were the highlight of the trip.

Next was a dinner with the South Bend Business and Professional Women's Club to discuss ERA and then another dinner in the same area with a trade association. But before the dinners, we stopped at the South Bend Tribune to talk with the editor, Jack Powers. He gave helpful advice on the Ethics report and suggested we respond with the details to all Indiana media. In the morning, the Fort Wayne paper apologized for the editorial and printed our entire rebuttal. This had never happened to us before.

Then we drove to Ft. Wayne. Arriving at the hotel, we checked in and went out for ice cream. I had phone messages from Tom Koutsoumpas and Diane Meyer. (Tom was on the DC staff and was close to Marvella.) Arriving at the Senator's room, his phone was ringing and it was Diane. She had been called by the AP and was asked whether or not Marvella had told Good Housekeeping that she had one year to live. Senator said he would only confirm that she wrote an article for them but they would have to get the details from her. In Diane's next breath, she told me we had a death threat. The FBI learned of a threat against Birch while scheduled to be in Gary later that week. We could not afford to ignore threats of any kind and therefore authorized police and federal Marshal's protection. We remained concerned and guarded through Friday evening.

At 7:00 AM I was awakened by a phone call. It was a radio station, wanting to know about the Good Housekeeping article. I told him he could catch us in 1-1/2 hours, before the Christian Women's Prayer Breakfast. At 7:30, I turned on the TV and saw a photo of Marvella on the screen with the following comments from a reporter: "Senator Birch Bayh told reporters in Ft. Wayne last night that his wife Marvella was dying of cancer and had one year to live." This was absolutely untrue.

Events over the next days were dizzying. A policeman traveled with us until we left Ft. Wayne. At the prayer breakfast, the press besieged us with questions on two items: Marvella and the Ethics Committee. Senator responded that Marvella has cancer and that she was not dying, nor was there a time limit on her cancer. 1200 women awaited inside the hall. Senator was expected to speak about his beliefs and experience with religion. It was not the best time for him as his emotions were already strained. When he spoke, he took the task seriously and got quite detailed, about the cancer, about his mother, about Marvella – and got emotional. He literally couldn't finish. I was speechless and we finally made our way through the mobs of women reaching to touch him.

We paused to recover and arrived an hour late for our next stop, a utility hearing at the City-County Building. Again we faced the press on the two major topics of the day. We then drove to Anderson for a UAW retiree picnic, where we met up with our federal Marshals. With so many good friends in the audience, the group was rousing and the event was uplifting. We departed for Greenfield. A CBS film crew was following us but didn't catch up until we were departing Greenfield. The crew was interested in Marvella and her Good Housekeeping article, which had hit the newsstands and the headline on the magazine was, "One Year To Live." In Greenfield, the Senator was well received at a high school. He also spoke by phone to his wife.

She had been hospitalized overnight for chest pains but was mainly concerned about the stories reaching her about what he had supposedly told reporters and about the headline in Good Housekeeping. Then a CBS interview and a drive to Bloomington for an evening with a congressional candidate. It was a long evening and a draining day.

The next day was fairly easy. That evening was the Clinton County fish fry and then the League of Women Voters candidates' night in Crawfordsville. We detected Democratic apathy and had a chance to see how crazy and right-wing some of the legislative incumbents were. Finally, we drove back to the Indianapolis airport and flew to Michigan City.

A strange noise came from my side of the plane's rear. We soon learned the baggage door was open and as I held it shut from the inside, we landed again, corrected it and took off once more. Because of this, we arrived at 1 AM, 2 hours late. The Mayor greeted us and 4-1/2 hours later we got up for another long day.

A State Representative picked us up at 6:30 for a media-oriented ride on the South Shore commuter train. This was a major part of her campaign and we had been supplying its funding, so it was a good event. Arriving at East Chicago at 7:35, we were met by Marshal Joe Novotny, Mike Pannos of our staff and State Senator John Bushemi. While riding to a radio station we discussed a problem that we learned about earlier in the day and hoped had been solved.

That night, Birch was to be honored at a peculiar affair. Billed as "A Night To Remember," it was an attempt to highlight Gary as America's civil rights capital but was, at \$100 per person, a fundraiser for Mayor Hatcher's 1979 campaign. Among the guests were Andrew Young, Coretta Scott King, Vernon Jordan, Jesse Jackson, Dick Benjamin, Rep. Adam Benjamin, among others. But a police and fire fighter picket line was planned around the event. Birch has never crossed a picket line. We received mailgrams from AFL-CIO Indiana leader

Willis Zagrovich, who, like other local labor leaders, refused to participate. If we had been among the guests, we could have stayed away but the event was in Birch's honor.

In the course of the day we stopped for a radio interview then visited two high schools. I was constantly on the phone with Bushemi to monitor the crisis and see if Hatcher would deal with the firefighters and policemen. We thought he would solve it by then, but there had been no progress.

Bushemi suggested that the dissidents would meet with us because they didn't want to embarrass Senator Bayh. Since we had scheduled a rest and exercise period at Pannos' home, I called the union leader, Will Smith, and asked for a meeting at 2:30. He agreed.

In between high school appearances, we talked and the Senator agreed to the meeting. None of us had a solution but I felt the pressure was on and I had to come up with one. Of course, we were also supposed to be targets of an assassin, so the anxiety at this point was unimaginable. Then we went to the Hammond Civic Center for a hot lunch with senior citizens and then to my alma mater, Donald E. Gavit Junior-Senior High School.

I enjoyed this immensely and it was a relief from the anxiety. Walking in the front door, we instantly saw my cousin Sandy, currently teaching there, and some of my high school teachers. In the auditorium, the Senator spoke for the first 5 minutes about me and what a great friend and aide I was – one who lets him “know when I have egg on my face.” I sat with Sandy and ate it up. Some young girls passed me notes and several old neighborhood kids came by to chat.

From there we went to Pannos' house and had our meeting. Several fire fighters and policemen came, all union leaders, and we discussed their grievances, of which there were many. They also expressed extreme enmity for the Mayor. I articulated our problem, a pro-labor

Senator who was about to be embarrassed. Either cross the line and anger labor around the state and country, demonstrating hypocrisy on labor issues, or miss the dinner, humiliating one of the most powerful and influential politicians in our party. Beyond that, we'd miss the advantages of being there – but also might miss an assassin.

My suggestion was this. Since Birch was a Hatcher friend and Hatcher wouldn't listen to them, why couldn't Birch be taken, or escorted, across the line as the union's emissary to the Mayor? The discussion absolutely halted. Will Smith of the Firefighters (IAFF) suggested that they depart and call us back with their answer. We agreed and offered any assistance we could provide, whatever their response may be. Senator changed clothes to do some jogging and only two minutes later the doorbell rang and they were outside with the answer. They agreed and a meeting place was appointed for the walk across the line. Press would be notified of the agreement and pictures would be taken.

We cleaned up and drove to the dinner. A black-tie affair, it was in stark contrast to the Gary neighborhoods we passed through and the economic woes of the pickets we approached. At each corner were police cars with protest signs leaning against the cars. All off-duty cops were forced to work that night under threat of dismissal and they were unhappy. We arrived at the pickets, had photos taken, and were accompanied across the long yard by the firemen and police and now four federal Marshals. It was a long walk.

Inside the venue, the celebrities were gathering with the political dignitaries. I was to be introduced and seated as an honored guest as well. Great news, me with no tuxedo and sticking out like a sore thumb. For a solution, I traded my long, red necktie with staffer Joe Smith, for his black bow tie. Along with my 3-piece navy blue suit, I looked acceptable. We were each

introduced and led to our seats under a spotlight by a lovely hostess. I sat with the Senator, Joe and Marshal Frank Anderson.

To our surprise, all dignitaries crossed the picket lines, including civil rights battlers Young, Jackson and King. There were many tributes to Birch from the crowd of 2,000 people. The evening was a huge success. Earlier, discussing the death threat, Senator said I was holding back, a bit away from him and must be worried that the guy was a bad shot. I acknowledged that it had occurred to me. This night, after his speech, he sat down and said to me, "The asshole missed his best shot."

Senator spoke to Hatcher about the police and fire dispute and would follow up the next day. We left in a police escort, stopping for ice cream at a shop advertising "groceries and auto parts." Once at the airport, we considered the threat over and flew to Evansville with considerably less anxiety.

After another short night we arose for a 7:30 pick-up by Congressman David Cornwell. Instead, Cornwell staffer Charlie Ehrlich arrived 5 minutes late and took us to the hotel where David and Jane Cornwell were staying. We waited half an hour for them to finish room service breakfast and then all climbed into a small car with lots of luggage. This was a harbinger of things to come with many other examples of how over-confident Cornwell was and how unaggressive as well. He demonstrated that he had no clue about political reality and everything we did with him during the remainder of the trip served to warn us of his coming demise.

That night we flew to Indianapolis. After the first good night's sleep in a week, we drove to Purdue. It was the sight of a human rights rally protesting the Soviet refusal to allow Irina McClellan to emigrate to join her husband at the campus in Lafayette. It was a moving event

with Birch Bayh speaking to Mrs. McClellan by telephone hook-up. Many people were in tears. We then proceeded to Crawfordsville for an event and to Indianapolis for two fundraisers for state legislative candidates, including fellow staff member Mary Scifres.

Learning that Marvella would be on the 8:30 segment of ABC's "Good Morning America" the next day, by midnight I found a television we could watch in the car while driving to Terre Haute. At 7:30 AM, we left for Terre Haute and watched the TV on the way. At 8:30, and 15 miles before Terre Haute, the TV lost frequency and went blank. We took the next exit and headed toward the home of a Bayh friend.

Realizing we'd never make it in time, we pulled into a yard where a house had its lights on. Senator ran to the door in the rain and asked the astonished woman in the doorway if he could watch her television saying, "Hi, I'm Birch Bayh and my wife's on TV. Do you mind if we watch it?" He then called me in and we watched it.

Marvella did well in her interview with David Hartman of ABC-TV, discussing living with cancer. Mrs. Ramos, who had answered the door, was quite enthralled by the circumstances. We soon left with the Senator inviting her to his home if she gets to D.C.

At subsequent events, we were continually impressed with Bayh's recognition factor and repeated questions about Marvella. It was one of the most gratifying parts of this or any trip, the genuine affection demonstrated by so many people. There is no way to put a value on the warmth and full support we felt from so many human beings. The experience was priceless and will remain memorable to Birch and to me.

Flying to the Elkhart airport, Senator called Governor Bowen about a problem we had trying to persuade Pepsi-Cola to move its manufacturing plant to Indiana. Bowen told Birch he had defended him on the Ethics Committee charges in a press conference. We were surprised by

this and glad to see a sign that the state's main Republican chose not to turn our troubles into partisan gains for himself.

We arrived at Elkhart for a short ceremony with Congressman Brademas and Transportation Secretary Brock Adams celebrating the efforts to relieve the recreational vehicle industry in the area. The RV people presented an award to both Bayh and Brademas. We proceeded to fly to Valparaiso. The county chair met us. While waiting for us, a young man hitch-hiking from California had bummed spare change for cigarettes and was told who would soon be arriving. The hitch-hiker remarked, "He's having problems with his woman, isn't he?" We enjoyed that story.

The election came and Democrats were beaten badly; the statewide ticket, both houses of the legislature and most county offices. All Congressional incumbents won with one exception – David Cornwell. Cornwell's loss was not surprising and he will always be a part of our campaign memories. On one campaign swing, Birch and I joined him at a barbecue in Evansville and then flew by helicopter to Jasper, in Dubois County. The three of us were crammed in the back seat of the helicopter trying to eat our food with barbecue sauce on everything. It was getting dark as we approached the American Legion Hall in Jasper. Staffer Leon Fleck arranged for a group of cars to park in a circle with their headlights on so we could land in a field of light. As the helicopter headed toward the illuminated landing area, I noticed he flew under high tension wires, which was unsettling. We landed without incident, setting down among the headlights, hearing a band playing "Hey Look Him Over" from inside the hall. It was a rollicking, exciting arrival. Birch gave a bang-up speech and we began to leave.

Heading toward the helicopter, I asked the pilot if he could go straight up and out rather than leaving at the same angle we had flown in while landing. He responded that he could but

asked why. "Because of those high tension wires we flew under," I responded. He replied, "What high tension wires?"

Another Cornwell story took place at the IDEA Convention in French Lick. The gathering there generally lasts all day Friday and Saturday. Birch was scheduled to arrive Saturday afternoon but most of the staff arrived the day before. The Bayh staff had posted notices around the hotel that Birch would be taking on all comers in a horseshoe throwing contest late that afternoon. I was in the bar Friday night with Cornwell and his wife Jane. He said he was going to answer the challenge, that he was a "great" horseshoe player. I warned them that I had seen Birch play many times and never saw him lose. Nonetheless, a wager was placed on the coming match.

Once Birch arrived and greeted fellow Democrats, he went to the horseshoe pits to take on any challengers. Cornwell threw first, with a ringer. Birch threw his shoe and knocked Cornwell's away from the stake. Birch's next throw was a ringer. It ended up being no contest at all and I remember Jane shaking her head moaning, "Poor Dave...poor Dave."

1979

A few days after Marvella's death, I wrote several pages worth of memories to remember this period in our lives.

In March 1979 Marvella took a turn for the worse. She was admitted to Columbia Hospital for Women. A few days later, she was home feeling fine and Evan came home for a visit. The latest illness had drawn the family closer together and Evan grieved over his mother's condition, yet he endured his first year of law school at the University of Virginia and intended to take his final exams as she urged him to do.

After Evan's visit, she went downhill again and we had to rush oxygen out to the house. She got increasingly worse and the doctors urged chemotherapy for her. From the pain of her early cancer treatment, she had vowed never to take those treatments again. This time it was clear. If she didn't agree to at least two rounds of chemotherapy at the National Cancer Institute (NCI), she would soon die.

By the end of the first week in April, she was placed on life support. Evan was not told this in the hope that it would be only temporary sustenance for her and he could finish his finals unimpeded. Those of us on the staff were kept in the dark for the first several days. Birch and Marvella had earlier agreed that neither would keep the other alive artificially and he agonized over the decision to do so at this time. The doctors at NCI, however, insisted that unless they revived her strength and sustained her vital life functions, they would not be able to attempt chemotherapy, for to do so would surely kill her. If they didn't try it, on the other hand, the cancer would either kill her outright or sufficiently weaken her to the point that a germ or infection would mortally inflict her. Neither were pretty alternatives but Birch agreed to two weeks of life support. If she could not tolerate the chemotherapy, they would pull the plug.

On the morning of April 11, Lynne Mann, Birch's secretary, came to me crying. She had spoken to the boss and he was distant and confused. Marvella was on the edge of a coma, and appeared dead, with a discoloring of her limbs. Marvella's friend, Jane Sinnenberg, was with her and Birch constantly. Tom Koutsoumpas was nearing a complete breakdown. He had been with Marvella daily for eight years and much closer to her than I had ever been. The Senator called Tom's mother and asked her to come to NCI (National Cancer Institute). At 6:30 that evening, Senator called me. He rambled on about how many times she had almost died that

week and Evan had to know, but he couldn't tell him by phone, yet he didn't know what to do. I suggested we drive to Charlottesville so he could tell him face-to-face and he agreed.

I drove to NCI, picked up him and Tom, who would be in a good position to stay with Evan at school so he wouldn't try to come back that night with us. It would be better for both Tom and Evan, though I knew Evan would come to D.C. soon afterward. I needed to take charge in some way; Birch was not in the best position to make decisions and would be well served by someone who could make those decisions he would normally make and someone who was close enough to him to move him the ways he'd wish to be moved under normal circumstances.

We drove to Charlottesville and he poured his heart out; what it was like, her chances for survival, what needed to be done afterwards; should Evan see her while on life support? We arrived at Evan's about 10:00 pm and he went in to tell him. Evan was crushed and remarked that he was shocked as if his Dad was telling him she had been hit by a car. She had looked so good when he last saw her. We stayed with Evan until 1 AM, both he and Birch crying on each other's shoulders. Birch persuaded him to remain at school until he was really needed at home. Evan agreed, but I knew it wouldn't remain that way for long.

The Senator and I drove back to NCI in pell-mell fashion, getting stopped for speeding once. The cop knew about Marvella's condition and let us go. Senator talked freely and was as relaxed as he had been for days. Those days were without any extended sleep and he slept soundly most of the way back, asleep also when we were stopped for speeding. At 3 AM, we arrived at NCI and went upstairs, finding Alice Koutsoumpas and Jane Sinnenberg outside Marvella's room. Jane went into her room and Senator asked me if I wanted to see her. I did and we entered the room together. You could have hit me with a two-by-four in the face and I

would have felt no different, seeing her as close to death as she was. Jane Sinnenberg ran over, put her hand in front of my face and told me not to do this to myself.

Two doors down in the room where the Senator had been sleeping, we were able to hear the moans of Bill Duchessi, a labor leader dying of cancer next door, and the mechanical monitoring sounds of Marvella's heartbeat in the background.

We decided that Evan couldn't be protected; as an adult he had to make up his own mind about being there. He would probably rather see her alive again, even hooked up to machines, than never see her alive again. Birch agreed to have Evan make the choice and knew they'd be together before the weekend. It was now Thursday, April 12 at 4:00 AM.

The Senator called at noon and Tom Connaughton, Jim Barrett, P.A., Mrs. Koutsoumpas and I went to NCI. We sat with him to discuss final arrangements for Marvella; notifying friends of theirs, planning for the memorial services that would follow her cremation. It was all rational and sensible and the Senator was most lucid. Our assignments were made clear, the memorial arrangements solidified. Now it was time to wait for the inevitable.

Monday, April 23 at the office, I was accosted by Mrs. K with tears in her eyes. "Bob, she's gone. Marvella died." Those days and hours just following her death will stay with me forever.

The events following her death moved rapidly. We put a news clamp on her death so Birch could tell Evan personally. P.A., Mrs. K and I immediately left the office that Tuesday afternoon for NCI. Arriving there, we found the Senator and Jane composed and exhausted. Senator had already begun making calls to family and friends. Our press secretary had already

received press inquiries asking for confirmation of her death. It seems that some news organ paid an informant in the hospital and it was on the wires within 30 minutes. He was directed to confirm but to request an embargo until we could report that Evan had been told.

We left for another quick ride to Charlottesville. Senator was relaxed, almost relieved, and we verbally walked through the steps that would need to take place over the next three to four days. Arriving at Evan's, we found him and Tom crushed with grief. During our drive, the news was on the air and the office called Jane Sinnenberg to let her know. She called Evan and Tom so they would not hear it on radio or television. Soon afterwards, Evan's friends began calling. We left Charlottesville almost immediately, delaying only to pack Evan's and Tom's clothes. They had been staying together and it had been good for both of them.

We got to the Bayh home quite late to find it filled with neighbors and friends. The Shepherds, the Rogers, the McIntyres and others. The next day we began making the necessary arrangements. While trying to plan all details, we were besieged by visitors, dignitaries and the not-so-famous; staff, family and friends; political allies and adversaries. We hosted Senators, Congressmen, Ambassadors; handled many phone calls and telegrams. The crush of people became tremendous. The Senator made dozens of phone calls to his and Marvella's family, friends around the country, old political associates, and those who would be asked to participate in the services. The staff called our political friends in Indiana who the boss couldn't call himself as well as elected officials and party organization folks.

On Wednesday night, the Senator, Evan, Tom, Lynne and I rested in his study. Marvella's presence was everywhere but less so there than in other rooms of the house. We watched the NBC Nightly News that ended with a tribute to Marvella and her war on cancer. It

got to us for two reasons. The first was hearing her voice. No one had heard it for nearly a month. I had not heard her voice for much longer. Then there was the tagline by correspondent Tom Pettit. "While not universally loved, Marvella was an inspiration to many." God knows why that disclaimer was necessary for anyone's benefit. I know it hurt her son and husband.

The memorial service was scheduled for Friday noon at the Cathedral. Taking part in it were Abigail Phillips, better known as Abigail Van Buren, or "Dear Abby," Pat and Shirley Boone, among others. Senator Bayh spoke as well. It was emotional and the sobs could be heard throughout the Cathedral. Among the ushers were Senators David Pryor, George McGovern and Frank Church. Among those attending were nearly the entire Senate, Vice President and Mrs. Mondale and President Carter. Abby took part because of her long friendship with Marvella. She struck the most appropriate chords for what was to be an emotional but upbeat occasion. She had traveled with Marvella in our 1974 campaign and gave remembrances of those times. The Boones sang "Amazing Grace" with the Cathedral Choir. The memorial service at Washington's National Cathedral was to be described as the largest memorial to any woman since Eleanor Roosevelt. It took enormous logistical coordination. The friends of the Bayh family, particularly Admiral Shepherd, were enormously helpful. Larry Cummings left Crawfordsville to put together the Terre Haute service under our direction. We literally lived at the Bayh house for three days.

Those of us on the staff who knew Marvella well were greatly saddened by her death. There were many stories shared within the staff about her. Allan Rachles told a heartwarming story about how he couldn't get along with her but, when he encountered a serious personal problem, Marvella was among the first to offer a helping hand, insisting she take care of his kids while he dealt with the matter.

I remember arguing with her once about capital punishment. I was unalterably opposed and she supported it. I felt I had her beaten in the argument but rather than defeating me or surrendering, she cut it off instead, insisting the conversation was over, which I found frustrating. On another occasion, she was going to fire her secretary Susan Tigani. I don't remember whether I knew that from Susan, from Marvella or someone else but I was getting ready to travel home for a holiday and wrote her a note, sticking it in the packet that went home for her in Birch's briefcase each evening. He called me at home in Indiana telling me he had a crying wife on his hands and that it was not "among your proudest moments," he said. Adding that he wouldn't allow anyone to be fired as a result of "personal pique," he encouraged me to apologize to her. She and I worked it out when I returned to Washington. I often described her as someone who told me one minute that she "didn't know what they'd do without me" and the next that she "didn't know what they were going to do with me." During the period of her funeral, I spilled a soft drink on her white dining room rug. "Someone upstairs is going to bop you on the head," Birch said.

Trips to Indiana happened more frequently as the year went on but the engagement in legislative matters and constituent service continued as well. Chris Aldridge recalled one particular matter during the summer.

We wanted to protect our Anhydrous Fertilizer Industry with facilities (CF Industries) in Terre Haute. When those folks came to us and want Birch to sign a letter to the USITC (U.S. International Trade Commission) because of imports from Occidental Petroleum, we did so. In August of 1979, I was included in a group of staff who were being sponsored by the Center for International and Strategic Studies to go on an "educational mission" to Taiwan and South Korea. Just before getting on my flight at Dulles I called the office and was told the Senator

wanted to talk to me. He got on the phone and said that his good friend, retired Admiral Tazewell Shepherd, who had also been a former military aide to President Kennedy, had been to dinner with him (Birch) last night. Admiral Shepherd was now representing Occidental Petroleum and was there anything we could do to be able to help him with respect to trade complaints? Caught between the instinct to please the boss and frightened that the answer I had to give him might not, I indicated that he had already signed a letter in support of CF Industries. I was so relieved when he said... "Look, Chris, I know you didn't do anything I didn't tell you to do, so I will just tell Taz that on this one we can't help. Thanks."

A very different but happy occasion took place in July when two Bayh staff members were married in Birch's Capitol hideaway office. These were prized locations in unmarked offices around the Capitol building provided to senators only when they reached a certain level of seniority. Ann Hallaway and Bill Moreau were married in that hideaway. Ann ran the legislative mail department and had been married formerly to Ghassan Hallaway. Ghassan died from a rare and aggressive form of cancer caused by agent orange from his days in Vietnam. His death left a pregnant Ann Hallaway a widow at a very young age. Soon after his birth, her son Rashid was virtually adopted by many of Ann's fellow staff members. Few on the staff were aware of the secret romance budding between Ann and another staff member, Bill Moreau. They were married in the hideaway office on July 8, 1979 with Birch, Rashid and much of the staff present.

That summer, Birch split his time between Indiana and an aggressive Senate agenda while also planning for his re-election campaign. Trips I made with him during that summer left us both with humorous memories.

At a county fair, I was leading Birch away from the fairgrounds toward our waiting car with a crowd of people clustered around him and walking with us. On these occasions, he would gently hold onto the back of my shirt and I would operate as his eyes; his attention was being paid to the people around him. Forgetting that for an instant, I stepped between a tractor and wagon, connected by a wagon-hitch, stepping over it without warning the boss. His shin banged against it hard, and I could see the color in his face draining away as he tried mightily to conceal the pain he was feeling. For years, he joked about it, showing the scar across his shin.

On another occasion, we had been overscheduled in Indianapolis and in order to make our plane back to Washington we required a police escort, something Birch simply hated. Nonetheless, our car was being escorted by a motorcycle cop, sirens a-blazing with Birch slumped down in the car so as not to be seen by any constituents. The car in front of the motorcycle policeman slammed on its brakes for some reason and the motorcycle crashed into the rear of the car with the policemen flying onto the car's trunk, rolling off the car to the ground as our car skidded to a stop. In dramatic fashion, the policeman waved his arm, meekly calling out, "Go on, go on!" No way could we go on until we spent ample time with him to know he was going to be all right. It could be argued that making the plane wasn't important enough for a police escort. It was clearly not as important as his heroic sacrifice seemed to imply.

Another incident in 1979 was memorable and involved famed Indiana University basketball coach Bob Knight. Knight was coaching the American basketball team at the Pan American Games in Puerto Rico. He had been experiencing various forms of anti-American behavior during the tournament, including a flag burning and an incident where a Cuban player punched one of his players and broke his jaw. When Knight and his team entered the gymnasium to practice, the Brazilian women's team was practicing instead and he told a Puerto

Rican police officer to remove them. He and the policeman got into a squabble that turned physical with some accounts indicating that Knight punched the policeman. He was also accused of using racial epithets and, regardless of who started the fight, with claims made against each of them, he was arrested. Birch knew Knight fairly well and decided to see if he could help him. To the great dismay and anger of Puerto Rican officials, the result was that Knight was ushered quietly out of the country. Birch's calls to various officials may or may not have made the difference but when Knight returned to the U.S., he made a detour to DC to thank Birch. Birch was unsure how his intervention would play politically so we were all told to keep the story under wraps. Nonetheless, Knight asked Birch what he could do to help and was asked, should the need arise, if he would film an endorsement in a TV ad. He agreed. Later in 1980, the ad was produced and Bayh fans across the state wondered how the conservative-leaning coach came to publicly support the liberal senator. When Knight endorsed Donald Trump for president in 2016, he seemed to have returned to his natural affinities.

Another memorable trip that year took place late in the year, after the snows had begun falling. It began when Birch asked me into his suite in the Senate office and suggested I close the doors. He asked me if I had ever heard of Bridgie's Rabbit Fry, which I had not. It was described as a "stag" event where male politicians would get together at a site near Seymour in Jackson County, where drinking would dominate and a roast of one politician toward another in very off-color fashion would take place. As the women's movement heated up, stag events were considered off-limits and Birch of all people could not attend. Bridgie, a crusty old pol from the southern part of the state had ceased hosting his event. In 1979, he wrote Birch that he was putting it together again "for old times' sake." He also assured him that as in the past, there would be no press whatsoever.

I heard him out and responded that if we were to attend, it had to be kept secret from the staff. There would be huge objections from many if it were known he was attending. He understood that and said he'd really like to do it if possible and was confident that I was a good enough source of off-color jokes to be able to help him with his remarks. His unconcern about the possible political fall-out was a bit refreshing and, looking back, I suppose it felt a bit daring as well. I told him that I would travel with him and block out time that evening for phone calls, a ruse that would give us the freedom we needed.

When I was in Indiana, I stayed with staff member Ann Latscha and her husband Claude Magnuson. They were generous and let me borrow their car, a large clunker that Claude had won in a poker game. The evening of the Rabbit Fry, I picked up Birch at his hotel in a blinding snowstorm and we headed south toward Seymour. As we drove, I told him the raunchiest jokes I could remember and, while he laughed, he also wrote them down, leaning forward in his seat because the only car light was under the glove compartment. Arriving at the event, we saw a number of people we knew or recognized; Governor Bowen, Larry Conrad and other politicians, elected officials and those who aspired to be elected. When Birch got up to speak, he told my jokes like they were his own, showing an expertise in "blue" humor that no one expected. I can remember a waitress delivering our drinks muttering, "I didn't know Senator Bayh talked that way." Conrad constantly pointed at me. He knew Birch wasn't a joke teller and where the jokes had come from. It ended up being a hilarious evening that never came back to bite us as we feared it might.

1980

The Bayh campaign was warming up. Evan Bayh was named the chair of the Birch Bayh for Senate Committee, a largely honorary designation since he had never run a campaign. The first test of the organization was to implement a petition project to get the Birch Bayh name on the ballot. State law required a thousand signatures per Congressional District. There were 11 Congressional Districts in Indiana and we set a requirement that each CD have at least two thousand signatures. That would make it highly unlikely that any challenge to the validity of particular signatures could end up disqualifying him. The plan was for Birch to deliver the boxes of signed petitions on the final day of filing and it was my job to manage the project and to collect the completed petitions.

A strange event occurred to me that no one else knew about at the time. The night before filing, I had a very vivid dream that I walked into the Senate office in Indianapolis and found the credenza where the petitions were stored wide open with everything gone. Waking up with a start, I was afraid that I had had an ESP experience and there was no way I could go back to sleep without knowing they were safe and sound. So I got up, 3 or 4 in the morning, showered, dressed and drove downtown. Of course, they were undisturbed where I left them but then I couldn't let myself leave the premises for breakfast or any other reason. I hung out in the office, catnapping in the large chair right in front of the credenza, until the staff started arriving. Later, Birch arrived and held his press conference in the State Capitol, where he presented his petitions to the Secretary of State and signed the papers for his candidacy in the Democratic Primary on May 6.

Earlier that year, Birch had a conversation with Katie Wolf, his White County coordinator, about her interest in running on the ballot for superintendent of public instruction. He told her he would like nothing more but had already told Mayor Hatcher in Gary that if he

had a candidate for that slot, the Bayh campaign would be supportive of her or him. No word from Hatcher at that point but it was made clear to Katie that Birch couldn't support her if a candidate from Gary materialized. Just before the end of filing, I sat with Katie in the State Committee, having learned that Mayor Bob Pastrick of East Chicago, the Lake County Democratic Chair, was bringing down the paperwork for Phyllis Senegal, an African American woman from Gary, to file her candidacy for that race. I told Katie that she simply couldn't file. She was nearly in tears, resigned her role as county coordinator and left the building. I never saw her again for at least a few years, not sure Birch did either. Happily, the friendship was eventually renewed and Katie remained a Bayh stalwart.

In August, one story provided an illustration of Birch's relationship with Hoosiers. He was attending the Marion County Fair in Indianapolis with staffer Bill Moreau alongside. As they were making their way toward the main arena where Bayh was to be introduced, they took a short cut between several carny shacks on the periphery of the fairgrounds. "Hi Birch," comes a call from an elderly woman near one of the shacks. She was wearing a t-shirt with a computer-generated photo of a man's face on her chest. "Hi Thelma," responded Birch. "How's Frank?" Thelma responded that he was well and, "Thanks for answering my letter, Birch." He answered, "Sorry we couldn't agree on that one," to which she replied, "That's all right, Birch. We still love you."

Moreau was astounded, asking Birch how he could know all of that. He told Bill he recognized an old friend, Frank from Terre Haute, whose picture was on her shirt. He remembered that Frank was married to Thelma. "But," Moreau interjected, "you don't read your mail; I live with the woman (wife and fellow staff member Ann Moreau) who handles your mail and you couldn't have read her letter." Birch assured him that he knew Frank and Thelma for

thirty years and they never agreed on anything. He could only assume that her letter would be no different.

From Tim Minor:

For a good portion of 1980 we lived in a Cessna 210, flown by young men who didn't seem old enough or seasoned enough... Early in the campaign it was after midnight... As the Senator slept, I looked at the pilot and noticed that his eye lids were heavy and he was struggling to keep them open. I asked if I could climb into the copilot's seat where I planned to make conversation to be sure he stayed awake and alert. We were very tired and had been on the road campaigning for nineteen hours that day. As we neared the Gary airport the pilot was again showing signs of fatigue and I watched as he began to go through some of the routines for landing. The runway came into view and, in my mind, everything was set for the landing.... except the landing gear was not down. I thought it should have been lowered but waited for a time to see if the pilot would lower it. As we neared the runway, I asked the pilot, "is it now time to put down the landing gear?" He quickly looked down, recognized his error and got the wheels lowered in time to land. He was embarrassed but thanked me. I was pleased we were safe. Of course, the Senator was asleep and never heard the story.

One Sunday in October, we boarded a helicopter to travel to Kokomo where the Senator was to participate in a groundbreaking ceremony for a new ethanol plant. While we were at the ceremony, the pilot repositioned the helicopter and when we returned I noticed that he had parked it underneath high tension wires. When we got in the helicopter I mentioned it to him somewhat lightheartedly, hoping to make a point and offer up a reminder. Several minutes later, the pilot started the engine, began take-off preparations and, without regard for the wires, took off going straight up into the high tension wire. The wire snapped and on either side of us they

whipped around and wound themselves around their respective poles as sparks flew. The pilot landed safely, checked the copter and we returned to Indianapolis.

Upon landing in Indianapolis, I was met by Bob Blaemire and David Bochnowski, neither pleased with me for allowing the pilot to “leave the scene of an accident.” I replied that I only wanted to keep the road show on time as they had stressed and the pilot said it was safe to fly. Bob, replied, “That’s fine but the County Sheriff and the Federal Aviation Administration are looking for you.” At that point I fully appreciated that we had avoided a potentially catastrophic situation, and understood my serious error of judgment.

The Quayle campaign plane was larger and fancier than ours. We learned the model and tail number early. As the campaign wore on, we knew the Congressman was in the same town when we landed at the airport and saw his plane. The Senator would take a moment out and have me stick a note on the Quayle plane. At one stop in Evansville, the Senator wrote a simple note that said “Hi Danny!” and signed it “Birch.” It was good natured ribbing and a reminder to Dan Quayle and his campaign that we’re in town as well. To my knowledge, Birch’s notes were never acknowledged by Quayle or his staff.

The Senator relished going to remote towns and areas of Indiana whose residents had never, or very rarely, seen a United States Senator. Some of those areas we were able to fly into because of his plum appointment to the Senate Appropriations Committee; Indiana benefited from his role and many rural counties had small improved airports which, without his work, they would have gone without.

As we flew one early evening, we heard a flutter out the port side of the airplane. I was sitting on that side, looked out and a wing storage compartment ajar, not fully closed. I notified the pilot but seconds after that it flew open and with one rapid “swoosh” we saw the Senator’s

garment bag, containing his suits, fly out at 10,000 feet. After realizing we were safe, it was hilarious for everyone in the aircraft, although the Senator was not pleased with the pilot who had loaded our luggage. It was a fun story to share with the staff, except for Tom Buis, who said in his strong Midwestern twang, "Just my luck. It'll probably get caught in some farmer's combine, he'll see the name tag, and I'll have to go fix the thing." The garment bag was never found.

Another helicopter story involved Kenny Snyder, also a candidate, who owned a small helicopter and asked the Senator to campaign with him for a day. There was much debate among the staff as to whether or not this was a good, safe idea. The Senator wanted to do the trip and Kenny said that he had room for Senator, but adding a staff person would make it a tight fit. We agreed that the Senator and I would both do the trip.

We crammed into Kenny's helicopter and toured the district for most of the day. We finished at night and flew back to Evansville, the Senator slept sitting up between Kenny and me. After we were in the air for a time I looked down and saw that the needle on the fuel gage was on "E". I mentioned it to and he responded, "I think we're okay," which was not reassuring. I remember trying to figure out what I should do or say next and, after several minutes, I decided that I'd mention it again. "Kenny, I am sure you know this helicopter very well, but if you have any doubt whatsoever about our fuel level, I think we should put down and find some. He responded, "I think we're okay." The Senator slept throughout the conversation. Several minutes later, as we flew over a remote two lane road, we looked down and saw a gas station with its lights on. Kenny said, "I think we'll just drop down and get a splash." I felt relieved but surprised that Kenny was able to put something other than aviation fuel into the helicopter. The

fact that we were simply dropping our helicopter into a gas station on a remote road did not go unnoticed. When we landed in the parking lot of the gas station the Senator awoke and a few cars in the area began to pull into the station to satisfy their curiosity. As people assembled around the helicopter, the Senator climbed out and immediately went into a campaign mode, talking and joking with the folks and gas station employees as if it were a scheduled stop. Kenny put some gas in the helicopter and we flew away. After that, I fully appreciated the wisdom of insisting that staff accompany the Senator while on the campaign trail and encouraged him to never ride in Kenny's helicopter again.

Dairy Queen and Kentucky Fried Chicken (his standard order: 2 chicken breasts and a large coleslaw): he knew every location in every town. In addition, we stopped at nearly every farm stand on the road to buy cantaloupe. He loved homegrown Hoosier cantaloupe and the rural farm stands, but our stops always turned into unscheduled campaign events where he would get out of the car and talk with the people for a far longer amount of time than we could afford. He loved meeting people spontaneously while on the road and they loved him. Sometimes they would talk about Washington issues but usually he asked them about their crops, livestock, implement costs, seed genetics or other farm related matters.

Long before it was popular and encouraged, the Senator was an early advocate of fitness and jogging to keep one's mind and body sharp. The campaign staff recognized the value to him, both personally and as a candidate, and began adding in a stop during the day for him to run and shower. Sometimes we would stop at hotel, other times it was at a farm house of someone he or others knew, but it was built into the schedule nearly every day and he was happier and a better candidate because of it.

At a Gary Union Hall bar, someone approached him to buy some “pull tabs.” Pull tabs are instant lottery tickets sold in some Indiana bars, Union Halls, Moose lodges and other spots. While few who buy them win money, the majority of the money sometimes goes to charity but certainly not always. When the Senator was asked to buy some pull tabs in Gary, we bought a few. I gave the guy \$10 and soon discovered that we had won \$100. Before leaving the Hall I told the Senator that one of our pull tabs was worth \$100. He said, “Cash it in then donate the money back to the Union Hall.” It was just what I expected him to say.

Birch Bayh loved parades. On Memorial Day, 4th of July and Labor Day, we did as many as we could all over the state. He walked every parade, never rode, and often held up an entire parade by shaking too many hands and not keeping pace. He knew the good parades in the different corners of the state, those that would attract tens of thousands of people from many surrounding communities. He asked that his preferred parades be added to the schedule but also knew that he could not make them all.

The schedulers would put him into the key parades and also tried to schedule as many parades as possible. Often, the campaign staff would agree to have him participate in the parade but insist he be put at the very front. That way, at the parade’s end, we could quickly climb into a car or plane, travel to another city and jump into the rear of another parade that we would have otherwise missed.

Early on, I was given magnetic “Senator Birch Bayh” signs for the front doors of our car. The signs were not permanently fixed to the car but stayed in the trunk. If we were in a town and stumbled upon a parade, he’d jump out of the car, I’d grab the signs, put them on the car assigned to him and we’d butt into the parade at some point. All of a sudden, the parade

organizers would realize they had a United States Senator who wasn't expected and may not have been invited. At the end of the parade, we'd pull the signs off the car, he'd jump in and away we would go. Then we'd immediately call the campaign office so he could brag about squeezing in another parade they hadn't scheduled him or known about. On one occasion the campaign staff caught hell from a local official whose parade we had crashed. Apparently, there was a policy prohibiting politicians or elected officials from appearing in their parade. We did the parade unannounced, the local Republicans cried foul and the Quayle campaign complained because they had been refused admission only to learn afterwards that Bayh was there.

Oil prices and supply were big issues. Birch discussed it at every stop. In his opening comments one of his lines that fully resonated with voters was: "I don't know about you, but I am sick and tired of the Sheiks, Shahs and Ayatollahs of this world leading us around by our nose." It normally brought strong applause, if not a standing ovation.

1969

During a trip to the Soviet Union, Birch was in contact with John Reuther, a former intern. His father was a Bayh friend and the brother of the head of the United Auto Workers (UAW), Walter Reuther. Victor Reuther ran the UAW office in Washington, DC and was director of International Affairs for the union, as well. John Reuther first met Birch during the first-ever press conference of Young Citizens for Johnson-Humphrey in 1964. He was a member of the committee along with Charlotte Ford, Henry Ford's daughter, the two of them representing both management and labor in the auto industry. John finished college in 1966 and joined the Bayh office as an intern. He went on to work in Bobby Kennedy's 1968 presidential campaign. Following the assassination of RFK, John left the United States to pursue a graduate degree at

Moscow State University. He wrote a recollection of an evening with Birch in Moscow during the 1969 trip.

Birch Bayh was a member of a Congressional delegation visiting Moscow, and I was able to coax him away from a dinner at the US Ambassador's residence to an informal meeting with students out at the University. We packed hundreds of students into a hall to view the first documentary film (USIA) of the Apollo 11 astronauts walking on the moon. I note that many of the students were Vietnamese, as this was at the height of the Vietnam war, and the largest groups of foreign students at the University at that time were North Vietnamese. The film, which I was able to get through the US Embassy, was dubbed into Russian with an American jazz music soundtrack and was really quite spectacular. Even Birch had not seen the film footage of the landing yet, so it was quite a treat for all of us...but the real highlight of the evening was the gathering we had in one of the dorm rooms with a small group of Russian students, with whom I had done construction work out in Kazakhstan during the summer of 1969.

In the old Soviet days, students didn't have stereo systems and access to contemporary popular music, so it was common at such gatherings for someone to play the guitar and for all to join in with well-known student songs, many of which were quite patriotic, but some of which were tragic songs about suffering and lost love from the days of the Stalin gulags and executions. It was also common at such gatherings to consume a considerable amount of straight vodka, often using chemistry beakers, due to the shortage of glasses for entertaining.

When the initial toast was made welcoming Senator Bayh to the University and each of us held our respective container of vodka, Birch quietly asked me if he was expected to drink the half-filled glass to the bottom. I told him that everyone else would, but, if he felt strongly that he

shouldn't, I could explain his position to the students and I'm sure they will understand.

However, at the end of the toast, without much hesitation, Birch turned to the group and said "For God and Country" and he downed the entire glass. From that moment on, we had one of the most frank and honest discussions that a US Senator or any member of the US Government could ever have with a group of Russian students at the height of the Cold War.

At one point, one of the students I had not met before, sang a song that he had written in support of the Vietnamese people. Moscow was filled at that time with propaganda supporting the North Vietnamese war effort and it was easy to understand how such songs of patriotic support were popular among the students. Many of the other students, who were aware of Birch Bayh's growing public opposition to the war, were uneasy as I translated the lyrics to Birch, and my closest friend asked me to apologize to the Senator and try to explain to Birch this embarrassment but in the context of support that they all felt for the Vietnamese.

Without comment, Birch asked me to hand him the guitar. I did, but I told him that this was a 7-string Russian gypsy guitar. Birch said "No problem," and he proceeded to drop one string and retune the guitar as he would a Spanish guitar. He then turned to me and asked "Do you know Blowing in the Wind?" As Birch began to play and we sang together, all of the students joined in, as they all knew this as a song of peace! It was one of the most remarkable moments of the evening!

Later that night, we all walked Birch to the Embassy car that was waiting for him in the courtyard. We were feeling the spirit (and "spirits") of the evening, and we walked arm in arm, all singing "We Shall Overcome"! I will never forget that evening, just as I will never forget and always cherish the time we all spent together.

1968

Larry Conrad later told a story about a prank they played on Cummings. He was a pretty young and innocent guy during that period and at one point during the campaign, Conrad hired a hooker and sent her to Cummings. Conrad and others stood in a hallway vestibule to listen as she knocked on his door. Cummings wouldn't answer the door, refusing to open it for the lady of the night, trying to explain through the closed door that it must be some kind of mistake. Conrad and the others were in hysterics.

Many male members of the Bayh campaign staff who didn't live in Indianapolis shared a dwelling north of 38th street dubbed "The Monastery" by Bob Keefe. As additional Senate staffers arrived to help out the last few days before the election, they slept on the living room floor of The Monastery. Staff member David Bochnowski recalled that Jim Maloney, also a Bayh aide, made martinis and stored them in large quantities in a jug in the refrigerator. When staffer Bill Heck arrived after several days on the road, he grabbed the jug for a drink, assuming it was cold water, causing one of the louder reactions in memory.

During 1968, the Bayh campaign surreptitiously assisted Robert Kennedy's campaign in Indiana. The information passed along to the Kennedy campaign was precinct targeting, developed by a young staffer named John Dibble. Keefe had acquired a copy of the Indiana drivers' license database and had Dibble find computer resources that could maintain that database for franked mailing purposes in the Senate and political purposes in the campaign. The information was used to target likely Democratic and Independent voters in an era when computerized databases were virtually unheard of. Dibble recalled an interesting incident during that period:

In early April 1968, Keefe pulled me into his office and said we needed to meet with the Senator. Robert Kennedy had entered the Indiana primary campaign a few days before and Ted Kennedy was pressuring Senator Bayh to help. Of course, this was a real problem since President Johnson, who had completely withdrawn from the race in March, was staunchly supporting Hubert Humphrey for the Democratic nomination. Keefe said we needed to secretly provide the Kennedy campaign with the precinct targeting information that we had developed.

When we went into the Senator's office he was obviously worried. I remember him asking me "Can I trust you?" which took me a bit aback since I assumed it was a given. He told me to go to Indianapolis and wait at the Hotel Washington until I was contacted by the Kennedy campaign and then turn over to them the precinct targeting information. "And don't let anyone know what you're doing," he added.

I had been sitting in my room at the Hotel Washington for four days — feeling like the Maytag repairman — when the phone rang. It was Gerry Dougherty, Kennedy's campaign manager. He asked me to meet him on a corner on North Meridian Street that evening. I went there and stood in the dark for about thirty minutes until a car pulled up. In it were a driver, Dougherty and Ted Kennedy. I got in and we drove around the north side of Indianapolis while I explained the precinct charts. I was then dropped off at the spot where we had met. Since then, I have always enjoyed reading accounts of Kennedy's 1968 primary campaign in Indiana and the comment that it "inexplicably" seemed to be able to focus its efforts and resources on the pivotal precincts.

1975

Jay Berman would be fundraising once again. The reliance on money from the entertainment industry, which he and Birch assiduously courted over the years, was major. Berman recalled different roles that different people played during that time with a special shout out to Steve Ross. Berman had attended a fundraiser during the first presidential campaign, standing in the back of a room in a very large mansion, when an extremely tall, good looking man with white hair spoke to him, asking him why he was there. Berman told him he was with Birch and the man remarked that he didn't sound like he was from Indiana. "From Brooklyn," he responded, and the other man replied that he was as well and introduced himself as Steve Ross from Warner Communications. Telling Berman that he liked Birch, he suggested Jay call him and he would raise some money for the campaign.

When Berman called a few weeks later, Ross remembered the meeting and said he would help. When asked where he needed to have Birch travel to, he said it wasn't necessary. He didn't need the candidate to go anywhere; "just stay in touch with me." This was highly unusual and shortly thereafter, Berman was called by Ross and asked to come to the Warner headquarters in New York. When they met, Ross gave him \$100,000 in checks and took him to lunch in the Warner dining room. There he saw Arthur Krim dining with Woody Allen and wondered what he was doing there. Had he died and gone to heaven? The relationship with Steve Ross, as good as it was for Birch, would have long-term impact on Berman's future.

In August was held a dispersal draft as the part of the merger of the American Basketball Association (ABA) with the National Basketball Association (NBA). Birch had been involved in the passage of legislation enabling the merger to take place. During that lengthy process, the Bayh office was visited by a number of professional basketball players. At one point, walking into the reception room and standing there in their very tall glory were Dave Debusschere, Bill

Bradley and Oscar Robertson. Having Hollywood actors or professional athletes in the office was always exciting for the staff. Several staffers became friendly with Tommy John, for instance. He was a Major League pitcher from Terre Haute who became known for the elbow surgery he experienced with a pioneer procedure becoming popular in baseball and forever known as Tommy John surgery. John and Birch became friends and John often stopped by the office if his team was playing in the area.

A number of those staff memories provide a more three-dimensional view of the person. There was a list of several from long-time staffer Lynne Mann which illustrate the kind of person he was: He “never passed a Dairy Queen he didn't like, he could write lovely poetry, drank enough Fresca to fill Lake Michigan, chewed Double Mint gum, didn't like "homework" (His briefcase would come back in the a.m. just like it left the night before), could change from a suit into a tuxedo in a car, and never had an opportunity to walk to a flight because he was always late. (Those were the days when you could call and they would hold a plane.) Ate a chopped steak and a quarter of a head of cabbage nearly every day for lunch for 18 years, loved homegrown tomatoes and grew plants at his house on Garfield Street, was a good baseball player and enjoyed the Senate Baseball Games as well as staff softball games, loved music, had a nice voice and liked singing along, had a good sense of humor.”

John Rector remembered how Birch had a pull-up bar across the door of the bathroom in his Senate suite and would do one-armed pull-ups there, often while being briefed early in the morning. And Rector was home in Bakersfield, California when he saw a Valentine's Day ad in the newspaper, for Rufener's Country Club Drug Store. It included a quotation: “...*we should take the time to hold hands, to say a kind word now and then, to be polite and giving and*

sharing. More importantly, we should take the time to get back to the basics of life – love.”

Birch Bayh

Abby Saffold told a story about staffing Birch on the Appropriations Committee which, in her words, “says a lot about the senator’s humor and lack of pretense.”

Senator Bayh was a member of the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Robert C. Byrd. There was to be a Subcommittee mark-up of the bill. All Appropriations bill mark-ups are a complicated process, which, in this case, was made even more difficult because the staff of the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee would not let the staff for members of the subcommittee know which of their senator’s amendments were already included in the draft version of the bill. This was absolutely vital information because if the amendments had not already been included, they needed to be offered at the mark-up. I was madly going through the mark-up document to see which of Senator Bayh’s amendments had been accepted by Senator Byrd. Senator Bayh arrived early and asked if a particular amendment of his had been added and I frankly told him I did not have a clue and was trying to figure it out.

At that point, it became clear that Senator Byrd’s duties as Majority Leader were going to keep him on the Senate Floor and someone else would have to chair the mark-up. Protocol is that his staff had to ask the most senior Democratic Senator in the room -- and that was Senator Bayh. He moved across the table and settled down in the Chairman’s seat -- with the subcommittee staff at his side to help him through the mark-up.

I visibly relaxed and was almost giddy with happiness. If Senator Bayh wanted to know what happened to his proposed amendments, the staff would have to tell him. As I looked across the table, I noticed that Senator Bayh was trying to get my attention and indicating that he

wanted me to come over to talk to him.....I made my way around the crowded room and leaned over to see what he wanted.

'Please sit down over here with me. Then there will be two of us who have no idea what is happening!' And he gave me a smile with a twinkle in his eyes.

Louis Mahern once recalled an occasion when Carol Channing was supposed to highlight a Bayh fundraiser. He was with Birch when word came that she had to cancel. Expecting some anger or at least expressions of disappointment, he never forgot seeing Birch calmly scuff his shoe against a nearby cardboard box after hearing the bad news. Then he changed the subject. Louis fondly remembered him as someone who never lost his temper and never treated staff members with anything but respect. "It is said that no man is a hero to his valet," Louis commented, "but we were close to being his valets and Birch Bayh is my hero."

Bill Moreau said that "Everything I am and everything I have can be traced to that first meeting," referring to the 1974 interview with Birch while Bill was on the *Purdue Exponent* editorial board.

Jeff Smulyan recalled the softball games with other Senate staffs, one in particular with Sen. Bob Packwood and staff. Here was a Democratic office playing a Republican one with all the participants going to a pizza place afterwards for beer and pizza. That camaraderie seems like something from a bygone era.

David Rubenstein described Birch as a senator who, "had the ability to connect with people," and he would put aside his own ego when dealing with his older colleagues.

Allan Rachles expressed a hope that Birch be remembered for his collegiality with his Senate colleagues, how he worked hard on his relationships with them. When he felt strongly

about some matter before the Senate, he would have detailed and serious discussions with senators, regardless of how much or how little they may have agreed with his views.

Tom Connaughton, talking about the Senate in which Birch served said, “It was different then. We worked very closely with Republican staff and if there were big issues, we’d try to work out the things that were there. The FISA issue was one. We worked long and hard with the Republican staff on the Intelligence Committee to come up with something that everybody could endorse. And it worked. There was no animosity -- those were tough issues -- on how to deal with it. You had issues of concern to both parties about foreign intelligence and the ability to gather it and we were trying to find those balances. They weren't partisan. But now anything is partisan. In those days, the Senate had the reputation of truly being a club and you didn't insult other members of that club. The fights could be terribly emotional. When you got to civil rights and Vietnam, people really felt passionately. Yet still, it would not be personal and I don't think the issues are any more passionate today than they were then. But even on minor issues, it gets very personal now. And some Republicans don't even want Democratic votes; completely different from what it was thirty years ago. You worked with all members and tried to get as much of a consensus as you could. Now and then an issue would come down to a party vote. It would be there, but you walked away from it still friends.”

Darry Sragow worked for several California campaigns after his Bayh service and remarked that it was only then that he truly understood what a great boss Birch had been. He described Birch as someone self-confident enough to trust other people, especially those who worked for him. Not only was Birch someone who consistently did what he thought was right, he showed a level of consideration to those who worked for him that was truly unique. Darry

fondly remembered phone calls on Christmas Eve from Birch, simply wishing him well and telling him how much he was appreciated.

The Indianapolis office staff had many memories they would cherish. Staffer Diane Meyer Simon recalled an occasion when a man came to the office and proceeded to disrobe right in front of her. He said he was the God of weather. Diane calmly told him that federal law prohibited her from talking with a naked man, after which he put his clothes back on.

Another person who joined the staff and remained there throughout the rest of Birch's Senate tenure was Chris Aldridge and, like the senator, he hailed from Shirkieville. Birch had been a friend of Chris' parents and tried to help him with admittance to a military academy but his eyesight proved inadequate. Alternatively, he offered him a patronage job in the Senate operating an elevator but Chris was rejected because he was not yet 18-years-old. He enrolled at George Washington University and worked part-time in an area of the office known as the robo room, basement offices where the continuous-run typing machines produced the mass responses to constituent letters. When Chris' father died that first year, Birch brought one of Chris' friends from home, Bill Long, to DC for that coveted elevator job. Chris recounted memories about ways the office made a difference in people's lives.

We received a letter from the widow of Maurice DeBarge. She had been receiving black lung benefits for a few years since her husband's death. As part of an apparent review of beneficiaries, HEW determined that not only was Mrs. DeBarge not eligible for benefits, she would have pay about \$5000 back to the feds. Upon hearing this and after some direct intervention by Birch Bayh that decision was reviewed and reversed.

I was part of the Senator's efforts before the US International Trade Commission where General Housewares located in Terre Haute was being economically hurt by porcelain on steel

cookware coming from Asia...Japan, Taiwan and South Korea. The USITC ruled in favor of the Terre Haute company and trade relief was provided enabling the company to continue operations. The Senator was recognized for his efforts in Terre Haute during a visit when production stopped and both management and labor expressed their appreciation. Unbelievably, that morning a shaft of sunlight pierced through the glass in the factory ceiling on the location where Birch was standing....no joke!