

Warren Featherstone Reid
Assistant to Warren G. Magnuson, 1949-1981

Interview #1
Senate Elevator Operator and Capitol Policeman
(Wednesday, July 1, 1981)
Interviewed by Donald A. Ritchie

RITCHIE: I'd like to begin by asking you about your background, where you grew up and where you went to school. It was in the state of Washington, wasn't it?

REID: Yes, the town of Wenatchee—it's Indian. I spent my entire childhood and common schooling there. It's a fairly small town; it's still about the same size as it was when I was raised there, sixteen thousand. It's a sort of a center in a way because it's at the confluence of the Wenatchee River and the Columbia. It's a very rich agricultural area in that the soil there is excellent for any kind of fruit, cherries, apricots, apples. It's also very rich for wine grapes. Now, when the West was won and the empire builders like Jim Hill, who built the Great Northern Railroad, came through there, his railroad wanted tonnage so they pushed the production of apples. So that's how the area originally started. As a kid I did pick cherries and 'cots. I never picked apples, we had migrants that came through and did most of that. I did pick apples one year during World War II when the migrants weren't coming, the apple crop wasn't getting off, they let school out and everybody went and helped get the crop off.

So I grew up in a fairly small town, a very stable town, a town that did not have any minorities. I remember going to school with two kids that said they were Jewish, I was Presbyterian. It was almost entirely white, Anglo-Saxon. During that period that I was growing

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up—I was born in 1929—during the mid-1930's we became the recipients of immigrants. But these were immigrants in a different way. These were people from Kentucky and Oklahoma, mainly, and some from Arkansas, that were driven out by economic and climatic conditions. I heard about the "Dust Bowl" from some of them. They'd been second or third, even fourth generations in their home towns and had to leave and came in cars, pick-up trucks, with all their belongings. Many of them established themselves in the fruit business and eked out a living.

It was a relatively small town with only three grade schools, when I was there, one junior high school, and one high school. It was separated from another county by the Columbia River, where there were two grade schools, a junior high, and no high school. So in the valley everybody went to the same high school. My graduating class of 1946 had two hundred and twelve kids in it. I think the graduating class today in Wenatchee approaches three hundred and fifty, or something like that. I have a lot of friends that are still there.

I would say that it was a typical small town. Not really rural America because we were very close to Seattle and Spokane, which were large cities then and still are. I never visited Seattle as a youngster. I did maybe as an eight or ninth grader. Then when I was out of high school I went to a junior college. We call them

community colleges now. That high school building, the physical plant that I went to as a junior high school person, all I did was cross a magic dividing line near the center of the building and moved into the high school when I went to high school. There was another little magic dividing line of an addition to that structure that was the junior college. So I spent over six or

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seven years in this same building that was only three blocks from where I grew up. I walked to grade school, junior high, high school, although many of my classmates had to take buses because they lived up the valley and were ten and twelve miles from town. That was growing up in Wenatchee.

RITCHIE: What did your parents do?

REID: My mother was always a mother and a housewife, an old fashioned one. She was Scotch-Irish. She died at eighty-five. My father only lived to be sixty-one. He was a bookkeeper. He was born in upstate New York. His parents moved to Chicago where his father was a tanner of leather. His father went into "town"—they lived in Chicago but he went into "town" to collect a debt. He collected the debt and never returned. My father was about twelve or thirteen at the time. There was an uncle that was involved with the railroad, the Great Northern, somehow, and so my father and his mother and a brother went out west. His father didn't show up and they presumed he had been killed or was dead, it's never been established. They left Chicago and came to the Wenatchee Valley and settled in Wenatchee. My uncle settled in Cashmere, which is twenty miles from Wenatchee in the same valley.

My mother had been born in Minnesota. She was born in Featherstone township and was a Featherstone. And again, the railroad brought them west, because her father—my grandfather Featherstone—was an engineer with the railroad and had an opportunity to "move out west," and did. At the time the section, the dividing point where men got off a train and other men got on board and went further, was in Leavenworth, which again was only about thirty miles from Wenatchee. So my mother came to

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Leavenworth in about 1904 to 1906, as a very young girl. She was in grade school. She finished the schooling that Leavenworth was able to give, and her parents had enough money that they sent her to Pullman, which was the state college, but it was also the finishing school for kids in eastern Washington who did not have a high school. It had a residential program. My mother graduated in 1914 from a program that gave her some kind of a diploma. At that time they even called it a baccalaureate. So my mother had an advanced education. My father never finished the eighth grade because of that problem in Chicago. He had gotten into retail merchandizing. He was working in a grocery store, furniture store, or just a general store. Later, he stayed fairly close to the furniture business, even though through the LaSalle Extension Courses he learned bookkeeping. He was a calligrapher. He used to do what I would say was calligraphy for Wenatchee. Not quite as fancy as some of our people do here, but for Wenatchee he was very much in demand and could earn four or five dollars by doing a fancy piece of paper for somebody, and that was big money in those days.

They got married just before World War I. My oldest sister was born in '17, while my father was in France. He was with the Signal Corps. He developed an interest in photography, being with the Signal Corps.

The Signal Corps still handles "signals" and they still handle photography. In fact, in my experience here at the White House photo shop, I ran into people who were with the Army Signal Corps. But my father developed quite an interest in photography. He was a good photographer and took the first aerial photograph of Wenatchee that is still blown up wall size and displayed in the Chamber of Commerce, because it

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was such a good one. Before the days of pollution it was a very clear photograph. He took it from a plane that was piloted by a character named Pangborn, and a character named Pangborn was the first one that did to the Pacific what Lindbergh did to the Atlantic.

During my time, when I knew my Dad, he was a bookkeeper and accountant. I can remember when he was secretary to the county commissioners in the mid-1930's. He was involved in the Works Progress Administration as the administrator for the county commissioners in handling the book work that the program required. He was also one of the founders of the American Legion. He was at the meeting in Paris when it was launched, and then returned to Wenatchee and helped organize the one in Wenatchee. He was the adjutant of that particular post, Post 10, all of his adult life. In fact, when he died, he was still the adjutant, he was the secretary. But my father died in '53 and my mother died in '74.

My mother never worked until just before my father died, when she took a job with a hospital in Wenatchee, which was right again half a block from where we lived. She was the night person on the desk and handled the phones and did the book work of entering patients in and out, and keeping the ledger that every hospital has—every new patient has a new number, and it's serial—and that's what she did. She did that for about eleven years, until about '65 when she did not enjoy keeping the yard up at the old family home and moved to Spokane where my older sister and her husband, the three of them, lived together the last years of my mother's life.

RITCHIE: When you went to junior college, did you intend to go into accounting to follow your father? What were your objectives, at that stage?

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REID: My first job, I got a job when I was eleven or twelve years old with another hospital. We had two hospitals in Wenatchee. One was Protestant and the other was Catholic. At that time we lived a half a block from the Catholic hospital. All of this within a six block radius. I wanted a job, and it was during the war when there were no men around. I went over to this Catholic hospital. I had always seen these nuns walking around, the Sisters of St. Joseph's of Newark, and I had always been fascinated by them. As a Presbyterian, I didn't have any of the fear of them that a young Catholic boy might have. So I just stormed over there one day and went up to the one that I knew was the boss. Of course, I knew enough to call her Sister. And I asked her if there wasn't any job around there that they needed done that I could do. There was, and I went to work for fifty cents an hour. I stayed associated with that hospital for ten years. I swept the floor and mopped, and did everything. In fact, I ran an elevator. Of course, it wasn't legal, but there wasn't anybody around, there weren't inspectors, so here was a twelve or thirteen-year-old child throwing the crank and opening the door of an elevator.

I became fascinated with the doctors and with nurses. I've always been able to, I think, meet people

easily. Here I was, a very young boy, and here were these young girls who were maybe eight, nine years older than I, who were in nurses training. They came from the same background I did, and so I was sort of a very younger brother. I was no threat. I hadn't discovered sex or anything yet when I first started there. So I had a rapport with the nurses and the sisters, and some of the doctors because they knew my dad. I was actually allowed to watch an operation.

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It was an appendectomy, and there wasn't much to see. I became fascinated and I wanted to be a doctor. So when I started community college I had that hope. But I did very poorly in chemistry. In fact, the only D's I ever got in college in my entire career were in chemistry. Well, in those days you could not aspire to medicine unless you had a scientific baccalaureate, and so that went out the window.

I was in community college from '46 to '49 before I came back here, and I became fascinated with the production of dramatic events. I had been in drama a little bit. I didn't like serious drama; I liked comedy. But then I became fascinated with the production side, and I was quite good at it. I can make things with my hands with wood or anything. I know something about electricity and I know something about lighting. We had quite a good auditorium. It was antiquated, but we were able to make do. And I had a couple of associates that were brilliant. I had one especially that was a brilliant electrical engineer. He took some of the surplus military property of World War II and some of the miniconductors at that time, and we were able to change our lighting system entirely from old rheostats that just burn up the heat and put in a very modern transformer system. So we had a ball. We had a very good drama coach.

We also had a brilliant art director in Wenatchee—Fern Cousineau Duncan. The Cousineaus goes back to the Arc du Triumph, because one of her uncles was the architect of the Arc du Triumph. She was very much involved in a civic event that we had in Wenatchee, the Apple Blossom Festival. It's about seventy years old now. I became involved with it in 1946. It was shut down more or less during the war, but when it came back in '45, '46 I became involved with it, and for five years I was

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very much involved with this production. It was a three-day event and we built an outdoor stage and put on an outdoor production, day and night. I was very much involved in the building of the structure and executing her designs. She had her own students that did the artistic painting and everything, but I had to make sure that they could stay up. One year we almost failed because we had a sixteen-foot wall and we did not have enough support holding it, and the wind came up. We almost lost it. Well, I was very taken with this, and still enjoy it. In fact, whenever I go to the theater today I not only enjoy the production from a dramatic standpoint, but I enjoy it from a technical standpoint, because I know some of the things that are in it. I've loved it back here because I've been back stage at Wolf Trap, and at the Kennedy Center, and at Radio City, and gone through some of the things with some of the people there and have just loved it. And I was thinking of that.

But I got involved with a fraternal organization, the Order of DeMolay. Some people call it a junior-Masonic, it is not. It is sponsored by the Masonic Fraternity. DeMolay was an organization for young men, at one time it was sixteen to twenty-one, but after World War II they dropped it to fourteen to twenty-one. Wenatchee had had a DeMolay chapter before World War II. It died during World War II and they brought it

back in 1947, '48. I became a member. I became "the scribe," the secretary of the local chapter. I went to a state convention in the fall of '47 in Olympia, and it's the quirk of politics I guess. Here I had been a member less than six months, and a couple of people were running for state secretary, state scribe, and it became apparent everybody was mad at one of them. So the night before the election somebody

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said, "Well, Feather, why don't you run?" "Oh, you've got to be kidding." Well, I ran and won. So I was state secretary. The following year, at our state convention, again there were two people that thought they should be state master counselor. I couldn't make up my mind about them, I liked them both. And again, some people said, "Feather, they're no good, we've got to run you." So I ran and on the tenth ballot, by two votes, I won. So that in a way was an introduction to politics. I discovered in that experience of a year and a half, of being one, secretary and two, president, that there were certain benefits in both jobs, but that for me personally, I enjoyed being the secretary. I think that has helped me in my "political career" because that is the position I have enjoyed for almost thirty years. It does not bother me, I'm not frustrated that I only am an aide and that he has the vote. I've never forgotten that somebody else has the vote, not me. I agonize less over those votes because he has to agonize. But I found myself, I think, in that year and a half period. It also opened the door for coming back here.

Two of my friends that I had met in Olympia in '47 that were political associates within DeMolay somehow discovered that Scoop Jackson, their congressman, had patronage jobs. One of them could be a doorkeeper in the House. The other one could be a stack person at the Library of Congress. So they were going to go to Washington in January of '49, and they said, "Feather, why don't you come along." I said, "Well, I know Scoop Jackson, but I'm not from his district. My district has Walter Horan, he's a Republican, he doesn't have any patronage." "Well, you must know Maggie." I said, "Maggie? Who's Maggie"? But again, going

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back to my father, my father's county commissioner at the time, I knew him quite well, was Art Garton. Art Garton was a person who had been in politics in the state of Washington from the early '40's, was very active at that time and is still somewhat active today, and Art Garton was a "neighbor" in Chelan County, and Art Garton did know Magnuson very well. So Art Garton contacted Magnuson and said, "You know, we've got this kid in Wenatchee who wants to come back with two kids from Billingham. Can't you do something for him?" Magnuson said, "Sure, I've got an elevator job. He can be an elevator operator."

So I arrived here in January of '49 and became an elevator operator and went to G.W. [George Washington University] and got to know Magnuson personally. Another child from Wenatchee, whom I never knew in Wenatchee, he was thirteen years old when he arrived here, was the son of Magnuson's roommate [Joseph Leo Hughes] in college. In 1932 Magnuson ran for the [state] house in Seattle and his roommate ran for the house in Chelan County. His roommate ran as a Republican, Magnuson ran as a Democrat. One was elected and the other was not. On election night they talked to each other, and according to Magnuson and Joe Hughes, Magnuson said, "You can still come to Olympia because I think I've got some kind of patronage down there, you could be my page. You're not making any money practicing law." Joe said, "Oh, to heck with that, but I'll just take a rain check." Well the rain check was picked up in 1949. His oldest boy, Benjie, came here to be a page. The relationship between the Hughes and Magnuson was extremely close, still is. Strangely enough, my

father had taught Sunday School, and Joe Hughes had been a student of his in Sunday School. So there was a relationship between me and Joe

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Hughes, but I didn't even know it. So when the boy came back here, the boy was "put in my charge," so it was really through the boy—the three of us, the boy, me and Magnuson—that I really became personally acquainted with Magnuson, and he with me.

Of course, I was in awe. There was a chemistry there that worked. And so in 1950, when Magnuson had a reelection campaign, and I got through the college term here in June, it was decided, "Well, why don't we send Feather out and he can drive and do all sorts of funny little things." I went out home to help on the campaign, and Korea broke. My father was on the draft board. So my father was able to advise me that my number was up. And I was able to suggest to my father, "Well, if my number is up and they know it, then I can't enlist. But if they don't know it and I don't know it officially, right?" Right. He was able to delay the paperwork through about a ten-day period in September, the primary was on the 12th. So I was able to get through the primary and went into the air force and bid a fond adieu to Magnuson and politics.

RITCHIE: As a young man coming to Washington and meeting a senator for the first time, what was your impression of Magnuson? I always think of Magnuson as a much older man who had been in the Senate for thirty years, but when you first met him he was still in his first term. How did he strike you back then?

REID: Well, when I first physically saw him he was much smaller than I had pictured him, because I had pictured him as a taller man. And he was rather short. He's always had a barrel chest, so he was a little bit big and imposing. He's always had relatively

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broad shoulders and a straight back. He almost looks the part of a lineman on a football team, or a running back, and he was while he was in college. He was a quarterback and a runner when he was in college. But when I first met him he was in his late thirties, early forties, so he was much older than I, and I was in awe. I did run an elevator, but I think it was a small town—it's still a small town in a way but it was a much smaller town when I was first here, in only the Russell Building. Patronage was very much the thing, and there was, I wouldn't say a lot of patronage, but comparatively there was more, although the police force was small, the number of doormen were small. The elevator operators, in a way, was one of the best because you had a set shift and you didn't work overtime. All the elevators had a handle and had to be operated, and so we had a full crew. But you got to know people. The Carroll Arms was a place where if you were high paid you could afford to go, but almost everybody ate within the [Senate Office] building. And an awful lot of people came by the trolley that stopped right outside the building. I was fortunate to start out on Carroll Arms side—no, I started out on the other corner, which was a little bit slower, it didn't have as much business. But I liked it and they liked me, and somebody—I think Caraway [Lewey Caraway, Superintendent of Senate Office Buildings] was even then what he is today, of course he was somebody I never saw, but the person that worked for him decided, "Well, we'll put Reid over on the busy corner."

You got to know people, and of course, I was a brash young person. It didn't bother me to say hello to a

senator when they were alone. Now if they were with people and talking, I never interfered. But when they

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were alone it didn't bother me to say hello, and I would try to remember something from the *Post* or the *Daily News* and I'd ask them something. So I did get to know people. I think it was a gal who became Mrs. Joe McCarthy, Jean [Kerr] that worked up in Ed Thye's office when I first saw her. I started talking to her because she was a good-looking gal. I was fortunate when I was on that corner that Harry Cain, who had become a senator from the state of Washington, his office was up on that corner and all of his people came up and down that elevator and I got to know all of them. Some of them are still friends. One girl who was his secretary and involved in press I got to know quite well, Emily Walker from Tacoma.

Then I did well on that corner and they moved me around to what was known as the elevator entrance to the Russell Building. Now that was the *crème de la crème*, because that elevator that went up and down from the limousine entrance to the Caucus Room, that's where I got to chat with people like Dean Acheson. I'll never forget that first time when he got aboard alone and he kind of looked at me and he said, "Well, son, what year are you in college." He knew with the patronage system that you had to be in college. You know, that really impressed me, that the secretary of state going upstairs to testify on the NATO Treaty at the time would be so relaxed and cool that he could talk to an elevator operator, and me to him. Later I asked him one time, "You know, in there, you and Mr. Taft don't seem to get along, and yet I've seen you in the hallway." And I think they were both Overseers at Harvard at that time. He said something like: "Well, son, you have to realize that there is a difference between 'in there' and the real world."

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But it was a much smaller town, Capitol Hill and the Senate. Although I was only here really a year and a half, there were people that I met then, some of them became infamous or famous, some of them are still around. Joe Stewart [Walter J. Stewart, Democratic Secretary], I remember him as a page. Although he and I weren't really friends, we at least knew each other to the point when I got back here in '64, and Joe was still here, he remembered me. Dicky Darling was still here—Dicky's mother had been Less Biffle's [Secretary of the Senate] private secretary. There was another page that was in the '49-'50 period that was still in the cloakroom, and there were a few other people around that I remembered and that remembered me. But it had grown, of course, with the new building. I think when I came, Magnuson's staff numbered nine or ten at the most in '49, and was compacted into three rooms; it later became four rooms. When I came in '49 he was where he ended up in '81. He never moved after he got that one central core office, 127. He loved the outlook on the park over there with the fountain, so he never opted for the Dirksen Building. There was only one building then, we just called it "the" Senate Office Building, later it was "the Old," then it became Russell. But for some people it's still "the Old Building."

RITCHIE: As an elevator operator there must have been a certain protocol that you had to operate by, as to who took priority over others. Were they very strict about it in those days?

REID: Oh, yes. In those days the buzzers, the thing you punch—there's still a couple of them around, I think one of the freight elevators over there still has a brass knob. You push it and it

engages the electrical system. But in those days it was an actual buzzer. When you touched it, it buzzed and it lit up on your screen, and it lit up red or green. Senators pushed it three times, although some of the more elderly ones had a little trouble differentiating. But if it wiggled, you assumed that it was a senator. Also at that time all of these elevator shafts were "open." They had grills. The doors were glass; at least half of them were glass. The interior door of the elevator was all glass with a frame around it. You had a knob that you twisted back and forth, one way for up, the other way for down, and you had full control. Most of them you actually had to level it, by that I mean you had to get it down so that it matched the hallway floor and you could walk out without stumbling. It was during that period that Otis came along and came up with some kind of an automatic leveler. If you got it within eight or twelve inches, then the automatic would take over and level, but only some of the elevators had that.

If you were moving, and there was three buzzes, you just looked. It was second nature, you would see and you would tie that blinking light to a senator. If you were anywhere near you went, even if you reversed direction, which you could do by just flipping the handle, and you picked them up. Some of them were very insistent on being picked up. And the word got around. You just did not pass up somebody like Pat McCarran. You just broke your ass not to get them upset. And sometimes there was a need—you know, if there was a vote on and the bells were ringing they had to get over to the Capitol. And in those days all we had were bells. We did not have the electrical lights that came along in the mid-60's. All we had was a buzzer and the phone.

Although in those days, in '49, '50, up through the '50s, it was almost unheard of for the Senate to have more than maybe between eighty and 125 roll calls a session. They did things different then.

Although I was not intimately involved in the floor by any means, I would watch it and I would follow something like the NATO Treaty and some of the big arguments that they had in those days, and the civil rights things where I had a personal feeling on. I would sit in the gallery. I did not have access to the floor. Floor access was very limited. You might see an AA [Administrative Assistant] down there once in a while, but I can remember in those days, you never saw a woman on the floor, never.

RITCHIE: I understand that Pat McCarran once took vengeance on an elevator operator.

REID: Yes, on one of my, colleagues one day. When I moved to the Carroll Arms corner it was somebody that took over at that corner, and Pat McCarran's office was located somewhere up there in that tier that's nearest Constitution Avenue; that was his elevator. He went out and buzzed for the elevator one day, and he got passed by. Then he got passed by twice. He just turned on his heel and went back to his office and called Joe Duke, who was the sergeant at arms, and that kid was "fired." It took moments for that word to get around to the rest of us, that it could happen. Of course, I never knew McCarran, I knew of him and had heard about him in other contexts.

There was a period when the operation of the Senate allowed the

all-powerful chairmen, when chairmen alone had the power to call a meeting, when a chairman alone had the power to set the agenda. This is true in the state legislatures, too. I've worked in Olympia and I know how it can operate. But there, during that period, during the '40's, '50's, almost well into the '60's it was possible for a person who wanted to pocket anything he wanted to pocket and it just didn't come up. It was dead if he didn't want it to come up. It didn't matter what the entire rest of the membership wanted, it didn't come up. And McCarran was one of those people, had that reputation.

I think Magnuson would confirm it because when Magnuson had the opportunity to get off Judiciary and get on a better committee, he took it. He served on Judiciary, I think, for five, six years. In fact, I think he went off Judiciary when it was possible for him to go on Appropriations. Although he got along well with [James] Eastland on a personal level, not a political level, or at least not on civil rights, I know that he did not feel close to McCarran, neither politically nor personally. So he got off when he could get off.

RITCHIE: Were there certain senators in those days that you were warned about, that were known as sticklers and difficult people in general?

REID: Yes. Although I never had any trouble with him, Tom Connally was one whom the word was out on. And [Joseph] McCarthy was one, although the only times—as I said when I worked that elevator I did get to know the secretary that later became Mrs. McCarthy—my first meetings with McCarthy were when I was a cop. I was on the

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Capitol detail for a while and then I switched to the Senate Office Building detail in order to get on the midnight-to-eight shift was a time when you could "study as well as sleep." My duty desk during those months that I was on the SOB detail was the Rotunda of Russell, and in those days the Rotunda of Russell was a door that was kept open twenty-four hours. The elevator entrance [at street level, one floor below] was only kept open until about midnight and then it closed. But the Rotunda entrance was the one that was kept open.

I can remember many times that McCarthy would walk in that door late at night, two, three o'clock in the morning. He was usually in his cups, and once he did stop and chat. I don't know why, because I couldn't stand the man. That was after Wheeling, that was after the famous speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, and I thought he was really off his rocker, and he was an anathema to me politically, although he was a jovial person, I thought, personally—the type of guy you might want to go and have a beer with. But I did not care for him politically, and I let that interfere with my feelings perhaps personally. Because that one night when he came in and he did seem to want to chat, and was interested in what I was doing, and what I was taking at GW, and where I was from. He found out who I was under and of course said nice things about Maggie. I think I was brash enough to say, "Well, I hope you won't say anything unkind this fall when he's up for reelection." And he said "Well, why should I ever do that?" As I remember, that's what he said.

But normally when he came in, it was with two or three people. Roy Cohn was one of them. Of course, Cohn was one of the people at that

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time that you knew because he was very active with McCarthy. G. David Schine was one, but I didn't really know him, and he never seemed to surface, but I found out who he was. Again, it was such a small place, it was easy to find out about people, because if you saw a person twice you knew they worked there. If you saw a person three times and asked somebody else, they knew. It was a very small place so it was easy to find out who was who, and what they were, where they fit into the picture. But again it was a fairly small picture because that was the space. All the committees met there, although when Magnuson first became chairman of the Commerce Committee, their quarters were in the Capitol where the sergeant at arms is today, and that was it. They had five people, that was the staff, and that's where they were.

RITCHIE: You switched over from being an elevator operator to the Capitol Police about that time, around 1951 . . .

REID: No, I switched in '50. I went on the elevators in January '49. I'm sure they do it today, GW and Georgetown had the ability to sense whatever we were making and set their fees just slightly ahead. You know, I'd come from Wenatchee where I'd paid a \$25.00 fee and that was it, and was able to matriculate and take twelve hours or eighteen hours, it didn't matter. To pay by the hour, I'd never heard of that. When I got here and got on the elevators, I don't remember what the pay was, but I knew that cops made a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars more per year than elevator operators. It was under four thousand I'm sure. But it was a matter of money. Magnuson did have a patronage slot on the police force, and I let Irv Hoff know,

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who was the AA, that if it became available I could sure use it because GW was taking more than I could afford. It became available and I moved over to the police force. But I moved over to the police force before I was twenty-one, and we had to cheat a little because there was some sort of a stipulation that you should be twenty-one before you carried a weapon. Well, we all carried weapons in those days, but most of us hadn't even qualified. And they were never drawn. In the period that I was on the police force, we did pick up some sort of a purse snatcher on my shift one time, but we seldom had that kind of a problem. We were uniformed tour guides, we helped the tourists find out where they were and where they wanted to go. It was a lovely job. It was nice. We had the same uniforms, they haven't changed the uniform hardly at all, except that more people wear white now, because it used to be only the lieutenants wore white shirts. And it was a small force. But it was done for money, I needed the money and George Washington took it away once I got it.

RITCHIE: What were you taking at George Washington?

REID: Political science, liberal arts. There was a requirement in those days for a B.A. that you have language. I had taken Latin, of course, in high school. So I was faced with the possibility of getting a B.A. from George Washington and so I had to take German, and I had trouble with German. It was difficult for me. But other than plowing through German I was taking political science courses and some history. But then Korea interrupted the whole thing and I stayed out of school for five years before I went back to the University of Washington and completed a B.A. and went into law school.

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RITCHIE: I'm interested in your career on the Capitol Police force. How do Congress and congressmen appear to a person on the police force?

REID: Well, again, in those days it was pure patronage. I know that the shift I was on, there were about twenty-one people assigned to it. There would be about seventeen to nineteen that would show up every day. There was one old man that I recall, he was an appointee of somebody like Walter George or Kenneth McKellar. The rest of us, except for the lieutenant, the lieutenant was from Georgia and he was under [Richard] Russell, the rest of us were all college kids, and most of them were a little bit older than I. Many of them were World War II G.I. Bill types that were completing their educations. In fact, at one time, I was on the four-in-the-afternoon-until-midnight shift in the Capitol, and at one time, well over half the men were law students at Catholic, at Georgetown, at GW. The rest of them were upperclassmen of some type. I was the only underclassman. I was a junior at the time and I was the only person that was that lowly in the educational pecking order.

To us all, congressmen appeared extremely powerful, because in those days if you infuriated one enough, if you bothered one enough, you could get yourself canned, because it was patronage and most members are not going to stick with their patronage appointee over the violent objections of their colleague. You know, they're going to get along. The lieutenant couldn't fire me. Only the sergeant at arms could, and Joe Duke wasn't going to fire anybody unless he had the acquiescence of the sponsor. If

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you were smart you kept your sponsor very happy, but if you were really smart, you didn't get anybody unhappy. So we were extremely responsive to any member of Congress or spouse thereof.

I can remember, because I not only ran that elevator for a while on the elevator entrance, I had that assignment on the police force when I was on the Senate Office Building detail and was on the afternoon shift. I loved it because you did get to meet people. I met Alice Roosevelt Longworth. The first time I ever saw her was there, and then I got to meet her one day and got to talking with her because her car and driver didn't show up. You got to meet the spouses because in those days, many of the wives appeared at the hearings. I can remember Owen Brewster's wife was with Alice during one of the major hearings. So you did get exposure, if your eyes were open and your ears were open, you saw them. And if you were brash, as I say, you could talk to them.

RITCHIE: Was security a big problem in those days?

REID: No. There was a famous time when Warren Magnuson and John Bricker got aboard the old subway, the one that's still down there, and a person with a revolver took six shots at John Bricker, and the policeman standing right next to him said, "You're not allowed to shoot senators." Well, this person was deranged, and he was from Ohio, and there had been some connection between John Bricker and this man. The subway person was smart enough to get the thing underway and get them away. As Magnuson has told the story, he said "You know, it's really crazy, here this guy was, he had a revolver, he wasn't ten feet from us, and he fired six shots and none of them came anywhere near us."

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And they were live bullets. But that never hit the papers. That happened in 1947. He was crazy and he missed, and they just carted him off to St. Elizabeth's. But the period that I was here, security? No. You had a few kooks. You had the type, he was still around maybe when you were here, because he was here in the late '60's. The man who tried to look like Uncle Sam or . . .

RITCHIE: Abe Lincoln.

REID: Abe Lincoln, yes. That type of person was around, but they were harmless. They had some petition, some bill they were trying to get sponsors for. They were nice people and they were not physically threatening. I would say there was much more respect perhaps for public officials. No, we were not security minded.

RITCHIE: But you did have the shooting of five congressmen by Puerto Rican nationalists in the 1950's. That must have been shocking.

REID: It was shocking, it had to be. I can understand the reaction because I went through a similar incident later. We had the situation where some woman with a knife ended up in [Edward] Kennedy's office and tried to do something. This was during the period that Magnuson was chairman of Appropriations and Nordy [Hoffmann] was sergeant at arms. Well, all Hell broke loose after that. Everybody started pushing Nordy and pushing Chief Powell: "We've got to do something!" I remember some meetings that we had between the chief, Nordy, and others. We got involved because money would have to be spent. They

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were going to have all these damn screens, these metal detectors that you and I would walk through every day. I was a voice in the wilderness for a while because I said it was really impossible unless you put a fence around all three Senate buildings, and you're going to have to include the House, because how are you going to stop people who come in through the House doors, and aren't checked, from getting through the Capitol. Because are you going to put a damn thing down here at the tunnel and make everybody that comes out of the Capitol go through it again? But they started to go and buy those damn screens for every entrance to the Russell Building, for every entrance to the Dirksen Building. Finally, when we got to the point of trying to negotiate what was going to happen in the Capitol, a little modicum of restraint and sense broke in.

I'm sure that the same bit of hysteria—because it was a hysterical response to a stupid, unfortunate thing that almost happened to Senator Kennedy—but I'm sure some of that same hysteria hit the House the way it hit the Senate. And you have to remember, when the Puerto Ricans did their thing in the House gallery, they also did their thing down at Blair House, and Leslie Cofelt, the White House policeman, got shot and killed. I remember the name because in 1949 when the Apple Blossom queen was here and I took her around, we spent an evening walking from Jefferson to Lincoln to Washington Monument to the Blair House, and we got to the Blair House around ten-thirty, eleven o'clock at night. They were staying at the Statler, which was up on Sixteenth Street. And here was this nice guard that spent fifteen minutes talking to us. He had a little badge and his name was Leslie Cofelt, and it was not a common

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name so I remembered it, and when that incident took place, he was the one who was killed.

Those two things happening, the Blair House and the House chamber, I'm sure there was hysteria and there was some change, there was an increase in numbers, there was a slight increase in training, and we became a little more security minded. But then the events of the '60's starting in Dallas, and the Ambassador Hotel, Maryland with Wallace, it's pushed us to where we are. Now I'm told, I've never been there, I'm told that in England, you do not get inside the grounds of Parliament without going through security. But I've also been told that the Parliamentary House does not have the accommodations for tourists the way we do. I've always felt that our Capitol Building especially, with its art, with its Brumidi, with its statutes, there's no other way to handle it than to have open house.

I had to remind some of my colleagues when I had some responsibility as Maggie's appropriation person, as Maggie's pro tem person, as a surrogate for him, I had to remind them at times "Look, damn it, this place belongs to the people. It doesn't belong to us. We're custodians, temporary." (Although I didn't want to be as temporary as I was.) It belongs to the people and they've got to be let in, and that was one of the arguments I had when we were running around trying to find where we could buy metal detectors, let alone where we'd find the money to buy them, all these damn machines that we were going to have on every entrance to the building. The poor chief, he doesn't really make the rules, he just follows them, he was telling us "You know, if you do that, you've either got to lock that door or I've got to have somebody there, and I don't have the people."

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RITCHIE: Despite the fact that by that time the police force had grown incredibly larger.

REID: Oh, yes.

RITCHIE: You said that they had a very good communications system when you were on the force.

REID: When I was on the force we did. Capitol Hill, again, was a small town. There was a switchboard, and it was one of the old-fashioned ones with the cords, and the phones were old-fashioned, you picked them up and a human voice came on. They knew who you were and where you were, or at least they knew the number. I strongly recall a gal, her name was Mary, I don't remember her last name. At that time their switchboard was over in Longworth some place, and I remember going over there one time and thanking her for helping us out. Because on the police force we had various phones hidden around on all the doors to the Capitol Building—the Capitol Building was the one I was working in at the time—Statuary Hall and various other places. These weren't our phones, they were just phones. Often they could be "hidden" in some kind of a cabinet or maybe even a little door. Or maybe they'd be on a desk, because the tour guides were operating in those days and there were phones that they had. And that was our communication system for the police force. We would pick up the phone, and especially in the evenings we might be the only people around, except for a few members. It always amazed me some of the members that worked late and would be around. So that human voice was our "communications network."

In those days there was no radio or anything like that, and I think

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there was one or two squad cars—they were black and had some kind of seal for the Capitol Police—that were available. I know my lieutenant at times used to have that car take him up to Mike Palm's or someplace up on the Avenue for dinner. He could afford it. We all brought brown bags. I can remember having the car go and pick somebody up, a member that might be coming in at National [Airport] or something like that. The leadership might get a hold of it. They did it then because if there was something happening and somebody was coming in by air, those cars were sometimes used to pick them up and get them there in a hurry. But there were no walky-talkies, although walky-talkies had been invented during World War II. I had used them in Wenatchee and the audio was lousy—very crackly and very difficult and not very good range. The FM band was just being explored, and it's the FM band that really has allowed the kind of walky-talkies that police use today. But they're awfully expensive. You know, the only expense that I could see when I was on the Capitol police force in '49 and '50 was the uniform.

The artillery, handcuffs and a weapon, was passed on. I know the weapon I got hadn't been cleaned in ages. I did clean it. I knew enough about weapons to know you should clean them, and so I cleaned mine when I was issued one. And those handcuffs had to have been around thirty years because they were so worn. Where the manufacturers' name was had been rubbed down. And that weapon and those handcuffs were issued to me by a Private Ballard. He now is over in the Plaza. He is Inspector Ballard. He worked in the chief's office when I first became a private, he was a private too. Leonard and I still get together once in a while. But that was the only cost, because they didn't have a

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fleet of cars (they still don't have really a fleet of cars, but they have more cars than they used to, and they have motorcycles). If you're going to have to patrol the grounds, we patrolled the grounds by foot, shanks' mare. And we bought the shoes. We were not issued boots, we were not issued shoes, we purchased our own shoes and socks. The shirts and the uniform were furnished, but that was it. There was none of this fancy micro-everything else that we have to buy today, and its appreciable.

RITCHIE: You also had responsibilities for visiting heads of state, presidential visits, and all the rest of that.

REID: Yes, but I can remember the first time Harry Truman came when I was on the police force. Harry Truman as president came to the Hill one day. It stands out in my mind every time that I see what goes on today, because two cars came under the portico and Harry Truman and two Secret Service agents were in one of them. Mr. Truman and one of the agents got out. Another agent joined them. Mr. Truman and two Secret Service agents entered the Senate wing of the Capitol. Mr. Truman went upstairs, went to the chamber, wandered around, because I remember on that particular instance, I came down the back stairway from the chamber on the east side. I was almost to the bottom and I looked to my left and coming down the corridor were Scott Lucas and Harry Truman, and Harry Truman was on my side. He was looking at me, so I said "Mr. President," and he just nodded back, and he went around the corner. He stopped around the corner because in that particular corner, that's where Foreign Relations is, there was a post office. Now it was a wooden structure, it was almost like a ticket booth, but it

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harmonized with the corridor. There was a "post office" there and the lady in that post office, Truman stopped to talk to her, because he remembered her from the time that he was a senator.

I came down and I was standing watching all of this, because here was the president of the United States talking to this little old lady. Afterwards I went back and talked to her and found out that she was related to former senator Carter Glass, and it was patronage. When I came back here in '64 that structure was gone. I'm sure it was long gone. I suspect that this was a patronage job, she had it, she performed a service, she sold stamps and registered letters, and that when she could no longer work it was torn down. But to get back to the visiting head of state, here was the president of the United States, the majority leader of the Senate, Scott Lucas, nobody with them, no Secret Service man. The Secret Service agent was around the corner and joined them there in that hallway where the elevators, are, because Mr. Truman was headed for the car. We were alerted to the fact that he might arrive, but you didn't have a chief, two inspectors, ten captains, and fifteen lieutenants, and forty sergeants emerging and covering every stair, and every step, and every door, and every potty. You did not have a phalanx of fifty arriving and a phalanx of a hundred greeting, and this whole rigmarole. Mr. Truman got in the car—in fact I remember he got in the front seat where he could see, the driver was Secret Service, and they drove away.

RITCHIE: Compare that to today!

REID: Yes. We've gone a little bit crazy. Now maybe we've been forced to go crazy, but we got a little bit crazy.

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I know it bothers Magnuson because Magnuson had some kind of a bad experience. He was prosecuting attorney in King County before he became a congressman, and he had always been close to the police, he was an attorney and he had a few criminal cases, maybe that started it, but he always had friends on the police force. One of his friends, Ernie Yoris, was a deputy chief in Seattle for years. And something happened then when there was some sort of a police escort, motorcycles, and somebody got injured, and Magnuson, in all the time that I have worked with him, has abhorred police escorts. He thinks they are a waste of time, a threat to those involved. He would never allow us to set anything like that up for him.

As a passenger, and he enjoys being a passenger rather than a driver, he again has one rule: you do not speed, you never exceed the speed limit. As he says: "If you miss the plane there's another one. There's no reason to speed." I think part of it might stem from safety, but I think also part of it is that he enjoys looking at the scenery. No, it has always thrown me during the last few years, I remember last year when we had several presidential candidates in the Senate, I felt sorry for Ted Kennedy one day. Here I saw him as he was going someplace over towards the Disbursing Office, and my God there were at least three in front and four behind, and less than five minutes later he's coming back. Just looking at him, I don't think he enjoyed it that much. It just seemed to be such a waste, such a waste.

RITCHIE: I remember once seeing Henry Jackson and Birch Bayh in 1976 in the basement corridor of the Russell Building. Each one was surrounded by a phalanx of Secret Service people, they were

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both announced candidates for president. They passed each other like two ships. I couldn't imagine what kind of danger there could be for them in the basement of the Russell Building to need that kind of protection.

In 1950 when you went back to Washington to help Magnuson in his reelection campaign, did you have to take a leave from the police force?

REID: I switched from the Capitol Police force payroll to his office payroll.

RITCHIE: Oh, I see.

REID: I was on his office payroll while I was in the state of Washington. I was on his payroll for thirteen days in September and I'll never forget when the check arrived because that check for thirteen days on the Senate payroll at about four thousand or something like that was bigger than about three-and-a-half months' pay as an air force private. So I was rich when I was down in Barksdale, Louisiana, and that check caught up with me. I was rich. And I was smart, I hung on to it too, I didn't spend it all. I didn't play poker in those days. But I was on his personal office payroll.

RITCHIE: What kind of functions did you perform for Magnuson when you were out there?

REID: Well, it was a small campaign. It was a campaign where I was one of the few paid people. Those were the days when friends could do all kinds of things, and Magnuson had a friend that owned a newspaper chain. They owned the *New Orleans Picayune*, but they

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also owned a paper in Seattle, the *Star*. It was a paper that had been a money-maker and it fell on bad times and had been closed. The building was still there, the equipment was still there. There was hope I think, in the family of opening it up again, but they never did. But the building was there and it was right in the heart of Seattle. The building was donated. Other friends donated typewriters and things like that and we set up shop.

I was sort of the handy-person to help out in any way. I could type, so I did a few things there. I could organize and so under direction I was doing other things. I could drive, and Magnuson liked my driving, so I drove him. I would take him to functions. Magnuson has never liked to travel with an "entourage." He likes to sit in the passenger seat, and he doesn't like chatting from the backseat. He likes quietude when he can get it. It was often just he and I and we'd head off to some Chamber of Commerce or some place. Magnuson has never enjoyed the private airplane bit. He does not mind scheduled airplanes, but he does not like small airplanes. So his campaign historically, and even this last time, was mostly by car and at a little bit of a leisurely pace. Leave enough time to get where you are going. Although in former years he had a reputation of always arriving late, he never had a reputation of leaving early. No matter when he got there he would always stay and at least give himself as well as the people a chance to interact. So I was a gofer in many ways during that campaign.

Now, Magnuson was only out there maybe three or four times during that period. I didn't go out until the middle of June, and disappeared the middle of September. But I was there for one of the more extensive

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trips. We went north of Seattle and down into Tacoma and over to Bremerton. I was his driver and a very minor aide, because I certainly wasn't proffering advice or research or anything like that. But I was exposed to campaigning.

The campaign manager for a while was a person that I had known previously. Ted Little was the campaign manager for the first three months. He later filed for office himself, so that took him out of the job of campaign manager. He filed for Congress, he lost. Irv Hoff, the AA, came out and was really the campaign manager, in fact, not in name. His wife Florence also was very much involved. She's a great organizer. We had an operation on the second floor of the Star building. We had thirty or forty at any one time, usually women, sometimes men, volunteers. They were addressing envelopes and getting mailings put together and doing all those things. I would be somewhat involved with that, in making sure all the supplies were there, and working with Florence and the others that were involved in that operation.

In the 1950 campaign there was a young advertising person. His name was Jerry Hoeck of Miller McKay, Hoeck, and Hartung. Jerry later sold out to J. Walter Thompson and is "retired," although he's too young to be retired, he's barely sixty. He's always been a political media adviser to Scoop and did a couple of Scoop's campaigns. He's also been a media adviser to us in recent years. But in 1950 he had just opened shop. Shop was a set of two small rooms. There were two other people, Miller and McKay, and there was no secretary. They did our media. Of course, our media in that time was radio and billboards, matches and brochures. We didn't have any television in '50. We had television in

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'56, and Miller, McKay did the '56 campaign for Magnuson too. But they had gone out of business, they sold out to J. Walter Thompson, before the '62 campaign. So they were not involved in that one.

RITCHIE: So in the middle of the campaign you suddenly became an air force private and packed off to Louisiana.

REID: Yes.

RITCHIE: Since you enlisted, you were in for a four year term?

REID: No, I did not serve my full four years. My father had a very serious heart attack in '51. I had the option of either going on dependency allotment to help out, or a dependency discharge, and I got the dependency discharge. I only served nine months and five days in the air force and I got out and went home and worked to help support the family. The family was just me, my mother and my Dad, and my Dad lived another two years before he died. So my career in the air force was not long. It was illustrious but it was not very long.

I wormed my way in because of my typing skills to an office and had the designation of sergeant-major. Now in the British system, sergeant-majors are very high-fallutin' people, and you served probably twenty years before you aspired to that designation. I was in the air force less than ninety days when I became a clerk, and I was in less than a hundred-and-some when I became "sergeant-major." I became sergeant-major only because everybody else left and I had mastered all of the forms and knew my way through and was able to handle all of the paperwork—and we were a high volume paperwork outfit. I was sergeant-major of the

301st Food Service Squadron, and in those days everybody that went in the air force, when they came out of basic, went to a Food Service Squadron as a holding pattern before they went on to whatever they were going to be. So we were handling all of the papers and trying to get people into schools.

Barksdale was a nice place, Shreveport is a nice part of Louisiana. It was an old air force base built many, many years ago, back in the early 20's. The town liked us. I'm sure we spent good money at the bars and we didn't disturb things too much. It was a pleasant assignment and I got to meet an awful lot of people coming through. I was able to put together my own little office crew. I was a little prejudiced, everybody was college, and none of us liked it but it was the patriotic thing to do and we were doing it and we were going to make the best of our lives on that base. We had a radio station supposedly only for the base, but we had listeners in Texas and we got fan mail. We had "Warren Stone Views the News" every night at six o'clock. We had a ticker tape, and I would do the news, and then later, I did a classical music program. We had a fairly good library of records, so about eight o'clock in the evening, I'd play classical music. But they didn't like my name, they didn't like Featherstone, so the management of the radio station—all of us enlisted—the management decided that Warren Stone was a good name. So it was "Warren Stone Views the News."

Of course, I made sure that Magnuson's name got on whenever it was possible. In fact, I was there, I was viewing the news, April 1951 when Warren Magnuson was in Tokyo, having lunch with General MacArthur, and Mac got sacked. I was delighted because April 12 is Magnuson's birthday

and I wanted to send him a birthday card. Well, when I found out he was in Tokyo, Hell, I can't send a birthday card to Tokyo, so I went down and sent a telegram. I think it cost almost two dollars a word. So all he got was "Happy Birthday. Feather." That was all I sent because it was too damn expensive for a corporal. But he was with MacArthur when MacArthur got the message. Truman later told him, "If I had known you were going to be with the son-of-a-bitch I would have had you deliver the message!" Magnuson would never say what MacArthur's reaction was. When reporters asked him, he would only say, "Well, what did the General say? That was the General's hour." That's the kind of man Warren Magnuson is.

RITCHIE: You came back out of the service in 1952 . . .

REID: I came back out of the service and went back to Wenatchee.

RITCHIE: You stayed in Wenatchee basically because of your father's health, but did you ever think about going back to Washington, D.C. to work for Magnuson at that period?

REID: Not at that period, because I had to be at home, or I felt I had to be at home. And then I fell into politics at home. I got active. You know, "You worked for Maggie, you've got to help us." They think you know something because you were with "the Man." And I got active in local politics in Chelan County and I helped with the election. I was a campaign manager in a way. I worked with a candidate, Art Garton again, he ran for Congress against Walter Horan. Both Walter Horan and Art Garton were old friends of the family. I

knew both quite well and I'm still friends with Sally Horan, Walt's widow. Art didn't win, but we did elect some local candidates to county offices and we also elected a state representative.

It was through that state representative that I met another state representative who said, "Well, why don't you come to Olympia and be on my staff. I'm going to be chairman of the Revenue and Tax Committee in the House." And so I did. Now in those days, the Washington state legislature had very few permanent staff. It had a legislative counsel that carried on between sessions and about five or six people. So for about three sessions, while I was in school (I didn't get back to school until '57), but in the '55 and '57 legislative sessions I was staff during the session. I loved it, and became quite good at it. I had more than one patron, I worked for three different chairmen in that period. But I did stay with Rev and Tax in a way. I started out with Rev and Tax, but then when my chairman went to the Senate and he took me, it became Ways and Means. I enjoyed the Ways a little bit more than the Means. So my indoctrination into the appropriations process started out in '57. Then I served two additional chairmen through that period, '57, '59, '61, '63. I was *the* staff part of the time. Early in the game I was *the* staff. Our secretaries were in a pool. In the later part I was the chief of staff of maybe two or three people. Of course, we were able to call upon others, the permanent state employees, and did.

Our state was just getting into the Budget and Accounting Act business about that time. In fact, our O.M.B. was created in the '56-'57 period, so they were learning at the same time I was learning. It

was a good relationship. Not adversarial. Probably for two reasons: they were new, we were new; they were Democrats, we were Democrats. Because this whole system in the state of Washington got started under a Democratic governor who was elected in '56, and the initial people were Democrats. Two of them later went on to higher education. One of them became the financial veep at Washington State University, the other became the financial veep at the University of Washington. I do know now that that camaraderie is a little less, because I do have friends that are in the operation in Olympia today. Both sides have become bigger, they've become a little bit bureaucratic, and there isn't as close a working relationship as there used to be. But that's how I got into the legislative process more deeply.

In a state legislature at that period in our state's history, staffs were very small. They didn't have an office building, they just had a capitol building, and members at that time did not have any office, they had a desk on the floor that they used. If they were a chairman they had a committee room that they could use. There were two desks in the committee room, one for the clerk and one for the chairman. So it was a very intimate situation. We had, though, a very good membership because on both sides of the aisle we had some very high-class people that were willing to give sixty days of their life each year to being a member, and the rest of the time they were farmers, automobile dealers, lawyers, bankers, a lot of lawyers.

RITCHIE: Were you on the staff then for just the sixty days they were in session?

REID: Right. Now I would be paid for a few more days, especially in the latter time. In '59 I helped somebody create an interim committee. We had the Joint Committee on Governmental Cooperation, and this interim committee was going to launch the career of a state senator so that he could become the attorney general. The state senator was an awfully nice guy, he's a good friend of mine, became a good friend, was a good friend, is a good friend, but he's always been a little bit lazy. He's brilliant but he's lazy. So he never did run for attorney general, but we had a hell of a good time with our joint committee. Our joint committee was joint in that it was both House and Senate, and we had some of the heavy-hitters on both sides of the aisle from the House and Senate.

It was not a big committee. In fact, there were only eight members. But we got into some interesting things. Law enforcement was one. I helped write the basic legislation the state of Washington has now for intergovernmental operation, in that if a governmental service like garbage collection or law enforcement is available from a county, that instead of a city setting up a system, a city if it wants to can contract with the county. Well, now this was something that was already being done in California, contract services for public services between governmental units, but had never been done in the state of Washington, and wasn't even legal in the state of Washington. Well, we explored it, we devised the legal basis for it, and started it, and it's grown now. We were also responsible for establishing a law enforcement training commission that now is very well established and that allows for the training of law enforcement personnel by this commission. This makes it possible

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for a small town that can't afford the training to get it for their people. Now if they can afford to help pay for it, then they're nicked and they pay, but for many small towns it's all they can afford to put the guy on the payroll and let him be gone for two weeks to a school, and not patrolling. They can't really afford that, they've got to have him busy, they've got to have him out there shaking the doors and watching the streets at night. And we put in a communications network. Teletype was what we started with, and it's become a little more sophisticated now. But we had a good time and did some good work.

Of course, I was going to law school at the same time, and so I was dividing myself between some of this legislative work and the study of law—squeaking through. In fact, my first year of law school I was the anchor man, I was the last man on the totem pole. Now by my last year of law school, I was up in the mid-range, but in my first year of law school I was involved in a race for county commissioner, I was campaign manager for him, Scott Wallace who ran for county commissioner in King County and got elected. And I was involved in a state senate campaign in the area that I lived in Seattle. And I was also working at a liquor store as a clerk, shoveling booze. We have state monopoly for liquor in the state of Washington. At that time all those jobs were patronage. It was a great job for a college boy, because you could set your hours. I was never gifted by a large inheritance. In fact, all I got from my father was some of his brains and some of his looks. So I had to work my way through, and was fortunate. I did go through and never had to borrow. I didn't even take out an NDSL [National Defense Student Loan].

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RITCHIE: In that period, did you work for Magnuson's campaign in '56?

REID: Yes. I was never on the payroll, but in '56 I was active in our own operations in eastern Washington, Chelan County. I was involved in local races there and I was involved in the Magnuson race. In the spring we thought it was going to be rough because everybody knew that Art Langlie, the governor, was going to run against Maggie, the senator. All of the polls and all of the gut feelings indicated one hell of a race. A good, solid Democrat opposed by a good, solid Republican. Then *Time* magazine even put Art Langlie on the cover, and that scared us. But it was a spirited campaign. It was one that was run physically, and on radio, and some TV, and billboards, and committees, and all that old-fashioned stuff. Along comes the primary in September and my God, Magnuson carries all but two counties. Historically, the Democrats never carried some of the eastern Washington counties, but in the primary I think he carried all but three. It became evident that Art Langlie wasn't as popular as Art Langlie thought he was, and Magnuson was not as unpopular as some people thought he was.

In those days there were always rumors about Magnuson because, you know, Magnuson had girlfriends and wasn't married. He might even have a mistress! This never hit the press but it was talked about a great deal. Art Langlie was a teetotaler; at least that's what he said. He never served booze in the mansion. As far as I know he never served it, but he claimed to never have any. He always went to church and he was a good Christian, but Maggie beat him in all but three counties and then

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in the general election, beat him in all counties. It was not expected by most of the people. Most of us thought we'd win. We considered the possibility that we might lose this part or that part, but that overall, you'd win, you'd come through. Of course, in '56 Ike carried the state handsomely. But again in '56 the president was Republican but the governor was Democratic. Langlie was defeated in his race against Magnuson and his lieutenant governor was defeated in his race to succeed him. The Democrats were able to elect a governor and reelect a senator.

We had another bad thing going against us in '56. In 1950, when they counted the herd and said "Washington gets a new Congressman," the legislature of the state of Washington couldn't agree and so there was an election at-large. About sixteen people filed on the Democratic ticket. I had at least three friends that were on that ticket. Nobody knew what was going to happen. There was a character on there whose name was Don Magnuson. Nobody even saw the guy, this was 1952. But all of a sudden on primary night he's nominated. Then they saw him and then they knew who he was. He was a writer for the *Seattle Times* and he had a dog and he wandered around to political meetings. Well, he got elected. He was a good writer and a nice enough fellow, a fairly good-looking fellow. Absolutely no relation to Magnuson. And he did get himself into some trouble because one, he was an alcoholic, he could not handle booze, and two, he was a gambler, and he was not a lucky gambler. So he had the twin failing of losing more than he could afford and drinking more than he could handle. That became public knowledge, that was published and it even hit the radio at times. Well, in the public mind there was confusion. There were people that would swear to you:

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"Warren Magnuson? You mean that drunk who won't even support his wife and kiddies and plays cards?" It hurt.

Don Magnuson was finally defeated by a very conservative Republican, because he had deserted his wife and kiddies. But in the '56 campaign this was the kind of thing that was not published, at least the connections and discussion. But it was there among the body politic. I know it concerned some of us that realized that at least some people were confused. Because Warren Magnuson of course has never been a teetotaler, and he's admitted to playing cards and has played cards, and is a very good card player. He's not one who has ever deserted his wife and kiddies. And you can't talk about it. The Warren Magnuson campaign couldn't talk about, "Well, that other guy's the one that's the drunk, we're not." You just have to live with it and go through that, and worry about it. Of course, Langlie tried to use it, in a way, but it backfired on him and didn't work.

Don Magnuson was still around in '62, in fact he was defeated in '62. That was when Warren Magnuson was running again. In fact, that was the time Warren Magnuson came closest to defeat, in '62, when an unknown person ran against him—a very charismatic minister, Richard Christiansen. He was a minister in the Billy Graham sense because he was a revivalist type who could really motivate an audience. Nice looking person, attractive, although he was a flash in the pan. He tried subsequently to run for other office, governor, etc., and went down. But he was a very attractive candidate in '62, and came within fifty thousand of putting Magnuson out to pasture.

Don Magnuson by that time had really hit the bottom, and hit the bottom with his constituency and was ousted. By that time he was no

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longer at-large, he had a district. In the late '50s, the League of Women Voters redistricted. The legislature couldn't do it, so the League did it. The state of Washington has the initiative, referendum, recall, all the Populist protections, and we use them. The League used them and was able to redistrict the state legislature as well as to force the redistricting of the congressional districts. So Don was running at-large in the '56 campaign, but by the '62 campaign he had his own district, which was part of King County, our most metropolitan area. That's when he was defeated.

RITCHIE: Well, before we go further into the '62 election and your coming back to Washington, we've been going for two hours now and I think this might be a good time to call a break.

REID: Fine.

[End of Interview #1]

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