

Jan. 4, 1980

A new year — and a new decade.
We begin with some problems wholly unfamiliar to our national experience — American citizens held hostage in our own embassy by an only partially disciplined militant mob in Iran — Russia obviously taking advantage of the regional vacuum in U.S. influence to invade Afghanistan — Our nation facing unmitigated inflation which is paced by foreign oil prices and fed by our reliance on foreign oil sources — gold prices soaring and dollar value falling.

But, with it all, there is some good. I believe that I discern a revival of patriotism, a desire to do the right thing by the country, a positive thirst for some good news about our country and its institutions — maybe a little

more humanitarianisms - I
hesitate to say altruism -
but perhaps a brake upon
the current fad of so-called
"creative selfishness", the
self-centered, self-indulgent
"me" fetish. May it end!

On Jan. 2, I did a 30-minute
telecast (6:30 on Channel 5, 8:00
on 11) on America's role in the
decade ahead. The message
centered on Energy. I tried to
explain the problem, how we
got into this shape, what Congress
is doing by way of legislative
initiatives, finally what the
individual citizen can do. I
offered to all who would write
or call a Citizen's Energy-Saving
kit with publications describing
how the average person can
save energy - and utility costs -
around the house and in the

operation and maintenance of
the automobile.

From the standpoint of
public effect and spontaneous
reaction, it was absolutely the
very best thing I've done in
recent years! Public reception
has been uniformly good, even
enthusiastic. Yesterday and today
- exposed to many different groups
of people from varying strata -
I was reassured again and again
by their comments. In the two
days, I ~~probably~~ shook hands with
probably 350 to 400 people
covering the whole wide spectrum
of Tarrant County humanity.
At least one of every three
people I encountered in my
random exposure - probably
more like 40% - volunteered
the comment that he or she
had seen the show and
heartily approved its content
and message. It is almost
unbelievable that so high

a percentage of the potential viewing public would have been tuned in at all. But of even greater encouragement is the enthusiastic response to an upbeat message on energy and a call to the people's patriotism. It tells me that the American people have hungered for someone to appeal to their better social instinct and challenge them to do more for the country.

From the moment the telephone number flashed across the screen, our battery of three telephones activated by the rotary number began ringing. For three solid hours, there were calls waiting. No sooner would one receiver be cradled than the 'phone would ring again. The

number of callers we were able to accommodate, long enough only to take name and address in most cases and politely acknowledge the favorable comments, was limited only by the three telephones. If we'd had six, I'm convinced, we'd have received twice as many calls. We shut off at about 10:00 pm, and when the first person entered the office the next morning (Thursday), the phone was already ringing. All three lines were busy for much of the time throughout Thursday, and there still were many calls today (Friday). All of this tells me that the American people will respond to a public-spirited appeal to their better natures. They want America to succeed, and they want to help!

Jan. 15, '80

For the past ten days we've been engaged in a trip which has taken us to five nations of the African continent. Twelve members of Congress, wives and staff have visited in the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, South Africa, very briefly in Rhodesia, and in Saudi Arabia.

The basic purpose of the trip has related most essentially to energy. We've visited the two nations - Saudi Arabia and Nigeria - which supply more oil than any others for U.S. consumption. In South Africa we saw the Sasol plant and discussed with its managers the experience of creating oil from coal. It was interesting to stop in Rhodesia for talks with Ford Soares about the progress of the peace process which we hope will result finally in successful elections and an end to the turmoil and bloodshed which has wracked that otherwise lovely little country for seven years. The stop-over in Nigeria by the members, leaving wives for

the time in the Ivory Coast where accommodations are less primitive, was extremely interesting. The new democratic government is founded in a Constitution which is copied almost verbatim from our own. The Nigerians are very proud of this fact. I wonder, having met the leaders of both House and Senate, if they'll be able to make things work to the satisfaction of the public which has accustomed itself over the years to autocratic rule of one kind or another. The Ivory Coast seems to be making its version of a democratic society work, both economically and socially, with the sage leadership of President Felix Houphouët-Boigny. I saw nobody in Nigeria who seemed to have his wisdom or force of character. But there is great enthusiasm for the new experiment, and I think it is very important that democracy succeed in this, Africa's most populous nation and surely the most influential in all of black Africa.

Ancient fears, rivalries and ideological intransigencies plague our hopes for peace and understanding. Some of them are as old as recorded time, some are creatures of our own generation. All are hurdles on the track to a peaceful world. There is the almost theological opposition of the Nigerians to South Africa, the unwillingness to believe in the reality of any racial progress there and the knee-jerk hostility to the presence of any South African troops in Rhodesia, where a few have been dispatched at the approval of Soames to guard a bridge at Beit, the only link between S. Africa & Rhodesia for ground traffic. And there is the intractability of the Africans, the Dutch settlers of South Africa, to social change at a pace fast enough to impress the militant blacks, who have an almost self-indulgent reticence

To admit the modest changes which the present government seems to be making, at some strain to its own comfort. And in the Middle East, of course, we encountered the same implacable, Islamic hatred of the Jews which has dogged all efforts for peace for centuries.

The King and Princes of Saudi Arabia, more moderate in their attitude toward Israel than their average subject is likely to be, nevertheless condemn Sadat for making the unilateral effort for peace with Israel. The only really hopeful thing in this regard is the private assurance they give us that they will work to moderate the position of the P.L.O. There is some evidence that they have done just this. They express confidence that the P.L.O. will recognize Israel, cease its guerrilla warfare, and live in peace

if only a Palestinian identity can
be internally autonomous on the
West Bank and in Gaza.

They look to us to persuade
our friends, the Israelis, to
believe in that and to agree to
an autonomous homeland.

They say the Israelis must
negotiate with the P.L.O. But
the Israelis insist they cannot
recognize and negotiate with an
entity which refuses to recognize
the reality of Israel and acknow-
ledge its right to exist first,
before other negotiations begin.

And so - the impasse.

The Israelis say recognize us
first and be peaceful and
then we'll give you some
autonomy. The Palestinian
Arabs say give us first our
homeland and then we'll
recognize you. So there
is to be any peace, some-

thing must give. And so, I suggested to Crown Prince Fahd that perhaps we and the Saudis could try to influence our respective friends to make these concessions simultaneously. His response was quite encouraging. But I gathered from his warm and even emotional rejoinder that he feels it must be done quietly. What the Saudi leaders say to us privately is different from what they say to the local Saudi press.

Jan, 17, 1980

We are on our way home, after a two-day stop in Ireland. For all of my life I've wanted to go there. Finally that desire was realized, and my inchoate expectation was in no way disappointed. I loved each moment of Ireland. I loved the green, lush grass, thick where it grew in the middle of winter. I loved the fog that crept along hugging the ground. I loved the frost that stayed past mid-day on the shady sides of hills and where the trees grew. I loved the chill that drives people into the little pubs to huddle around the fireplace and find fellowship in song. I loved the ruins of the old, bankrupt castles and I loved the low farm houses with their slate and even shatch roofs and ever-present wisps of peat smoke coming from the chimney. I loved the little towns, the craggy cliffs of Moher, the barren rocky hills and the poverty of the land that saps the arrogance from man and makes him humble. And I loved the stark, cold loneliness of the sea at Galway, the crowded friendliness of Murty Kelly's Pub, the faded grandeur of Dubratty Castle where we ate last night in Medieval

style. I loved the open faces and
wholesome good looks of the people.
I loved the mysterious, inexplicable
sense of deja vu which I experienced
as we came around a corner and looked
upon a little house that sat on a
slight, gentle hill near the turn in
the road and I felt I had lived
there once, in a time long past, and had
walked in the courtyard of the church
nearly where graves are marked with
tall Celtic crosses. As I leave after
two charming days, I promise myself
that I shall come back again,
maybe next time in summer. And
I understand a bit of the romantic
pull which Erin has exerted on
all those tens, even hundreds of
thousands who left there, driven by
necessity to seek new homes in the
U.S.A. Sentimental folk, the Irish,
to compose love songs to a country,
especially a country they left,
now I understand just a bit more
how they left it but never gave
it up.

Jan. 27, '80

Jimmy Carter made what was probably his best received speech to date in the state of the Union message Wednesday night. He came down strong on Russia's invasion of Afghanistan, warned that an attempt to take over the Persian Gulf area would come sharply into conflict with our vital interests, and would be resisted by all means necessary, including armed force. The Congress cheered him roundly and the next day we passed the resolution asking a boycott of the Summer Olympics in Moscow, with only 12 dissenting votes in the House. Ted Kennedy, soundly beaten by Carter in Iowa last week, will try to regroup with a "foreign policy" speech tomorrow. I fear he will try to dispute the President's position in the Afghan and Iranian crises. It could be hurtful to all we're trying to do, and it won't help Kennedy in my opinion. There's at least some hope in Iran with the election yesterday of Bani-Sader.

Feb. 3, 1980

Chicago. Was in New York Thursday night with Leo Zepheretti, had dinner with George Mallick and some of his international banking and business connections Friday, and here last night for a fund raising in behalf of Candice Collins. Three entirely different functions -- different crowds, different themes, different people. The differences themselves were fascinating, and each event in its own way peculiarly American.

The Zepheretti affair was a dinner sponsored by the Cathedral Club, a Catholic civic organization which annually since 1900 has sponsored a dinner at which it honors some citizen as Man of the Year. This year it was my colleague Leo Zepheretti. The honor gets to select the speaker for the occasion, and Leo asked me. I was honored to do it, of course. Previous speakers have included JFK, LBJ, HHH, and Nelson Rockefeller. The Bishop is always present to give his blessing to the evening. Bishop Mugavero is an engaging personality, with most of the characteristics which one would expect to see in a highly successful politician. He and I had a discussion

at dinner, in fact, about the many similarities in our two professions -- the pastoral work, which equates with the individual casework of a Congressman, the need to be patient and understanding if possible even with unlovely people among our respective flocks, the difficulties in budgeting one's time to leave a little amid the activist schedules for study and thought preparation. The crowd was basically mid-America, patriotic, respectful of society's need for law and order.

The next night's group was unique, a varied assortment of European bankers, Pakistani and Lebanese investors, and U.S. business associates of George's. The German consul was there. George's New York attorney, Martin Weisberg, along with my friend Lou Rubin, mingled with the Arabic foursome without apparent uneasiness on the part of either. The conversation was international, with varied opinions over the meaning of Russia's Afghanistan invasion, and -- to a degree at least -- over the

best direction for the U.S. response to take. Germans, French, Pakistanis - all were well informed of the international nuances, each unwilling -- most in fact anxious -- to express his opinion. A stimulating evening. Betty was with me for Friday and early Saturday together in New York. She enjoyed it, but felt that the evening wore on a bit long. We excused ourselves at about one o'clock a.m.

Last night's dinner, aimed at raising funds for Cardiac Collins' reelection campaign here in the very heart of Chicago's downtown, was billed as a "toast and roast." Probably 90% of the crowd was black. I feared that they'd invited me as their "token redneck," and they loved it.

Tonight, back in Washington, I'll speak to the National Ass'n of School Boards. There'll be 100 or so school board members from Texas, I'm told. Each year we have five or six from the Fort Worth area, usually accompanied by some family members. Another distinctive crowd. If it weren't for the refreshing variety, this job would be much more tiring than it is.

Feb 8, '80

Guy Vander Jagt and President Carter spoke at the Presidential Prayer Breakfast yesterday. Guy was eloquent, as I knew he would be when I recommended him for this annual opportunity. President Carter was inspiring. I was moved by both speeches, as I believe most of those 3,000 or so in attendance were. It was a lift I needed. It gave me a sense of redirection. I had come, resentful of not having slept well and flagellating myself for having accepted all the engagements which had kept me up late every night and gotten me up early every morning this week. Resentful of the time required by the breakfast and the predictable traffic slows which would delay my reaching the office until about 9:45 after having left home at 6:45 so as to be in place on time to perform as table host, and grumpy over my two or three hours of sleep the night before, I tried unsuccessfully to cajole the Scout Service into letting me slip out the closest door if I could make my way there before the President's departure. They, following their rigid orders, had declined. Then Morgan Maxfield, at my table, started haranguing Treasury Secretary Miller and me about the effect of deficits on the economy. I thought it inappropriate to the

time and place and told him so, too
brevely. So that was my mood when
the program began. Driven by time pressures
and mounting fatigue, it had been moving
in that direction for several days. And
so I was in need of redirection, of the
benign influence of what we Christians call
the Holy Spirit. From Vander Jagt, the
Republican leader whom I had recommended
for this task and from the President's
words I received just that. It was as
though the two had been divinely in-
spired to say precisely those things I
needed most to hear.

As result, even with the lack
of rest and a maddening schedule,
I was able to glide through the day,
including my own speech yesterday
noon at the National Press Club, and
a disappointing meeting of the conference
committee on subjects which broke
up short of a critical agreement on which
I'd been counting, a successful
blunting of an ill-timed floor attack
upon the Colorado River delimitation
program, and a barrage of Republican
criticism surrounding our scheduling
decisions. As emotionally as I some-
times allow myself to be on subjects
affecting energy and Mexico, I was
able without any real effort to main-
tain a calm, equable and even loving
approach toward my position's detractors.
"yet, not I." It was the Holy
Spirit. Alleluia!

President Carter's plea was for personal growth of spirit. Specifically, he talked of not only forgiving but praying for our detractors and those who oppose us and ~~despitefully~~ use us. That is a hard doctrine to practice. But it is not impossible. The admonition comes for me at a peculiarly propitious time. I pray that I may be able to embrace it truly and not just as an intellectual abstraction in the days that lie ahead this year. In the past week I've had enough reports of dirty tricks and hate-filled malice being plotted against me in the upcoming political campaign to cause severe foreboding. Hugh Farmer called to warn me of the mental attitude of Chuck Silcox, my primary opponent. Hugh says he has affidavits from three of his own employees attesting that Silcox tried to bribe them, offered them money to steal from Hugh's office any documents that could be used to damage him in the Mayor's race last year. Also I was told of a conversation in which Z. Joe Thornton, as sort of "hired gun" for Jim Bradshaw's Republican campaign,

reportedly had offered financial support to "Steel" Richardson if he, running against County Commissioner Lynn Gregory, would expose Carlos Moore's prison record. Then, according to the reported plan, Bradshaw et al could remind the public that Carlos once worked for a Congressional committee by my recommendation. Worse still, Herman Jung, manager of Green Oaks Inn, called to tell Joe that Don Haner had approached him with an insulting proposal that he (Jung) should start a whispering campaign against me including a variety of slanderous suggestions to the effect that I was either a homosexual or a notorious womanizer (it didn't seem to matter to Don which story Herman should tell.) Well!! Obviously the coming months will be disagreeable in the extreme. They will try my patience very severely. They'll make it excruciatingly difficult for me to cultivate and maintain a frame of mind conducive to facing each day with love in my heart, forgiving and even praying for those who deliberately and intentionally try to do me injury. But Jimmy Carter is right. The most healthy attitude is just that. I intend to try, knowing that it won't be easy and that I may have occasional lapses of anger and frustration at the very best.

Feb. 18, '80

I've spent the last ten days-- the traditional Lincoln's Birthday recess-- in Texas. Except for brief trips to Houston, Waco and Austin, I spent the time in Fort Worth, making a total of fifteen speeches to as many different groups whose numbers aggregate, to the best of my rough calculation, about 3,800 people. I found time to talk with a lot of folks individually. As result, I believe I have a hard race ahead this year. I believe I can win it, but the opposition is well organized and well financed. There is a conservative tide running. The national Republican Committee is spending lavishly on probably superficially convincing TV spots which blame our various ills upon the Democratic Congress. Bradshaw and company will be beneficiaries of whatever credibility that campaign masters in Tarrant County. I still have lots of friends; people seem to feel I've done a good job for Tarrant County. But there is an insidious appeal in the general, rather widespread if slightly ambivalent desire for a change.

Over the week-end, we went to Austin and thence to Wimberly for a family-style celebration of Emma's 80th birthday. As many as 50 people in all crowded into Betty's house, up yonder, and Emma beamed radiantly

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throughout the festivities. She was wearing the green velvet hostess gown that Betty picked for us to send her last Christmas. People came from Dallas and Houston, and there was a good smattering of local people who'd met Emma ⁱⁿ Wimberly when she has visited Betty and Stilly from time to time. We saw wild deer that come to feed just outside the picture window of that splendid, comfortable house. The young people enjoyed putting out the feed and watching the wild life. Some of them saw a flock of wild turkeys feeding there on Sunday morning-- a rare sight indeed!

On Sunday, Betty Lee read the lesson at the Little Episcopal Church which she and others of the neighborhood helped build across the road from Down Yonder, the other lodge. We all drove down together, swelling the congregation to an unaccustomed size. It was a fine experience, even if Mary Nell, Betch and Peter found something to criticize in the rector's message. If I am enroute to Washington, I'll stop off tonight in Georgia for a speech at a fund-raiser for Ed Jenkins.

Feb. 27, '80

Back in session a week, and it seems like a month. After several slow and inconclusive sessions of the House energy conferees, we may be ready to make some progress. Today, the Speaker home with the flu, I met with Byrd, Jackson, Bennett, Johnston and House conferees Moorhead & Duggell. A small group will meet tomorrow morning to see if we can agree on the remaining issues in Title I of the Synfuels bill. I think there is at last the will to find agreement even if it means settling for less than perfect.

Today, in spite of my best efforts, the Appropriations Defense sub-committee voted against appropriating the money requested by Carter for registration. What a lousy shame. Tomorrow's news accounts will send a message to the world that we aren't united, that the Congress isn't behind the President in his resolve to resist Russia's threat to world peace. I pleaded with Sabo, Stewart, Coughlin and Conte to no avail. Traxler and Bill Young, to their credit, voted right after we'd explained what was at stake.

Frankly, I just can't understand the mentality that turns a deaf ear to so plain a plea for the country. Two new members, Stewart and Sabo, seem to have no appreciation whatever for their having been favored by their colleagues with a post on the Appropriations Committee. I wish it were possible to remove them, but there's no way under the rules. This is the first and only time I've ever asked either of the two for a vote in the name of the leadership. They have no sense whatever of any responsibility to the party -- or, more importantly, to the country!

We did end the day with one victory. We finally passed the special Central American aid bill after a week of acrimonious, jingoistic attacks by the Republicans. This signals that we are determined to compete with the Cubans and Russians for the allegiance of our neighbors in the hemisphere.

Mar. 8, '80

It is Saturday. I had hoped to spend this day at ease, putting around the house, being unhurried, having some time with Betty. This is the week-end I had reserved for our personal recuperation. But it is not to be.

Today - and tomorrow, Sunday - I've had to commit to an extraordinary exercise to find ways to balance the budget and otherwise initiate reforms to arrest and reverse the inflation.

We are meeting today and tomorrow in a room off the Senate Chamber. Bob Byrd will chair the meetings here. I'll chair them if they have to resume Monday, on the House side. We have House and Senate Chairmen of Budget, Appropriations, Ways & Means. The Administration is represented by Miller, McEntyre, Schultze, Kahn and their techni-

cal experts. We are trying to identify those places where we can honestly hope to defer or cancel expenditures of a magnitude sufficient to make real budgetary impacts. It isn't easy. We'll need almost \$20 billion in expenditure cuts or revenue additions to Carter's January budget submission in order safely to assure a balance.

And why balance? Well, it's important. It hasn't been done in 12 years -- only twice in the past 20. A lot of people, including many involved with the turbulent financial markets, believe it an absolutely indispensable key to restoring confidence necessary to turn around this wholly unacceptable 18% inflation rate. America cannot survive as a viable economy with 18% interest rates. And so we try. We find some cuts on which we can agree. It is tedious. It is painful. We're swimming against the current.

The sixth day of prolonged budget meetings. It is an extraordinary exercise. We've found about \$16 billion worth of budget cuts which we think we all can embrace. The consensus is remarkable. Bob Byrd is admirably patient and persistent. We'll be recommending other structural initiatives to the President. But we can see the makings of a balanced budget for fiscal '81.

Hooray! Finally - at long last - we've finished Title I of the Signaels bill in conference. Now to move on to the other, less troublesome titles. This one has tried my patience sorely. Too often I've let in exasperate me!

Mar. 15, '80

It's Saturday again. The past week is almost a blur. Much movement. This time, much progress too. We finished the preliminary work in our extraordinary leadership budget sessions, met with Jimmy Carter Thursday night and assured him of our ability to balance 1981's budget. We also pleaded with him, in an almost unanimous voice, to use this as a time and a means to reduce the madly soaring interest rate. In that fashion so characteristic of him, he listened and made notes. Then, yesterday, he unveiled his program. Most of it is just what we'd discussed -- an oil import fee, credit controls to slow the credit card binge in consumer debt, some rather vague promises for future actions on productivity. All in all, good. In spite of the predictable efforts of the commentators to disparage and destroy confidence, it probably will have a positive effect. I just hope it's strong enough.

Betty and I are in Florida. We came for a speech in Pensacola for Earl Hutto last night. I'll speak tonight at Fort Walton Beach. This has been a marvelously relaxing day. People have let us alone.

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Florida

Sunday, Mar. 16

I'm sitting here on the Gulf Coast shore of the long peninsula which stretches between the Gulf and the Intra-Coastal waterway which carries commerce along Florida's panhandle. Betty and I have enjoyed some wondrously unhurried hours yesterday and this morning. We are at a beach house owned by Dr. Gerald Hollingsworth. I look out across the sun deck upon white caps waves which break on the shore scarcely 40 yards away. The sand here is almost unbelievably white. The dunes between here and the inland waterway could be mistaken for snow drifts, so white is the sand.

Mar 23, '80

It is Sunday again. We are returning to Washington after a week end in Fort Worth.

The past week has seen the swift formal approval of the Spring Budget resolution by the House Budget Committee. With the assistance of a very firm hand from Bob Haimo, we finished work on the document after a hard-driving three days at about

11:30 pm last Thursday. For the first time since the creation of the Budget process, we've reported a budget which is not only balanced but in a substantial surplus. If we assume enactment of the proposed tax reform which would recoup an estimated \$3.3 billion in additional revenues, then our budget will yield a surplus of some \$5.3 billion!

The experience was excruciating at times, tearing at the fabric of Democratic party unity. Louis Stokes denounced the effort as essentially undemocratic and inhuman. He promised the opposition of the whole black caucus membership. Lin Holtzman, who never votes for the resolution any way, tried unsuccessfully

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to restore cuts for all the
big-ticket social programs
in New York. Steve Solarz,
after trying unsuccessfully
to put back in some \$1.2
billion in essentially social
spending, offered in the end
a \$6 billion spending res-
toration balanced off by a
demagogic increase in taxes
on the oil companies. He'd
do away with depletion and
expense deductions for inter-
gible drilling costs. We de-
feated him soundly, but
his effort has the makings
of a bitter potential struggle
within the party if he offers
it in the House.

Bob Gianno and Dave
Obey had words. Sparks
flew. I was able to calm

them both down eventually,
but not after some pyro-
Technics.

Ultimately, we got a
majority of the Democrats'
votes for the Resolution, but
a phalanx of liberals voted
against it, portending trouble
on the floor. We got all the
Republican votes save one,
Rudd did not vote. This is
the first bi-partisan bud-
get resolution on the House
side, although Muskie and
Bellmon regularly have
produced a bi-partisanly
supported effort in the
Senate.

I was tired when we
left the Capitol at almost
midnight on Thursday.
A lingering touch of fatigue
has followed me in Texas
this week-end. But I
think I brought everything

off satisfactorily. Friday
night I spoke at the annual
Chamber of Commerce banquet
at Grapevine. The response was
overwhelming. Bradshaw attended
I can't imagine why. The
experience must have been
discouraging to him. On Sat-
urday Betty and I attended
the Celebrity Breakfast.
Then had a meeting with a
group of our campaign support-
ers. On Saturday night we
met with some local auto
dealers. They have a poten-
tially serious problem result-
ing from the artificially high
interest rates. Sales are
off and they fear a rash
of business failures. Lisa
unfortunately has bought a new
Pinto - \$5,000 worth! And in
hock for four years!! I wish
she hadn't. She had done it
before she let me know. She
surely can't afford those payments -

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Mar. 30, '80

Another week. Another Sunday. Another
airline flight. Returning once more from
Fort Worth via Braniff. The past week
has been a modest plus, I think. We
made some progress in reducing the
remaining points of disagreement in the
energy bill conference. It is disappoint-
ing to me that we can't finish it by
Easter, but it moves even if at a
slow rhythm. On the home front and in
the campaign, I think you've made
gains. On Wednesday, Al Casey spoke
to the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce
luncheon. He - President of American
airlines - told the assembled business
crowd of my help in the company's
time of moving to Fort Worth. He
gave me credit publicly for persuading
Mike Blumenthal to override and reverse
an underlying ruling on bond taxability.
Coming after a Star telegram story
crediting me with helping TCI and TWC
and local hospitals with exemptions from
the Windfall Profits Tax, this should be
helpful. Mack Williams did a front
page story in the News Tribune quoting
Casey's remarks. They weren't quoted in the
Star Tel. On Friday night I went to
the Gridiron. Bradshaw and I were called
to the stage at half-time. He couldn't
read his lines, and that was fairly
obvious to the crowd. But I was attacked
by a letter written by a right-winger. 197

fanatic named Newell and sent to all
Church of Christ members in Tarrant
County -- a mailing of some 30,000
I think. The letter exhorted its read-
ers to stand fast for Christianity
in a godless world. Then, in an
incomprehensible turn, the second
page of the three-page missive be-
gan to equate me with all things
evil -- the Trilateral Commission
and that sort of thing. It gave
Bradshaw good marks as a fine,
upstanding Christian but painted
me as somehow as anti-Christian.
It is part of a very fundamen-
talistic attitude which somehow man-
ages to identify political conservatism
with righteousness and morality,
and political liberalism with low
moral values and idolatry. Maybe
I can counter this somehow.
Anyway, I think this week was
in sum total, a political plus
for me.

April 14, '80

The Springtime is in full flower. Both Texas and Washington flourish in nature's finery. We've been mostly in Fort Worth during the Easter break, but I flew back to Washington for meetings with Anwar Sadat. How fortunate, I thought, that our visitor could have come just when he did -- The forsythia as yellow as butter, the tulip trees wreathed in flower, the lacy light pink of the cherry blossoms circling the tidal basin, and Lady Bird Johnson's tulips beginning to bud in all their public planting places beside the wide streets. President Carter's mission is peace. The setting of nature's stage could not have been more conducive to resurgent hope. Sadat was in a good mood when I visited with him on last Wednesday. He spoke hopefully with about 50 members of Congress at a coffee I hosted

and with a luncheon attended
by 20 people at the State Dept.

An interesting sidelight:
Sadat's schedule was, as always
seems to occur, too crowded for
comfort. He arrived at the Capitol
at least 30 minutes behind
schedule after morning sessions
with Carter and others at the
White House. Remembering my
own occasional discomfort when
rushed from one meeting to
another, sipping coffee in meek
sociability at each, I asked
the Capitol police to keep the
men's room nearest to our path
from the horseshoe entrance se-
cured just in case Egypt's
President might find a panel
refreshing before entering our
session of more coffee and con-
versation in the Foreign Affairs
Committee room. When his
limousine arrived and he stepped

out to greet me with the customary abazo, I whispered that there was a men's room on the way in case he'd like to stop. His face reflected mingled relief and disbelief. "Thank God," he said. "You are the only one who has remembered that necessity. Now I see why you are the leader!"

Texas, too, was beautiful. The bluebonnets are in bloom. The Highway Department has done a fine job of scattering their seeds along our highway rights-of-way. We had rain. The pastures needed it. They are greening up nicely, but our rainfall thus far has been slightly sub-normal, and C. A. Woolsey says the ground moisture is very shallow. The campaign is warming up -- much too soon for my taste. The Republicans are busy spreading their negative propaganda. The newspapers are playing into their hands to some

degree by making my race a cause
celebre and encouraging the expectation
of a close, hard-fought contest. In
the past, I've usually managed to
put off strictly campaign pronounc-
ments until after Labor Day. But
that hasn't been possible this time.
The Press Club scheduled a "debate"
for Saturday, April 5 and announced
it together with an announcement
of my participation before even
checking with me to see if that date
was possible for me or if I even
were going to be in town. As it
turned out, it was okay. I am
satisfied -- not joyously pleased but
satisfied -- with that day's results --
all four candidates (two in each
primary) were there. Bradshaw's
crowd came early, noisily, osten-
tationously into the hall, wearing
caps and buttons and waving
banners. They cheered their man
loudly when he made his sim-
plistic assertion that government
spending is the sole cause of
inflation. But our friends were
there, too, not quite so intima-
ting in their demeanor but

strong in affirmative response when
I answered questions from the panel.
There were about 150 people able
to crowd into the limited space. Of
these, I'd guess that 60 were Brad-
shaw's partisans, a roughly equal num-
ber (perhaps more like 50) were my
friends, and the rest were newsmen,
neutrals and friends of Silcox and/or
Ryan. Maybe all the hoopla served
one purpose in shaking my supporters
from their natural complacency. The
polls I've taken show me to be
comfortably out in front. But that
can't hold. The viciousness of the
attacks now brewing will surely
shake some of my support away
from me. I am trying to mobilize
my friends. There is a malaise
over the economy. People are worried
about the inflation and the high
interest rates. They don't see any
solutions in sight. They're in a
mood to look for someone to blame.
Unless the economy improves, this
could spell trouble for Democrats
this year.

April 20, '80

This has been the most restful, relaxing day I've spent in a long while. No deadlines, no responsibilities. Betty and I took Ginger and the two boys to the show and dinner last night, and today (Sunday) we've just been lazy. We saw Breaking Away, the best upbeat lift my spirits have had from a movie since Rocky. What a shame Hollywood seems to think it's unprofessional to make anything but a downbeat film these days. Movies once were fun! It's refreshing to see a good one again, rare as the experience has become. Today I spent watering the yard, working with the plants, soaking up some sunshine. Most of last year's plants survived their winter nicely in the basement. The roses look good. The bushes stem fuller after the pruning I gave them last fall. The Lilac trees are in bloom. It was a beautiful day. Things are beginning to move at a faster clip in Congress. Next week we'll take up the House Budget Resolution. It will be a major test. Almost everyone -- excepting only the real ideological liberals -- is paying lip service to the balanced budget concept, but there are a dozen different basic formulae for getting

There. The scenario calls for several options to be available under the rule. But there is potential for trouble, particularly for Democrats. We need to produce a success. We need to give a chance to Paten Mitchell, Dave Obey, Steve Solary and Phil Gramm -- and we need to reject each of their amendments and then pass the budget resolution. Things could get side-tracked. We'll need to defeat the Republican substitute, but we'll need Republican votes to pass the resolution, since we'll lose black caucus, big city and liberal Democrats in the process of rejecting their amendments. But we've never before been able to count on the GOP for passage of the Spring resolution. We had their help in the committee for the first time this year, but it's touchy. They'd like nothing better than to embarrass us. They cringe at the very thought of a Democratic Congress adopting a balanced budget. They've cried out so loudly for one, and so long, that they'll be hard pressed, I think, to vote against a resolution which honestly produces one, painful though it is to see Democrats succeed. At least, that's the hope we peg it all on next week.

May 18, '80

It has been a month, lacking
just two days, since I've written
here. Events has sped by at such
a dizzying pace that it seems
three times as long. In some ways
it seems a year since that Thurs-
day night, April 24, when the
telephone rang at midnight with
Cyrus Vance telling me the sad,
almost maddening news of the
abortive rescue attempt in Iran.
I could not sleep thereafter. I
paced the floor, tried to read,
sought surcease by watching
television - all to no avail. I
had reacted angrily to Vance's
call. Betty said how did I sup-
pose the President must feel,
if I was made so despondent.
So I called back, tried to be
more reassuring, sought for
words of comfort and encour-
agement for Vance to give to the
President. All I really could think
of was that Kennedy had sur-
vived the Bay of Pigs and gone
on to a revival of his prestige -

two

Then followed those days of explanation to a shocked public. But how proud of the public I became. They draw together in times of severe national trial. At home that weekend, before assorted groups, I encountered the same reaction everywhere. Deeply sorry for the failure but glad that he had tried. It cleared the air.

And then, in one more week, I went with Carter to San Antonio to visit the survivors of the crash at the burn center there. Then came the budget battle. We turned back every amendment - five by Republicans, six by Democrats. And then the Texas primary - I was pleasantly surprised that more Democrats than Republicans in my district turned out to the polls. Still, the total numbers were disappointing - and the margin not as impressive as I'd really like. Still, I'm feeling better about the election than I was for a while. Maybe I'm just getting accustomed to the idea of its inevitability. But I certainly

June 8, '80

Managua, Nic.

Here, at the request of President Carter, I am about to meet the leaders of this turmoil-stricken country and try to move them an inch or two in our direction. Last week, I spearheaded a counter-attack which blunted the assault on aid to this country. Bauman and other right-wingers had enjoyed a field day the previous week, launching a parliamentary diatribe against the "Communists" who they said were ruling Nicaragua and ridiculing our efforts to help the forces of moderation here as an exercise in "giving our money to Castro."

It took an effort to defeat a Republican-led amendment which would have denied any economic assistance to Nicaragua. Bauman & Co. had succeeded on the week before in cutting out of the foreign assistance bill the modest \$5 million earmarked for military aid -- mostly for trucks and communications equipment. They'd found a scapegoat for their blatant anti-communist rhetoric and seemed

absolutely intent on driving Nicaragua
into the arms of Castro. We could
not let this happen. Among other
things, we invited Arturo Cruz,
a moderate member of the ruling
junta, to come to Washington for
a series of meetings with members
of Congress. We were able to elicit
attendance from some 30 to 35 of
~~the~~ membership, and this helped some.
Finally, I offered a substitute for
the Bauman amendment which allows
the aid to help this little nation
rebuild its war-ravaged economy
but requires our president to report
at 90 day intervals to Congress on
the internal situation here, with par-
ticular regard to human and
political rights and progress toward
elections. ¶ It is touch and go.
There are radical, even Marxist
elements in the junta. The country
teeters between our way and Cuba's.
In one sense, we are rolling dice.
But I think it is worth the effort.
Central America is too important to
2000 us to abandon it.

Later - 6/8

This has been a very interesting day. It began with a visit to the Archbishop Ovarado y Bravo and mass at the beautiful old Church where he celebrated the Eucharist. He is a person of strong moral force and great strength of personality, an orator of considerable accomplishment and at some pains, I thought, to answer our questions with candor and scruple. He is incorruptible and, therefore, impervious to criticism by the Sardinistas, most of whom seem to have come under Marxist influence.

6/27/80

I was interrupted in the midst of the above intended recitation of events in Nicaragua and have not had a moment to return to this book in the intervening 19 days. Sorry I can't remember what I was intent upon recording when a crisis intruded. I do recall the sense of irritation at being cut off

from the thought. That is
a recurrent experience. In all
the things I do, the interrup-
tion of new or greater ur-
gencies seems always waiting,
with hand poised to knock
upon the door of my con-
centrating mind and jerk it
away from the object of its
temporary attention. I know
that I could do each job
I attempt better if only
there were fewer jobs needing
sudden, indeed immediate
attention. The nearly constant
clamor of members interrup-
ting my conversations ~~with~~
problems, urgent to them,
before I can fully or properly
respond to the problem with
which I'm grappling at
the moment, sometimes
makes me feel like fleeing
the House floor. It is
particularly disconcerting

When I'm trying to get the drift of the opposition's attack during debate so as to marshal my wits for a rejoinder, to have some colleague come and engage me in conversation about some scheduling problem — important to him, admittedly but extraneous to the issue upon which I'm trying to concentrate. The quality of my contributions to the public debate has suffered in recent weeks because of this, I regret to say. And sometimes toward the end of a day, my mind still trying to sort out the cacaphony of different subjects with which it has been compelled to deal, it has trouble coming to focus upon ~~the~~ ^{some} new alarm. Well, that's a gloomy Jeremiad, and I'll feel better after a week end in Fort Worth, ~~whithera~~ Betty and I are heading now via Braniff —

Sun, Dec. 7, '80

Throughout the more than five months which have intervened since I last wrote here, I've carried this book in my luggage which I take with me on airline trips, hoping to find odd moments when I could jot down a thought or two. To do so simply has not been convenient at any time in these activist weeks.

To chronicle all that has happened, or even any major part of it, now would be impossible. I could not summon all of it to mind. Some of it was painful, including my repeated frustrations with the Star Telegram and the apparent intimidation of its editors by my political opposition in the recent election. It is blissfully merciful that nature has provided us with the capacity to forget, or at least to dull the remembrance of, painful experiences. Otherwise, it is said, no woman would give birth to a second child.

Much of what has occurred is well recorded history, I suppose. My own political context, from which we emerged with a gratifying victory of some 61%, was better chronicled in the media than any in which I've personally engaged. It rankled me often that New York, Los Angeles, even Australian newspapers were contently hovering around like carion crows salivating

at the prospect of the defeat of leadership figures by right wing opponents. They seemed intent on portraying mine as a close race. I learned afterward of the vast relief of our friends throughout the country and their amazement at the size of my victory, their minds having been conditioned to think that my political demise might be imminent.

At that, the winds of change took a terrible toll of leading Democrats - Brademas, Ullman, Corman and Ashley in the House, along with others; Church, Bayh, Mc Govern in the Senate. Almost everyone views the results as a major disaster for the Democrats. While we still hold on to a thin margin in the House, there's a sense of foreboding among our ranks. The Republicans had maybe three times as much money in all, ~~well~~ ^{cleverly} organized ~~the~~ attack groups, some guarding as "non-partisan", spent a lot on their essentially negative campaign designed to tap the mounting unrest created by world events and fanned by the media's constant impression of American governmental impotence. The Terry Dolans of such groups as NCPAC are crowing of their victories, claiming much credit for the Republican tide, boasting of what they'll do in '82. Already they have

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publicly targeted numerous Senate Democrats including Lloyd Bentsen and a few House leaders including me. It is hard to appraise whether this will hurt -- and, if so, how much.

I am still trying to pay off some remaining bills from last month's election. It was far and away the most costly I've had to encounter.

Ultimately, I believe, the inevitable excesses of this right-wing crowd will be their own undoing. Just as Joe McCarthy was riding high 30 years ago and finally came a cropper, just as the Ku Klux Klan finally nauseated the public with its outrages, just so will the arrogance of this present group create its own backlash. But in the process, these virulent movements whose leaders feed on hate and fear can do great damage.

It will be my goal in these next two years to help present a demonstration of a responsible Democratic majority in the House, capable of working with the President on broad national objectives, not being obstructive to those goals which the public endorses, but never surrendering our basic commitment to the social and economic gains we've set in motion in the past 50 years.

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It was just exactly 39 years ago today (on a Sunday like today) that the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. It is one of the few days which almost every American of my age, I suppose, can remember vividly -- just when we were, with whom we were, when we heard the stunning news.

During the past several days we have been conducting the biennial orientation for new members. On Friday night, Betty and I held a dinner for the newcomers and their wives in the Gold Room. We had the Singing Sergeants for entertainment. They all seemed really to enjoy it, as their predecessors did two years ago. Tonight, Tip and Millie will be hosts for a similar party in Statuary Hall. The Caucus begins tomorrow. There are fewer Democrats. We'll have a harder time producing majorities for controversial projects. We need to pull together and to launch a coordinated, well financed effort to reclaim our position in the 1982 elections. There is a lot of enthusiasm among the members, but we've been badly outspent by the Republican congressional campaign committees.

Dec 8, 80

Today I was reelected to a third term as majority Leader. There was no opposition. Tip was chosen Speaker again, of course. I picked Tom Foley for Whip and Bill Alexander for Chief Deputy Whip. It's a good team, both having clearly earned their spurs. Dan Rostenkowski, after a long period of vacillation, chose to take the Chairmanship of Ways & Means. We made some changes in the rules, adding Ways & Means, Appropriations, Rules and Budget chairmen to the Steering and Policy Committee.

The Republicans made their leadership choices too. In what were to me mild but rather pleasant surprises, Bob Michel defeated Guy Vander Jagt for minority Leader and Trent Lott was chosen Whip over Bud Shuster. I'm not sure what it portends but in the past Michel and Lott have been marginally less vocal and partisan than Guy and Bud.

I am tired physically tonight. Didn't get quite enough sleep last night. It was a beautiful, almost Spring-like day in Washington. There still are roses on one of the vines in our front yard. The weathermen say all this will come to an end by Friday.

Dec. 21, 80

It is a nice, lazy, unhurried Sunday morning. Betty still sleeps. I've just listened to Robert Schuller on The Hour of Power television broadcast. I often do nowadays, telling myself it is a suitable substitute for bestirring myself and physically attending a church. Maybe I still feel a little twinge of guilt -- remnant of the Puritan ethic -- for not undertaking the personal inconvenience to add my presence to swell by one the physical numbers in attendance at some church. I always feel better for having attended. The whole week seems to go better somehow when I do. But, then, there is at least some merit (self-sewing comfort, perhaps?) in the thought that the hassle and hurry of getting ready, driving to church, fretting about being late or on time are potentially destructive of the mood essential to worship. Often, particularly when in Fort Worth, the surrounding of friends and the awareness of the social side of things makes it just a bit more difficult for me to cultivate the necessary mental

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attitude for worship. The other side of the question is told in a funny little vignette which I remember, after all these years, from Weatherford. It was a Sunday morning in 1955, the first year of my service in Congress. Speaker Rayburn had invited me to drive up for Sunday dinner with him in Bonham. We were to discuss plans for a dinner to feature him in Fort Worth. I was to stop in Fort Worth and pick up Raymond Buck and John Connally. It probably was about 8:30 or 9:00 am when I left the square. A red traffic light stopped ^{me} at the corner by the Post Office. There, coming out from the Post Office, was Rev. Roland Murray, my minister. He hailed me. "Going to see 'the bishop', I hear!" That was his reference to Speaker Rayburn. Feeling a little sheepish at being caught leaving town on a Sunday morning, I said, "Yes, but I don't really figure to miss church. I'll turn on the radio in the car and tune into a service. If I sing when they sing and if I pray when they pray, that will be equal

to going to Church, won't it, Padre?"

Roland had his answer ready.

"Sure, Jim, you can sing when they sing and you can pray when they pray. But what are you going to do when they pass the collection plate?" It was fortunate for me that the light changed just then, because I couldn't think of an answer.

Dec. 22, 1980

Today I am 58 years old. Generally, I guess I'm in better health than most folks my age, and that's a greater blessing than anyone ever seems to realize. Only when our health begins to fail do we begin to appreciate the boon of physical well-being. I've been permitted to do in life what I've wanted to do. My career is ascending, not descending. That is a rare treasure, considering all the fellows who dreamed their dreams but never got to do their thing, stuck instead by financial necessity or blocked opportunity in some job or line of

work they took many years ago
as a "temporary detour" from the
path of their real ambitions. Lucky
is the man who gets to ply his
talents in the field he personally
chose. If my family is okay, and
there's no feud or hard feeling between
me and any of my loved ones. At
least, I think there's none. If it
exists, I don't know it. Oh, yes,
I worry some about Lisa and hope
she'll get her attitudes worked out
in a healthy way -- and I wonder
if Jimmy and Kay are going to
do all right financially. I guess
fathers need to worry some. If I'm
happily married, and that's an
enormous blessing. I guess if I
have any regrets on this 58th
birthday, it is that I have let
time slip by without spending
more time with my children.
All in all, I've done as well as
I've deserved to do. A fellow really
shouldn't ask for more.

Dec. 26, '80

Christmas Day behind us, we are flying to Austin for a family reunion at Betty Lee's place in Wimberley - all the assorted grand-kids, nephews and nieces will be there. It will be the first full-scale reunion we've had, the first time in many years that all of us have been together at one time - the first time ever for Chris, Eric, Kevin & Steven. Betty Lee has organized it all with her usual junkies-like precision. Ginger, Kay and Mike are flying down with the little boys in a private plane. Betty and I are going commercial. We'll rendezvous at Austin, then be met by someone Betty Lee will have dispatched and driven to Wimberley, where she has it all worked out just exactly where everybody will sleep. I think my youngest sister may have been a Prussian General in some earlier incarnation.

For weeks Ronald Reagan has been going through the usual snake dance of picking his cabinet.

There has been the usual spate of rumors, the customary coyness on the part of the transition team and the President-elect, the appalled gasps and viewing with alarm or disdain by avowed columnists as identities of various appointees have trickled out two and three at a time. Perhaps I am jaded by now but, try as I might, I had difficulty working up either much curiosity before the fact or much enthusiasm by way of after-the-fact reaction. I'd never heard of several of the people, which certainly is no discredit to them. Their principal distinctions seem to be in the business world for the main. That was predictable. Right now, most of the alarmists are pointing a bit shrilly to Al Haig, Secretary of State designee, for his ministerial presence in the Nixon White House at the time of Watergate, and to former S. C. Governor James Edward Edwards for his supposed insensitivity to the environment, also the

designer for Interior Secretary (Watt).
Edwards, a dentist by profession,
has been chosen for Secretary of
Energy. He ^(Edwards) has made some
very superficial statements about
abolishing that department. It
won't be done, of course -- at
least the functions it performs
will not be abolished, and I
seriously doubt that Congress
would consent to their being dis-
sembled. Professional environmen-
talists think of Watt as an astro-
gotic vandal of environmental
protections and rail and flail
against his selection. There
also is some quashing of teeth
about a remark made by the
lady professor whom Reagan has
designated to our U.N. ambassador-
ship. She said something to the
effect that we would rather
have a "mildly repressive" regime
in some foreign country which
was pro-U.S. than to have a
fastidious observer of civil liberties
ism which was anti-U.S. This
set the libertarian spokesmen
adithes. In point of fact, I

really can't think of any actual government which does decidedly protect its citizens' civil and political rights that isn't pro-U. S. in its foreign policy. The argument actually comes down to whether we prefer a rightist or leftist repressor, and the extent to which we realistically can expect to influence the terms of domestic policy ~~to~~ practiced in other countries.

In each of these matters (with the exception of the silly talk about "abolishing" the Department of Energy) I believe the public probably supports the general view being attributed to the appointees. There is, after all, something to be said for a President's having the people he wants in his cabinet. I expect they all will be confirmed, unless some journalistic sleuth digs up some scandal of sufficient scope to cause the withdrawal of some name. The only criticisms I'd offer would be the general lack of distinction or experience in government. But I should not prejudge.

Dec. 31, '80

The last day of this year, and a dismal year it has been for America's economy, for our collective hopes, for our self-perception as a people, for our national pride. As the year began, we still were reeling from the oil shortages and sudden price hikes of mid-'79, and trying desperately to grapple with an inflation which was being fed by petroleum prices, high interest rates, declining productivity and the soaring level of debt. Jimmy Carter and his principal advisors, Chas. Schultz and Stu Eizenstadt, seemed incapable of coming forth with a program as big or as bold as the problem itself. As I look back on President Carter's four years, that seems in retrospect to have been his fate all along -- He thought too small. Basically a good and decent man, he just wasn't able to come up with the big play, the

long pass, the dramatic initiative.
He was like a quarterback who
kept calling off-tackle plays
in hope that each would net
three or four yards and obviate
the need for a risky end-run,
a flashy double-reverse, a
tricky lateral or a long forward
pass. As result, he never arrested
the public imagination.

Actually, Carter was better than
he's credited with being. He never
got a decent press from the begin-
ning. During his first two years,
the volume of major presidential
requests which became law was
extremely impressive, but the public
never knew it. They were schooled
to believe that his relations with
Congress were abysmal. Those re-
lations in fact could have been
improved, but they were far
better on balance than they ever
seemed to the public to be. Many
times I said just that, publicly.
But usually such a comment was

ignored in the printed press, and verbally disputed by talk-show hosts.

Part of it was, I think, a matter of personality, of personal choice, of personal "style", as much as I dislike that overused word. Jimmy Carter was capable of excellent one-line humor when before a live audience. But somehow his public speeches were, by his own choice, pedestrian. He eschewed the picturesque figure of speech, the quotable quote. When speech writers presented him with Rooseveltian or Churchillian prose, Jimmy Carter would strike through it and substitute a humdrum, if grammatically correct, expression. He seemed apprehensive lest he overstate a case or appear affectations. As a result, his rhetoric seldom inspired. His was the penalty foreseen by Tzschornke, who wrote: "Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood." (Or was it "men's minds"?)

But the big thing which
doomed the Carter presidency, it
seems to me as I sit here watch-
ing this last sun set on 1980,
was the Iranian hostage outrage -
For 424 days, Americans have had
daily reminders of this preposterous
bit of barbarism which we as a
nation, unwilling to plunge the world
into another war, have been
powerless thus far to set aright.
In the whole scheme of things,
this bit of mule-headed folly
on the part of a stupid, fanatic
cal regime in a country of
dwindling power and negative
prestige has stood as a symbol
to Americans of the limits of
our government's power to perform.
It has made Americans feel
impotent, humiliated, frustrated
and vaguely ashamed of them-
selves. This, in the final analysis,
did Carter in.

This evening Betty and I will watch the New Year's arrival as it is celebrated on television. We'll drink a little champagne as we've done on each of the last five or six or more New Year's Eves, here in our own house, just the two of us. Maybe we'll think fleetingly of Ronald Reagan and wish him better luck than his predecessor had -- better luck with the press, better luck with the public, better luck with the world. For Jimmy and Rosalyn, of whom we became personally fond, we'll shed a little tear. But we won't weep bitterly. In one way it might be a tear of joy. Jimmy and Rosalyn are just about to be liberated from a job which just may be the world's most oppressive prison.