CHAPTER 6

CONGRESS AND STRATEGY: HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW

"We're not just offering this to you," Jim Senitall said with a great deal of seriousness. "We're strongly urging you to do it."

Clark Schooler should have known that something unusual was about to happen to him. Clark had been asked to stop by the Washington Bureau of the Patriot Press newspapers on the Monday morning following the March on Washington. When Clark walked into the office, he found Jim Senitall, the Patriot Press's top national political reporter, waiting to see him. To Clark's total surprise, someone else was there. It was Terry Songman, the city editor of the *Baltimore Banner*.

"I've come down from Baltimore to see you," Terry Songman said, "because the Patriot Press has an interesting proposal to make to you. We want you to become a Capitol Fellow. It's a program that puts you to work in a congressional office for a year."

"Capitol Fellows are a specially selected group of promising young professionals from across the nation," Jim Senitall chimed in. "They're newspaper people, college professors, up-and-coming young business executives, and talented state and local government employees. They meet together periodically for seminars on Washington politics, but most of the time they work in the offices of senators and representatives on Capitol Hill. And after their year in Washington is over, Capitol Fellows have a really interesting employment experience to highlight in their job resume."

"The Patriot Press is a strong supporter of the Capitol Fellows program," Terry Songman said. "One of our reporters was all set to be a Capitol Fellow, but another newspaper chain offered her their London Bureau. She decided to take that job instead. We're offering her fellowship to you."

"I apologize for the short notice," Jim Senitall said. Jim and Terry

Songman were alternating their speeches on this new job offer to Clark. "The program starts September 1. That's two days from now. It's this Wednesday. If you take the fellowship, and I sincerely hope you will, you can commute from Baltimore for the first few days. But, with a full-time job on Capitol Hill, you'll want to move from Baltimore and come live in Washington."

It was Terry Songman's turn to speak again. "Before she decided to go to London, the woman who was originally going to do this for us was appointed to work for Senator Thomas H. Kuchel of California. Senator Kuchel is a strong supporter of civil rights." Terry Songman hesitated for a second, then simultaneously smiled and winked at Clark Schooler. "Everyone at the *Banner* knows, Clark, that you're partial to civil rights. You'll find a real home in Senator Kuchel's office."

Clark knew who Senator Kuchel was. He was the assistant Republican leader in the U.S. Senate. That meant Kuchel was the Number Two man in the Republican Party in the Senate, serving under the Republican leader, Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois. Clark also knew that Senator Kuchel pronounced his family name funny. It was pronounced "Keekle," as if the "u" were a long "e."

"You qualify for this job on two counts," said Jim Senitall. "You're both a beginning journalist and a young political scientist. You have the writing skills, and the research qualifications, that will prove really useful in a senator's office. And it will be a super experience for you. I know. I was a Capitol Fellow myself about fifteen years ago."

Terry Songman and Jim Senitall gave Clark exactly one hour to make up his mind about becoming a Capitol Fellow. Actually, Clark only needed about ten minutes. He had planned to work at the *Baltimore Banner* a year or so before looking for a job as a college professor. After spending six years of his life getting a Ph.D., Clark was ready to get away for a while from academic life. What better way to take a break than by spending a year in a senator's office on Capitol Hill? Terry Songman and Jim Senitall were very pleased with Clark's quick decision to accept their offer and become a Capitol Fellow.

Bright and early on Wednesday, September 1, 1963, Clark Schooler reported to the office of Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, Republican of California. The office was in the Old Senate Office Building, a large marble structure located on Constitution Avenue to the north of the Capitol building. A small electric subway train connected the Old Senate Office Building to the Senate wing of the Capitol.

Clark was greeted by Evan Harris, Senator Kuchel's chief of staff. Harris was an older man, probably in his late 50s or early 60s. He was

distinguished looking, and he had a warm way of meeting and talking to people. Clark liked him instantly. Just as instantly, Clark realized that it was Evan Harris's likability that probably got him his position as Senator Kuchel's top executive assistant.

Senator Kuchel's office was actually a suite of offices, more than ten rooms filled with assistants, secretaries, interns, desks, telephones, dictating machines, and typewriters. There was a perpetual buzz of conversation in the office, as the various aides to the senator took telephone calls from California and then worked to solve whatever constituent problem had been presented to them. In the background was the persistent clacking noise of typewriters. Periodically the low drone of a human voice could be heard dictating a letter into a dictating machine.

Evan Harris explained to Clark exactly why all this activity was necessary. "California has 18 million people," Harris said, "and more people are moving into the state all the time. Senator Kuchel is one of only two California senators, so you can see why so many people are required just to answer the telephone and take care of whatever the callers have on their mind. But what's really staggering is the mail. Senator Kuchel receives thousands of letters a day. We try to answer every one of them with what appears to be a personal letter from the senator."

Clark was jolted by what Evan Harris was telling him. "I guess when the Founders created the U.S. Senate," Clark said, "they were not visualizing this situation. Equal representation in the Senate took the form of two senators per state. But I don't think the Founders ever visualized one state having 18 million people living in it, and the telephone and the U.S. Mail putting almost every one of those 18 million persons in direct contact with their U.S. senator if they want to be."

After Evan Harris had shown Clark every nook and cranny of Senator Kuchel's office suite, it was lunchtime. Harris walked Clark over to the New Senate Office Building (Senator Kuchel's office was in the Old Senate Office Building), and the two men had lunch in the Senate dining room.

This was very much to Clark Schooler's liking. The Senate dining room was lavishly appointed, with a very plush rug on the floor and a beautiful white linen table cloth on each table. The silverware was real silver, and an extremely well-trained and courteous staff of waiters served the meal. The entire west side of the dining room was plate glass windows, so the room had a bright and airy feel to it, even on cloudy and rainy days. On sunny days, delicate see-through curtains were used to keep the room from getting too bright.

"There are two Senate dining rooms," Evan Harris said to Clark as the two men took their seats at a table by the window. "The really prestigious

one is in the Capitol building proper, right in the Senate wing. I'm afraid the Senate dining room in the Capitol is pretty much for senators only, but a number of the senators will eat over here in the New Senate Office Building. I actually prefer this dining room myself. It's easy to get a reservation over here, and it's quieter and less crowded while you're eating lunch."

Evan Harris saw Clark looking around the room, sensed what was going on in Clark's mind, and quickly looked around the room himself. "There's Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey over in the corner," Harris said to Clark, "and Senator J. Glenn Beall of Maryland is kind of in the center there."

As Clark was putting his napkin on his lap, Evan Harris gave Clark some important advice. "Be certain to order the Senate bean soup," Harris said with great seriousness. "The legend around here is that, years ago, a senator liked this particular bean soup so much that he ordered it placed on the menu every day. It's been on the menu ever since. Everyone agrees that it's one of the best tasting bean soups there ever was."

Clark took that advice and ordered the bean soup for his appetizer. For his main course, Clark had a large serving of chicken salad served in a half cantaloupe and garnished with pineapple chunks. The comfortable atmosphere in the dining room, coupled with the high quality of the food and the service, gave Clark a feeling of excitement and well-being that he thoroughly enjoyed.

Clark then asked Harris to tell him some things about Senator Kuchel, the man for whom Clark was going to be working but whom Clark had never met personally.

"Tom Kuchel comes out of the same liberal wing of the California Republican Party that produced Chief Justice Earl Warren," Evan Harris began. "As you know, Chief Justice Warren presided over and strongly supported the Supreme Court's *Brown v. Board of Education* decision that mandated racial integration in public schools."

"Back when Earl Warren was the Republican governor of California," Evan Harris continued, "Tom Kuchel was his leading political assistant. Governor Warren helped Kuchel get elected attorney general of California. Kuchel was so popular as attorney general that he was reelected by one of the largest majorities ever piled up in a California statewide election."

"Tom Kuchel's big break into national politics came in 1952," Evan Harris went on. "At that time Richard Nixon was a U.S. senator from California. Dwight Eisenhower picked Nixon to be his running mate in the 1952 presidential election. That fall, Ike was elected president and Dick Nixon was elected with him as vice-president. That left a vacancy for California in the U.S. Senate. State governors fill vacancies in the U.S.

Senate, so Governor Warren filled that California vacancy with his most trusted lieutenant, Tommy Kuchel."

"So the senator came to Washington in January of 1953," Harris said. "It's now 1963, so he has represented California in the U.S. Senate for just over ten years. He definitely is a liberal Republican. You can tell that from his issue positions. In the Senate, he is a strong supporter of civil rights. He also favors a national health care plan for taking care of the elderly people over 65 years of age. The senator supports the business community as much as any other Republican, but he also believes in using government to improve social and economic life in the United States. A lot of conservative Republicans disagree with Senator Kuchel on that particular point. The real conservatives don't want government to do anything."

Evan Harris suddenly lowered his voice, as if he were letting Clark Schooler in on a big secret. "Here in the Senate," Harris said, "Kuchel is the informal leader of a small but very important group of five liberal Republican senators. The other four are John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Jacob Javits of New York, Kenneth Keating of New York, and Clifford Case of New Jersey. Senator Case is the guy I pointed out to you earlier sitting over in the corner of the dining room."

"That's how Senator Kuchel got himself elected assistant Republican leader in the Senate," Harris whispered on. "To please the conservative Republicans, they elected Everett Dirksen of Illinois, a conservative, the Republican leader. To please the liberal Republicans, and thus keep everybody happy, they elected Tom Kuchel, a liberal, the assistant Republican leader.

"Kuchel gets along really well with Senator Dirksen," Harris continued. Harris let the sound level of his voice rise back to normal. "Even though Dirksen's a conservative and Kuchel's a liberal, the two men work hard to keep all the Republicans in the Senate working together in a harmonious fashion. But on a lot of roll call votes, Dirksen and the conservative Republican senators will vote one way, and Kuchel and his little band of liberal Republican senators will vote completely differently."

Then the tone of Evan Harris's voice suddenly changed from serious to playful. "Hey, Clark," Harris said, "be certain to order the raspberry sherbet for dessert. The sherbet, and it has to be the raspberry, is almost as famous in the Senate dining room as the Senate bean soup."

Clark Schooler enjoyed his raspberry sherbet. It was indeed very tasty. It came with a wafer-thin graham cracker on the side.

As the two men were finishing their meal, Evan Harris gave Clark some additional advice about his new job as an assistant to Senator Kuchel. "Don't spend all day working in the office," Harris said. "We want you to

get out some of the time. We want you to move around Capitol Hill, seeing people, being seen, and going to meetings. There's a group of Capitol Hill staffers working on President Kennedy's civil rights bill. I'll get you in touch with them. They meet one afternoon a week, just to keep themselves up to date on what is going on. You can represent the senator at those meetings. You'll learn a lot about civil rights and the Senate in the process."

Evan Harris and Clark Schooler walked back to Clark's new office in the Old Senate Office Building. As they parted company, Evan Harris made what Clark considered to be a wonderful offer. "Anytime you want to go to lunch in the Senate dining room," Harris said, "please do so. I can't get you into the one in the Capitol, but you can eat at the one in the New Senate Office Building anytime you want to. Take important people you meet on Capitol Hill to lunch there. Above all, take important people who come in from California to lunch there. And you can take your friends to lunch there. It's a lot of fun."

In a moment of rare social courage, Clark asked Even Harris: "Can I take a date, a girlfriend, to lunch there?"

"Yes, you can," Harris replied. "The senators and their staffers take their wives and children to lunch there, so you can certainly take a date there. Enjoy it."

Then Evan Harris gave Clark Schooler a look that was both serious and knowing. "Above all, Clark," Harris said, "use the Senate dining room to advance yourself, and the senator, politically."

Clark was given a desk and a telephone in the Kuchel office suite. He was assigned a secretary and an electric typewriter. Clark sat quietly in his new office for a moment. Then, for inspiration, Clark walked over to the window of his new office and looked out.

His window was on the east side of the Old Senate Office Building and looked across North East 1st Street to the west wall of the New Senate Office Building. As Clark's gaze rose up the marble wall of the New building, he saw a saying carved into the wall. By this time it was mid-afternoon, and a warm late-summer sun was lighting up the marble wall. The saying on the wall of the New Senate Office Building read: The Senate Is The Living Symbol Of Our Union Of States.

Clark stared at the saying and thought about it for a moment. He finally decided he agreed with the saying. With equal representation for each state, in the form of two U.S. senators per state, the Senate was, indeed, the "living" symbol of American national unity.

The next six weeks were very important ones in Clark Schooler's intellectual development. Clark found helping to answer Senator Kuchel's legislative mail to be a unique educational experience. Clark quickly learned

to use the telephone to get the information he needed to answer each letter or group of letters.

The word around Capitol Hill was that answering the mail was boring and tedious. It was a job fit only for high school and college interns. Clark did not find it that way. Each letter was another opportunity to learn something new about American government. Each letter was an official excuse to make another personal contact. Each letter gave Clark a chance to telephone his way into one more office and find out what they were doing there and what kind of information they had there.

Clark learned something else during his first six weeks working in Senator Kuchel's office. He learned how to use borrowed power. He saw how the simple phrase, "I'm Clark Schooler from Senator Kuchel's office," opened doors for him and got his telephone calls returned promptly. It fascinated Clark that he, Clark Schooler, was essentially no one. But identifying himself as being from Senator Kuchel's office made him someone of instant importance. It made him someone who other people wanted to talk to and get to know. It made other people willing to listen to him and to try to fulfill his requests, whether those requests were for information or some form of government action.

Clark Schooler worked hard at keeping a sense of reality about his newfound abilities. He constantly reminded himself that his power was, indeed, only borrowed. It was Senator Kuchel who was the V.I.P., the Very Important Person. Without the phrase "from Senator Kuchel's office" trailing his own name, Clark was just another face in the crowd.

As the weeks went by and the mail got answered, Clark began to regard Washington, D.C., as a sort of giant governmental research university. All over the city, people who worked for the U.S. Government were gathering information and then using that information to try to make government policy and improve government services. Working for Senator Kuchel, and learning how to use the telephone, gave Clark Schooler the opportunity to wander through this great governmental research university, learning all he could and, occasionally, getting a chance to apply what he had learned.

Slowly, without his half realizing it was happening, Clark was beginning to change. With each additional telephone call, with each new personal contact made, Clark was becoming familiar with, knowledgeable about, and intellectually comfortable in Washington, D.C. To use a popular expression, Clark Schooler was becoming "Washington savvy."

Although Clark had a busy first day on the job with Senator Kuchel, his first day of work did not end early. At six o'clock Clark made his way up Massachusetts Avenue North West to the headquarters of the Capitol Fellows program. There Clark joined the other 1963-1964 Capitol Fellows

for a sit-down dinner and an introductory, get-acquainted meeting.

The dinner was impressive. A combination plate, including both sirloin steak and lobster tail, was served along with a variety of vegetables and a salad. During that dinner, the Capitol Fellows began the process of meeting each other, getting to know each other, and sharing their various work experiences prior to coming to Washington.

As impressive as the dinner were the accomplishments of Clark's fellow Capitol Fellows. One political scientist had just written and published a book on the work of the House Ways And Means Committee, the committee in the House of Representatives that worked on tax policy. One of the young business types was already the vice-president of an upstart business computing systems company in New England. And the journalists were all from very well-known big city newspapers, such as the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The *Baltimore Banner*, where Clark had worked and trained, was definitely bush league compared to the newspapers for which the other journalists had worked.

There were both men and women in the Capitol Fellows program for 1963-1964. Almost all of the Capitol Fellows were married and had brought spouses and children to Washington with them. But a number of the Fellows, men and women alike, were unmarried.

Clark quickly made contact with two of the unmarried male Fellows who were journalists. The three young men decided to make common cause, and save money, by finding an apartment and rooming together.

The next two or three evenings were spent in avid apartment hunting. Clark Schooler and his two new friends looked at and rejected what seemed like every conceivable type of living space. There were third floor walkup apartments in small apartment buildings, bare bones accommodations in converted garages, basement apartments with sidewalk level windows, etc. Finally, the three young men struck apartment gold when they found a reasonably-priced small row house in the residential area east of the Capitol building known as Capitol Hill.

The house was two stories high, with a living room, dining room, and kitchen on the first floor. There were multiple bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor. The house was furnished in Salvation Army eclectic, but the living room chairs and sofa were surprisingly comfortable, and the beds and mattresses were in good shape. Typical of downtown Washington housing, the home had no front yard. The front wall rose up right at the back edge of the front sidewalk.

One of Clark's new house mates had brought a television set with him to Washington. The television was placed in the downstairs living room for all three to enjoy. The TV set helped to keep the three Capitol Fellows

plugged in to national television news and analysis.

The house was located in the 100 block of Sixth Street South East. It was only six blocks to the Capitol complex, so all three young men could walk to their jobs and not have to hassle with trying to park a car each day close to the Capitol building.

And so it was, by the second week in September of 1963, that Clark Schooler found himself with a promising assignment in Senator Kuchel's office. He had a more-than-acceptable place to live on Capitol Hill, and he had two friendly and compatible fellow-journalist housemates with whom to pal around Washington. Things, Clark thought to himself, were looking good.

But the positive progress in Clark Schooler's personal life was not reflected on the national scene. The Sixteenth Street Baptist Church was an African-American church in Birmingham, Alabama. This particular church was well-known to those Americans who had been closely following the civil rights struggle in the United States.

It was from the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church that Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference had orchestrated the protests and demonstrations against racial segregation in Birmingham in the spring of 1963. Those were the protests and demonstrations that had moved President Kennedy to begin forcefully pushing a major civil rights bill in Congress.

On September 15, 1963, the church building was a busy place. Religion classes were in session, and classrooms and hallways were filled with boys and girls dressed in their church-going best. Four young girls, three of them young teenagers and one an 11-year-old, stopped to chat, primp, and just hack around in a basement lounge. The girls were Addie Mae Collins, 14; Carol Robertson, 14; Cynthia Wesley, 14; and Denise McNair, 11.

In the dark of the previous night, unknown persons had placed a homemade bomb under the back steps of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. The bomb detonated with a powerful blast. The four closest persons to the explosion were the four little girls. Their innocent and unknowing decision to comb their hair and goof around a little had put them in exactly the wrong place at precisely the wrong time. All four were killed instantly. Their bodies had to be dug out from under the piles of shattered debris left in the bomb's wake.

Twenty other Sunday school children were injured by the blast. Angry blacks took to the streets of Birmingham to express their frustration and outrage. The Birmingham Police responded with military-style countermeasures. Two more black youngsters died.

The national news media went into high gear and high dudgeon over

what came to be known as "the Sunday school bombing." Individual photographs of all four of the dead girls were printed on page one of most major newspapers. At the time the pictures were taken, the four girls were all clothed in white dresses. Looking at the photographs, Clark Schooler theorized that those were the girls' first communion dresses, or their Sunday school graduation dresses, or something like that.

In the sharp contrast provided by black-and-white newspaper photography, Clark was impressed by the way the white dresses highlighted the dark skin of the girls' faces. The white dresses emphasized the girls' youth and innocence. Their dark skin clearly identified them as members of an oppressed minority.

Along with much of the rest of the United States, Clark Schooler and his two new house mates sat and watched events develop in Birmingham on the television set in their living room. It was mid-September, and the three Capitol Fellows had only been at their new jobs on Capitol Hill for about two weeks.

The television scenes and newspaper stories from Birmingham were enraging. One particularly poignant photograph showed a black man on his knees praying in the midst of the rubble created by the explosion. There was television film of each girl's casket being carried from the church following the funeral service. There were television interviews with the parents of the dead girls. These interviews included tearful accounts of the parents' hopes and dreams for their daughters. Those hopes and dreams had been blown to smithereens by a racist bomb.

The news media augmented the coverage of the Sunday school bombing with interviews with prominent civil rights leaders. Clark and his two house mates watched and heard Martin Luther King, Jr., relate the bombing to the need for action from Washington, D.C. "Unless some immediate steps are taken by the U.S. Government," King said, "my pleas for nonviolence will fall on deaf ears and we shall see in Birmingham and Alabama the worst racial holocaust the nation has ever seen."

Martin Luther King, Jr., also accused Alabama's pro-segregation governor, George Wallace, of using racist rhetoric that helped contribute to the bombing. "The blood of our little children is on your hands," King charged.

When Martin Luther King, Jr., had finished his attack on Governor Wallace, one of Clark's housemates said to no one in particular: "Hey! The civil rightsers are working this one for every last bit of political mileage they can get."

The young man speaking was Greg Netherton. He was born and grew up in northern Louisiana. "I'm from one of the poorest parts of one of the

poorest states in the nation," Netherton told Clark when the two first met. It was obvious to Clark, however, that Greg Netherton had adeptly escaped the grinding poverty so often found in the rural South. Greg was a graduate of Vanderbilt University, a prestigious private university in the Southern state of Tennessee. He had gone from Vanderbilt to a good job as a newspaper reporter on the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"You really can't blame the civil rights leaders for taking advantage of this," Clark answered back. "After all, it isn't as though they were the one's who planted the bomb. Some rabid segregationist, or segregationists, did that."

It had not taken Clark very long to figure out that Greg Netherton was another living, breathing example of a "rational Southerner." If not outspokenly supporting full and immediate integration of the races, Greg was willing to admit that the time had come for the South to back away from its traditional application of rigid rules of racial segregation.

In just a few days of acquaintance, Clark had concluded that Greg Netherton was a slightly less intellectual version of Clark's fellow Johns Hopkins graduate student, Beau Stevens. It was while debating Beau Stevens in graduate school seminars that Clark had first come in contact with the unique thought and behavior patterns of the "rational Southerner."

One way in which Greg Netherton was reflecting his "rationality" was the congressional office to which he had been assigned as a Capitol Fellow. Greg was working for U.S. Representative Charles Weltner, a young Democrat from Georgia. Weltner was known as one of the most progressive Southern voices in the House of Representatives. The Northern press seemed to admire Representative Weltner, always describing him as a spokesman for the more liberal "New South" rather than the more conservative "Old South."

The television was continuing to carry comments by Martin Luther King, Jr. "The brutal murder of these four girls," King said, "shows the immediate need for legislation empowering the attorney general of the United States to file suits on behalf of citizens whose civil rights have been violated." [16]

Clark sat up abruptly in his chair. "Why, those words are straight out of President Kennedy's civil rights bill," Clark sputtered. "That's Title Three. The attorney general files the suit so that local black persons won't have to run the lethal, and sometimes fatal, risk of filing the suit themselves."

The television then switched to Roy Wilkins, a prominent civil rights leader with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). "In light of this most recent bombing," Wilkins ha-

rangued into the camera, "President Kennedy should cut off every nickel of U.S. Government funds being spent in Alabama. The president can begin by closing Maxwell Air Force Base near Montgomery. And, while he's at it, the president should push harder for equal employment opportunity." [17]

Clark was really agitated. "It's like they're reading us the provisions of the civil rights bill and urging us to pass it in the little girls' memory," Clark exclaimed. "The U.S. funds cut-off to government programs that racially discriminate is one of the most important parts of the civil rights bill. And so is equal employment opportunity."

Clark's other house mate stared at the TV set and then grumbled loudly: "This is so exploitive! They really don't care about the girls. All they really care about is their civil rights bill. I mean, sure, the bill's important. But do they have to be pushing it so hard at this sad moment in American history?"

Clark's second house mate was named Carl Brimmer. A native of Washington state, he was a graduate of Reed College in Oregon. After college, Carl had knocked around in a variety of writing jobs before settling down for a few years as an editorial writer on a newspaper in Anchorage, Alaska. Undoubtedly a thoughtful person to begin with, Carl Brimmer had gained real intellectual depth while sitting at his typewriter everyday and fashioning editorial policy for an Alaskan newspaper. He had a wide-ranging knowledge of the major political issues facing the United States. And he had decidedly liberal Democratic views about what policies should be adopted to deal with those issues.

"It's all manipulated," Carl expounded. "It can't just be left the sorrowful tale of four girls being blown up at their Sunday school. For some unknown reason, people think it has to be turned into some positive good, some great cause. It has to be twisted to someone else's useful purpose."

As a Capitol Fellow, Carl Brimmer had been assigned to Senator Frank Church of Idaho. Senator Church, like Brimmer, was a dedicated liberal Democrat and a longtime friend and supporter of President Kennedy. Frank Church was a relatively young man for a politician, in his 40s, and was considered "a man with a future" on Capitol Hill.

It had been interesting for Clark Schooler and Carl Brimmer to compare notes on their early experiences as senatorial aides. Clark was amazed to learn that Senator Church of Idaho, a state with a very small population, received around only 25 or 30 letters per day. It was a stunning comparison with the thousands of letters a day that Senator Kuchel of California routinely received. Carl Brimmer was helping Senator Church answer his mail, but Senator Church took the time every day to read each incoming letter and the letter that his staff had written in return. "Senator Church supervises all

his mail very closely," Carl explained to a somewhat envious Clark, "and participates actively in the preparation and writing of his letters back to his constituents."

During the following days, while Clark was at work, he struck up a brief conversation with Evan Harris, Senator Kuchel's chief of staff. Clark explained the reaction of his two house mates to the Birmingham Sunday school bombing, noting that his Southern friend, Greg Netherton, had thought the civil rights forces had overplayed the tragedy in behalf of the civil rights bill. Clark went on to say that his more liberal Democratic friend, Carl Brimmer, had agreed that political exploitation was taking place.

Evan Harris hesitated not one second in giving his reply. "American politics is not a pillow fight," Evan Harris said. "It's an all-out battle in which you throw every punch you can, just as hard as you can."

"You have to learn to use your resources, and I mean all your resources," Evan Harris went on. "American politics is a highly-competitive process. Your opponents will be using every weapon at their disposal. That means you have to use every weapon, every conceivable weapon, at your disposal. You exploit every contact you've got, every connection you can make, and every event that takes place. You've got to use all of it if you want to succeed."

"In my opinion," Evan Harris concluded, "the civil rights leaders would have been derelict in their duty if they had not used the deaths of the four Sunday school girls to advance the civil rights bill."

The political and news media reaction to the Sunday school bombing continued at a fever pitch. A leading newspaper columnist wrote that the central black neighborhood in Birmingham should be labeled "Dynamite Hill" because of all the racial bombings that had taken place there.[18] Hubert H. Humphrey, U.S. senator from Minnesota and the assistant Democratic leader in the Senate, publicly asked President Kennedy to declare a "National Day of Mourning" for the four black girls.[19] Throughout the country, both North and South, memorial services and memorial marches were held in remembrance of the young victims.

It was about this time, shortly after the Sunday school bombing, that Clark Schooler first met Senator Kuchel in person. Evan Harris came to Clark's office one morning and said the senator had a few spare minutes and wanted to meet Clark. Evan Harris and Clark rode the electric subway car from the Old Senate Office Building to the Senate wing of the Capitol.

As they were riding along, they passed a distinguished older man walking toward the Capitol rather than riding on the subway car. "That's Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin," Evan Harris said, somewhat enviously. "He always hikes along the cement walk next to the subway tracks rather

than ride the subway. He says we're all ruining our health by sitting on the subway car instead of walking."

Senator Kuchel turned out to be, in Clark's view, a very typical United States senator. He was 48-years-old but looked slightly older. He was not a tall man, but he was not noticeably short in stature. Kuchel tended on the heavy side, but Clark decided it would be going too far to call him fat. Bulky might be a better word, or perhaps roly-poly. He had dark hair and wore glasses most of the time. Similar to most politicians, Kuchel had a deep, clear voice that could easily be heard in the back row of any auditorium or assembly hall.

The discussion was brief, only about ten minutes. It centered mainly around Clark's experiences working as a newspaper reporter and covering civil rights events in Baltimore. It turned out that Senator Kuchel had never actually visited Baltimore. But he had passed through the city by automobile when going to Philadelphia and New York.

Kuchel had been appalled by the conditions he had observed through his car windows while driving past the old, red-brick row houses of center-city Baltimore. From what Kuchel had seen, Baltimore was block after block of rundown row houses, each one filled to the brim with African-American men, women, and children.

Senator Kuchel asked Clark a question: "Is it really as bad for black people in Baltimore as it looks?" [20]

Clark was somewhat surprised by that question. Kuchel was one of the leading supporters of black civil rights in the U.S. Senate. Surely this senator should know, Clark thought, of the desperate economic hardships and difficult living conditions faced by many center-city minority groups in the United States.

Clark answered Senator Kuchel's inquiry this way: "What you saw in Baltimore was real. Much of the area surrounding downtown Baltimore is filled with obsolete and poorly maintained housing which is sold and rented to black people. And there is high unemployment, large numbers of illegitimate births, and lots of crime in these areas. But it's not the whole story. What you did not see is that there also is block after block of middle-class black housing in Baltimore, with the houses well-painted and the lawns nicely trimmed."

"There is a thriving and varied black community in Baltimore," Clark concluded, "but the less well-off portions of that community are readily visible from the major highway routes passing through Baltimore. And, for many of those people, things are as bad as they look."

Senator Kuchel seemed to be listening carefully to Clark's observations. The senator acted as though he appreciated hearing them. At the

conclusion of their meeting, Clark and Senator Kuchel agreed on one point. Whether the black people living in Baltimore were poor, or middle-class, or even wealthy, all of them had been the victims of legal racial segregation.

In the midst of all the hullabaloo over the Sunday school bombing, Clark Schooler's telephone rang. The man on the other end of the line identified himself as Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., representing the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. "I'd like us to get together some afternoon," Joseph Rauh said to Clark. "Senator Kuchel is going to be a big part of the civil rights bill, which means you're going to be a big part of the civil rights bill. I want to make sure you're up to date on what the bill's about and all the things that have been going on."

Clark did not know who Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., was. But Clark had heard of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. That was the major lobby group backing the civil rights bill. Because Clark was always anxious to go new places and see different offices in Washington, Clark readily agreed to find his way to Joseph Rauh's office up on "Eye" Street Northwest.

"Eye" Street was a popular street for lobbyists' offices. The street was named for the letter "I" in the alphabet, but the street name often was spelled out as "Eye" to avoid confusion with the Roman numeral one, also designated with an "I."

Joseph Rauh turned out to be an affable and talkative middle-aged man in his early fifties. He was tall, and he was lively and agile as he moved about his office. His last name was pronounced as if it rhymed with "brow" or "scow" or "meow." He greeted Clark warmly and then offered Clark a chair opposite his desk. Joseph Rauh sat at his desk and pontificated to Clark, much as a senior professor might talk to and lecture a graduate student.

As so often happens with politically active people, the walls of Joseph Rauh's office were filled with photographs of Rauh with a variety of famous United States politicians, almost all of them well-known Democrats. Prominently displayed were photographs of Rauh with former presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman.

Joseph Rauh politely began the afternoon's conversation by inquiring about Clark's family background, education, and professional experience as a journalist. Once those niceties were out of the way, Rauh launched into a brief oration on his own life story. "I was born and grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio," Rauh began, "where both my grandfather and my father were in the shirt manufacturing business. Thanks to the shirt factory, I was able to go to Harvard University in Massachusetts for both my undergraduate degree and my law degree. I majored in economics, and I also played center on the basketball team."

"After law school," Rauh went on, "I came right to Washington to be a law clerk at the Supreme Court. The year was 1935, and the country was in the middle of the Great Depression. I threw myself into the New Deal, President Roosevelt's all-out program for using United States Government aid programs to end the Depression. In 1941, just prior to World War II, I helped to write the executive order that President Roosevelt issued to racially integrate all the defense plants during the war. Then I provided legal counsel to lend-lease, President Roosevelt's program for sending military supplies to Great Britain prior to the United States coming into World War II."

"I was in the Army during World War II," Rauh continued, "serving as an officer in the Philippine Islands under General Douglas MacArthur. When the war was over, I set up a private law practice here in Washington, but I've elected to spend much of my time lobbying for a variety of liberal causes."

"In one sense," Rauh noted, "you could say I went to work for New Deal liberalism in the mid-1930s and then never stopped. In 1947, I was one of a small group of people who founded Americans for Democratic Action, better known by its initials as the ADA. That's an organization that raises money and uses it to lobby Congress on behalf of a variety of liberal causes. But right now, Clark, as you already know, I'm lobbying for the civil rights bill that President Kennedy sent up to Congress last June."

"I do this kind of lobbying for little or no pay," Joseph Rauh said without even a hint of embarrassment. "A lot of people have made a lot more money than I have in Washington, but you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who's had more fun." [21]

"Like most economic liberals," Rauh explained, "I believe in using the United States Government to solve the nation's economic and social problems. In the final analysis, it's the U.S. Government's job to put people to work, and it's the U.S. Government's job to see that people have enough to eat and a safe place to live. Right now, I believe it's the job of the U.S. Government to end the racial discrimination that has marred this nation's history ever since the slaves were freed at the end of the Civil War."

By this time it was clear to Clark Schooler that Joseph Rauh wanted Clark to know that Joseph Rauh was a bona fide New Deal liberal. Rauh was succeeding at this. Clark was duly impressed with Rauh's long career in Washington and the variety of liberal causes, most of them successful, with which Rauh had associated himself.

Clark then moved the conversation on to what he thought was the next logical subject. Clark asked: "Can you tell me something about the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights? I know the organization is a super lobby,

a coalition of various lobby groups working for a piece of major legislation. But I don't know much about the Leadership Conference specifically."

"The Leadership Conference is probably one of the largest and best organized lobbies in U.S. political history," Joseph Rauh answered. "One key part of it is the big labor unions, such as the Teamster's Union and the AFL-CIO."

Clark knew that the AFL-CIO was a combination of the two largest labor unions in the United States, the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

"There are a number of national church groups that belong to the Leadership Conference," Joseph Rauh went on, "such as the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Synagogue Council of America, and the National Council of Churches. All the major civil rights groups are in it, including CORE, the Urban League, and the NAACP."

"This is too big a country," Rauh went on, "and the Congress is too much of a labyrinthine maze, for one lobby group alone to be able to get a major bill enacted into law. You have to build giant combinations of lobby groups to get really big and important bills through the Congress. Building such a combination of lobby groups to support civil rights is what the Leadership Conference does."

"Our efforts are much greater than just sending a lobbyist or two up to Capitol Hill," Joseph Rauh lectured. "We grind out a constant stream of press releases, fact sheets, and newsletters about the current status of the civil rights bill. At key moments in the legislative process, we bring important members of our various organizations to Washington. By important members, I mean labor union presidents, well-known bishops and ministers, and the top civil rights leaders. We sic 'em on key members of Congress, just when the bill is before an important committee, or coming up for a vote on the House or Senate floor."

"Believe me," Rauh continued, "we are relentless about this. We work at 'matching,' putting a cardinal of the Catholic Church to work on a senator who is a Catholic. Or we send a bishop of the Episcopal Church to try to persuade an Episcopalian in the House of Representatives. We're particularly influential with legislators who have a large number of labor union members in their constituency. If they're from Michigan, they tend to fall right into line when a high mucky-muck from the United Automobile Workers shows up at their office door. If they're from West Virginia, they start jumping through hoops when the president of the United Mine Workers comes to call."

At this point, Clark Schooler interjected a question: "Do you ever worry, Mr. Rauh, about overplaying your hand? Are you ever fearful of

getting too abrasive and pushy?"

"Never," Joseph Rauh replied with sincerity and finality. "You know the old saw: 'The best defense is a good offense.' Well, in the halls of Congress, the best defense against weakening amendments to your pet bill is the strongest possible offense you can put up. The Leadership Conference is backing President Kennedy's civil rights bill, sure enough. But we're demanding more. We're pressing for equal employment opportunity in all private industry, not just U.S. Government contractual employment. We want the attorney general to sue in all civil rights cases, not just school cases. Clearly stating what you want, and going for it as hard as you can, is the only way to play the legislative ball game." [22]

Joseph Rauh's telephone rang. He picked up the phone, listened for a moment, and then said: "Of course. Send him right in." Seconds later, the door opened and in walked a tall and distinguished looking African-American man. He was dressed in a dark blue suit with a white shirt and a colorful necktie. In his dress and his manner, he was indistinguishable from every other middle-aged lawyer in Washington.

Clark Schooler recognized the man right off. He was Clarence Mitchell, Jr., director of the Washington Office of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). Similar to Clark, Clarence Mitchell was a resident of Baltimore, Maryland. It was well-known in the national capital that, bright and early every business day, Clarence Mitchell rode the commuter train from Baltimore to Washington. He then spent his working time lobbying Congress on behalf of African-American civil rights. Clarence Mitchell was such a familiar presence on Capitol Hill that he was often referred to in print as "the 101st senator."

"Clarence! It's good to see you again," Clark blurted out. Clarence Mitchell and Clark Schooler had met before. Clark had taken a group of his women students from Goucher College on a field trip to the NAACP headquarters in Baltimore. Clark and his students had been treated to a virtuoso performance by three generations of the Mitchell family, including Clarence Mitchell, Jr., each generation representing a different phase of the quest for black civil rights.

On that field trip, Clarence Mitchell's mother-in-law, Nellie Jackson, had begun the presentation. She took a religious approach, pointing out that all people, no matter what their skin color or station in life, were equal in the eyes of God. She noted how "faith" and "prayer" had sustained African-Americans through more than two centuries of slavery and almost one century of racial discrimination. "God will open their eyes," Nellie Jackson said of those white people who were racial segregationists. She convincingly projected her abiding faith that "God would lead black people to freedom."

The second speaker was Clarence Mitchell, Jr. Just as Clark expected a national spokesman for the NAACP to do, Mitchell referred frequently to the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. He noted that those stirring documents contained the legal guarantees of liberty and equality that would eventually free African-Americans from the bonds of racial segregation.

"The best place for black men and women to fight for their rights," Clarence Mitchell, Jr., said, "is in the court room and in the halls of Congress." He cited *Brown v. Board of Education* as the kind of Supreme Court decision that, in the end, would help to free American blacks. He called on Congress to pass all-encompassing civil rights legislation.

Last on the speaking agenda at the Baltimore NAACP was Clarence Mitchell, III, the son of Clarence Mitchell, Jr., and the grandson of Nellie Jackson. Clarence Mitchell, III, was a young African-American man in his early twenties. He had participated in a number of civil rights demonstrations, some in Maryland and some outside the state. He had developed something of a reputation as a confrontational, outspoken young fighter for immediate civil rights reform. "White society, particularly in the South, will never voluntarily integrate with the black race," Clarence Mitchell, III, told the students, at one point clenching and waving his right fist. "It's only by taking to the streets, and by making forceful nonnegotiable demands, that blacks can get what's due them from the white oppressors." [23]

Later, while mentally reviewing this field trip experience, Clark realized that he had witnessed personal expressions, by three generations of the Mitchell family, of the three major techniques being used by African-Americans to try to racially integrate America. Nellie Jackson represented the moral suasion that can be applied through religious belief. Clarence Mitchell, Jr., a true spokesman for the NAACP, stood for the justice and equality of the American legal system as accomplished through suits filed in U.S. Courts and laws passed by Congress. Clarence Mitchell, III, manifested the youthful idea that only confrontation in the streets could change anything as firmly established in the United States psyche as racial segregation.

Clark Schooler and Joseph Rauh, Jr., had both stood up as Clarence Mitchell, Jr., walked into Rauh's office. Clarence Mitchell acknowledged Clark's greeting and, whether he actually did or not, acted as though he remembered Clark bringing his class on a field trip to the Baltimore NAACP. After some pleasant chitchat, some of it about race relations in Baltimore, Clarence Mitchell pulled up a chair of his own. The three men sat down. Clark's indoctrination in the work of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights continued.

Clarence Mitchell, Jr., rubbed his chin, looked at Clark carefully for a few seconds, and then asked a question: "Clark, I know you taught political science at both Johns Hopkins and Goucher College, but how much do you really know about the way a congressional bill becomes a United States law?"

Clark laughed softly as he began his answer: "In most government text books, Clarence, they have a drawing of a little rolled up piece of paper with eyes, a nose, and a mouth. The little guy is labeled, 'A Bill,' and he has little feet on which he makes his way through Congress. Usually 'A Bill' starts by being introduced in the House of Representatives, goes to committee in the House, then goes to the House Rules Committee, and then gets adopted in a vote on the House floor. Then 'A Bill' walks over to the Senate, goes into Senate committee, is passed on the Senate floor, and heads off to the White House for the president's signature."

Clarence Mitchell and Joseph Rauh were both smiling along with Clark as he gave this mechanical and orderly description of legislative procedure in Congress. Mitchell and Rauh both were well aware of the simplified versions of "How A Bill Becomes A Law" that tended to appear in college and high school civics texts.

"But I know different," Clark continued. "I know that many bills are introduced on any given legislative subject. Sometimes hundreds of bills are introduced on a subject like civil rights, or medical care for the aged, where there's great public interest. The real question is, of all the bills introduced on any given subject, which one is going to be selected by the appropriate committee chairperson to move forward."

"And you always want to keep this in mind," Clark added. "Bills are changed, often radically, as they move through the House of Representatives and the Senate. Sometimes, only a small part of the bill that is introduced remains in the law that is finally passed. There's an old Capitol Hill joke, somewhat overstated, that goes like this: Any similarity between the original bill introduced and the law finally passed is purely coincidental."

Clark found himself warming to the task of demonstrating his knowledge of Congress to two of the more important men in Washington. "I also know," Clark said, "that often two bills on the same subject will be going through Congress at the same time, one bill working its way through the House of Representatives and the other bill going through the Senate. Of course, the House bill will usually have different language, or wording, from the Senate bill."

"Often," Clark rambled on, "when there are two different versions of the same bill passed by each house, the bill will be sent to a House-Senate conference committee. That's because exactly similar versions of the bill

must pass both the House and the Senate. Key members of Congress from the relevant committees in the House and the Senate will be the conferees. They will make compromises and work out common language between the Senate and the House bill. Then a conference report will go back to both the Senate and the House to be adopted without amendment. If both houses pass the conference report, that's what goes up to the White House for the president's signature."

At that moment in Clark's legislative pontifications, Clarence Mitchell interrupted. "Clark, I know you know what a Senate filibuster is," Mitchell said in a flattering manner. "I also know you know that it takes a 2/3 cloture vote to end a filibuster and get the bill passed in the Senate. But what happens when a bill that has successfully survived a cloture vote in the Senate goes to conference committee?"

Clark's eyes widened, and he unintentionally put his hand to his forehead. No one had ever asked him that particular question before. "Uh," Clark replied, "the bill goes back to the Senate and, uh, faces a second filibuster?" Clark's tone of voice indicated that what had started out as a statement of fact had ended up as a question.

"Precisely," said Joseph Rauh. "Clark, my good friend Clarence Mitchell has just taught you the first lesson in 'How A Civil Rights Bill Becomes A Law.' You have to put the civil rights bill through Congress in such a way that it doesn't go to conference committee. If you can avoid going to conference, the bill doesn't go back to the Senate for a second filibuster and a second cloture vote."

Clark now was fully aware that he still had a great deal to learn about legislative strategy making. Suddenly, Clark found himself back in college and graduate school, playing the role of student rather than teacher. "How do you keep a major bill from going to conference committee?" Clark blurted out the question with an intellectual enthusiasm customarily displayed only by a first year college student.

"You begin in the House of Representatives," Clarence Mitchell said slowly and clearly, "and get the bill passed there. Then the House bill comes over to the Senate, where it is, of course, amended. That's what bicameralism is all about. After the bill has survived the filibuster and been successfully clotured, the bill goes back to the House of Representatives."

"Then," Mitchell continued, "and this is critical, the House agrees to the Senate changes without amendment. That eliminates the need for a conference committee. Exactly the same bill has passed in the House that passed in the Senate. That has the effect of sending the bill right to the president's desk without having to go back to the Senate for another filibuster and another cloture vote."

Clark shook his head up and down in agreement and wonder. It was the obvious way to get a civil rights bill passed into law. If you could get the House to agree to all the Senate amendments, then there would be only one filibuster and one cloture vote in the Senate. But Clark had never thought of the technique himself, nor had he ever heard anyone else discuss it.

"But there's one thing you have to be very careful to do when your civil rights bill is in the Senate," Joseph Rauh said. "You have to check your Senate amendments with key House members to make certain the amendments are acceptable to the House. Remember! The key step in the process is the House of Representatives agreeing to all the Senate amendments without even one little change allowed."

Similar to the "Red Rubber Ball" of the popular song, the morning sun of understanding was starting to shine in Clark's brain. He now knew the reason that Clarence Mitchell and Joseph Rauh were wasting an afternoon on a Senate aide. It was important to them that everyone working in the Senate, even a legislative assistant such as Clark, know that all Senate amendments to the civil rights bill, when it got to the Senate, had to be acceptable to the House leadership. That was the best way to head off a second filibuster, and the need for a second cloture vote, both of which would be required if the civil rights bill went to conference committee.

Clark also had begun to figure something else out. "Based on this legislative logic," he said, "you guys were just as happy that, this past summer, Senator James Oliver Eastland killed the Senate version of the civil rights bill in the Senate Judiciary Committee. I mean, you two wanted to start the process in the House of Representatives anyway."

"That's right," said Clarence Mitchell. His voice indicated his relief that Clark had seen the light and now was able to grasp some of the key steps in getting a civil rights bill passed. "I know you covered those hearings for the Patriot Press newspapers. Those Senate hearings were a great showcase for Senator Eastland and Senator Ervin. It also was nice for Bobby Kennedy to be able to present President Kennedy's civil rights bill to the news media and the public, although very few reporters or average citizens were paying attention. But Senator Eastland snuffing out the Senate version of the civil rights bill made no difference to us. For the strategic reasons we've been discussing, we always start a civil rights bill in the House of Representatives."

Joseph Rauh then gave Clark Schooler a more detailed view of how to get a civil rights bill through Congress. "We start the bill in the House of Representatives," Rauh said. "It goes to the House Judiciary Committee, where committee Chairperson Emanuel Celler, a New Yorker, always gives it favorable hearings. Then we hit our first roadblock. Before the bill can

go to the House floor for a vote, it goes to the House Rules Committee. The chair of the Rules Committee is a Southerner from Virginia, and he'll do everything in his power to slow the bill down."

"Eventually," Rauh continued, "the Rules Committee chairperson will let the bill out of the House Rules Committee. The bill should pass easily on the House floor, because there's no filibuster in the House, and the vast majority of House members are from the North and the West. Once the bill is passed in the House, of course, it goes over to the Senate. That's when the real fun begins." [24]

Joseph Rauh gestured by opening his hands in the direction of Clarence Mitchell. The gesture meant it was Clarence Mitchell's turn to carry on the lecture.

"The first problem in the Senate," Mitchell said, "is your old friend from last summer, Senator Eastland. Under ordinary circumstances, the House-passed bill goes directly to the Senate Judiciary Committee. But if we ever let the civil rights bill into Senator Eastland's hands, we will never see it again. Similar to all civil rights bills, it will go into the Judiciary Committee and never come out. We therefore have to bypass the Senate Judiciary Committee. We do that by sending the civil rights bill directly to the Senate floor for debate."

"Then," Mitchell said with a heavy sigh, "it's time for the Southerners to filibuster. It's also time for us to come up with a 2/3 vote for cloture. That's 67 out of 100 votes in the Senate. While all that's going on, we have to make certain all Senate amendments are acceptable to the House." [25]

Clarence Mitchell looked over at Joseph Rauh, who took the conversational ball right back from him. "If we get cloture," Rauh said, "it's a relatively easy process from there on in. The civil rights bill, now as amended by the Senate, goes back to the House. The House agrees to all the Senate amendments, because all those amendments have been pre-approved by the House leadership. Then the bill heads right up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House for a signing ceremony with President Kennedy."

There was a sudden silence. Clark was sitting there working at absorbing all the information Mitchell and Rauh had just given him. Joseph Rauh seemed to sense that Clark's mind was reeling somewhat from all the facts it had just been fed.

"Last July," Rauh said, "we held a meeting for the top officers of the Leadership Conference to brief them on all the obstacles to getting a civil rights bill passed in Congress. Martin Luther King, Jr., was there. After Clarence Mitchell and I had described the various obstacles and the various ways to overcome those obstacles, Martin Luther King whispered out loud: 'Mighty complicated, isn't it?'" [26]

Clark's meeting with Joseph Rauh and Clarence Mitchell ended at that point. When Clark stood up to leave, he thanked both men for taking the time to fill him in so fully on civil rights strategy making.

In an attempt to have the meeting end on a light note, Joseph Rauh said with a smile: "You know, we're the Gold Dust Twins. A Southern Democrat, Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, gave us that name. Senator Byrd was referring to a picture of a white child and a black child that appeared on the label of cans of Old Dutch Cleanser. That was a cleaning and scouring powder that your mother and grandmother used to use." [27]

"Yes," said Clarence Mitchell, also smiling with both pride and amusement. "The Gold Dust Twins were on cans of Old Dutch Cleanser in almost every bathroom and kitchen closet in America. They were one of the earliest examples of voluntary and beneficial racial integration."

In The Interim

Lobbyists such as Joseph Rauh, Jr., and Clarence Mitchell, Jr., remain an integral and influential part of the legislative process in Congress. In fact, lobbyists are so important that many observers refer to them as an informal Third House of Congress.

The years from the 1960s to the 2000s have seen the rise of a number of lobby groups that represent social and environmental causes rather than economic interests. The Sierra Club is an excellent example of a lobby that works to advance a social good, an improved outdoor environment, rather than to enrich a private corporation or further the interests of labor union members.

Lobby organizations work to influence who gets elected to Congress as well as support particular legislative bills. In the 1970s Congress passed legislation allowing lobby groups to form Political Action Committees, also known by their initials as PACs. These organizations raise funds and contribute them to candidates for public office. A lobby group has much greater access to and influence over a member of Congress when the lobby group's PAC has made a large contribution to the Congress member's election or reelection campaign.

And super lobbies such as the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights are still very important on Capitol Hill. For example, more than 60 organizations engaged in the production and marketing of food have formed a cooperative lobbying effort known as the Food Group.

16. Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report, September 20, 1963, p. 1632.

17. Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report, September 20, 1963, p. 1633.

18. Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report, September 20, 1963, p. 1632-1633.

19. Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report, September 20, 1963, pp. 1632-1633.

20. Recollection of the author.

21. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., life history from Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., interview by the author, August 15, 1983, Washington, D.C.

22. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., "The Role Of The Leadership Conference On Civil Rights In The Civil Rights Struggle Of 1963-1964," in Robert D. Loevy, ed., The Civil Rights Act Of 1964, pp. 52, 54. Also see Memorandum #2, August 5, 1963, and in succeeding memoranda, Series D, Box 4, Leadership Conference on Civil Rights Collection, Library of Congress.

23. The field trip to the Baltimore, Md., NAACP is by recollection of the author.

24. This account of passage of a civil rights bill in Congress is from Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., interview by the author, August 15, 1983, Washington, D.C. Also see Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., "The Role Of The Leadership Conference On Civil Rights In The Civil Rights Struggle Of 1963-1964," in Robert D. Loevy, ed., The Civil Rights Act Of 1964, pp. 56-65.

25. This account of passage of a civil rights bill in Congress is from Clarence Mitchell, Jr., interview by the author, August 17, 1983, Baltimore, Md.

26.Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., "The Role Of The Leadership Conference On Civil Rights In The Civil Rights Struggle Of 1963-1964," in Robert D. Loevy, ed., The Civil Rights Act Of 1964, p. 55.

27. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., interview by the author, August 15, 1983, Washington, D.C.