Arizona truly had become our home by 1980, and I spent a great deal of my time working on Bruce Babbitt’s campaign to become governor. In 1982, he won an easy victory. Soon after Bruce settled into the governor’s office, an Arizona Republic reporter, Joel Nielson, called and asked for an interview. Bruce had told him that he consulted an informal “Kitchen Cabinet” after the fashion of President Franklin Roosevelt. Babbitt expected his unpaid advisors to tell him what he was doing right or wrong and offer help.

This group included seven men, two of them Republican, and me. Robert Allen was a young attorney who had headed the national Young Democrats when I was DNC chair. Earl de Berge was a professional pollster. Paul Eckstein was a successful attorney devoted to civil rights who aided many Democratic campaigns. Ron Warnicke had attended Harvard Law School with Bruce, and they remained close friends. Republican Richard (Dick) Mallery offered a bridge to the business community, as a member of the Phoenix Forty, a powerful group of local developers and leaders. William (Bill) Reilly, a conservative Republican, had served as a chief aide to Wesley Bolin; he then served Bruce in the same capacity before entering the Kitchen Cabinet. Last came young Fred Duval, who had run the Tucson campaign to elect Bruce attorney general and then finished law school. Fred would eventually end up on Bruce’s full-time staff along with Ronnie Lopez and Chris Hamel.

In the early years we either met as a group or individually with Bruce, depending on his schedule. I particularly helped on political matters in and out of the state, rewriting speeches, helping decide on appointees, and appearing as Bruce’s spokesperson. With time, Bruce used us less as his confidence increased.

In August of 1979 we held the initial meeting of a group called the advisory board to the Arizona Office of Economic Planning and Development.
This was the only office over which the governor had complete control. By law, the department was to ensure the economic health of the state, particularly the rural areas. The board included a member from each county plus three at-large members, all selected by the governor. During the years that Bruce was governor, we met in every area of the state to evaluate local problems. Eventually it became apparent that most small communities could not grow or attract new business on their own, so we recommended that communities, and even two or three counties, band together to promote regional development. This idea met a lot of resistance but eventually was successful.

The advisory board’s successes lengthened its reach. I headed a Mexico trade subcommittee for awhile and was too successful. (Ronnie Lopez thought he should be Bruce’s only advisor to deal with Mexico.) We worked especially well with computer and other technical groups. Eventually the legislature grew jealous and passed laws to turn us into a full-fledged Department of Commerce—under its control. At that point, I stepped down as chair. The board did not believe the legislature would accept any woman as chair, so I became a member of the board, which survived within the department.

In the fall of 1981, I became a major consultant on the campaign of Peterson Zah, running for Navajo tribal chair against the incumbent,
Peter McDonald. After meeting with Pete and his wife Roz, and then with a group of his close supporters, I helped devise an effective campaign. McDonald and his advisors dressed like Wall Street financiers and traveled about the reservation in planes and fancy cars. McDonald felt that the tribe needed to learn and use “white man’s ways,” including education and jobs both on and off the reservation.

By way of contrast, we advised Pete Zah to wear traditional clothes and travel in his familiar pickup, visiting every chapter he could possibly reach that winter. Beyond being widely observed as a “true” Navajo, these trips gave Pete and Roz the opportunity to build local allegiances by reaching out to relatives, friends, and new acquaintances. In warmer weather they visited gatherings under shades to enjoy fry bread and mutton stew.

Each supporter was encouraged to contact others, building a network throughout the reservation. Family ties were emphasized, and clans formed the basis for our get-out-the-vote drive. Despite McDonald’s promises of money and big veterans benefits, Zah won. In January we attended his inauguration, and I wrote an article for a national magazine, *Campaigns and Elections*, describing his campaign. I also acted as a liaison between the office of the tribal chair and the state governor. Pete thought he could run his second campaign by himself and lost, but he won several subsequent races in which I again acted as an advisor.

The state Democratic Party asked me to update the delegate selection rules for the 1982 midterm convention. I also helped run the selection
process but decided at the last minute, in the summer of 1982, to let my alternate attend in my place. I had helped with Bruce’s reelection campaign, served as a member of the state executive committee, and aided the campaigns of Dennis DeConcini and Rose Mofford.

We spent the summer of 1982 at our summer home, a development called Pinewood, located in northern Arizona near Flagstaff. Since I was involved in various campaigns, we promised to move back to Phoenix by mid-September. Over Labor Day weekend, we drove up to Lake Powell, just over the border into Utah. We spent three lovely lazy days amid the red rock cliffs, with Dick’s sister Dorothy and her husband, Howard Huff. Oddly enough, my left leg felt heavy as I tried to get in and out of the boat. We decided it just had never completely healed following some back problems.

Late on a September afternoon we headed back to Phoenix. I planned to keep an appointment for a haircut and a manicure and began the next morning before Dick awoke. I felt a little lightheaded so I drank a bigger glass than usual of orange juice.

Two hours later I was heading back home, feeling beautiful and also a little giddy. I decided to rest after I finished unpacking. I was almost home when the car seemed to swerve. I tried to straighten it, as bright lights flashed through my head. Somehow I yanked the car through the light, turning left into our development. I still do not know if the traffic gave way to me, or I was lucky and hit it all just right.

I also don’t know how long I remained unconscious. I came to, sitting in my car at the side of the road halfway up a small rise, with the motor running and in gear. I struggled to think. I could see the area of grass just ahead of our home and considered getting out to lie down there for awhile. But I could not make my left leg or arm move to get the car open. Finally, I decided that if I went slowly, I could drive with my right arm and leg. I steered through the subdivision and down the street to our house.

Neighbors later said I was weaving all over the road; they wondered if I had taken up drinking over the summer! When I reached the house, I honked the horn, but Dick did not hear me. After what seemed like ages, I inched over to the right side of the front seat. I tried over and over until I got that car door open. I turned sideways, dragging my left leg, and somehow got out of the car. I reached our kitchen door, but I could not get it open.

I leaned against the wall awhile. I tried the knob again and again with my right hand until it finally turned. As soon as I was inside I croaked
out, “Dick, Dick,” glad to know that my voice, at least still worked, and then collapsed. I had suffered a stroke, but the paralysis on my left side began to gradually go away after the first forty-eight hours. I soon began physical therapy. Of course, I was out of the political scene.

I expected that, as had happened with other serious illnesses, I would bounce back quickly. I did improve as the winter went on. Dick did the nicest possible thing in purchasing a computer for me because I found it so difficult to write letters or dial numbers in the proper sequence. My brain kept mixing them up. I might have to type a letter fifteen or twenty times, full of white-outs, and it still would not look right. The computer’s ability to repair this brought back a lot of my self-confidence.

We went to Pinewood again for the summer, and I took my computer along. I wrote a historical article about Dick’s grandfather, which eventually was published in the Utah Historical Quarterly. As always, I read voraciously. All year I kept having momentary blackouts. I researched strokes and the brain, trying to understand what had happened and how I might help myself get well.

In Scottsdale we joined a group called Westerners, which held dinner meetings to study western history. I hired Ann Amacker to help me with housework and drive me where I needed to go. Soon, she also was revising my computer drafts. She became a dear friend. After I suffered a second stroke and discovered Dr. Catherine O’Connell, I used medication and relaxation exercises to fully heal.

Already I had promised to help in Gary Hart’s Arizona campaign for the 1984 presidential nomination, and I had committed to a man named Bob Schuster, who wanted to run for an “impossible” congressional seat against Bob Stump. I helped set up Gary’s primary campaign in Arizona, acting as treasurer and chief fundraiser. My computer database aided me and other campaign workers. Many of the state party workers were backing Walter Mondale. After Gary’s extramarital episode in Florida, his national campaign began to atrophy. We already had a good Arizona contingent about to choose at-large delegates. I knew I would be nominated—but then suffered another blackout. I returned to my senses in time to decline the nomination. I did not even attend the convention. Dick Mahoney, who served as Gary’s campaign manager, had organized a party in San Francisco, during the convention, to honor me and Mo Udall. When I could not attend, many of my old friends called to visit over the telephone.

Bob Schuster started out in a very enthusiastic way, but when the campaign turned out to be a lot of everyday hard work and I could not be
there to help him, he was not as up to it as he needed to be. I had written his campaign manual to use throughout the whole period, and he began very well. But it was an almost impossible task to beat the incumbent, Bob Stump, and he didn’t.

Until 1976, we just kept our house in West Jordan. It stood vacant in the winter, but we used it in the summer. But after 1976 our main focus was Arizona, not Utah. From then on we only went to Utah for a couple of weeks at a time. In 1976 we bought a bigger townhouse in Scottsdale and moved down our better furniture and all the office materials we
wanted to keep in one room we used as an office. Eventually we had to also make the guest bedroom into a combined bedroom and second office. We had already sold off all our mink interests and gradually sold the early apartments we had bought in Utah, and now we sold on time the one big set of apartments we had built and still were operating in West Jordan. A few years later we went in with Dick’s brother Blake to build another set of apartments in Midvale, which we now have also sold on time.

As Dick was feeling better we started looking for some investments in Arizona and bought a piano store in downtown Phoenix which we later turned into a golf store and then sold to the renter. We bought that store through a man named Joe Worth and then he found us an apartment complex to buy that he would manage for us. He and his wife, Helen, became good friends.

Pinewood was a country club and family resort at Munds Park, seventeen miles south of Flagstaff but in that high cool country. We bought a condominium there the summer after we moved Mother into Scottsdale Village Square. It was only a two-hour drive up or back, and there was an airport nearby as well. The heat really bothered me, and we could get back down to see Mother every couple of weeks or even take her up to Pinewood for a week now and then.

So we were pretty well able to live a near normal life. We put five hundred dollars a month together with money from Mother’s insurance and a hundred dollars from each of my brothers and sisters, to finance her room and care at Scottsdale Village Square. Eventually her money ran out and her costs went up and Dick and I made up the difference for the rest of her life.

Bruce Babbitt had decided not to run again in 1986. A hearty primary ensued in the Democratic party between Carolyn Warner, who had been superintendent of schools and had never supported any school program Bruce proposed, and a young attorney who had been a good party supporter, Tony Mason. Because we were visiting in Utah and then at Pinewood during the summer months I did not get very involved in either September primary. Carolyn won in a very close race. Businessman Bill Schulz had been gathering support for years and was initially a shoo-in for the Democratic nod. Then for personal reasons (his daughter’s health), he had given up the chase. He did not like Carolyn or her policies and decided to reenter as an independent in the fall election. He initially was in the lead, but got untracked in the last weeks and finished third.
Meanwhile, Evan Mecham, a very right winger who had served in the state legislature in the early 1960s and who had opposed Senator Carl Hayden in 1962, had again set his sights on the governor’s office. Starting in 1964, he had sought it four or five times. Now, in 1986, he entered the race against everybody’s favorite, Burton Barr, and won the Republican nomination. As a result, in the three-way race, Mecham won.

Babbitt had tried to put the best qualified people in the state on his boards and in his office. Mecham immediately dumped most of them and put in his close friends, many of whom knew nothing about the jobs they were taking on. That was true not only of our economic board but of his personal staff as well.

In 1984 we had thoroughly enjoyed the biggest part of the summer, spent at Pinewood where we had come to know much of the community. We decided to stay up through the fall as long as the club was open. As a result we were there when word started going around that the developer, Jay Greene, had an offer from a Canadian corporation and was going to sell the club. We were pretty upset as we had already had two golf clubs sold out from under us, and in this case the main reason we had bought a home there was to be assured of a summer golf club. Frank Middleton was trying to put together a group to buy it and had an agreement with Jay Greene that if they could put together enough money within three months to make a big down payment, they could buy the club for $2,500,000, $500,000 less than the Canadians were offering Jay. The purchase would include the golf course, clubhouse, teen and youth centers, swimming pool, tennis courts, playground, pro shop, and maintenance shop; all the surrounding grounds considered part of the country club, including such interest as the old company had in the small adjoining lake, Lake O’Dell; the golf carts; and the personal property such as furniture, amenities, and equipment. There were no golf memberships but a social membership had been required of the original owners as they bought lots, and all of these were to be transferred to the new owners, along with the required yearly dues, which had increased each year as new lots were sold.

All this was contingent on the potential buyers, all of whom had to be residents at Pinewood and therefore automatically members, coming up with a down payment of at least seven hundred thousand dollars, with the balance due in annual payments with interest at 12 percent. They were given three months to put a deal together, as that was how long Jay Greene could get an extension of his Canadian offer.

The group which was putting this together thought the whole operation could be run more efficiently and that payments could be made out of
the social dues and by selling golf memberships. But they had to get the money that fall, and a lot of people had gone home. Some of our neighbors and friends were buying in. They wanted to find fifty people with $20,000 each to put up the money. Dick and I decided we had the extra money to invest, so we bought in with the group. The initial directors who were putting this together were Frank Middleton, who had held most of the state insurance under governor Jack Williams; George W. Podd, who was a CPA and owner of a bakery company; Richard (Dick) Grey, who also had been an original owner at Munds Park and had developed and helped operate a number of golf courses; and Neil Smith, an accountant who was doing the Pinewood books and in whose firm Jay Greene had his Pinewood Phoenix office.

So a sale was consummated by president Frank Middleton and secretary George Carter on December 21, 1984. Articles of incorporation for the new country club had been filed on December 5 with the Arizona Corporation Commission, authorizing up to two thousand shares in a no par common stock corporation. On January 3 Frank Middleton as president granted an easement to Pinewood Sewer Company, still owned by Jay Greene, to allow operation of sewer lines across and under the property and allow effluent to be located in our lakes in accordance with applicable laws and regulations. Greene was to repair and replace the sewer lines as needed. The new shareholders had a short meeting in December and decided we could not afford to buy the sewer plant but needed the treated water for the golf course, so obtained a three-year option in which to buy it if we chose.

The four incorporators were to be the initial directors until the first annual meeting, which was held on November 12, 1985, at the Phoenix Country Club. The main order of business then was to approve the bylaws, which had already been drafted by the board of directors. A number of changes were proposed and all but one, which would have allowed the board of directors to mortgage or dispose of the property with the permission of only 51 percent of the stockholders, passed, and then the bylaws were approved. They were amended again in 1986, twice in 1987, amended and restated by our attorneys in 1988 and amended and restated again in a special meeting in 1990 after we had a stormy series of meetings over our board’s right to deny the use of the clubhouse for church services.

The financial status of the club was reviewed at the 1986 November meeting and shocked most of the shareholders, as nearly all the $300,000 surplus above the down payment had been depleted in the eleven
months since the sale. Several motions followed but did not pass, such as adding more capital stock, changing the prices of golf and social memberships and cart rental fees, some of which were prohibited under our purchase contract. Finally a measure was passed authorizing the board of directors to determine the price of a new stock offering, file proper documents, and submit the proposed sale to the stockholders either by mail or in a special meeting.

The new bylaws called for the election of a nine-member board of directors and they had a nominating committee report ready with proposed directors Frank Middleton, Neil Smith, Dick Grey, and George Carter and adding Rex Prisbrey, William Griffin, John Gaffney, Tom Treiber, and me. George Carter, head of that committee, had asked first Dick and then, when he refused, asked me to run. We had enough money invested and it looked like it was run so badly that I agreed. Women were hardly ever then asked to serve on corporate boards, and I had been working with WEAL to change that, so I welcomed an opportunity to break the country club sex barrier. I was elected but not given any office. Frank Middleton was put back in as president, and he decided on the other officers. But John Gaffney did not enjoy being secretary and asked in mid-December that I take over that job. I immediately used a tape recorder and wrote long minutes to pinpoint what was right and wrong at the club.

We had interviewed two managers, but Frank Middleton, on his own, felt that the one who seemed most qualified, Bill Bellone, wanted too much money and he could not work with him, so he told him no. The whole board was upset at his highhanded manner. George Carter moved and it was passed eight to one that no board member should expect any compensation (since he felt Frank Middleton was paying himself), including freebies such as golf, meals, or drinks.

Tom Trieber said he would prepare a spread sheet for a budget committee. We decided to advertise for a general manager and I made a motion, which passed unanimously, that we reregister and sell additional stock at $22,000 per share, up $2,000 from the original stock price. Another motion was passed to raise prices on drinks. We tried to pass a motion requiring two signatures on all checks. Middleton objected, and the motion failed. Altogether it was a contentious meeting, with Frank Middleton drawing much fire.

Thus I began what turned out to be another new career, pioneering again in a field where there was not much experience from women to draw on. George Carter resigned when he could not get Frank Middleton
to change his ways and Kay Hafen succeeded him. When Rex Prisbrey and I reviewed the final financial statement of the year we found that instead of the $30,000 loss that had been reported by Middleton, we had lost $176,000 on just current expenses, plus an outlay of $145,000 for capital expenditures. At this rate we would soon be out of business. How could we raise more money?

We found that we could not legally raise the dues of current homeowners without them agreeing in a vote at a special meeting at Pinewood. Desperate, we immediately began PR work on that and held a special meeting to get an agreement for a stock sale at $22,000, but no one wanted to buy at that figure. After working all summer, we lost a vote to raise the dues and had half the owners mad at us. Frank Middleton resigned, Neal Smith moved up to president, and we put Paul Busch on the board in Frank’s place.

Our problems went beyond the directors. Our staff was weak. We hired a manager who had run a small club in Iowa, but we found after one year that he could not handle our 2,800 members. We had done a spread sheet and made out a budget and got club expenses under control. One member of our board, Bill Griffin, had just retired from a management position, and he and his wife Noreen agreed to take over as managers. They stayed until the end of 1992. They studied our situation and decided that, since our season was the summer time, not year round, that our best bet on a good chef was to share one with a winter-only club. So we hired Dan Martin, the chef from the country club at Wickenburg, who stayed with us until the Griffins left us in 1992. I sent newsletters explaining our problems and solutions to both stockholders and other members. Through all my years as secretary, and later as president, I sent a spring and fall newsletter not only to stockholders but to the entire 2,800 members.

In spite of these measures we were strapped to meet the annual mortgage payments. Our interest (12 percent) and principal payments were so high we could never come out without additional money paid down on the principal. We needed to reduce the principal in order to cut down the interest. Rex Prisbrey found us a good attorney with experience in the field, Fred Schafer. With his help we came back at the end of the summer to the stockholders, proposing to try to get an agreement from the Corporation Commission to register as an Arizona corporation, split our original stock four for one and sell additional shares at $5,500.

The Corporation Commission was leery of a country club selling stock. They required us to put a stockbroker on our board. Our sale was limited to six months and only to Pinewood residents. Out of it we were
able to pay down another million dollars on the mortgage, and finally we began to have more revenue than expenditures.

Neil Smith had a heart attack and resigned as president in the middle of the stock sale and the board voted to make me president—another accidental pioneering change in my life. I was reelected to that board and as president every year until last year, 1994, when I decided the club was in good shape and my health was not, so I did not rerun.

We set up a system where each director oversaw the day by day operations of one department or system—golf course, pro shop, clubhouse, accounting, insurance, legal, sewer system problems, capital expenditures, and dues collections. We all worked on the budget and I served with the director in charge on each committee and oversaw it all, answered members’ complaints, put out newsletters, worked with Jan Newman in our Phoenix office. I would average about three hours a day in the winter and more in the summer. We bought, sold, and leased equipment. We had an old club and were constantly buying new golf course equipment or upgrading the club. There had never been formal contracts or benefits for employees, but we instituted both.

With all our early financial problems we had let our option to buy the Pinewood Sewer Company lapse, so Jay Greene sold it to someone else. We had continual legal struggles with the company which had bought the sewer system, successfully fought off its attempts to quadruple the rates for homeowners, and, finally helped the homeowners put together an improvement district to buy the system. It now seems that the much-needed repairs and upgrading of that system to meet EPA and state standards will happen.

Besides the stock sale, I found, with the help of our attorneys, some loopholes in the sales agreement. These allowed us to raise social dues on members who did not pay until after the grace period each year and on those who bought homes or lots from previous owners. We also discovered ways to penalize members who got two years behind in dues (actually we could have done this after five months but would have caused too many hard feelings). So gradually we got the average dues up from $150 to $300. Current dues for all those classes who can be raised are now at $425. We also steadily raised golf fees, and gave stockholders preferred tee times and a small discount in the dining room.

With stockholder consent, we have never paid a dividend but have tried instead to pay down an extra $100,000 each year on our mortgage. The exception was 1990, following a big drought in the summer of 1989 when we almost lost all the golf course. There was not much water in our
lake from spring floods and almost no rain. Banks at that time wanted 14 percent plus points. So I went to the stockholders and asked if they would buy $5,000 unsecured notes at 11 percent to drill a deep well into the Coconino aquifer, which would insure a good supply of water for the course. The stockholders agreed and we sold enough to drill the well and replant the whole golf course. We redeemed all of the notes in two years, but the whole operation left us with little profit because the course was simultaneously being renovated and was playable only part of the time, so golf fees fell off dramatically. Each year except that one we made some profit and were able to reduce the old debt from the Middleton days, and finally in 1993, we retired the last of those debts and began to make a taxable profit.

Meanwhile, in 1991 I had commenced action on another front. Interest rates had fallen all over the country but we were still paying 12 percent on our contract balance and could not find lower refinancing. I knew our members were looking for better investments than the current low rates on certificates of deposit. So I proposed that they buy five-year notes at prime rate, to be adjusted each quarter on the prime rate. We would offer them in $5,000 increments and go through all the stockholders once and then start over alphabetically on the list again until we had sold all they would take or if possible enough to pay off the mortgage. Whatever we could pay down would save us at that point 6 percent on interest, but we could give no guarantees. The stockholders not only accepted the proposal but bought up enough to pay off the whole $500,000 we still owed. Since then we have paid back over $100,000 each year to stockholders, and the final notes were paid off in 1995.

It was a real challenge and I learned to deal with a whole new world of state and federal regulatory agencies and their rules, with homeowners and club members, some of whom grew to hate me but most of whom begged me to stay on again in 1994. We had several long involved struggles during my tenure as president, first over trying to raise the dues, then with the sewer company itself and the state and federal regulatory agencies. It was almost a full-time position during the season and quite demanding the rest of the year. In February of 1994 I chose to not rerun as a director for Pinewood. By the end, it was too tiring for me, but I left it satisfied that I had done a good job in a new field.

I still worked with the Office of Economic Planning and Development until Evan Mecham dismissed us all after he was elected. In December of 1986 a corporation we had formed under this, the Arizona Enterprise Development Corporation, asked me to become a member of their
committee to oversee and approve 504 loans, and I stayed on that committee until Fife Symington became governor in 1990.

Not long after Evan Mecham became governor there were rumblings he had broken the campaign laws along with all his poor governorship. Finally it got to the stage where he was the subject of a recall hearing by the state legislature and was indicted January 8, 1988, on felony charges for intentionally hiding and misusing a campaign loan. He was impeached after several months of hearings on April 4, 1988, and dismissed from office. Rose Mofford moved up from secretary of state to become governor. It looked at first like we would have to have a recall election and I was asked by Tony Mason to be one of the three heads of the committee to run that. We found an office and raised some money but at the same time went to court, and the court decided we did not need an election, that Rose was in office legally. She ran for governor at the end of that short term and won a full four-year term in 1990. Michael Hawkins and Lorraine Frank headed that campaign. I served on the finance committee but did not take a day-by-day role because of my health problems. After she had been in office a few months she asked if I felt I could serve on a board and put me on the state Environmental Commission. I stayed there until Fife Symington became governor and did not reappoint me. I am still on their advisory committee. I also served two years on a special committee on the environment and education.

One of the best experiences during those years was the first Eleanor Roosevelt international caucus of women political leaders at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, where Eleanor Roosevelt had worked to get the United Nations approved. This caucus was held in March 1987. There were women leaders from all over the world gathered together to get help in bringing their countries up to standard. Most of the United States women, as I was, were observers and helpers, with no official votes, but acted as experts to help in all the sessions. It was utterly wonderful. Many of my old friends were there, and I made new ones in every country.

The new national chairmen of the Democratic party—first Duane Garrett, then Charles Manett, Paul Kirk, and Ron Brown—all recognized what I had done in the past and invited me as an honorary guest to committee meetings and conventions but never did ask me to take any official position except in the alumni council of the committee. Because of the health problems I had begun to experience, I did not very often go to Washington.

I was quite active in Terry Goddard’s first campaign for mayor of Phoenix and did some advisory work in his losing campaign for governor.
in 1990. I also advised Richard Mahoney’s campaign for secretary of state, which was successful, and did the same for his campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1994 and for Terry’s rerun for governor, which were not. In none of these have I spent full time.

I did get heavily involved in one more campaign. When Bruce Babbitt decided to run for the Democratic presidential nomination for the 1988 elections he asked if I would help. I said yes but then did not get a call to do anything specific for four or five months. We had a couple of meetings to discuss where he should begin. I felt that he should emphasize the southern states as he was more in tune with their philosophy. But his staff, Fred Duvall, Chris Hamel, and Ronnie Lopez, felt that beginning with the McGovern campaign, the only successful way to go had become to begin in the two early states, Iowa and New Hampshire. So he took his family and a few aides and spent the summer of 1986 biking through Iowa, with a little of the same in New Hampshire.

When I was finally called in to really participate they had opened a campaign office just about five miles away on Camelback Street. Bruce asked if I would become national cochair of the campaign with Duane Garrett of San Francisco, and I agreed. He had already sent Chris Hamel to open an Iowa office and Carolyn Rausch to New Hampshire. Fred Duval was campaign manager, and Fred had hired Elaine Kaymark as deputy campaign manager to run an office in Washington. Ronnie Lopez was treasurer and Bob Woolf, the best fundraiser in Arizona, was fundraising coordinator. Along in the summer or fall sometime Fred had hired two sets of consultants in Washington, both of whom I considered okay but nowhere near the top. Fred felt they were the best he could get. One was Bendixen and Law, the other Hamilton, Frederick and Schneider. Soon he added two press people, then young and unknown but who because of that campaign are now considered, rightly so in my opinion, top press aides, Mike McCurry and Vada Manager.

Dick and I had gone to San Diego to a Western Writers of America convention and then stopped in Palm Springs to visit our old mink rancher friends, Red and Ila Zimmerman, in January, since I seemed not to be too involved with the campaign yet except to feed fundraising names to Bob Woolf. When we got back we found that Bruce had plans well along for a big fundraising dinner at the Hyatt Regency on February 15 with people invited in from other states as well as Arizona. It was completely formal. I had a new dress made, as he had Dick and I, Duane, Fred and Elaine, and Ronnie and Chris and spouses all at the head table. The next morning each of us helped in a workshop on the campaign for about fifty
people who would either be raising money or heading the campaign in a number of states.

I soon found out that the main thing they wanted from me was my name, which apparently still was worth quite a bit around the country. In March I went with the main staff on the announcement airplane tour, where Bruce made appearances to announce his campaign on Meet the Press, in New York City, Boston, Manchester, Des Moines, and Atlanta, ending up in Washington, D.C., before flying back to Phoenix. I spent a big share of the trip with members of the national press and made arrangements to spend more time with them when Bruce went to Texas to be on a national television panel with the other major candidates.

I then started going down to headquarters. I did not have an office at first but was soon given one and asked by Fred to start checking each department and how they were doing. All I found was a lot of resentment and not much planning or coordination for other states except Iowa and New Hampshire. After a few weeks I quit going down every day and spent a couple of weeks writing an extensive memo to Bruce with a copy to Fred of what I thought needed to be done.

I then made an appearance in California with Bruce and some of my old political friends. Fred asked if I could get Bruce in the Americans for Democratic Action national convention in June and I agreed to go and introduce him. I seemed to be exhausted all the time so Dr. Dippe,
my endocrinologist, changed some of my medicines and my neurologist decided it was time to push up my annual cat scan a little and have it in late May before going to Washington.

Dick did not go with me; I flew in and Bruce came down from New Hampshire. We were supposed to go on to New York two days later. Bruce was to speak at noon on Sunday and I spent the two days before renewing all my old Washington contacts. But while he was speaking I was told I had a message to call home. Dick said Dr. Christenson wanted me home immediately. The cat scan had shown that all of a sudden my pituitary tumor had grown about ten times and it was so close to my eye I could be blind if it wasn’t taken out in the next week or two.

I had to change planes twice to get to Phoenix by Monday afternoon and went for more tests beginning Tuesday. They scheduled the operation for the next Monday. But that night I fell getting out of our deep shower and I started bleeding from my bladder. So they did some x-rays of that, which showed that I had some kind of growth on my kidneys. It was like a nightmare. They decided the most urgent was the pituitary tumor. They had to go in through my mouth and cut it open instead of going through your skull and I had to sleep sitting up for three weeks so it would drain properly. As soon as it was far enough along, five weeks later, they did the kidney operation, taking out my right kidney where a tumor which had originated in my adrenal glands had grown into the kidney. It was a type of tumor they had never seen before, like a melanoma, which does not usually grow internally. They sent the samples all over the country to labs and never did decide if it was or was not cancer, but they had done a new procedure so they were sure it wouldn’t spread.

But I never started to feel better and three weeks later I was back in the hospital again with some kind of infection they could not pin down. It dragged on all fall before they finally let me come home and then in January I got pneumonia. So Bruce started his real primary campaign without me and he came out of Iowa and New Hampshire just as I had predicted, one of the pack of seven dwarfs who all looked and talked alike and tried to win by attacking Reagan and not getting specific themselves. By spring I got disgusted and wrote him a letter asking him why he didn’t stand up and stand for some changes. He then made a speech when he did actually stand up and where he used specifics. The press loved it and him, but it was just too late. Walter Mondale won the nomination and handily lost the election.

In the early spring I had spent some time in the campaign again but I never got feeling well enough to go to convention. I could serve on the
state committees and as president at Pinewood but kept getting tired a little more easily. Dick was trying to write a book about river runners on the Colorado on which I was helping with research, and I started on this book. We took a summer trip to Utah and then I got pneumonia again and was in the Flagstaff hospital several weeks. I dragged around all fall and in January was back again in the Scottsdale hospital with a bad case of pneumonia. They were trying to do a blood check in a vein and gave me some zylocaine and my heart stopped. They got it going again but had me in intensive care for a few days, then put me back down in the regular wards for a few more days.

Meanwhile Mother had had one blocked bowel in the summer and had been in the hospital with it. After that she never really recovered and knew who she was and where. In January she got another blocked bowel, and they put her in the hospital on the floor above me. They finally told me that I could go up and see her the next morning, but she died during the night so I never did get to say goodbye.

Instead I got out of bed and started making arrangements, and we took her back to Price for a funeral where her friends and family could all be there, and they were. My brothers and I made the main speeches. I was not quite “with it” yet. I woke up in the motel room in the middle of the night feeling she was there with me. She told me that I had forgotten to get her a gravestone, and it was true. The next morning we went and arranged to have a new joint headstone made for Mother and Dad together. She had shaped my life, along with my Dad, being far advanced for their time.