

Interim Report:

My Life as a  
STUDENT,

SOLDIER, TEACHER

and LAWMAKER

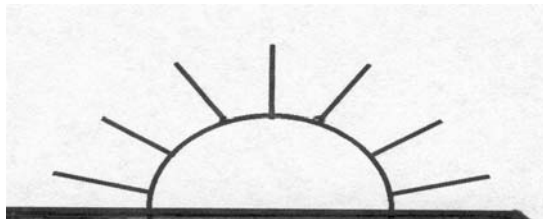


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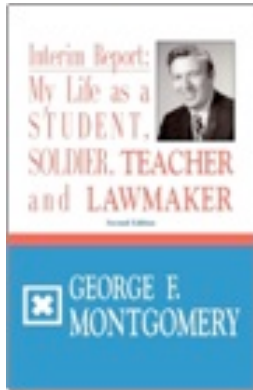


GEORGE F.  
MONTGOMERY

Interim Report:  
My Life as a  
**Student,  
Soldier,  
Teacher &  
Lawmaker**  
Third Edition



Sunshine Publications of Waterford Michigan



*This autobiography - covering George Montgomery's first 75 years - aims to both inform and amuse readers. It details the opportunities and evaluates his performance in four occupational roles. Finally, he lived his dream by serving with his father in the Michigan Legislature.*

# **Interim Report**

## **My Life as a Student, Soldier, Teacher & Lawmaker**

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Edition**

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Interim Report:  
My Life as a  
**Student,  
Soldier,  
Teacher**  
and  
**Lawmaker**  
Third Edition

**George F. Montgomery**  
Member, House of Representatives  
73<sup>rd</sup>, 74<sup>th</sup> & 75<sup>th</sup>  
Michigan Legislatures

This Interim Report on my life to date  
is dedicated to my best friend, my wife Ruth,  
who has made the last two chapters of my life  
an exciting, joyous adventure; and also  
to my Mom and Dad  
who gave me life and spirit,  
encouraged my curiosity,  
nurtured my talents,  
and without whom none of this  
would have been possible in the first place.

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## **Chapter 00: Why Write an Autobiography?**

I retired in 1999. Since then I have studied genealogy and searched for my roots. Dates of birth, marriage and death and places of residence in census years frame the life of each ancestor. My knowledge of American history and geography provides some background, but I still wonder what their lives were actually like. I wish each of my ancestors had left some letters, a diary or journal, or better yet an autobiography. So far as I have been able to discover, none of them did. Except in families with a strong oral tradition, children and grandchildren often know precious little about the earlier lives of their parents and grandparents. The senior generation is reluctant to talk about their experiences. The younger generations are geographically scattered, too busy, or too timid to ask, so intergenerational conversation is limited.

For my children, grandchildren, even my as yet unborn great-grandchildren, I leave this legacy—a chronological narrative of events beginning with my birth and continuing through various chapters of my life. If other readers find the legislative chapters useful, I wish them well. I tried to present a frank explication of the exigencies of the legislative process especially for those with an interest in this intriguing field of human endeavor.

We need not be at death's doorstep before we pause to recall and record our life's story. It is never too early to start, and starting early may preserve memories that might otherwise be lost. Being in the memoir-writing stage of life—I decided 2005, my 72<sup>nd</sup> year, was an ideal time to begin to write my life story. I began in January by learning how to use memory triggers in Writers-Weekly University's on-line course "How to Remember, Write and Publish Your Life Story." As instructed, I created a notebook with a page for each year, and began to organize the events of my life. Next, I grouped the years into logical chapters and started writing. When the



course ended in March, I had written parts of the first five chapters—and excerpts from my previously written memoir of my freshman term in the Michigan Legislature provided a running start on the sixth chapter. I thought I would finish my autobiography by year end. I never dreamed I would remember so many details of so many events.

As this is my second book, I can tell you writing a book is a challenging task involving endless selections of what to include in detail and what to omit or tiptoe over. I think most books are written from beginning to end just as we live our lives from birth to death. Individuals who kept a diary or daily journal may have already written their life story, perhaps without fully realizing what they had done. For others—like me—who did not keep a record of daily occurrences, the writing of an autobiography is a work of creative non-fiction. I had to remember, research, and reconstruct before I was ready to relate my life story.

I experienced several surprises while working on this project. First, the memory-triggers turned out to be a gift that just keeps on giving. I kept a notebook handy in which I recorded items as they popped into my head—day or night. The list includes things I'm sure I hadn't thought about for decades. I checked off each item if and when I found an appropriate place to insert it into my narrative. I marvel at the clarity of my recollections. It significantly enhanced my appreciation of the human brain's fantastic capacity to store every minute detail of past events and its ability to retrieve all of that information decades later when stimulated by an appropriate memory trigger.

When I discovered my legislative chapter was much too long, I divided it into three chapters—one for each of my remarkably different two-year terms. I also found I had written significant amounts concerning my teaching. I separated these sections into ten sidebars and labeled them Class Notes. If the reader is not interested in my teaching, these ten sidebars may be skipped.

Finally, as I reviewed the growing text, I re-evaluated my performance in various situations I had encountered during my lifetime. I made some mistakes. Who hasn't? I have also risen to the occasion many times. I summed up these judgments in an added chapter entitled Final Grades. Including this introduction, I now had thirteen chapters. I evaded the jinx by numbering my chapters from 00 through 12, as seemed appropriate for a computer programming teacher.

During my lifetime, I have played a number of roles—each involving a unique set of challenges and opportunities. In childhood, I was a son and grandson, a nephew, cousin, sibling, playmate, and occasionally a student. In adulthood, I became a spouse, a parent—and, in later years, a grandparent. Along the way, I was a musician, an artist, a homeowner, neighbor, and best friend. Some of my roles identify the occupations I pursued to earn my keep. That list includes newspaper boy, telephone book deliverer, road crew flagman, baggage handler, clerk typist, summer ditch digger, holiday mail carrier, church camp counselor, soldier, teacher, lawmaker, parliamentarian, consultant, and applications programmer. In American society, our job or position provides a substantial portion of our sense of self-worth. In 1999, I gave up the role of professor I had played for three decades. Yes, I miss it, but I am not sorry I retired. It gave me the freedom to travel more and to concentrate on my latest role as an author.

I have been blessed to live in interesting times and—as an intellectually-curious person and teacher—I have always been a consumer of news. I listened to news on the radio. I read it in newspapers and magazines. I watched the news in weekly newsreels at the movies and later in daily newscasts on television. Many of us remember exactly where we were and what we were doing when we learned some significant event had occurred. As I have a number of such memories, several historic events are mentioned in my narrative.

Readers should keep in mind this is not intended as a comprehensive history of the past eight decades.

I organized this presentation of my life story following the traditional chronological path. In life, as in any complex drama, a number of story-lines develop concurrently. During a single day, I often experienced events belonging to several different story-lines. The legislative process—where hundreds of bills dealing with dozens of issues are always under consideration—is an excellent example of this phenomenon. Although I attempted to minimize flashbacks, strict adherence to chronological sequencing made the narrative too choppy and disrupted the continuity of individual story-lines. So readers may more easily follow the action, I sometimes stay with a story-line through several events before going back to pick up another story-line.

Because memory can be selective and sometimes imprecise, memoirs and autobiographies often contain more fiction than verifiable truth. I tried to make this one an exception. One of my faults throughout my lifetime has been an excess of frankness. I am impatient and don't suffer fools gladly. I tell it like I see it—sometimes without considering if my words might be hurtful to others. For that, I do apologize.

In this autobiography, I focused on the challenges I faced in the particular roles I played during the various chapters of my life. The chapters covering my legislative service are the central core of this book. They fill about one-third of the pages and contain more than six times the detail per year than other chapters. This is entirely appropriate as serving six years in the Michigan Legislature—half-a-lifetime ago—was the central defining experience of my professional career.

Writing a memoir or an autobiography requires acceptance of accountability for your life choices. It affords the author an opportunity to make sense out of his life—and perhaps stake a claim to fame and immortality. What follows is a narrative of my recollections of more than 1001 episodes

or events in my often routine but sometimes exciting life. I hope it will both entertain and enlighten my children, my grandchildren, and other readers.

One fact is inescapable—in an autobiography the subject is the narrator, the central character, and always the star of his own life-story. So pardon my ego while I tell you what I remember about my parents and grandparents, my brother, my aunts, uncles and cousins, my friends and neighbors, and other individuals I encountered during my life as a student, soldier, teacher and lawmaker.

George F. Montgomery  
Waterford, Michigan  
August 21, 2008

UPDATE: I borrowed the privilege to revise and extend from our national lawmakers. Hopefully, the third try is the charm making this edition error free. In the 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition (2009), I extended Chapter 11 to include my 76<sup>th</sup> year, because I had never experienced twelve months filled with so many challenges. This 3<sup>rd</sup> Edition includes my 77<sup>th</sup> and 78<sup>th</sup> years and part of my 79<sup>th</sup> year. My longevity has expanded the retiree-author chapter until it now exceeds the word and page counts of any other chapter.

This edition is presented in Arial-11 point font, which is more readable than the Times New Roman-11 point font used in previous editions. The entire text has been edited and minor corrections made throughout. The substantial revisions are in Chapters 03, 04, 05, 08, 10, 11 and 12.

George F. Montgomery  
Waterford, Michigan  
January 13, 2012

## **Chapter 08: Lawmaker III—Majority Leader**

The House of Representatives convened at noon on Wednesday, January 8, 1969. William A. Ryan was officially elected Speaker. Stan Davis was elected Speaker pro tempore. Matt McNeely was elected Associate Speaker pro tempore. Tom Thatcher was re-elected Clerk of the House. We proceeded to organize the House. I selected a seat on the center aisle across from Republican Floor Leader Bill Hampton. I advised Speaker Ryan I wished to continue as a member of the Appropriations Committee. I declined the Majority Floor Leader's traditional seat on the House Policy Committee, but I accepted my statutory membership on the Legislative Council.

I suggested to Speaker Ryan the House should NOT adopt the Joint Rules that bind us to a rigid schedule. We should not allow ourselves to be put in a position where we need to beg the Senate to allow us enough time to complete our business, like Republican House leaders had to do during the past two years. We can establish our own schedule of informal deadlines or target dates. Therefore, when we receive a Senate concurrent resolution to adopt the Joint Rules, we should table it in committee, and return instead a House concurrent resolution authorizing either house to adjourn for four days without the consent of the other body. Ryan agreed we would give it a try.

After we had been in session a few weeks, the Senate leadership invited Speaker Ryan and me to come over and discuss the lack of Joint Rules. Ryan allowed me to present our position. I explained the Democratic House did not want to be bound by a schedule encased in the Joint Rules. When Senator Emil Lockwood asked me on what basis we were passing paper back and forth, I responded, "Faith and common sense." I said if we had anything to communicate to the Senate, the Clerk of the House would give it to a reliable

messenger. Our messenger would bring it over to the Senate and find someone in authority to give it to and get a receipt. We assumed the Secretary of the Senate would do likewise. I also pointed out we had already sent them a concurrent resolution permitting either house to take a long weekend without consent of the other body. When they asked about deadlines, Ryan said the House leadership had established informal deadlines or target dates we could adjust as necessary. He added we would be happy to discuss them with the Senate leadership anytime.

Veteran Representative Frederic J. Marshall (R-Allen) had been reelected to a tenth term in the House of Representatives in 1968 but died on December 31 creating a vacancy in the 41st District. When the members selected seats on opening day, seat #78 was left vacant. Governor Milliken called a special election to fill the 41st district vacancy. John P. Smeekens won the Republican nomination which was tantamount to election in the strongly Republican House district.

Smeekens had represented a conservative constituency in rural southern Michigan, in the State Senate from 1957 through 1964. During George Romney's first term as governor, 1963-1964, the governor and the senator, who was President pro tem of the Senate, clashed on several issues. Romney labeled Smeekens and several of his Senate cohorts "Neanderthals." The governor meant that in the most pejorative sense. In 1964, Romney recommended to Republican Party leaders that the Neanderthals be purged from the legislature.

Smeekens campaigned for reelection with a war surplus torpedo strapped on top of his car, to remind voters he had torpedoed Governor Romney's state income tax proposal. His campaign slogan was "Smeekens Never Weakens!" Nevertheless, Smeekens was defeated for re-nomination in the reapportioned 20th Senate District Republican Party Primary in August 1964. Democrat Roger Johnson captured

the seat in the Democratic landslide in November 1964. Smeekens became a private citizen again.

As a frequent visitor to the Capitol prior to my election, I often sat in the Senate gallery and observed Senator Smeekens in action. On one occasion, I remember watching Smeekens charge the rostrum and challenge the presiding officer, Lt. Governor T. John Lesinski. Now I realized this energetic and experienced lawmaker, who Governor Romney had labeled a Neanderthal, would soon be a member of our House of Representatives. I also noticed the only vacant seat, #78, was in the middle of a small cluster of Republican freshmen in the front left corner of the floor. I decided Representative Smeekens should have a seat where I could keep an eye on him. I took my concerns to Speaker Ryan.

I asked Ryan to give up his highly desirable seat, #96, directly behind me on the center aisle. I pointed out he rarely occupied his seat as he was usually in the chair when he was in the chamber. I requested Ryan officially switch his seat to the vacant seat, #78. If Ryan would do this, then Democratic Whip Ray Hood could take Ryan's old seat, #96. Ray's seat, # 92, only three seats to my left in row six, in the middle of Detroit's inner-city delegation, would be left for Smeekens. Ryan agreed, and the changes were made at the end of session on Thursday, February 6. The electrician did the necessary rewiring over the weekend.

On Monday evening, February 10, Republican Floor Leader Bill Hampton asked why Representative Hood was sitting in Ryan's center aisle seat. Ray said it was his seat now. Hampton asked me how it was possible. I told him to check last Thursday's House Journal. When Hampton questioned the reason for the seat shuffle, I explained, "Joe Smeekens is coming. I don't know what you are going to do with him in the Republican caucus. That is your problem. I have exercised my option to choose a seat for Smeekens where I can keep an eye on him." Hampton nodded and said, "I see," as he resumed his seat on the right side of the aisle.

As anticipated, John P. Smeekens won the 41st District Special Election on Tuesday, February 25. A week later, he showed up to be sworn in at the beginning of session on Tuesday, March 4. The invocation was offered by the member-elect's friend, Father Hector Savlino, who prayed that God would bless John Joseph Smeekens and his work in this body. The member-elect was accompanied by his wife, Arlene, and by the widow of our deceased colleague, Mrs. Bernice Marshall. Michigan Supreme Court Justice John R. Dethmers administered the oath of office. Our newest member then addressed the House. Smeekens expressed his "profound gratitude for the overwhelmingly generous warmth and affection each and every one of you has greeted me with." Smeekens pointed out it was the 100th anniversary of the day Ulysses S. Grant took the oath as President. He promised to carry forward the work of his close friend Representative Marshall.

My seatmate, Representative Clark, complained the ceremonies were "more like a coronation than a swearing in." He pointed out "none of us had been given the opportunity to give a speech from the throne when we were sworn in." I told Harold if he wanted to resign and lose a couple of month's salary while he went home and ran for his own vacancy, I would arrange a coronation for him—providing of course he got reelected to his seat. Harold responded, "There is always a catch."

Smeekens was assigned the vacant seat, #92. I had already instructed the occupant of seat #93, freshman Representative Mrs. Nellis Saunders (D-Detroit) if her new seatmate, Joe Smeekens, got up to the microphone too often, she should tell him his Senate seniority doesn't count in the House. She should remind Smeekens he is the most junior member of the House; therefore, he should "keep his fanny on the leather!" I don't know if Representative Saunders ever delivered that message. Maybe it wasn't necessary. With the exception of a few introductions, Representative Smeekens sat quietly in his seat and smiled a lot. It was obvious he was



happy to be back in the legislature after a hiatus of four-years and two-months. I counted my blessings, but my inner voice warned it could not last.

Since I joined the Astral Investment Club in 1959, I had wanted to visit the New York Stock Exchange. On January 13, Representative Dan Cooper introduced House Resolution #17 to create a Special Committee to study extending our transfer tax to stocks. The resolution was reported by the House Policy Committee with an amendment on March 12, and the amended resolution was adopted on March 14. As the sponsor of Michigan's land transfer tax, I was entitled to a place on the committee to study the possibility of extending our transfer tax to stocks, and I happily agreed to serve. On March 17, Speaker Ryan appointed Representatives Cooper, Sheridan, Ford, Ziegler and me as members of the special committee.

Chairman Cooper scheduled a study trip to New York City to meet with officials of the NYSE during the legislature's Easter break. On Sunday, April 6, the committee members and our spouses flew on Northwest Airlines to LaGuardia Airport. We checked into the Hilton in mid-town. On Tuesday, April 8, we taxied to Wall Street. We got a tour of the exchange floor followed by lunch in the board room. After lunch, several million dollars' worth of legal talent explained why it would be "inadvisable" for the State of Michigan to enact a stock transfer tax.

Michigan Bell Telephone lobbyist Roger Walker accompanied the committee to New York City. He entertained our group including an evening at the theatre where we saw Angela Lansbury in her Emmy nominated role in "Dear World." Elizabeth had always wanted to visit Bell Labs. Roger arranged a side trip to Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and a VIP tour of Bell Labs for those who were interested. On Saturday, April 12, we flew back to Detroit. We did not attempt to extend our existing real estate transfer tax to stocks.

Early in 1969, Speaker William A. Ryan advised me that he wanted to amend a Chapter II onto the School Aid Act to provide a limited amount of aid for non-public schools. I told him that I opposed the idea. We agreed to disagree.

In 1969, Senate Bill No. 101 was the vehicle for updating the School Aid Act. It arrived in the House on Wednesday, April 30, and Speaker Ryan referred it to the Appropriations Committee rather than to the Education Committee. Appropriations Committee Chairman Bill Copeland brought the bill up for consideration without delay. We devoted the better part of a week to committee work on the bill. On Thursday afternoon, May 8, Senate Bill No. 101 was reported out of the Appropriations Committee with 52 amendments, including Amendment 48 to add Chapter II, the Parochial provisions. The bill and the amendments were referred to the Committee of the Whole and placed on the General Orders calendar.

Speaker Ryan advised me that he desired expedited consideration for the school aid bill. Therefore, on Friday morning, May 9, I gave notice I would move to discharge the Committee of the Whole from further consideration of Senate Bill No. 101 on the next legislative day. This notice on the previous day reduced the vote requirement from three-fifths to a majority of the members elected and serving. I also announced to the membership Senate Bill No. 101, the School Aid bill, would be our top priority the following week, and we intended to complete action on it before adjourning for the ensuing weekend. I requested all members plan to be present for the consideration of this important legislation. I had my secretary notify the absentees.

As soon as the House convened on Monday afternoon, May 12, I made the discharge motion which passed easily, 76-28. Next I moved the bill be placed on its immediate passage. The motion prevailed. This brought Senate Bill No. 101 to the top of the Third Reading calendar. Apparently things were moving a little too fast for Speaker Ryan. Before

the bill could be read a third time, he moved further consideration be postponed until the next legislative day. Taken together, our two motions had the effect of making Senate Bill No. 101 a Special Order on Third Reading for Tuesday, May 13.

The House convened at 9:00 a.m. on Tuesday and we immediately recessed so both parties could caucus on Senate Bill No. 101. The controversy focused on Amendment 48, to add Chapter II to the bill. Although the majority of the Democratic Caucus including Speaker Ryan supported Parochiaid while the majority of the Republican Caucus including Minority Leader Bob Waldron opposed it, this was not a straight party-line issue. Several members in each caucus—including myself—did not agree with the majority of their party members. We were the ones who needed to tread carefully so as not to alienate our caucus colleagues.

After the caucuses, Associate Speaker pro tem Matthew McNeely called the House to order at 3:10 p.m. The Clerk read Senate Bill No. 101 by its title for the third time. Speaker McNeely said the bill would be considered read without objection. Smeekens objected, so Representative Al Kramer moved the bill be considered read. Smeekens requested a record roll call vote. The motion prevailed 93-5. Smeekens got up and left the chamber.

I didn't realize it at the time, but this was Smeekens' opening gambit. He was preparing to take issue with the longstanding practice of both houses to read bills three times by their title only. Smeekens intended to obstruct our work by forcing a verbatim reading of the massive School Aid Bill. I didn't have time to wonder where Smeekens had gone or what he was doing. We were about to consider the committee amendments to Senate Bill 101.

Republican Floor Leader Bill Hampton moved to skip the first 47 amendments, so amendment 48 could be considered first. His motion prevailed 53-50. Apparently, the Republican

strategy was to attack the Parochiaid amendment first. I was irked because the Democratic caucus position was to take the amendments in order, and I so stated in my NO-vote explanation.

Representative Goemaere moved a Call of the House. As usual, I opposed a Call of the House. With more than 100 members present a Call of the House clearly was not necessary. I indicated my opposition to the undebatable motion by demanding a record roll call vote and reserving the right to explain my NO-vote. The motion failed 43-64, so I withdrew my NO-vote request. Since Senate Bill No. 101 had not been discussed on General Orders, I moved to suspend Rule 26, which limits the number of times a member may speak on a question, for the duration of our consideration of Senate Bill No. 101. The motion prevailed.

After some debate on Amendment 48, Representative Horrigan moved the previous question, which prevailed 64-45. Representative Smeekens returned to the floor in time to vote against closing debate. The Parochiaid amendment was not adopted 50-58. The amendment was supported by 41 Democrats and nine Republicans. It was opposed by 43 Republicans and 15 Democrats. Representative Del Rio was absent with leave while Representative Smeekens was present not voting.

Representatives Law, Mrs. Symons, Ballenger, and I explained our NO-votes on Amendment 48. My explanation stated I had voted as the representative of the people of the 21st District and not in my capacity as Democratic Majority Floor Leader. I based my opposition on Article IV, Section 24, which states, in part,

“No bill shall be altered or amended on its passage through either house so as to change its original purpose as determined by its total content and not alone by its title.”

It was my contention a new program like Parochiaid should go through the full legislative process rather than being tacked

on in the second house as a rider on another bill. The House adjourned. It had been a hectic day.

Speaker Ryan had failed to muster the required 56 votes to sustain the Parochiaid amendment; but this was only the first round. I knew Ryan was tenacious. He would procure the additional six votes needed for House approval of Parochiaid. I expected he would overcome my procedural objection by putting Parochiaid through the regular legislative process. In the next round, I was confident Parochiaid would get a full airing before both the House Education Committee and the House Appropriations Committee.

We devoted Wednesday, May 14, and Thursday, May 15, to amending Senate Bill No. 101. On Wednesday, the remaining committee amendments were grouped and acted upon. Then a seemingly unending flood of floor amendments were considered. This was not unexpected, as the bill had not been considered by the House Education Committee. Just prior to adjournment on Thursday, Smeekens protested the action of the House and read into the House Journal an Attorney General's opinion on the constitutional requirement bills be read three times. I assumed Smeekens had requested the AG opinion on Tuesday afternoon after the House overrode his objection by a vote of four-fifths of the members present and voting, as provided in Rule 60.

After the House had convened on Friday morning, May 16, Speaker Ryan invited Representative Smeekens to his office to discuss the reading of bills. When they returned to the floor, but before the House resumed consideration of the School Aid bill, Speaker Ryan read a prepared statement into the House Journal concerning Representative Smeekens' protests. Ryan reviewed in meticulous detail the history of Senate Bill No. 101 and its consideration in the House. He mentioned the availability of copies of the amended bill. He stated the Majority Floor Leader's press conference on May 9 and the Speaker's press conference on May 12 had been devoted almost entirely to Senate Bill No. 101. Moreover,

both parties had held caucuses to better inform their members on the contents of the bill, and several hours had already been devoted to floor debate on Senate Bill No. 101. Finally, Speaker Ryan opined a verbatim reading of the bill would serve no useful purpose.

Smeeckens was unyielding. He renewed his protest and again read the Attorney General's opinion into the House Journal. While he was speaking, I telephoned Ryan on the rostrum. He asked how I wanted to handle the situation. I said, "You have tried to reason with Smeeckens, but he doesn't want to be reasonable. Therefore, I suggest we grant his wish and indulge the request. It is already 11:30 a.m. so the reading will extend into the lunch hour. When the reading is completed, we will recess until 1:30 p.m. As soon as the chamber empties out, Smeeckens will challenge the quorum. You will need to turn off your hearing aid and look the other way. Since the request came from a Republican member, I will ask the Assistant Clerk to do the reading." Ryan agreed.

When Smeeckens finished reading his protest into the House Journal, I gave my review of the history of this constitutional provision. I said, "The requirement bills be read three times in each house is in the Constitution of 1963 because it was in the Constitution of 1908 and in the Constitution of 1850, and in the Constitution of 1835. I agree this provision was necessary in 1835 because many of the legislators then did not know how to read. Many millions of dollars have been spent during the past one hundred and thirty years to improve the literacy of Michigan residents. Today we assume all legislators know how to read.

"The gentleman from Sherwood served in the Old Legislature. He has been with us only a short time, so he may not be familiar with how we do things in the New Legislature. Speaker Ryan has detailed the considerable effort put forth to help members become well informed on the contents of each bill before they vote it up or down."

“Nevertheless, we will indulge this request—this one time. If it gets to be a habit, however, we may resort to the four-fifths rule. Also, so the members of one party cannot use this to harass the clerk of the other party, it will be our policy to ask the clerk of the party of the member making the request to do the reading. Since this request is from a Republican member, I will ask Assistant Clerk Bill Bassett to do the reading. Senate Bill No. 101 is a lengthy bill. The reading will obviously extend into our normal lunch hour. Therefore, nothing will be in order when the reading is concluded, except the motion to recess until 1:30 p.m. We will resume consideration of the school aid bill then. Members may stay and listen to the reading of this bill—or not. If you have something of higher priority to do, that’s fine. Please be back here promptly at 1:30 p.m.”

Speaker Ryan said, “Representative Montgomery moves the Assistant Clerk read Senate Bill No. 101.” The motion prevailed. Several members got up and headed for an exit.

Smeekens jumped up and said, “You are not going to read this bill to an empty house. I arise again under Section 18, Article IV, to protest the proceedings and ask my dissent be printed in the journal. This concept of might makes right is obnoxious.” He continued by threatening to challenge the quorum and adjourn the House, but I didn’t hear it all because Representative E. D. O’Brien had hurried over to my desk, to warn me not to mess with Smeekens.

“Do you know who this guy is?” O’Brien asked. “If you mess with him, he will have this place tied up in knots no one can undo.”

“Yes, E.D., I know exactly who he is and what he is trying to do. Either I’m the Majority Floor Leader or I’m not. We are going to find out right now! If you want to be helpful, go tell your pal Joe Smeekens to behave himself.”

O'Brien returned to his seat shaking his head. Smeekens had concluded his latest protest, and Ryan was waiting for me to respond. I said, "No, I certainly do not intend to have this bill read to an empty house. Since you made the request, I assumed you were going to stay and listen." Some of the remaining members laughed. Smeekens was irritated. I continued, "The School Aid Act is my favorite piece of legislation. I never get tired of it. I am going to order a sandwich from the blind man's stand, so I can stay and listen with you. I also request the Assistant Majority Floor Leader and the Democratic Whips to keep us company."

The Speaker said, "The Assistant Clerk will read." A very irritated Bill Bassett began to read, "Senate Bill No. 101. The People of the State of Michigan Enact, Section 1..."

I smiled because I knew there was no love lost between Republican Bassett and Neanderthal Smeekens. As Bassett droned on, the members started to walk out on their way to their offices or to lunch. Bassett was reading so fast, I found it difficult to follow him in my copy of Senate Bill 101. I noticed Bassett was skipping over whole sections and even skipping pages. The ladies and gentlemen of the press were glued to their seats waiting to see how this contest of wills would turn out. Smeekens began to pound on his microphone lectern with his name plate demanding recognition. Speaker Ryan looked away and pretended he could not hear him. I felt we had Smeekens exactly where we wanted him. Finally, Smeekens stopped pounding and walked up to the rostrum and conferred briefly with Ryan. While Bassett raced ahead with the reading, Smeekens returned to his seat and tapped politely for recognition. Speaker Ryan rapped the gavel and recognized Smeekens. I wondered what Ryan was doing.

Representative Smeekens said, "I believe I have heard the part that interested me. I now move the bill be considered read."



Speaker Ryan responded, "Without objection, it is so ordered. The Majority Floor Leader now moves the House recess until 1:30 p.m." The motion prevailed. Speaker Ryan rapped the gavel again and announced, "The House will stand in recess until 1:30 p.m." He quickly left the rostrum and took the back stairs down to his office. It was over. Smeekens had weakened!

Smeekens left the chamber. The press corps gathered around my desk asking what had happened. I said, "I guess Smeekens weakened." Realizing my remark was not helpful, I asked, "Can I withdraw that comment? Please don't print it. I want to find a way to get along with Representative Smeekens. He is an intelligent and experienced legislator. Hopefully there will not be any more requests to read bills. I agree with Speaker Ryan that verbatim reading of a bill does not serve any useful purpose. I think our time is better spent debating and voting on the bills."

The reporters seemed to agree. One of them asked, "Do you still plan to finish the school aid bill this afternoon?"

"Yes, we will wrap it up either this afternoon—or this evening. Otherwise, this fight about reading the bill will have been futile." Just then the Page arrived with my sandwich. I said, "I guess I'll go eat this in my office." They laughed.

I didn't know if Joe Smeekens was going to challenge us again. I thought he had looked the fool. I considered asking E.D. O'Brien to talk to Smeekens. Perhaps we could work out a truce. The prolonged consideration of Senate Bill No. 101 continued after lunch. I reminded the members we still intended to complete the School Aid Bill before we quit for the weekend. The flow of amendments to the Clerk's desk continued unabated.

Late in the afternoon session, Representative Smeekens came over to my desk and addressed me, "Sir, what is your plan for the first part of next week?" I told Joe we planned to work each day to process as many bills as possible off the

calendar. Smeekens pointed out a bill down the calendar, and said he would like to be present when it was considered. He explained that he had family business to attend to next Monday, Tuesday, and probably also Wednesday. He wondered if I would hold the bill over until he got back. I marked the bill on my calendar "Hold for Joe," and promised it would still be there when he returned. Smeekens said he would appreciate it.

"What was that all about?" Clark inquired.

"Hopefully it means the bill-reading war is over," I replied.

It was nearly 4:00 p.m. before we finally disposed of all amendments, and passed Senate Bill No. 101, without Parochiaid, by a vote of 65 to 30. We adjourned for the weekend without hearing the NO-vote explanations. It had been a tough week at the lawmaking mill.

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When Governor George Romney resigned and went to Washington, D.C. to serve in the cabinet, Lieutenant Governor William Milliken assumed the office of Governor. The office of Lieutenant Governor was vacant. On February 13, the Senate adopted and transmitted to the House Senate Bill No. 69, a bill to designate the President of the Senate as Acting Lieutenant Governor when the office of Lieutenant Governor becomes vacant for any reason. The House Democratic Caucus decided to approve this political hot potato and return it to the Senate without amendment.

Senate Bill No. 69 easily passed the House on March 26. When I moved to give the bill immediate effect, Republican Leader Robert Waldron demanded a record roll call vote and urged members of his party to deny the bill immediate effect. When my motion failed to achieve the required two-thirds majority of the members elected and serving, I gave notice to reconsider the vote by which the bill had passed in order to keep the bill in the possession of the House.

I got a copy of the roll call vote on immediate effect and had a Page deliver it with my compliments to Tom Schweigert, the President of the Senate. Without immediate effect, the bill would not go into effect until 90 days after our *sine die* adjournment at yearend—a delay of more than a year. I wanted Schweigert to see House Democrats were supporting immediate effect along with a few of his Republican friends from northern Michigan. It was the House Republican leadership who were denying him the privilege of being Acting Lieutenant Governor. I promised to continue my efforts to get immediate effect for Senate Bill No. 69.

In the next few days, the House had several roll call votes to give immediate effect to the bill, all without success. After each unsuccessful attempt, I moved the bill be kept in the possession of the House. I also sent a copy of the latest roll call vote to Senator Schweigert. The Republican leadership was annoyed and actually complained the Democratic House majority was trying to usurp the powers of the 1970 Republican State Convention. I responded, “Senator Thomas Schweigert is a fine gentleman. Why should he not be allowed to enjoy the honorary title of Acting Lieutenant Governor for the next twelve months?” When a Republican member questioned why the bill had not been returned to the Senate as required by the Joint Rules, the Clerk reminded him the House had not adopted the Joint Rules.

When Democratic members got tired of immediate effect votes on Senate Bill No. 69, I relented and allowed it to be returned to the Senate on April 2. The Senate kept the bill on Messages from the House for the next two weeks. Once or twice I threatened to send a respectful message to the Senate requesting the return of the bill. The Senate finally referred the bill for enrollment and printing and presentation to the governor. Governor Milliken signed it on April 22, and it became Public Act No. 8 of 1969. Mrs. Schweigert never forgave the House Republican leadership, whom she sarcastically labeled “Hamilton and Walnut.”

I remember on May 24, the House concurred in Senate Concurrent Resolution #77, a resolution of tribute to Mrs. J. W. Montgomery—my mother. Mom was retiring in June as Principal of the Keeler Elementary School in Redford Township.

Senate Bill No. 53, the education appropriations bill for 1969-1970, did not arrive in the House until May 29. Fortunately, Tom Ford and I had already begun work on a House substitute. Governor Milliken had recommended continuation of the \$150,000 annual planning grant for Wayne County Community College, but the Senate had included only \$100,000 in the bill. Senator Arthur Cartwright said he had promised WCCC President Murray Jackson he would add the other fifty-thousand, but the bill “had gotten away from him” in the Senate. He asked me to bail him out by adding Murray’s other fifty-thousand. I promised I would take care of Murray Jackson. Every time I saw Senator Cartwright, he reminded me again to add Murray’s fifty-thousand. Having laid the ground work during our tour of the junior and community colleges in 1968, my goal was to get Wayne County Community College enough money to support actual operations. As Chairman of the House Education Appropriations Sub-Committee, I was in an ideal position to achieve my objective.

I remember during the previous two years, when Tom Ford and I had attempted to reform community colleges in a way not supported by the Michigan Association of Community Colleges (MACC), Bob Cahow, Executive Director of MACC, had sounded the alarm. Trustees and administrators of the more than two dozen junior and community colleges scattered throughout the state had descended on Lansing or telephoned their legislators and lobbied against the Ford-Montgomery proposal—even if they didn’t know what we had proposed. They influenced enough members to block our reform. I anticipated this year Bob Cahow would oppose my effort to obtain operational funding for WCCC. As Tom and I toured the community colleges in 1968, and met with the

trustees and administrators at each college, we tried to undermine opposition to funding WCCC. Now, we would find out if our efforts had been successful.

While we were working on the House substitute, I asked my secretary to send a telegram to each junior or community college president requesting final verification of estimated enrollment for the ensuing year. I got a puzzled telephone call from Murray Jackson.

I immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Murray, you should not have gotten that telegram. I am making up your numbers here. You might be interested to know I am estimating you will produce semester credit hours equal to 3,000 fiscal year equated students." Murray was stunned. I advised him to line up some faculty, borrow some high school classrooms for evening classes, rent some store fronts and get ready to operate a community college beginning in September. I said, "Don't worry about the money; I will get you enough to begin actual operations."

Bob Cahow assigned one of his doctoral students to seek me out at the Capitol and interview me about community college appropriations. I told his spy 1969 was an ideal time to adopt reforms. He asked me for an example. I said I planned to provide Wayne County Community College enough funding to begin operations. He asked how it was possible. I explained, "Any competent legislator who concentrates on a single project has an excellent chance of achieving his objective within a single two-year term. Funding WCCC is my top priority for 1969. As I am Chairman of the House Appropriations Education Sub-Committee and also the Majority Floor Leader, how would you assess my chances of getting my project approved?" He just shook his head. I assume he took what I said directly back to Bob Cahow who, I'm sure, already suspected my objective. I didn't mention any of the other reforms Tom Ford and I were planning.

I have often wondered if the doctoral student was seeking a topic for his dissertation. I certainly dumped a dandy in his lap. Could an individual legislator significantly alter the paradigm for funding community colleges, and what conditions or factors were essential for successful completion of such a project? I wish I could remember his name, so I could look up his dissertation topic.

Tom and I kept our work on Senate Bill No. 53, the higher education appropriations bill, under wraps by conducting our working sessions with Jerry Faverman away from the Capitol. Actually, we met during the noon recess in the steam room at the YMCA—Lansing Athletic Club. We didn't want Bob Cahow to know the details of our substitute bill until the very last moment. I'm sure Bob sounded the usual alarm, but this time most community college trustees and administrators stayed away and did not contact their legislators in Lansing. Therefore, we were able to return the bill to the Senate on June 26 with a House substitute which included \$1,602,000 for Wayne County Community College—more than sixteen times the Senate figure.

During a recess after Senate Bill No. 53 had passed the House, Tom Ford came over and congratulated me. He observed the bigotry of the out-state community college crowd had caused them to oppose WCCC funding in the past. Your offer to help fill their under-utilized classrooms with a few busloads of students from your district had turned their bigotry inside out. When Bob Cahow blew his bugle this time—hardly anyone responded. Ford said they suddenly recognized the wisdom of providing community college opportunities for George's students at home in Wayne County. Jerry Faverman added their premature promises to find housing in their communities for George's students had been the clincher. I said I could tolerate their bigotry as long as it led to a good outcome—as it did in this case.

I remember all Senator Cartwright wanted to know was if I had taken care of Murray's fifty-thousand. I told him, "Arthur,

I added another fifty-thousand every time you reminded me.” Arthur was dumb-founded when I told him if he could round up twenty votes in the Senate to concur with the House substitute, Wayne County Community College would receive \$1,602,000. As I expected, the Senate failed to accept the House substitute, and the bill was referred to a conference committee on July 1.

Since Tom and I were now the legislative experts on community colleges, having walked on all of the campuses, we had taken it upon ourselves to change the format of community college appropriations from formula to line items like the senior colleges and universities. We got rid of special provisions such as “except those colleges with less than 1,000 fiscal year equated students that were organized or reorganized after January 1, 1959 and before January 1, 1962.” We also cut up the remaining boilerplate and rearranged it in logical order and renumbered the sections. We assumed the drastic change in the appearance of the community college portion of the bill would freak out the senators—and it did.

Tom Ford and I prepared to do battle with the senators in the conference committee. Since Marv Stempien, the third member of our subcommittee, was ill, we invited Vince Petitpren, Chairman of the Colleges and Universities Committee, to join us as a House conferee. The senators had also prepared to do battle in the conference committee. At the first session, Senator Hungerford launched into a tirade against wasting the taxpayers’ money on Wayne County Community College. I remember Tom and I just looked at each other, closed our books, and got up to walk out. We had to drag Petitpren along because he didn’t catch on right away to what was happening.

I didn’t know if Bob Cahow encouraged Senator Hungerford’s opposition to funding WCCC, or if Hungerford was expressing his own narrow-minded opinion. It really didn’t matter. I declined several suggested dates for a second

meeting of the conference committee. Finally, the senators sent Eugene Farnum, the Director of the Senate Fiscal Agency, over to the House floor to ask me, "When are we going to complete work on the higher education appropriations bill?"

I told him, "The House has completed work on Senate Bill No. 53." Then I added, "If the senators want to fund higher education for the coming year, they can recede from their disagreement to the House substitute."

Farnum replied, "The Senate can't do that because the bill is in the conference committee."

I told him, "No problem, Tom and I will sign the standard one-page conference report 'the conferees have met and agreed to disagree.'" Then I added, "Or, they can just forget about higher education. We could save 330 million dollars for the taxpayers this year."

The SFA Director said the senators would not appreciate that choice. I told him Tom Ford and I refused to take any more abuse from Senator Hungerford. From now on Hungerford is *persona non grata*. Therefore, we will not meet with them until he is removed from the conference committee.

Farnum boldly asked me, "Where in the Joint Rules does one house have the power to approve or disapprove of conferees appointed by the other house?"

I looked him in the eye and asked, "What Joint Rules? There are no Joint Rules this year. The House leadership had the foresight not to adopt them. If we ever again adopt Joint Rules, I think a provision for rejecting obnoxious conferees should be included. "

Stunned by my response, Farnum politely asked, "Who would you accept as Senate conferees?"

I told him, "Zollar and Lane and any other SOB other than Hungerford."



Senator Milt Zaagman replaced Hungerford as a Senate conferee. Because some community college presidents had submitted exaggerated enrollment estimates in the past, the House subcommittee had encouraged them to make their estimates more accurate. We threatened to punish them the following year if their actual numbers fell below their estimates. Most of them responded with very conservative estimates. Fearing they may have cut their estimates too much, some college presidents apparently appealed to the senators for relief.

Tom Ford and I graciously acquiesced to the senators' demand we create an "over enrollment" kitty to help out the poor little rural community colleges if they actually exceed their low-ball estimates. We generously funded the kitty with \$768,000 to cover an extra 2,000 FYES at \$384 each. I suggested, and the senators agreed, the colleges should be compensated for enrollment in excess of their estimate, beginning with the college with the smallest estimated enrollment as listed in our bill. The senators accepted the House amendment to adjust all of the enrollments by raising the FYES standard from 24 Semester Credit Hours to 31 Semester Credit Hours. This allowed us to increase significantly the state appropriation per FYES. Only after the senators had been satisfied that all of the still relevant old boilerplate was included in the bill, did the senators accept the House detailed line item format for community college appropriations.

On Wayne County Community College, Tom and I had to compromise with Senators Zollar and Lane in the conference committee. I explained that I usually got an extra million for Wayne State, and that all I was doing this year was switching the beneficiary of my efforts to WCCC. Nevertheless, the senators adamantly refused to waste a million dollars on WCCC. They limited my effort to provide WCCC operational funding to \$998,000—a sum Jerry called "a Jewish million." Therefore, we proportionately reduced my original estimate of 3,000 FYES to 1,667 FYES. Ironically, with its reduced

enrollment estimate, WCCC was near enough to the front of the line to break the “over-enrollment” kitty, because WCCC actually enrolled 2,952 FYES in its first year of operations. The extra 1,285 FYES were worth \$440,000, increasing Wayne County Community College’s state appropriation to \$1,438,000 for the first year of actual operations in 1969-1970. I considered the project to provide operational funding for Wayne County Community College a huge success. When Tom Ford asked, “What about next year,” I predicted, “Once WCCC got started, no one would dare shut it down.” I think Tom Ford enjoyed besting the senators and the MACC hordes for a change.

An unintended consequence of my effort to fund Wayne County Community College combined with Murray Jackson’s success in enrolling students was Tom’s school, Grand Rapids Community College, got shut out at the “over-enrollment” window. I promised Tom we would fix the problem with a supplemental appropriation, and I immediately requested the Legislative Service Bureau to draft the necessary bill. It would take an additional \$221,000 to pay the bigger community colleges for all of their remaining “over-enrollment.”

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I remember on Sunday night, July 20, Liz and I kept our girls up late to watch coverage of Apollo 11 on television. Apollo 11 had been launched from Cape Kennedy atop a Saturn V rocket on Wednesday, July 16. As the Lunar Module landed on the surface of the moon on Sunday afternoon, Astronaut Neil Armstrong radioed, “Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed.” Several hours later, in the early hours of Monday, July 21, Armstrong climbed down the ladder and stepped off into the dust on the lunar surface. He said, “That’s one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.” A live broadcast from a TV camera mounted on the outside of the Lunar Module allowed hundreds of millions of viewers worldwide to witness Armstrong stepping off the ladder. It

appeared NASA was about to make good on President Kennedy's 1961 pledge to put a man on the moon and return him safely to the Earth before the decade is out. One by one, our girls couldn't keep their eyes open, so they went to bed. In the following days, the videos of man's first visit to the surface of the moon were rebroadcast many times. Those who had missed it the first time could see one or more of the rebroadcasts. A few hours after Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin climbed back into the Lunar Module, they blasted off, rendezvoused and docked with the Command Module Columbia. On July 24, they splashed down in the Pacific Ocean within sight of the recovery vessel U.S.S. Hornet. I was thrilled to have shared one of the most significant events of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century with my children.

During the summer of 1969, I took lessons in legislative junketing from a master of the art. Representative E. D. O'Brien was Chairman of the standing committee on Economic Development, but he also chaired a special committee, the Airport Study Committee. I accepted O'Brien's offer of a seat on the Airport Study Committee in order to learn how to junket below the media radar.

Representative O'Brien observed many reporters enjoy writing about scandal or exposing legislative misdeeds. He explained the members often provide the raw material for bad press when they file their expense reports requesting large per diem reimbursement after returning from a taxpayer-funded junket. O'Brien said planning ahead could shrink the apparent per diem expenses of individual members. He suggested cash advances members must account for should be limited to somewhat less than a member is likely to spend so he will be motivated to file his expense report promptly after returning from the junket. Timely filing of an expense report indicates the member has nothing to hide. O'Brien had several ideas on how to make committee members' expense reports less newsworthy. I was intrigued.

First the study committee should visit relevant sites in Michigan before any out-of-state trip is announced. The Airport Study Committee flew in a state owned DC-3 to all of the significant airports in Michigan the week of July 21 through July 25, 1969. The good and poor features of each airport were discussed with airport management, and notes were taken for inclusion in the committee report. Next, relevant sites in nearby states can be visited. Again, the committee studying airports visited Chicago O'Hare Airport August 12 through August 15. We were actually in the control tower when the plane which is usually Air Force One landed with the Special Air Mission (SAM-1) bringing NASA astronauts to Chicago. It was quite a thrill.

When these preliminary visits were completed, the study committee took its main junket to the west coast. During the two weeks from Tuesday, August 19 through Monday, September 1, the committee flew commercial to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, and then back to Detroit via Chicago. In addition to inspecting the four west coast airports, we visited the McDonald-Douglas factory in Long Beach, where we saw DC-9's being assembled. Our main objective, however, was to see the mock-up of the wide-body DC-10, and get an idea of how this "jumbo-jet" would impact our Michigan airports. From Seattle, we drove north to visit the Boeing factory in Vancouver, British Columbia, where we saw 747's being assembled. Again, we wanted to learn how these new wide-body passenger jets would impact our Michigan airports.

We were relieved to learn although the huge 747 was much heavier; it would actually hit our runways with less impact than the 727s had been doing for several years. Therefore, expensive strengthening of the impact zones on our runways at Detroit Metro Airport would not be necessary. As the wide-body jumbo-jets were higher above the ground, our jet-ways would need to be height adjustable. As an airline passenger, I was pleasantly reassured to see the high level of

emphasis on zero-error production both at McDonald-Douglas and at Boeing.

During the two week junket, committee members did squeeze in a few entertaining and informative side trips. At Los Angeles, we spent a weekend day at Disneyland in Anaheim. From San Diego, we took a weekend drive south into the Baja California section of Mexico as far as Ensenada, where we had a swim from the beautiful white sand beach. At Seattle, we took the ferry across Puget Sound to visit the Bremerton Navy Yard. There, I presented a framed copy of House Concurrent Resolution #203, a tribute to the USS Detroit, a new consolidated "one-stop shopping" supply ship being fitted out for sea duty with the fleet.

When we returned to Michigan, Chairman O'Brien requested each member file his expense report immediately. As predicted, our individual expenses were very low for a two-week junket. The chairman had sent substantial advance payments to each of the four hotels reduced the amount each member had to pay at check out. He had also sent substantial advance payments for the rental vehicles we used at each stop so the amount charged to each member was minimal. O'Brien also had purchased all of our airline tickets at a discount through the state. Through Chairman O'Brien's telephone calls and follow-up correspondence to the managements of the four airports and two airplane factories, many of our meals were also free as we were fed at least one free meal at each of these stops. Also, some of the hotels provided complimentary breakfasts. Chairman O'Brien provided a list and reminded members not to request reimbursement for any of these free meals. I had always been careful not to accept per diem for any meal I did not pay for myself. All of these factors combined to reduce the average per diem reimbursement requested in our expense reports making them not newsworthy. I was impressed.

On October 6, I introduced House Resolution #249, a resolution to create a nine-member special committee to

study junior and community colleges. My resolution was reported by the House Policy Committee the next day and it was adopted by the House on October 9. The speaker appointed me as chairman and Representatives Vince Petitpren, Jack Faxon, Jackie Vaughn, Dale Kildee, Barney Hasper, Tom Ford, Chuck Varnum, and Hal Ziegler as members. Senate Fiscal Agency staffer Jerry Faverman served as our initial researcher. The committee would retain additional research assistance as necessary. Our study committee budget was eventually set at \$30,000, but we didn't spend it all.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 6, 7 and 8, the study committee met at the Hospitality Inn East Lansing to organize our inquiry. With six Democrats and three Republicans, we were able to create three three-member subcommittees to conduct simultaneous official visits and hearings for three colleges at a time. Thus, we were able to quickly cover the twenty-eight junior and community colleges in Michigan. Hearings were held on Monday November 17, Wednesday November 19, Monday November 24, Wednesday November 26, and Monday December 15.

The high point of our three-day organizing conference came on Friday when Dr. John Porter, State Superintendent of Schools, appeared before the committee. He reviewed for us the mission of junior and community colleges and shared his views on how we should conduct our inquiry. The biggest surprise came at the end when Dr. Porter claimed he alone had created and funded Wayne County Community College. Tom Ford, Jerry Faverman and I were astonished! We had not heard word one from Dr. Porter about WCCC while we were working on Senate Bill No. 53 the previous spring.

On the morning of Thursday, November 20, the committee met with the Michigan Association of Community Colleges presidents and trustees at the Hospitality Inn in East Lansing. Bob Cahow, Executive Director of MACC, expressed concern and questioned the need for a committee to study

community colleges. The only recommendation he offered was the legislature should support community colleges with larger appropriations.

On Tuesday, November 25, at the Holiday Inn on the east side of Detroit, the committee met with the State Board of Education and the State Junior and Community College Advisory Board. They provided the committee a number of good suggestions for strengthening community college services in Michigan.

Finally, on Thursday, December 11, the committee met with the American Association of University Professors, the Michigan Education Association, and the Michigan Federation of Teachers in the Appropriations Committee Room at the Capitol. Anyone who had anything to do with the subject of our inquiry had an opportunity to give our study committee the benefit of their wisdom and suggestions.

Following Representative O'Brien's paradigm, we had surveyed the situation in Michigan before exploring how other states provide community college services. On December 8, several members of the committee accompanied me on a visit to William Raney Harper Community College in Palentine, Illinois. I received a request from Bob Cahow (MACC) asking if he could accompany our study committee on our trip to California. I discussed the request with Tom Ford and we agreed it was best to keep Cahow where we could keep an eye on him. We told him he could tag along with our group provided he paid his own expenses. I asked Marcia to keep Mr. Cahow informed of our itinerary. We also obtained copies of Lamar Johnson's book, *Islands of Innovation*, and gave one to each committee member and urged them to read it.

After spending Christmas at home, committee members met at Metro Airport on Tuesday evening, December 30, and flew Northwest Airlines flight #79 to Chicago O'Hare, where we changed to United Airlines flight #105 to Los Angeles. With the three free hours we gained flying east to west, we

arrived before 10 p.m. local time. We checked into our hotel and got ready for an early start the next morning.

On Wednesday morning, December 31, we visited with Dr. Lamar Johnson at his office in Moore Hall at UCLA. The author summarized the main points of his book, answered a few questions, and wished us well in our endeavor.

Hard task master that I am—I insisted the committee work on a holiday. On the first day of January 1970, we inspected the Health and Physical Education facilities at Pasadena City College—where the University of Michigan Wolverines was making an unexpected appearance. We had spent the previous evening in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel with the University of Michigan Alumni. Very early the next morning, we joined them in the parking lot of the Ambassador Hotel to ride their bus to the bleachers on Colorado Avenue to view the 1970 Rose Parade. Then we boarded the bus again and ate a box lunch while we rode to the Rose Bowl where the game results were not quite what we had hoped. It was a very long but nevertheless exciting day.

On Monday, January 5, study committee members visited Golden West College in the morning and El Camino College in the afternoon. Early Tuesday morning, January 6, we checked out of our hotel. Elizabeth and the other spouses who had made the trip went to LAX to fly home on American Airlines flight 190 to Chicago O'Hare connecting to flight 392 to Detroit Metro. Giving back the three hours gained on December 30, it was late afternoon local time before they got home.

The committee members visited Los Angeles City College in the morning and L.A. Trade-Technical College in the afternoon. All four of these colleges plus several others in the Los Angeles area were under a single regional board and chancellor. In the evening, we drove to LAX, turned in our southern California rental cars, and took United Airlines flight



77 to San Francisco. We picked up our northern California rental cars and drove to the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, where we checked in.

On Wednesday, January 7, we drove to Sacramento and met with California Department of Education officials. Bob Cahow stepped up and arranged our meetings in Sacramento. The only hitch in our visit to Sacramento came when Representative Mrs. Daisy Elliott, the only female still with our group, was unable to eat lunch with us because women were banned from the Sacramento Club. I asked Representative Jim Bradley to tactfully explain to Daisy why alternate arrangements had been made for her lunch.

On Thursday, January 8, the committee visited Foothill College in the morning and College of San Mateo in the afternoon. On Friday, January 9, we visited Laney College in the morning and City College of San Francisco in the afternoon, completing our schedule of eight California community colleges. My college buddy, Jerry Berg, hosted a farewell dinner for our group at his Marin County home on Friday evening.

I had originally planned to visit the San Francisco area first before proceeding to the Los Angeles area. When Michigan upset Ohio State 24-12 on November 22 and ended up in the Rose Bowl, I immediately reorganized our trip. I invited the University of Michigan lobbyist in and requested 30 Rose Bowl tickets. He was stunned. I said, "Don't worry; I plan to pay for them." I handed him my personal check for \$240 for 30 tickets at \$8.00 face value. He still didn't know what to say. I told him the Community College Study Committee would be in Los Angeles during the holidays and we were taking a few extra members with us, like Appropriations Chairman Bill Copeland and his two nephews. The committee would pay the travel expenses of legislators, but spouses and non-legislators would pay their own travel expenses and each individual would pay for his or her own bowl ticket. The lobbyist brought me the requested 30 tickets.

When some of the study committee members decided to stay home, I didn't have any trouble filling their vacancies with House members willing to serve as "honorary committee members." Since Joe Smeekens hadn't given me any trouble since the bill-reading incident, I invited him to join our group. I think he was surprised and pleased.

Last minute hotel accommodations in southern California were hard to come by, especially for a large group. We had reserved rooms at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco. When I pushed our arrival date back one week, I asked them to find us comparable accommodations in the Los Angeles area for the previous week. Apparently, the Drake had a relationship which allowed them to get us the required number of rooms at the Century Plaza in Los Angeles. In accordance with Representative O'Brien's system, I had a \$500 check sent to each hotel to hold our rooms. We also reserved rental vehicles in both Los Angeles and San Francisco and sent advance checks to secure those reservations.

On New Year's Eve, I had a conversation in the Ambassador Hotel ballroom with University Regent Gerald Dunn. He asked where our study committee had managed to find accommodations in the Los Angeles area. He was amazed when I told him we had engaged excellent accommodations at the Century Plaza.

After our week in southern California, some of our extra members began to fade away. At each campus, I had a photo taken of the dwindling group standing next to the college sign. Some called it the roll call photo. I made sure none of the early checkouts were able to get a refund of any of our advance deposit.

One morning while we were visiting one of the northern California community colleges, we were discussing campus demonstrations with the college president. Suddenly Joe Smeekens exploded into a tirade against ungrateful rioting

students. He went on for several minutes. The rest of us just stared in silence. He stopped in mid-sentence and looked around. Then he apologized and remained quiet for the remainder of the visit. It gave all of us a brief look at the old “Neanderthal” Joe Smeekens.

The committee survivors finally returned to Michigan on a half-empty United Airlines flight #86 on Monday, January 12. Flying west to east, we gave back those three free hours we had gained on December 30. The legislature convened at noon on Wednesday, January 14, to begin the 1970 session.

Once back in Lansing, committee members and other legislators who had made the trip to California with us submitted their expense reports in a timely fashion. I approved them—and the press found the requested reimbursements were so low they were not newsworthy. I thanked E.D. O’Brien once again for teaching me his “below the radar” system.

The committee held a series of working sessions at the Capitol and drafted more than two dozen recommendations for improving junior and community college services in the State of Michigan. Our most controversial recommendation would divide the state into fifteen (15) community college regions each containing one or more of the existing community colleges. All taxable property within the state would support one of the community college regions and every Michigan student would have the opportunity to be an “in-district” student.

A copy of our report is still on file at the Library of Michigan. Shortly after we issued our report, another study of community colleges, funded by the Carnegie Foundation, came up with a similar set of recommendations. Some Michigan community college administrators questioned the similarity in the two sets of recommendations. Although our report was issued first, they suggested we had somehow copied the Carnegie results. When the press asked me to

respond to the criticism, I observed, "Two groups of intelligent individuals make a careful study of the same problem and arrive at similar conclusions. The two studies validate each other. Why would such an outcome give anyone a problem?"

On Saturday, January 24, 1970, my campaign committee held Soiree'70—a fund raiser at the Ponchartrain Hotel in downtown Detroit. I raised about \$15,000 for my next campaign. I wasn't yet sure whether I would run for re-election to the House or for some other office. Liz and I were thinking about moving to the suburbs because we were not satisfied with the way the Detroit Public Schools were educating our three daughters. If we moved, I could not run for re-election to the House. I subsequently opted to enter the gubernatorial sweepstakes, but I'm getting ahead of my story. I still had plenty of legislating to do during 1970, the final year of my legislative career.

I remember on Thursday morning, February 12, my secretary Marcia came in and told me a gentleman named Frank Blackford wanted to see me on behalf of Macomb Community College. I asked her to show him in. Frank walked into my office and started to explain who he was, but I cut him short. I said, "Sit down, Frank, I already know who you are. You were Soapy's Liquor Control Commissioner and you showed me around this building in 1950 when I came to visit with my Dad's Northwestern High School Civics Class." Frank nodded and smiled although I'm sure he did not remember the occasion.

Realizing Macomb Community College was in the same boat with Grand Rapids Community College, I decided to have some fun with Frank. I said, "I didn't know it would be you, but I was expecting someone to show up pretty soon, because I know why you are here. You want me to help you get legislative approval to pay Macomb Community College for their extra students." Frank grinned and admitted that was his mission. Next, for a topper, I opened my desk draw and pulled out the blue-back and several copies of the

supplemental appropriations bill the Legislative Service Bureau had drafted. I gave Frank one of the copies. I could see he was getting excited. Suddenly, I slammed on the brakes. While putting the remaining copies of the bill back into my desk drawer, I said, "I should tell you I have decided NOT to introduce this bill."

Frank argued I should introduce the supplemental bill because it wasn't fair to pay some community colleges and not pay the others. I told him I had already considered all the facts and arguments. Then I asked Frank what was in it for him. He finally admitted he was trying to get hired by Macomb Community College as an administrator and lobbyist. If he could make a good showing or, better yet, produce results, it would close the deal for him. He was really sweating.

I told Frank, "It's a good thing you came in this morning, because tomorrow would have been too late."

"What do you mean too late?" he asked.

I explained the reason why I wasn't going to introduce the supplemental bill was because it would take too long for it to go through both houses. Tom Ford and I had decided it would be more expedient to amend our item into the Senate's general supplemental bill currently in the House Appropriations Committee. With this news, Frank was elated once again.

He asked, "When do you plan to do it?"

I looked at my watch and said, "In about twenty minutes the committee is meeting at 10:00 a.m. to work on the Senate supplemental bill."

Frank jumped up and said, "I've got to make a telephone call."

I laughed and told him, "You had better hurry if you want to claim credit for the event before it occurs." Frank rushed out of my office, and the rest is history!

Speaker Ryan had not given up on his Parochialism proposal. As I expected, he overcame my procedural objection by processing his Chapter II amendment to the

School Aid Act through committee. This year it was attached to Senate Bill No. 1082. I met with Ryan and agreed to support the 1970-71 school aid bill—with Parochiaid—because my school district needed the improvements included in the package especially my proposed 53.8% increase in Section 17 funding from \$13 to \$20 million. Ryan asked if my father would also support the bill. I told Ryan he needed a separate arrangement with Dad. He gave his vote in exchange for improved membership aid (Spencer-Ryan formula) for the following year (1971-72) The House passed the historic bill after an all-day session on Thursday, March 5, 1970.

On Thursday morning, February 19, I had met with former Governor G. Mennen Williams at his home in Grosse Pointe Farms. I asked his advice about the possibility of my running for governor. He wisely recommended I should protect my House seat. He, in turn, asked me if I thought democratic legislators would support him for a seat on the Michigan Supreme Court. I opined democratic legislators would be thrilled if he were to run for a seat on the high court. At my press conference on Friday morning, February 20, I announced I was considering a run for statewide office—Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or perhaps even Secretary of State if Jim Hare retires. I would later regret this announcement.

On Monday, March 30, I picked up petitions from the printer proposing my candidacy for Governor of Michigan. I began the arduous task of collecting thousands of signatures of registered voters on my nominating petitions, including not less than 100 valid signatures from each of not less than 25 different counties. Other announced Democratic candidates included former Michigan Democratic Party Chairman Zolton Ferency, State Senate Minority Leader Sander Levin, Macomb County Prosecutor George Paris, and businessman Stephen C. Mitchell. All of us except Mitchell filed our petitions before the filing deadline.

I told the press my initials GFM stood for “Good For Michigan.” My campaign focused on three key issues—Education, Ecology, and Economy. Our pins and bumper stickers were ecology green on clean-water blue. With the first “Earth Day” in April 1970, I thought ecology would be a cutting edge issue. I was mistaken.

My candidacy had an unintended consequence. A few months earlier, I had recruited a bipartisan group to co-star and share the cost of a 16mm movie about the new breed of lawmakers in Lansing. It was a class project for a group of students studying movie-making at MSU. After I announced my gubernatorial candidacy, I suddenly became the sole backer and lone subject—so the new breed movie morphed into a campaign film. The script was revised to feature our issues and I was “The Candidate” trying to campaign statewide. In 1972, Robert Redford reprised the roll in 35mm format for a nationwide audience with several significant differences. Redford’s character Bill McKay was the son of a former governor running for the United States Senate in California, his campaign was professionally managed and also adequately funded, and he emerged victorious. In 1970, the MSU students completed their project and passed the class. I had three prints made of the thirty minute 16mm film to show at campaign events.

On Thursday morning, April 23, I drove to the Fisher Building in Detroit. I was a guest on J. P. McCarthy’s 12 noon show on WJR. We discussed Dad’s Off Track Betting bill. I remember J. P. suggested the bill would “legalize bookies.” I responded plenty of off track betting already occurred every year. The bill would not legalize bookies, but would divert most of the business to legal pari-mutuel off track agents. Bettors would benefit because their bet would be included in the pari-mutuel pool at the track and winners would be paid track odds. Long-shot bettors would benefit because illegal bookies limit their payoffs. The state would also benefit by collecting its usual share from the enlarged pari-mutuel pools. I received favorable comment on my appearance.

I traveled all over the state speaking to groups and trying to generate free media coverage. Every candidate has a stump speech. I remember mine hit the sagging economy issue. It began,

“In 1968, when Richard Nixon ran for president, he promised, if elected, he would bring the men home—and we all thought he meant from Vietnam. But now he is president, Dick Nixon has brought the men home—from Buick and from AC Sparkplug. In fact, last week he brought the men home from the Post Office Department...”

The 10<sup>th</sup> Congressional District Democratic Committee invited the four Democratic gubernatorial candidates to address their meeting at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday May 17 at the Ogemaw Township Hall near West Branch. Only Zolton and I showed up. Levin and Paris were no shows. We were not surprised. Zolton and I had done several of these joint appearances without our two worthy opponents for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. On this occasion, Zolton was called upon to speak first. He got up and gave *my* stump speech. I was flabbergasted, especially since he got a better response to the punch lines than I usually got. When it was my turn, all I could do was tell the group what Zolton had just done to me. I couldn't give his stump speech about water pollution because I didn't know the names of all the rivers and streams the way he did.

After the meeting, Zolton warned me as the primary approached the Levin campaign would bury us in an avalanche of TV commercials. That is exactly what happened. Running for governor turned out to be a big mistake. I was outspent and out-voted by all three opponents in the Democratic primary.

In the spring of 1970, Gordon Traye, the lobbyist for the Greater Detroit Chamber of Commerce, invited me to participate in United Airlines pre-inaugural flight for non-stop service from Detroit to Honolulu. The flight would leave Metro



Airport on Friday morning, May 21. We would spend a long weekend in Honolulu and return on Monday, May 24—actually arriving back at Metro on Tuesday morning, May 25. The hundred and sixty guests would include representatives from business and the media as well as a few members of the legislature. I was thrilled. This type of opportunity occurs very rarely. I accepted his invitation.

Early in the week of our scheduled departure, Gordon Traye asked me to recommend another House member to fill a vacant seat on the flight. I had heard Republican leaders Bob Waldron and Bill Hampton had backed out of the trip. I approached Upper Peninsula Republican freshman Jack Payant, “How would you like to fly to Hawaii for the weekend?” He, of course, thought I was joking, but after telephoning his wife he accepted.

As soon as the House adjourned at 11:00 p.m. on Thursday evening, I took Jack home with me and loaned him some fresh casual clothes for the trip. Fortunately, we were about the same size.

I remember on Friday morning, we rushed to Metro Airport, but almost missed the plane. The champagne buffet breakfast was over and the plane was loaded and about to push back from the gate. Our bags had to be stowed inside as the baggage doors were already locked. There were two seats left. One up front which Jack insisted I should take and the other in the rear of the plane.

The aircraft was a Douglas DC-8 super-60s over-ocean model with four jet engines. The flying time to Honolulu was about ten hours. Since we would cross five time zones, we would arrive in mid-afternoon local time. As soon as we were airborne, Mai Tai cocktails were served to the guests who were already in a festive mood after the champagne breakfast. A couple of hours into the flight, Senator Coleman Young came forward.

When he spotted me he said, “Monty, I thought you missed the plane.”

I responded, "I did. I had to get on at Chicago."

Surprisingly, my little fib elicited no immediate response, but an hour later, Coleman came back and asked me, "Where did you say you got on?"

"I told you I got on at Chicago, but I was kidding. I just wanted to see how many Mai Tai cocktails you had consumed. Actually, Jack Payant and I just barely made the plane. It was about to push back from the gate. We missed the pre-departure breakfast altogether." Coleman suggested I not cut it so close next time.

Eventually, the guests settled in for the long ten-hour flight. Many of us had brought reading material, while others leaned their heads back and napped. UAL fed us two meals during the flight.

At Honolulu, chartered buses conveyed us to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel—the fabled "Pink Palace of the Pacific." Built in 1927 at a cost of \$4 million, the huge pink structure was fashioned in the Spanish-Moorish style popular in the 1920s. Situated on ten acres of prime Waikiki beachfront on the south shore of Oahu, the site had been the playground of Hawaiian royalty. The queen's Summer Palace had stood in what was now the hotel's Coconut Grove garden.

Our rooms were in the new Royal Tower Wing added to the hotel in 1969. We had a spectacular view of Diamond Head, the white sands of Waikiki beach, and the Pacific Ocean. After yet another meal, we turned in. With five extra hours, it had been a very long day.

On Saturday morning we had breakfast in the Surf Room and picked up additional interesting tidbits about the history of the Royal Hawaiian. For example, the hotel had popularized the Mai Tai tropical drink and also created the non-alcoholic Shirley Temple cocktail for the child star when she stayed at the hotel in the 1930s. During WWII, the U.S. Navy leased the hotel and used it as a Rest and Relaxation Center for military personnel. After the Navy vacated the hotel in October 1945, the owners spent \$2 million to renovate and refurbish. The

Royal Hawaiian reopened for civilian guests on February 1, 1947—on the twentieth anniversary of the hotel's initial opening in 1927. Once again, the Royal Hawaiian reigned as the epitome of Hawaiian luxury hospitality and class—catering to visiting heads-of-state, Hollywood stars, and other rich or famous persons. Everyone in our group got V.I.P. treatment.

After breakfast, several of us took a taxi to Pearl Harbor to visit the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial. After lunch, we enjoyed the famous white sand beach. In the evening, we watched a Las Vegas-style revue featuring Don Ho doing his “tiny bubbles” number. On Sunday, I went deep sea fishing with Bob Waldron and Bill Hampton. The rumor they would skip the trip was without merit. We didn't catch much, but I got burned because my sun screen wasn't equal to the intensity of the Hawaiian sunshine. At the shopping center adjacent to the hotel, I looked for something to bring home for my girls. I bought a green and white Hawaiian shirt and matching dresses for my girls, ages 4, 6, 9 and 37 years.

On Monday evening, a tired group of travelers assembled at Honolulu International Airport for the return flight to Detroit. Our departure was delayed somewhat waiting for Senator Young, who had gone to Maui but had not yet returned. FAA rules require pre-inaugural flights to return with every passenger who was on the outward flight, so we had to wait for Coleman. We finally took off about 8:00 p.m. The mood was more subdued than on the outward flight. All of us were tired so the cabin was darker as most of the guests tried to sleep. I happened to be awake during the early hours of Tuesday morning and I saw a marvelous sunrise through the open cockpit door. Flying west to east, we gave back the five free hours we had gained on Friday. The ten-hour homeward flight did not reach Detroit Metro until noon on Tuesday.

When we finally landed, Jack and I reclaimed our bags we had properly checked for the return flight, retrieved my vehicle from the parking ramp, and drove to Lansing. The House had been in session since 9:00 a.m. We quietly took

our seats. When I read the House Journals for the Friday morning and Monday evening sessions, I discovered they contained an extraordinary number of record roll call votes conducted while Assistant Democratic Floor Leader Marv Stempien had managed work on the calendar.

Upon my return to Lansing, I was immediately immersed in the campaign. On Wednesday evening, May 27, I attended the Sigma Delta Chi “Frying Pan” in the small auditorium of the Lansing Civic Center. This is an annual event where politicians and other public figures must show up, pay for an over-priced dinner, then grin and bear it as reporters ridicule us for our past sins, both real and imaginary. I was roasted for my multiple choice announcement at my February 20<sup>th</sup> press conference.

I remember on Monday, June 1, I was the speaker at the Capitol Civitan group luncheon at the Capitol Park. Upon the advice of Jerry Faverman, I spoke about the importance of maintaining *civility* in our dealings with one another in state government. The message was very well received.

At 2:00 p.m. on Sunday, June 7, I was the commencement speaker at Glenn Oaks Community College in St. Joseph County. My Tappan classmate, Jim Smith, let me wear his cap and tall gown for the ceremony. I congratulated the graduates for completing this phase of their education and wished them success as they went on to university or into the business world. I suggested they should not be afraid to march to a different drummer.

In 1968, the State Department of Education (SDE) recommended the branch campuses of the University of Michigan and Michigan State University be made independent institutions. Lansing observers believed the development of the three branch campuses had been stifled by the inattentiveness of the two university governing boards. When the 75<sup>th</sup> Legislature convened in January 1969, SDE legislative liaison—“departmental lobbyists”—delivered the

recommended legislation to Representative Vincent Petitpren, Chairman of the Committee on Colleges and Universities. None of the committee members stepped up to sponsor any of the three “agency bills,” and the chairman also declined to sponsor them. SDE staff nagged Chairman Petitpren to get the bills introduced or return them, so they could seek a sponsor. The SDE can submit recommendations to the legislature, but only members can introduce bills.

During the fall session of 1969, Vince Petitpren gave me the three “hot potato” bills. In exchange for taking an unwanted burden from Chairman Petitpren, I received his promise to schedule an on-campus hearing on each bill early in 1970. I signed the bills as sole sponsor and gave them to the bill clerk. Thus, on Wednesday, October 29, the three bills to liberate the branch campuses were finally introduced. House Bill No. 3896 proposed to liberate Oakland University from the control of the Michigan State University Board of Trustees. House Bill No. 3897 proposed to convert the Dearborn branch of the University of Michigan into Fairlane University. House Bill No. 3898 proposed to convert the Flint branch of the University of Michigan into Charles S. Mott University. Each university would have its own governing board appointed by the governor. The three bills were referred to the Committee on Colleges and Universities. After the holidays, Chairman Petitpren scheduled the hearings.

On Wednesday, January 28, an old pal from Wayne University, Dennis Papazian, visited me at the Capitol. As a history professor at U of M Dearborn, Dennis tactfully explained faculty wanted to list University of Michigan on their vita and students wanted University of Michigan on their degrees and academic transcripts. In the hearing at Dearborn on Monday afternoon, February 23, it was clear the faculty and students opposed independence from the University of Michigan. One student carried a sign saying “HB3897 IS INFANTICIDE!” The hearing at Flint was a re-run of Dearborn. Harding Mott told me the family would continue to support the Flint branch providing no change was made.

In the hearing at Oakland University on Monday afternoon, February 2, 1970, we found strong support for cutting the ties with MSU. We were given a brief summary of OU history. In 1957, Matilda and Alfred Wilson donated their 1,500-acre estate, its buildings and \$2 million to Michigan State University to establish what became Oakland University. MSU Vice President D.B. “Woody” Varner became OU’s first chancellor in 1958. On September 17, 1959, Michigan State University—Oakland opened with 570 students. North and South Foundation halls were dedicated, and the Oakland Center was completed. In 1963, MSU-O changed its name to Oakland University and graduated 125 members of its charter class. Matilda Dodge Wilson gave each of them a diamond ring.

Since 1959, Oakland University had grown much faster than either of the University of Michigan branches. In 1970, Oakland University was ready to become an independent university and welcomed the opportunity. The U of M branches at Dearborn and Flint preferred to remain tied to the apron strings of Mother Michigan, where they remain today. I asked the committee to report only the Oakland University bill—HB 3896. The bill was reported, passed by the House, transmitted to the Senate, and referred to the Senate Education Committee. No action was taken by the committee.

In June 1970, during a brief lull in a session of the House, I met with Oakland University President Donald O’Dowd and Vice President John De Carlo. They were alarmed because State Senator Harvey Lodge threatened to kill my bill, which had been in his committee for several months. Senator Lodge claimed he was the “father of Oakland University” and legislative protocol entitled him to sponsor the bill liberating Oakland University from the MSU Board of Trustees. Although my inner voice wondered where Senator Lodge had been when SDE staffers were searching for a sponsor, I agreed to meet with the irate senator.

We got together a few minutes later in the capitol rotunda. I mentioned my bill was introduced last October as part of a three-bill package. Public hearings were held on my bills. HB 3896 was reported out of committee, passed by the House and referred to the Education Committee in the second house. The senator's bill was introduced in recent weeks and was still in committee in the house of origin. I observed it was already June. We needed to get the necessary legislation signed into law by the end of the month, so Oakland University could begin operations as an independent institution when the new fiscal year starts on July 1. I told the senator I was not trying to deprive him of any credit due him. My only concern was timely enactment of the legislation.

Then I surprised the university officials by offering Senator Lodge the opportunity to get his bill out of committee and passed by the Senate by the end of the week. The weekend would count toward the five calendar days in possession of the House required by the state constitution. I promised if we receive his bill before we adjourn for the weekend, I will expedite its passage through the House next week. I also said if we didn't receive his bill by the close of business Friday, I would expect him to report my bill out of committee next week. I suggested the senator was welcome to become a co-sponsor of the House bill. Senator Lodge grumbled as he walked away toward the Senate chamber. I had shamed him.

Senator Lodge's bill was not received in the House before we adjourned for the weekend. It was not even reported out of the Senate committee. The Senate finally passed HB 3896 and returned it to the House. It was referred to the Clerk for enrollment and printing and presentation to the governor. On June 24, Governor Milliken's signature made Enrolled House Bill 3896 into Public Act 35 of 1970. Oakland University began operations with its own board of governors on July 1, 1970.

How did Oakland University win its independence from the MSU Board of Trustees? The years 1967 through 1970 were a time of change. Matilda Dodge Wilson, founder of Oakland University, died at age 83 of a massive heart attack in Brussels, Belgium on September 19, 1967. John Hannah, who had served as President of Michigan State for nearly 28 years, resigned on April 1, 1969. He became the administrator of the United States Agency for International Development (US-AID). The trustees appointed Professor Walter Adams to succeed Hannah, but he only served until the end of 1969. President Wharton succeeded Adams. Early in 1970, Woody Varner left OU to become Chancellor of the University of Nebraska.

When John Hannah left MSU, the three bills to liberate the branches of MSU and U of M had not been introduced. They were buried in the in-basket on Chairman Petitpren's desk. I believe the absence of three dominant personalities, Matilda Dodge Wilson, John Hannah and Woody Varner, plus the slow change of leadership at MSU created a period of instability. That brief window of opportunity allowed HB 3896 to pass quietly through the legislature and be signed into law. Oakland University's steady development during the past four decades proves it was the right thing to do. I am proud of the role I played in liberating Oakland University from the MSU Board of Trustees. It was my fate to be the right lawmaker in the right place at the right time to give Oakland University a timely nudge forward, and thus I became "the liberator of Oakland University!"

On Friday, July 3, I was on the hot seat on the Lou Gordon Show on Channel 50 in Southfield. Mr. Gordon suggested I had used my position on the higher education appropriations sub-committee to compel college administrators and employees to circulate my gubernatorial petitions. I remember I explained when I had visited college and university campuses during the past five years I always had been told if I ever needed anything—I should not hesitate to ask. I assumed those offers were sincere. "I was not asking



anyone to commit a felony! Circulating petitions is a legal civic activity. I merely indicated I would appreciate any help they might be willing to give me with my petitions.” Lou Gordon suggested the appropriations for schools which did not support my petition campaign were reduced. I explained I had precluded that possibility, because I did not know which schools had supplied signatures and which schools had not. My campaign committee handled the petition drive and I did not micro-manage their efforts.

Dad watched the show and said I had handled myself quite well, but Dad was angry about the nastiness of Lou Gordon’s questions. I told Dad I was prepared because Lou Gordon’s style is always extremely adversarial. I reminded Dad Lou Gordon was the interviewer who got Governor Romney to admit he had been “brainwashed” in Vietnam—thus, helping to kill King George’s 1968 presidential campaign.

After the August primary, I remember I accompanied Appropriations Committee Chairman Bill Copeland and Ranking Member Jim Farnsworth on a visit to the Mackinaw Bridge Authority. To my surprise, bridge officials took us on a tower tour. We rode a four-person elevator up the east leg of the south tower of the bridge. About half way up, we transferred to a two-person elevator. It didn’t quite reach the top. We climbed the final distance up a ladder through oval shaped holes in bridge ribs, which seemed to get smaller and tighter the higher we climbed. Finally we reached the top and stepped out onto a platform 552 feet above the water and about 350 feet above the suspended roadway. The platform was not enclosed with a railing. A waist-high safety chain stretched the length of the center of the platform gave us something to hang onto. As I am afraid of heights, I kept a firm grip on the safety chain. It was a windy day and looking down we could see the center-span roadway swaying back and forth about 30 feet in relation to a yellow reference pole mounted on the south tower. Our hosts told us on a clear day you can see about 60 miles. Even though clouds and mist

limited our view, it was still spectacular. Finally, we climbed down and then rode the two elevators to the roadway level of the south tower. I was relieved to get down. The experience had been frightening but at the same time exhilarating. When I admitted to our hosts I was afraid of heights, they apologized for not making it clear I could have skipped the tower tour. I smiled and said, "Please, no apology is necessary. I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

Following my defeat in the gubernatorial primary, I planned to return to the classroom. Unfortunately, my Michigan Permanent Teaching Certificate had expired while I served six years in the legislature. The Department of Education ruled since I had not taught successfully for at least three years out of the last five, I was no longer certified to teach.

I resumed my masters' program at Wayne State University. Fortunately, I had completed the course work prior to my election to the legislature. Now, all I needed to do was write the essay. In September 1970, I met with Dr. John Childs, the new Dean of the College of Education. It was agreed I could write a descriptive essay of the original research I had conducted as Chairman of the Special Committee on Measures of Quality in Elementary and Secondary Education. I completed the essay, printed and bound a neat copy, and was prepared to turn it in on Friday, November 6, 1970.

Because my Chevy had been making a grinding sound which worried me, I had taken it to the Chevy dealership in Lansing for diagnosis and repair. My secretary Marcia had ordered up a state vehicle I could borrow for the weekend. When the dealership called and assured me there was nothing wrong with my vehicle, I cancelled the loaner and went to pick up my Chevy. I loaded up and set out for Detroit to deliver my Masters' Essay to Dr. Childs at Wayne State University.

I remember I was moving along at 70 mph on I-96 when my inner voice told me to check if the grinding noise had gotten worst. I turned off the radio and discovered it sounded ominous. Taking my foot off the gas, I let a semi on my right get ahead of me so I could move over into the right lane. I brought the Chevy to a smooth stop on the shoulder. I got out and walked around to the passenger side just in time to see the right front wheel flop out against the fender. A chill went up my spine as I realized what would have happened if I had not stopped when I did. I said a prayer of thanks my inner voice or guardian angel had warned me in time to avoid a terrible fate.

I took my briefcase containing my essay, locked the car, walked across the median to the westbound side and hitched a ride back to the Capitol. Marcia ordered up the loaner again while I called the dealership and directed them to send their tow truck to retrieve my disabled vehicle. I met the tow truck at my vehicle 24 miles out from the Capitol. I transferred my suitcase to the state vehicle and gave the tow truck driver my car keys so he could haul my Chevy back to the dealership. I got to Dr. Child's office in time to turn in my Masters' Essay.

The following week, the service manager at the Chevy dealership told me the right front wheel bearing had run out of grease causing the grinding, which had eventually broken the spindle. I realized if the wheel had come off at 70 mph, the vehicle would have turned a cartwheel killing me and anyone else unlucky enough to be in the way. The service manager offered no explanation for why he and his team of "Good-Wrench" expert mechanics had been unable to detect and correct the cause of the grinding noise. My inner voice questioned if they had given my problem their best effort.

As my three-term legislative career was winding down, the Legislative Council authorized my attendance at the December conference of the National Council of State Legislatures in San Juan, Puerto Rico. On Sunday morning, November 29, Elizabeth and I flew on Eastern Airlines flight

953 to San Juan via Miami. We didn't check into the convention hotel. Since my Aunt Katharene and her husband, Rodolfo del Valle, or Uncle Del as the family called him, lived in a San Juan suburb, we stayed with them.

Aunt K was a teacher and had worked for the Department of Education in Puerto Rico. Uncle Del was a civil engineer and had worked on the roads and other public projects. Both of them were graduates of the University of Michigan. Also, both of them were born in 1900, so they were retired by the time we visited them. After many years of living in the city, they moved to Rio Piedras in the mid-1950s. Their home was out beyond the University of Puerto Rico and up in the hills where it is cooler.

Each morning Uncle Del drove me to the convention hotel so I could attend the seminars. When I was finished for the day, I telephoned him to come and pick me up.

On our first day in Puerto Rico, we learned how ITT had messed up their telephone service. Uncle Del said every time an ITT guy climbed the pole in their neighborhood, he flipped the tip and ring switch on their party-line so all of his calls went to Santiago and he got all of Santiago's calls. One afternoon I called for my ride, but all I got was someone speaking Spanish very rapidly. Assuming ITT had done it again, I looked up Santiago in the telephone directory. There were 20 pages of them! How could I ever find the right one? My inner voice teased that with my luck it would be the last one on the last page. Therefore, I searched from the end of the list backwards, looking for a Santiago with a Rio Piedras address. When I found one, I dialed the number. My uncle answered. I told him I was ready to be picked up and I had a funny story to tell him. While I waited, I pondered how lucky I was that my guardian angel inner voice—or ESP pre-cognition—had solved my communications problem.

When Uncle Del picked me up, I told him his telephone was messed up again. He asked me how I had gotten through

to him. I said, "That's easy, I looked up Santiago in the telephone directory."

He frowned and said, "There must be hundreds of them."

"I found twenty pages of Santiago listings. Apparently Santiago is as common here as Smith is in the states."

Uncle Del asked me, "How many calls did you make?"

He was astonished when I answered, "Just one." I added, "I realize how improbable it is, but I did get you at the first Santiago I tried." Then I explained my guardian angel inner voice had teased me it would be the last one on the last page, so I had searched from the end of the list for a Santiago with a Rio Piedras address. I admitted I was extremely lucky to have hit the right number on the first try. Del laughed and said he couldn't wait to tell my story at bridge club.

During the generous free time in the conference schedule, Aunt K and Uncle Del were our native guides to the sights in and around San Juan Antigua. They proudly showed us Castillo San Felipe Del Morro, which was built between 1539 and 1787. Old San Juan is on an island at the entrance to the harbor and El Morro is located at the very tip in order to guard the harbor. We also saw the equally ancient Christo Chapel. La Fortaleza, the governor's mansion, is the oldest executive residence in the western hemisphere. We stepped carefully on the narrow one-way cobblestone streets of the old city. We stopped briefly for a light lunch at El Convento Hotel, which as the name implies was once a convent. Another refreshing stop was the Ron Rico Rum Shop where we each consumed a pina colada cocktail.

I remember we observed an abundance of signs for Calle Marginal. These are the service drives bordering limited access highways. On another day, Uncle Del drove us east along the north shore to El Yunque, the Puerto Rican Rain Forest. It was beautiful. We had never seen anything like it.

Liz and I had a very pleasant visit with Aunt K and Uncle Del. On Saturday afternoon, December 5, we returned to Detroit via Miami on Eastern Airlines flight 952. With only my

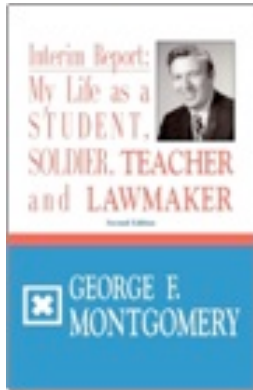
plane fare, conference registration, and a couple of lunches, and no hotel bill or rental car bill, my submitted expense report total was by far the lowest for anyone from Michigan attending the NCSL conference—definitely not newsworthy!

As I prepared to return to teaching, I also decided to resume graduate study at Wayne State University. A decade earlier I had passed the Miller Analogies Test in order to qualify for graduate school. I learned WSU now required candidates take the Graduate Records Examination and a separate Subject Area Examination. In order to resume graduate work without delay, I paid my fees and spent Saturday, December 12, 1970 at the university taking these examinations to satisfy graduate school requirements.

Before moving on to my new job, I spent three days (December 15 through 17) in Ann Arbor as an outpatient at the University of Michigan Hospital. I received their executive check-up, including an electroencephalogram, which did not reveal any epileptic tendencies. Even though Dr. Mogill received a report of my check-up results, he continued to prescribe Dilantin. The University of Michigan doctors found I was in reasonably good health for a man my age.

My Master of Education in Instructional Technology degree was conferred by Wayne State University at the commencement exercises held on Tuesday evening, December 22, 1970 at Cobo Hall Arena in Detroit. With the assurance I would have my masters' degree by year end, Dr. Joseph E. Hill, President of Oakland Community College, had hired me to teach American Government beginning with the Winter Semester in January 1971. I was grateful I would not be unemployed, and I looked forward to the new challenge.

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*This autobiography - covering George Montgomery's first 75 years - aims to both inform and amuse readers. It details the opportunities and evaluates his performance in four occupational roles. Finally, he lived his dream by serving with his father in the Michigan Legislature.*

# **Interim Report**

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