"Three Score Years and Ten"

Selections from the Autobiography of William J. Bulow, Sr.

Edited and annotated by Tonnis H. Venhuizen

William J. Bulow, Sr., was born on 13 January 1869 near Moscow, Ohio. The son of German immigrants, Bulow worked on his family's tobacco farm as a child, attending school only intermittently. In his early twenties, he decided to pursue a formal education and, through trickery, gained enrollment to the University of Michigan, where he earned his law degree in 1893. Following graduation, Bulow found his way to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He worked for a short time as an associate to Joe Kirby, a prominent Sioux Falls lawyer. The following year, Kirby helped Bulow find a position with a law firm in Beresford. There, Bulow built a prosperous practice and invested in farmland.

A Democrat, Bulow served one term in the South Dakota Senate between 1899 and 1901 and then as mayor of Beresford from 1912 to 1913. He had no further political ambition until a freak accident led to the death of the Democratic nominee for governor, his friend Andrew S. Anderson, in 1924 and the party chose Bulow to replace him. Although he lost that election, he ran again in 1926 and won, serving as the state's first Democratic governor from 1927 to 1931. His time in office featured numerous partisan disputes with Republican legislators, in particular over the state budget. During his tenure, he also welcomed President Calvin Coolidge to the Black Hills in 1927 and was involved in the early development of Mount Rushmore as a national monument.

Following his two terms as governor, Bulow won election to the United States Senate, serving from 1931 to 1943. Bulow considered himself a traditional Jeffersonian Democrat, which he defined as someone who believed "the country is best governed when least governed" and that while "the people should support the government," it was not "a proper function of government to support the people."[1] Like Thomas Jefferson,

1. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 221F, 221-O, unpublished manuscript in possession of Barbara Bulow Dwyer, Rockville, Md. The pages of Bulow's unpublished manuscript are not numbered consecutively. The page numbers restart at one after the

he also valued the agrarian economy. In addition, he supported working toward balanced budgets. As a senator, he therefore found himself frequently opposed to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal initiatives, particularly the multiple federally funded jobs programs meant to employ out-of-work Americans and break the Great Depression. He also challenged other actions by Roosevelt, such as his plan to pack the United States Supreme Court with additional judges that would support his agenda.

As international relations deteriorated in Europe and Asia during the 1930s, culminating in the outbreak of World War II, Bulow, like many South Dakotans, held isolationist views that would keep the United States out of the conflict. After the Japanese Imperial Navy attacked Pearl Harbor, the United States Naval Station in Hawaii, in December 1941 and the nation subsequently declared war, South Dakotans turned away from these isolationist tendencies. Suddenly, Bulow's past opposition to foreign intervention became a political liability. Increasingly out of step with the state's Democrats, Bulow lost to former governor Tom Berry, an ardent Roosevelt supporter, in the 1942 Democratic primary.

Following his defeat, Bulow remained in Washington, D.C. Shortly after, he purchased a typewriter and sat down to write his life story, entitled "Three Score Years and Ten" after the life expectancy of seventy years as mentioned in the Biblical passage Psalm 90:10. Already seventy-four years old at the time, he worked on his manuscript over the next several years. Bulow ultimately exceeded the Biblical life expectancy by more than a "score," dying in 1960 at the age of ninety-one.

Bulow's autobiography appears to never have been published, although it has been the source for brief biographical sketches, such as the Bulow entry in the book *Over a Century of Leadership*.[2] I became aware of Bulow's autobiography due to my position on the board of directors of the Trail of Governors Foundation, which is erecting life-size bronze statues of every former governor in Pierre. Through the foundation, I made contact with Bulow's granddaughter, Barbara Bulow Dwyer. Dwyer told me about the autobiography, saying that she be-

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foreword, some repeat, and others contain numbers and letters. All references to Bulow's unpublished manuscript here will cite the number that appears on the original page.

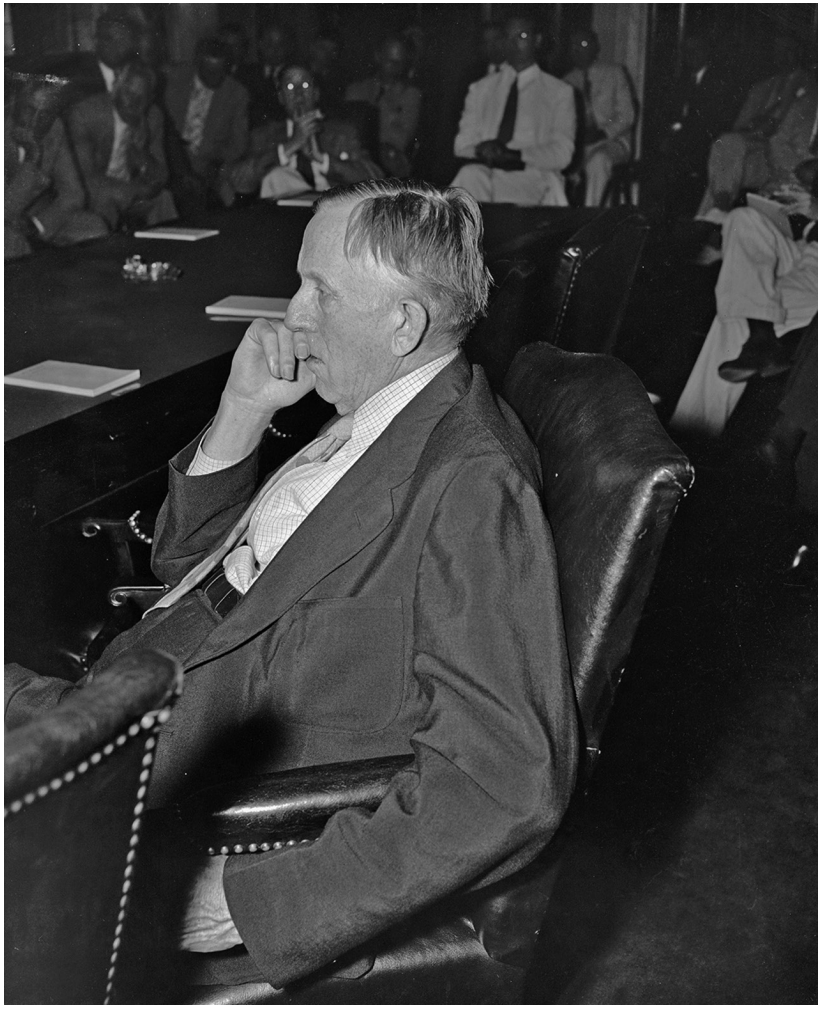
2. Lynwood E. Oyos, ed., *Over a Century of Leadership: South Dakota Territorial and State Governors* (Sioux Falls, S.Dak.: Center for Western Studies, Augustana College, 1987).

lieved she possessed the only copy. My interest was piqued, and I asked Dwyer if there was any way she could send me a scan or copy. Instead, she mailed the original to me. In constant fear of damaging the document, I quickly arranged to have it scanned and returned it to her.

Bulow was known in his day for his folksy humor. He even drew comparisons to the famous humorist Will Rogers, who Bulow once met. Bulow's humor is evident in his autobiography, but his writing also highlights the incomplete nature of his education. Having grown up speaking German, his spelling, punctuation, and sentence structures are creative, if not unorthodox. In addition, Bulow, at times, had a tendency toward long, sometimes repetitive, tangents. An entire chapter titled "Smoked Goose Meat," part of which appears here, is a significant example.

I took it upon myself to be Bulow's editor, correcting his spelling and punctuation, clarifying his wording, and breaking up long paragraphs and sentences. I was careful, though, to leave his stories and thoughts intact. Although a contemporary editor likely would have encouraged the former governor to consider shortening and revising his work, I have not cut any of his writings. To assist modern readers, I have added footnotes including annotations to Bulow's work where he refers to antiquated farm machinery and methods, obscure figures of speech, political contemporaries, and significant events. Additionally, the pieces have been rearranged in chronological order to make the narrative easier to follow. Footnotes citing Bulow's manuscript indicate where each portion appears in the original. Additionally, ellipses at the end of paragraphs indicate transitions between different sections or signal when a large portion has been skipped over. All words or sentences in brackets are editorial additions or brief transitions.

What follows is an approximately 20,000-word selection from the 165,000-word manuscript. The full document includes lengthy sections on farm life, Bulow's legal career and his dealings in farmland, and his thoughts on the many changes he saw in his lifetime. I have attempted to include some of this material but mainly focused on elements relating to his public career, especially notable events during his governorship and during his tenure in the United States Senate. From this point forward, the words are Bulow's, excepting my annotations and brief contextual asides.



William J. Bulow listens to a presentation in Washington, D.C., on 5 July 1939.

Foreword by W. J. Bulow

I am told by those who know, or rather by those who think they know, that every book must have a foreword, and that such foreword should tell all about what is in the book: why you wrote the book and what caused you to write the things you did write and why you had the book printed.

First, let me say, that it took me more than 75 years to gather the necessary material and to get ready to write this book and in all of that time I never knew I was going to write it. I had spent more than my allotted time of "three score years and ten" before the thought occurred to me that I could have a lot of fun in writing about the things I felt, and heard, and saw while I was knocking around and putting in my allotted time. Language cannot describe the pleasure that was mine, as I have wondered back and retraced my steps over the road that I have come, and, in imaginative fancy have paused here and there, to permit "fond memory" to dwell upon and recall the scenes of the days, and weeks, and months, and years that make up the pilgrimage of my "three score years and ten."

Until I began to survey the past with the idea of reflecting that past on the pages of a book, the thought had never occurred to me that I had had an interesting life; in fact, I had never been much concerned about what I had done, seen or heard. I just accepted things as they came and let them go at that. I had lived the Biblical allotted time of man and was waiting for the boatsman to take me over across to the other shore but I had never realized that I had had an interesting life and never realized that I had been privileged to make my pilgrimage during the 75 years of the most interesting period of the world's history.

The things that I heard and felt and saw each succeeding day of those 75 years I took for granted, as a matter of course, and paid no attention to the changes that each succeeding day had wrought; yet, there had been marvelous changes. For a number of years, I had driven an automobile; would climb into the car, step on the gas, and travel up and down the highway to my heart's content. Never gave the automobile a thought—took it for granted—just assumed that people had always had automobiles, never realizing that I was older than the automobile; never realizing that my father never saw an automobile, and that none of the generations of the earth, before my day, ever rode in one.

A few Sundays ago, I was riding in an automobile with my son and his family. We were coming from Alexandria, Virginia, approaching the Potomac River towards Washington, D.C. It was evening and the passing day was fading into night. As we approached Washington, the city was brilliantly lighted with electric lights. It was a beautiful sight. My two

granddaughters, Katherine (eleven years) and Barbara (seven) were talking about the beautiful lights.[3] I said, "Katherine I was older than you are before Thomas Edison invented the electric light. How do you suppose people got along without them?" Both little girls agreed that people could not get along without electric lights and yet, I got along without them for many years and thought nothing about it. . . .

Another thing, a lot of people tell me that a book must be dedicated to someone, and that someone ought to be whoever is most responsible in getting the author to write the book. I have been thinking that matter over. Since, up to two years ago, I had never intended to write a book so it is really a problem to figure that one out. I never would have written it had I had anything else to do.

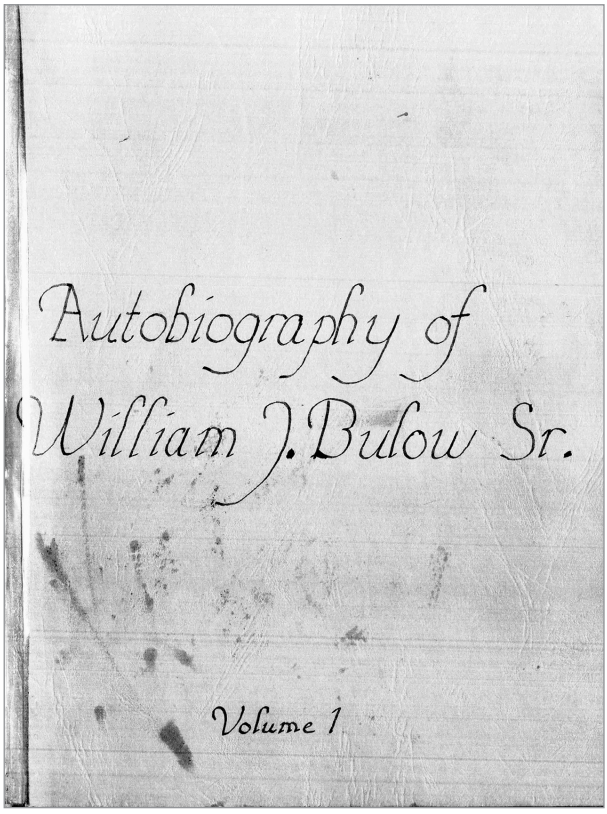
The Democrats who voted in the South Dakota primaries in 1942 fixed things up so I became a man of leisure—a man with nothing to do, and it was these Democrats who became primarily responsible for my attempt to become an author.[4] There were many thousands of them and it would cost too much money and use up too much paper, especially under the present paper shortage, to have all their names printed in a proper dedication; and the New Deal having used up all the letters of the alphabet and appropriated every letter from A to Z including the "&" to describe the many different blessings of the New Deal, so there are no letters left that I could use to make a group designation, which makes it evident that I cannot make the dedication to the Democrats who made it possible for me to write the book.[5]

If I make the dedication to the person, or object, or thing, really responsible for my writing, that I should dedicate the book to Andrew S. Anderson's roan bull. That roan bull was responsible for everything that has happened to me during the last score years of my "three score and ten."

3. This younger granddaughter being Barbara Bulow Dwyer, who provided this manuscript.

4. Bulow served two terms in the United States Senate before losing the 1942 Democratic primary to former governor Tom Berry. Paul S. Higbee, *South Dakota's Cowboy Governor Tom Berry: Leadership during the Depression* (Charleston, S.C.: History Press, 2017), pp. 99–101.

5. This long sentence includes the first of numerous jabs that Bulow takes at President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. It also notes that paper was one of many materials subjected to rationing during World War II.



Bulow's typewritten unpublished manuscript is split into three volumes.

Andrew S. Anderson was the Democratic nominee for governor. A few weeks before election he walked out into the pasture. The pasture was the domain ruled by the bull. The bull would not stand for any intrusion on his domain and hocked, and bunted, and trampled Mr. Anderson to death. This created a vacancy of the ticket and the Democratic State Central Committee filled that vacancy by having my name printed on the ticket.

Had that bull not created that vacancy I never would have run for governor. If I had not run, I never would have been elected. Had I not been elected governor I never would have run for, nor been elected to the United States Senate. Had I never been elected to the senate the Democrats would never have had a chance to put me out of a job in 1942 and fixed it so that I would have nothing to do but write a book. That

THREE SCORE YERS AND TEN.

FORWARD.

I am told by those who know, or rather by those who think they know, that every book must have a Forward, and that such forward should tell all about what is in the book; why you wrote the book and what caused you to write the things you did write and why you had the book printed. First, let me say, that it took me more than 75 years to gather the necessary material and get ready to write this book and in all of that time I never knew I was going to write it. I have spent more than my alloted time of " three score years and ten" before the thought occured to me that I could have a lot of fun in writing about the things i felt, and heard, and saw while I was knocking around and putting in my alloted time. Language cannot describe the pleasure that was mine, as I have wondered back and retraced my steps over the road that I have come, and, in immanigative fancy have paused here and there, to permit " fond mamory" to dwell upon and recall the scenes of the days, and weeks, and months, and years hat make up the pilgremage of my "three score years and ten". Until I began to survey the past with the idea of reflecting that past on the pages of a book the thought had never occured to me that I had had an interesting life; in fact I had never been much concerned about what I had done, had seen or heard - just accepted things as they came and let them go at that. I had lived the Bibabliole alloted time of man and was waiting for the Botsman to take me over acrost to the other shore but I had never realized that I had had an interesting life and never relaized that I had been privelesed to make my pilgremage during the 75 years of the most intresting period of the worlds history. The things hat I heard and felt and saw each succeeding day of those 75 years I took for grated - as a matter of course and paid no attention to the changes that each succesing day had wrought; yet, there had been marvelous changes. For a number of years I had driven an automobile, would climb into the car- step on the gas- travel up and down the highway to my hearts content. Never gave the automobile a thought - took it for granted- just assumed that people had always had automobiles, never realizing that I was older than the automobile; never realizeing that myfather never saw an automobile, and that none of the generations of the earth, before my day, ever road in one. A few sundays ago I was riding in an automobile with my

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son and his family. We were comming from Alexandria, Virginia, approaching the Potomac River towards Washington. It was evening and the passing day was fadeing into night. As we approached Washington the city was brilliantly lighted with electric lights. It was abeautifull sight. My two grand daughters, Katherine eleven years and Barbara seven were talking about the beautifull lights. I said "Katherine I was older than you are before Thomas Edison invented the electric light. How do you suppose people got along without them?" Both little girls agreed that people could not get along without electric lights, and, Yet, I got along without them for many years and thought nothing about it. Modern inventions have wrought wonders during my age. Nearly all the comforts of life, without which we could not now get along, were invented during my "three score years and ten" and which we now accept as a matter ofcourse; never give them a thought, and never realisethat there ever was a time when we did without. My life was made up of many dragge interesting odd incidents, reflected on the pages of this book, and, perhaps, the strangest incident of all is my attempt to write a book. During the more than 75 years of my life I never figured on doing any thing like that. I have been more than 75 years in getting ready but never knew it and never made any plans to do hat job. I have no crouse to offer, but do want to make the sugjestion that when a man is past 77 years he is 7 years beyond the time that the Good Book alloted him and is likely to tackle anything. He is not only working on borrowed time but is also senile and in his dotage and is not accountable for the things he does. Whatever a man does on brewed time should not be charged against him, neither should he be madeto account for the things he does in his dotage, when he has nothing to do and must do something, in order to make good the old saying that "the Devil will find something for idle hands to do" This will give you a forward idea of what the book "three score years and ten" is about. In preparing the manuscript in a few places it has been necessary too schrivel the truth to make the incident fit in the space provided, and in other places I had to stretch the truth quite a bit in order to cover up an unsightly skeleton, but, on the whole, the book is a truthfull narative of the things that did actually happen.

Another thing, a lot of people tell me that a book must be dedicat

roan bull was to blame for the whole thing; yet, it was no premeditated aforethought on the part of the bull. He acted on the spur of the moment. He did not intend the consequences of his act. He apparently did not know what he was doing. I do not feel like dedicating the book to that bull for accomplishing something that the bull did not intend.

After all is said and done, the most important thing to any one who writes a book is to get readers to read it. If no one reads it, his labors of writing it is lost; so then readers are most important. I am therefore dedicating the book "Three Score Years and Ten" to who ever will read it with the hope that the reader will get as much pleasure out of the reading as I did out of the writing.[6]

6. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 1–4.

Childhood

January 13, 1869 is the date I was born, so I am told, and I have lived ever since up to this good hour. The date of my birth was a long time ago. Not many people now living can remember back that far. . . . When I was born, there were no electric lights; no electricity of any kind, except thunder and lightning; no radio, no telephones, no artificial talking machines. All talking was then done by human beings, no moving picture shows, no flying machines, no automobiles. . . . So far as I know, there is no one now alive that knows anything about what happened on January 13, 1869. So I am going to boldly assert that what I heard was true; that I was born and that the date was January 13, 1869. I challenge all the world to disprove that statement.

Now as to the place of birth. It was that period of time in our nation's history, when all great men had to be born in log cabins, or, rather, it was towards the end of that period, and at the beginning of a new era, when births in log cabins were being discontinued. The original house was a one room log cabin, built in a small clearing on the top of a hill, in the woods, known as the Adrian Cabin, to which cabin had been built a frame addition from sawed lumber, and this addition had two rooms and was considerably larger than the original cabin. It was in this addition to the log cabin where I was born.

The period of time in the nation's history was an interesting one. A bloody civil war had been fought and reconstruction days were rebuilding the country. My father and mother were refugee emigrants coming from Mecklenburg-Severine, Germany, in 1867.[7] They had hired out to and were working for Frederick Adrian, owner of the above referred-to cabin and the timber land surrounding the clearing where the cabin stood. Farmer Adrian was furnishing them with board and lodging, and paying them a cash salary of fifty dollars per year for both of them, in return for which they helped clear the land from timber and did the ordinary farm work of that day and age.

General Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of the Civil War, had been elected president. The general had picked as his birthplace a little old farm

7. "Mecklenburg-Severine" most likely is the village of Severin in the modern-day state of Mecklenburg-Vorpommern in northeastern Germany.

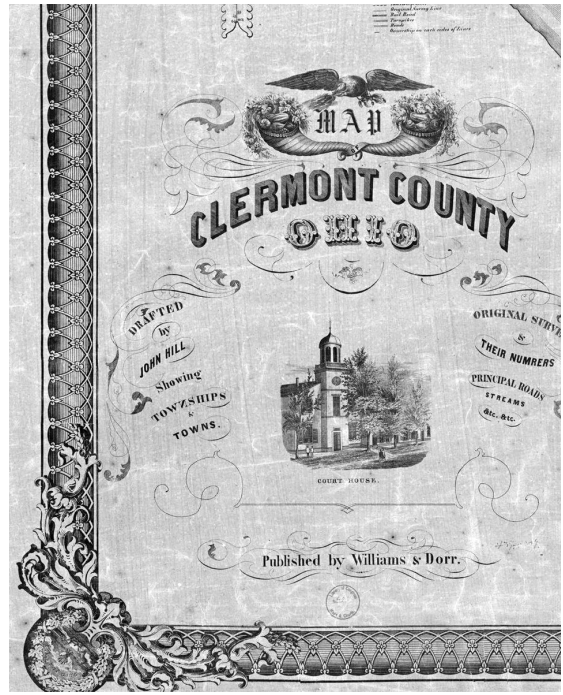
shanty, on the banks of the Ohio River at Point Pleasant, where the Little Indian Creek empties into the river just across the creek from the old clay pipe factory where they made clay pipes for many years. I selected my birthplace near the banks of that same Little Indian Creek, but up the creek about a mile and a half from the place where General Grant was born. . . . Many of you, no doubt, have visited it. A fine paved highway now runs along the river. The old clay pipe factory was torn down many years ago. The old covered wagon bridge that spanned Little Indian Creek from Grant's home to the pipe factory is gone. The house in which General Grant was born has been reconstructed and replaced and is now guarded by a watchman day and night.

I do not know in what shape the house in which I was born is now in. It is not now, and never was, on a public highway. It is not on any beaten path. I have not seen the old place in more than fifty years and can tell you nothing about what it looks like now. I cannot even describe the road to give you directions how to get to the place. . . .

When I was eight years old, my father bought a sixty-six acre farm of wooded land, not much of which had been cleared, about a mile-and-a-half from Moscow on what was known as Heathen Ridge in Washington Township, Clermont County, Ohio.[8] Here my father and mother lived for the remainder of their lives, and I spent almost a score years of my three score years and ten. . . .

The dwelling house on our new farm was as near a duplicate of the house in which I was born as anything could possibly be. The main building was a two-roomed log house, with a large fireplace and a limestone chimney built on the outside. The upstairs was one large sleeping room right under the clapboard roof—no plastering, painting, or other fixings. All of the material that went into the construction of the house had been hewn out of the timber grown on the farm, except the window frames, two doors, and some of the flooring. There was a lean-to of two rooms—no attic—constructed from sawed lumber, with a shingle roof. There was a cave dug into the hill in back of the house, walled up with limestone rock. There was a small smokehouse, a small chicken house, and a privy.

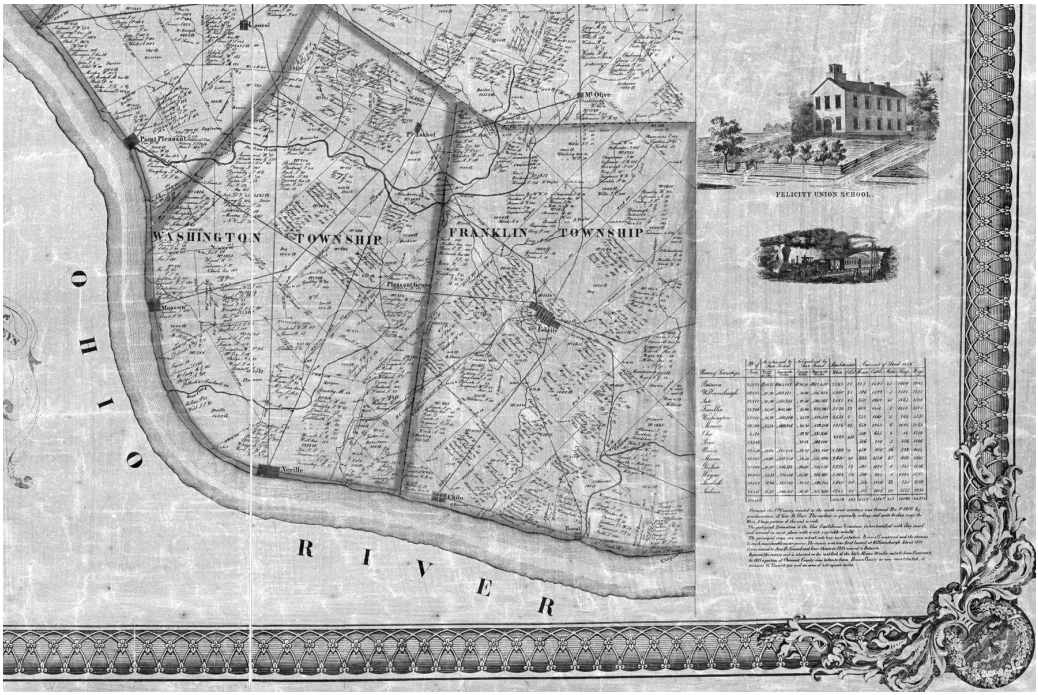
8. Bulow refers to this neighborhood as both "Heathen Ridge" and "Heather Ridge" at various times. The former is used most often and so, as there are no references to either in Ohio, I chose to employ "Heathen Ridge."



This portion of an 1857 map of southwestern Ohio shows Washington Township, where Bulow spent most of his childhood.

The house was located in the fork where two creeks came together, and where the road divided, one highway following each branch of the creek. There was a small stable and barn across one of the highways and across the branch of one of the creeks. There was a path across the other road and an oak log, hewn flat on top, across the creek, used as a foot bridge to go to an ever-running spring of good water that bubbled out of the hill side, near a large and beautiful weeping willow tree. This spring furnished the household water. From this spring, there was a sort of an irrigation system, constructed from drainage pipes hewn from saplings, that drained some of the water from the spring across the creek to a public watering trough, by the side of the road, which was hewn out of an oak log. The barn yard was enclosed by a rail fence. A rail fence also enclosed some pastureland.

This was all the farm improvements there were. A small portion of the farm had been cleared of timber, and used for farming purposes, and the larger part of the farm was natural virgin timber. There were many large, stately trees, with abundant underbrush. The trees consist-



ed mainly of beech, ash, hickory, walnut, poplar, maple, elm, hackberry, some gum, and the underbrush was of all kinds. There were plenty of sassafras bushes, the bark from the roots of which supplied the material from which to brew the tea that it was necessary to drink in the springtime to thin out your blood and restore your body to a healthy condition. There was also plenty of sugar water from the spring sap of the sugar maple with which to make the sassafras tea. There were plenty of hickory nuts, walnuts, butter nuts, beech nuts, hazel nuts and some edible acorns. There was an abundance of wild grapes, wild plums, hackberries, mulberries, wild blackberries, dewberries, pokeberries, elderberries, raspberries, and some wild strawberries. The wild game consisted of cottontail rabbits, quail, grey squirrel, opossum, and racoons. In addition to these were the furbearing animals, such as mink, weasels, polecats, and foxes, of which there were plenty. . . .[9]

In the spring, or early summer, when I was in my fourth year, I had

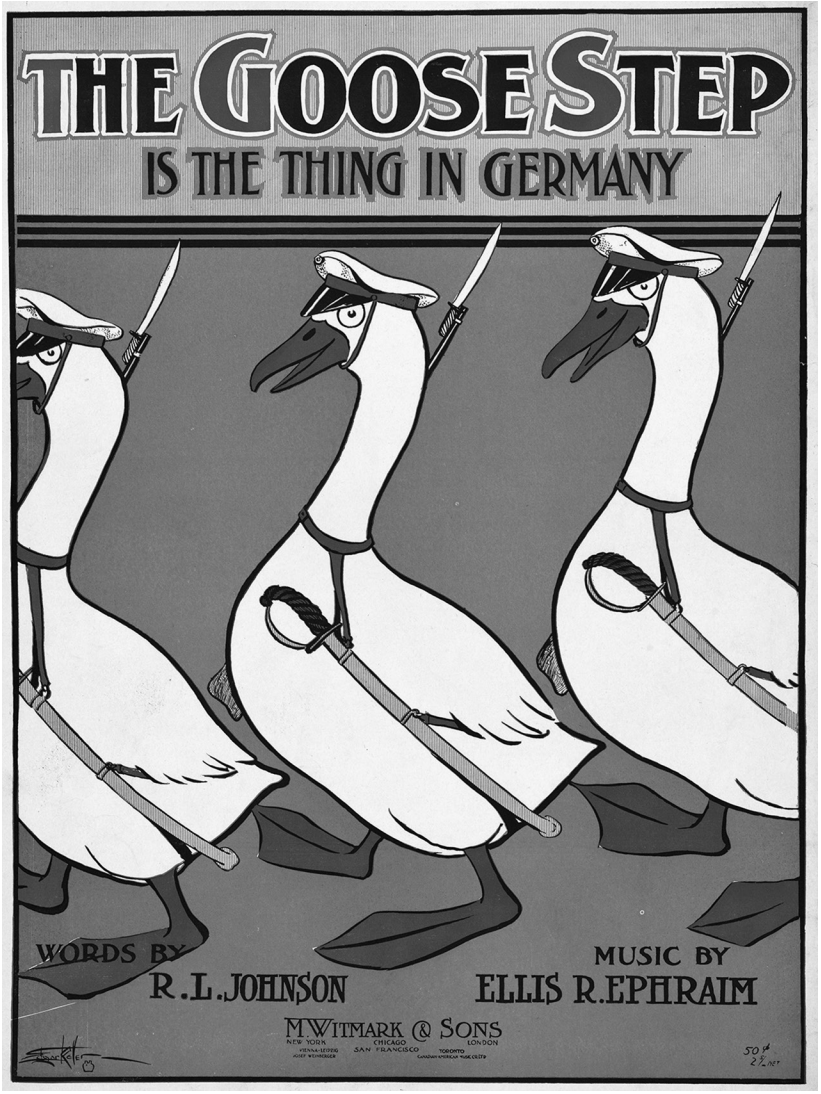
9. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 1–6.

an experience which made a lasting impression upon my mind, and one which almost terminated my career, and almost made it impossible for me to write about this "three score years and ten." My mother had a flock of geese. I was not afraid of geese. In fact, I was conceited enough to think that geese were afraid of me, and I used to chase them around quite a bit in the yard and in the goose pasture and they always ran from me. I felt secure, so far as the geese were concerned, that I was boss.

The house in which we lived had a porch built onto the side. The floor of the porch was about two feet above the ground, and the porch had stone walls for the foundation. At one end, there was a small opening in the wall. One day, I made up my mind to do some exploratory work and find out what was under the porch. I crawled through the opening of the wall and in due course of exploration I discovered a nest filled with goose eggs. I knew that I had made a great discovery. I started gathering the eggs into my hat, intending to take them in triumph to my mother, but just before I had all of the eggs transferred from the nest into my hat, in came the mother goose and her husband the old grey gander. They did not seem to know who I was and immediately started a fight without any warning. Geese are like Japanese; they start warfare without any declaration of war.[10] I was not prepared for a fight at all. The only instrument of warfare I had was a good lusty voice which I used with all my might in calling my mother.

It was a battle royal. The greatest fight that I have ever had in all my life. I was at Armageddon and Pearl Harbor both before I was five years old. A great man wrote a great book about the fifteen decisive battles of the world, but, to me, this fight with these geese meant more than all of the fifteen decisive battles of the world put together. The small opening in the wall under the porch was not quite large enough for my mother to get through. She tried to enlarge the opening by using a fence rail as a battering ram but gave that up. It would not do the work. I do not know if mother had ever read about the tactics that Old General Joshua used on the walls of Jericho, so that those walls would not interfere with his rescuing that city; she did not blow any bugle blasts from any magic rams horn while she marched around the porch so many times.

10. Bulow's comment is in reference to the surprise attack the Japanese Imperial Navy launched against Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941. In the assault's aftermath, many Americans labeled Japanese people as untrustworthy and devious.



While Bulow experienced the aggressive nature of geese firsthand, some Americans in the early twentieth century compared their belligerent instincts to Germany's militaristic posturing as this sheet music from 1901 illustrates.

Anyway, mother did not apply the tactics of General Joshua on the walls of that porch, but she staged a grand and glorious rescue.

During my period of this "three score years and ten" I have read about many heroic deeds. I have read many volumes of "story, poetry

and song" about relief expeditions and heroic rescues from the days of Adam down, but none of them, to me, compared in importance to the heroism in rescuing me from my battle with those two geese under that porch. As soon as my mother discovered that a fence rail was no good as a battering ram on that stone wall, she abandoned the battering ram campaign, and rushed to the wood pile and grabbed the ax and started chopping a hole through the floor of the porch. All of this rescue work took time, and time was of the essence. All of this time I was at bay, holding the fort, on that dark and bloody battlefield, under that porch, against superior number and against tremendous odds.

Some of you good readers may have an idea that a goose cannot fight. Banish that thought. Do not let anybody kid you on that. Let me tell you that a blow from the wing of an angry goose is more apt to be fatal than the kick of a mad mule. I know, I have experienced both. Besides, a person has some chance to dodge the kick of a mule, but not even lightning could dodge the blow from a mad goose's wing. While a mule would be kicking you once, a goose would be hitting you close to a million times if you could count them. So do not ever invite a fight with a goose. If you do, you will get the worst of it.

While my mother was doing the rescue work in chopping a hole through the floor of the porch, the battle below was raging in all its fury, and the hissing of the geese and my cries for rescue could be heard for great distance. A lot of dust had accumulated under the porch and the first few flops of the goose wings converted this dust into a smokescreen. Seeing became impossible and breathing almost so but the blows from the goose wings increased in fury and intensity. As soon as mother had chopped a hole large enough for her to get through she entered the bloody battlefield and made me quit the fight; grabbed me and shoved me up through the hole she had cut; took me off of the bloody field out of reach of the goose wings, and into air that was fit to breathe.

I was a sight to behold. I was covered with blood and dirt. Those geese had pounded me into a pulp. Figuring the number of contestants engaged there never was a battle more bloody. My hair had not turned white because it was white when I entered the fight, but my body everywhere had turned black and blue. No one had ever before, nor has anyone since, ever survived such a fight. In due course of time I recovered, and the rude scars of battle disappeared, without having admin-

istered to me blood plasma, sulfa drugs, or penicillium.[11] However, I became forever shell-shocked against engaging with another battle with a couple of mad geese. . . .[12]

Law School and Going West

[Bulow spent much of his childhood and teenage years working on his family's farm as well as on a tobacco farm owned by a man named Charles McClain, both of which left him with little formal schooling. Although poorly educated, Bulow still found his way into law school at the University of Michigan. One of his schoolteachers, A. G. Turnipseed, convinced the then twenty-two-year-old Bulow to join him in enrolling there in 1891.]

When I first went to Ann Arbor with Prof. Turnipseed, we were not at all sure that I could get in. The entry requirement then was either a diploma from high school, or to pass an entrance examination on American and English history. I felt fairly sure that I could make the grade on American history, but I had serious doubts about English history. That summer while McClain and I were raising the twenty acres of tobacco we never worked on Sundays. The Sundays I devoted to the reading of *Green's History of the English People*, and that way had gained a little smattering of English history, but I was afraid that it was not enough to pass any kind of an examination.

Prof. Turnipseed and I registered together and paid our matriculation fee together. He submitted his credentials and was okay. I had no credentials to submit and had to take my place on the mourners' bench for a period of probation. The dean gave me a certificate telling me when and where the examination would be given. When that time came there were more than a dozen other boys to write that examination. They all were strangers and we knew none of them and none of them knew us.

11. Sulfa drugs are antibacterial medicines containing sulfanilamide molecular structures used to treat bacterial infections. They were particularly popular between the early 1930s and early 1950s. The availability of Penicillin after World War II diminished their use. *See* "Sulfa Drugs," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, britannica.com/science/sulfa-drug, accessed 9 Feb. 2021; David P. Adams, "The Penicillin Mystique and the Popular Press (1935–1950)," *Pharmacy in History* 26, no. 3 (1984): 134–42.

12. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 11–13.

We were reasonably sure that none of the examining board knew Turnipseed from Bulow, nor Bulow from Turnipseed. I was afraid of the examination. So, I appointed the Professor as my attorney-in-fact, to write that examination for me. I passed. I passed with flying colors and entered upon the study of law in the great University of Michigan and my real hard work as a student began. . . .[13]

[While at Michigan, Bulow writes, he spent most of his time focused on studying to make up for his lack of formal education. As his studies came to a close, he had "decided to go west and grow up with the country."[14] After graduating in 1893, he made his way to Elsworth, Minneso-

13. Ibid., pp. 31–32.

14. Ibid., p. 59. Bulow borrowed this phrase, frequently attributed to the famed editor and politician Horace Greeley, from a *New-York Daily Tribune* article that originally ran on 13 July 1865.

Between 1891 and 1893, Bulow attended the University of Michigan's law school, pictured here in 1905.

ta, where he taught at a country school for four months before continuing west.]

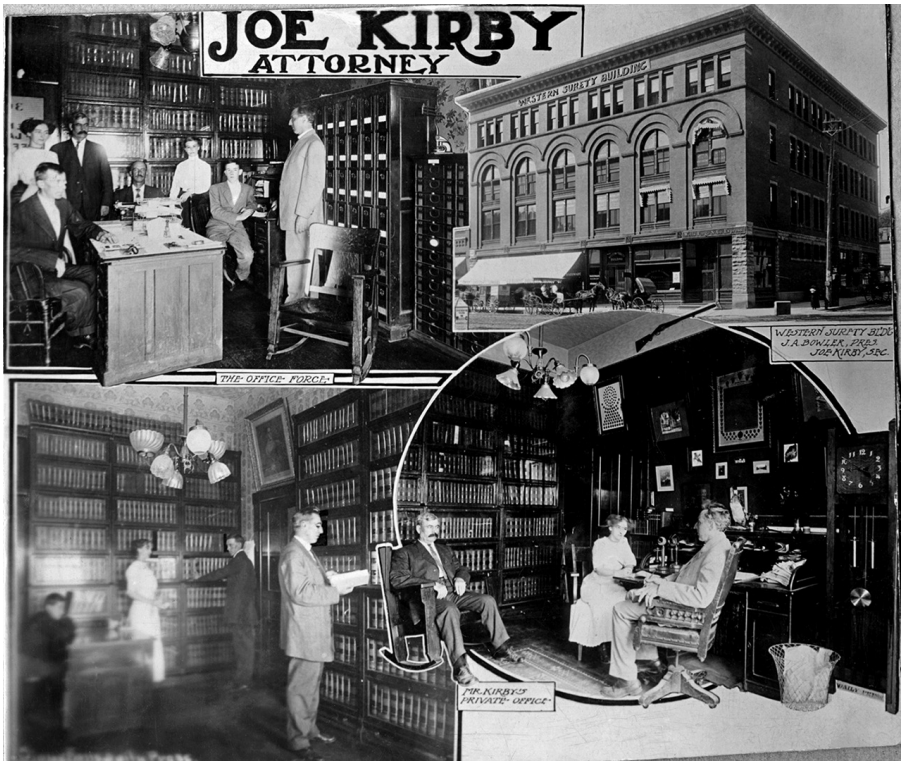
At the conclusion of that term of school, the latter part of February 1894, I took the train for Sioux Falls, South Dakota. . . . When I arrived in Sioux Falls I looked up my classmate George Jeffries and he took me up to Joe Kirby's law office and introduced me.[15] C. A. Christopherson had been working for Mr. Kirby, but he had just opened up a law office of his own.[16] I hired out to Joe Kirby for one year—twenty dollars per month for the first six months and forty dollars per months for the last six months—but Kirby fired me before I got into the higher pay brackets. When I hired out to Kirby, his office was in the Edmison-Jameson building; C. A. Christopherson officed in the same building. Kirby took me to Christopherson's office and introduced me, saying, "Charley, this is Billy. I have just hired him. Get him a place to sleep and eat at your boarding house." So saying, Kirby left and put it up to Charley and I to talk things over.

That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. For more than fifty years, C. A. Christopherson and I have been the best of personal friends, a friendship that I value second to none. The rate at Charlie's boarding house was four dollars per week for room and board.

After I had worked for Kirby for several months, one day he said to me, "Billy what do you do without all your money?" He took me so by surprise that I did not have the answer. The only thing that I could think of on the spur of the moment I told him, "I send some of it home to my folks." When I had been with Kirby for nearly six months he said to me, "Billy I had a letter from George Schatzel, a banker at Beresford, stating that there is a good opening for a young lawyer at Beresford;

15. Joe Kirby, a native of Iowa and the son of Irish immigrants, was an attorney who moved to Sioux Falls in 1886. He helped found the South Dakota Central Railway and founded the Western Surety Company, a notable insurance group. His descendants remain prominent in Sioux Falls to this day, and include former Lieutenant Governor Steve Kirby. "Joe Kirby," South Dakota Hall of Fame, https://sdexcellence.org/Joe_Kirby_1993, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

16. Charles A. Christopherson, a Republican, later represented South Dakota's first district in the United States House of Representatives from 1919 to 1933. His final two years overlapped with Bulow's first two years in the senate. "Charles Andrew Christopherson," *Biographcial Dictionary of the United States Congress*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/C000384, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.



Joe Kirby, whose law firm is depicted here, gave Bulow his first job as a lawyer in 1894.

you better hitch up Old Sam and drive down and look it over." (Old Sam was Kirby's horse that I used to hitch up to a buckboard and drive over the country to make collections). I said, "I have hired out to you for a year and I want to make good on my contract." He said, "Hell, that don't amount to anything. I can pick up a boy anywhere to do your work in the office here and you never will amount to a G—Damn until you set up for yourself."

On a Sunday morning I greased up the buckboard, hitched up Old Sam, and we started south for Beresford. It took nearly all day to make the trip. I put Sam in a livery stable and I went to bed in a room in a little old frame hotel. I got up early the next morning to look the town over, which did not take very long. It was just a new town built on the prairie when the railroad came into that section, and was less than ten years

old. There was only one brick building in the town, the bank building owned by George Schatzel. All the rest were frame. There were a few wooden sidewalks, but most sidewalks were constructed from cinders and ashes, none of cement. There were no paved or graveled streets. The streets when dry were built of dust, when it rained, they were of mud. There were a few small trees, none large enough for shade. There were six small frame churches: Catholic, Methodist, Norwegian Lutheran, Danish Lutheran, Congregationalist, and Baptist. Probably at that time Beresford was the most over-churched town that could be found anywhere, but at the time they only had five preachers. The Baptists were at the time without a man "of the cloth."

They had a good modern flour mill. Charles Porter, the miller, envisioned the coming greatness of the town, and also built an electric light plant in connection with his mill. At the time Beresford, probably, was the smallest town in all America that was lit up by electricity. In the square where the two streets crossed, which was the center of town, there was a tall iron tower and a windmill that pumped water into a watering tank. This was the city water system. There was no sewerage, no inside toilets, but ample outside Chick Sales buildings to supply the then needs of the town.[17] The only bathtub in town was owned by W. E. Bussler, the barber, who hired out the tub for twenty-five cents per bath, and he threw in a boiling tea kettle of rainwater with each rental of the tub.

There were two blacksmith shops and two good livery barns. Two frame hotels, one run by Jim Fitzgerald and the other run by Old Uncle Billy Thuston and his good wife, and where at least a million bed bugs guarded the night. There were plenty of dogs to take over the work of scavengers and keep the town clean. There were some fairly good mercantile establishments, grocery stores, dry goods stores, drug stores, and hardware stores sufficient to supply the needs of the surrounding country. There were two good lumber yards and four grain elevators. There was one medical doctor and two horse doctors. There were two weekly newspapers: *The Republic*, edited by Chris Wheelock, and *The Beresford News*, edited by John B. Carlton, who also was the duly elected and qualified justice of the peace.

17. The term "Chick Sales buildings" apparently refers to an outhouse.

Bulow moved to Beresford in 1895 and lived there until taking his seat in the United States Senate in 1931.

George Schatzel took me all over town and introduced me to all the people. I stayed there all of Monday looking the thing over. On Tuesday morning early, I hooked up Old Sam to the buckboard and drove back to Sioux Falls. On Wednesday, I talked the thing over with Joe Kirby and with my friend, C. A. Christopherson. Both advised me to go to Beresford and start in for myself and grow up with the town.

I rather hated to leave Sioux Falls. I hated to part company with "Charley Chris." He and I had lived together in adjoining rooms in the same boarding house for almost six months, and had slept together many times. We had many ideas in common. If I could not think what ought to be done under certain conditions Charley Chris could, and we worked out many problems together in complete harmony.

I had not been in Sioux Falls many days when Charley Chris was responsible for instigating, and getting, a great big overgrown Norwegian boy to get the notion that he ought to give me a dog-gone good licking. One day Joe Kirby was trying a lawsuit and requested his stenographer to tell me to bring the bundle of law on his desk down to the courtroom for use in the lawsuit. I delivered the books as instructed, and when I left the courtroom to go back to the office a great big fellow followed me

out of the courthouse and when we got onto the street this fellow tackled me and was going to whip me. He took me by complete surprise and off guard. I said, "Mister I never saw you before, I am not mad at you. What are you mad at me for, and why do you want to lick me?" He said, "You have been going with my girl and unless you promise that you will not go with her anymore I am going to beat the tar out of you." I said, "I haven't been going with your girl. I haven't been going with any girl." He said, "You have too. Don't lie to me. Don't you work for Joe Kirby?" I said, "Yes I do but I haven't been going with any girl." He said, "Ain't your name Christopherson?" I said, "No it isn't. My name is Bulow."

I had all I could do to keep that big Norwegian from beating the stuffing out of me all on account of Charley Chris. Charley Chris was the guilty boy and had swiped the Norwegian's girl. The Norwegian had been informed that the thief was working for Joe Kirby. I was the innocent bystander who almost got killed. But that incident helped cement a lasting friendship between Charley Chris and me. . . .[18]

Practicing Law

Among lawyers there is an old saying that one can never tell what a jury will do. I had an experience to prove that saying. Prohibition under the 18th Amendment went into effect on July 1. On that day, the country became bone dry. Centerville, a town ten miles west from Beresford, was celebrating the Fourth of July that year. A client of mine went over to Centerville to celebrate the day. While he was celebrating, he was like the man who went down to Jericho; he fell in with bad company. He met some friends and together they found a bottle of pre-Volstead stuff and went into the back end of a livery barn to have a drink.[19] A policeman rushed in and grabbed the bottle away from them and put my client in

18. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 62–65.

19. The Volstead Act, formally called the National Prohibition Act, was the federal law that enforced the prohibition of alcohol associated with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. The Volstead Act, however, took effect in January 1920. Given the date he references here, Bulow seems to be referring to the statewide prohibition law passed three years prior. That measure took effect on 1 July 1917. Daniel Okrent, *Last Call: The Rise and Fall of Prohibition* (New York: Scribner, 2010), pp. 109–12; Chuck Vollan, "'Bone Dry': South Dakota's Flawed Adoption of Alcohol Prohibition," *South Dakota History* 45 (Fall 2015): 222.

jail in the middle of the afternoon when he was just starting to celebrate. My client sent for me to come over and get him out.

The justice, and everyone else, were very busy that day celebrating, so I had great difficulty in getting my man out; in fact I did not get him out until away in the nighttime after the celebration was over, or ought to have been over. I made a solemn promise to the justice, and to the chief of police, that I would have my client in court on a certain future date to try the case.

I complied with that promise and had my client in court at the appointed time. I then tried to talk the court into turning him loose. This the court would not do, and, sitting as a committing magistrate, the justice bound my client over to the next term of circuit court sitting in Turner County.

As soon as the names of the jury list to be summoned for that term of court were available, I investigated and checked up on each of them as to their habits and philosophy of life, and particularly as to what they did and how they celebrated the day that my client was thrown into the houscow.[20] When the clerk of courts had called the names of the "twelve men good and true" who were to sit as jurors to try the case, I checked my investigating data and found that eleven of the twelve had celebrated the Fourth and had violated the same law, on the same day, in the same way that my client had. The twelfth juror had probably done the same thing too, but I had been unable to get any information on him. I was satisfied with the jury and did not examine them very closely, touching their qualification to sit as jurors in the case.

I did not try the case carefully but was rather careless in a display of humor and ridicule. I felt sure that that jury would never send my client to jail for doing what eleven members of that jury had done on the self-same day in the self-same way as my client had celebrated the glorious Fourth. I had a lot of fun in trying that lawsuit and kidding the prosecuting attorney. I argued to that jury that for a hundred and fifty years men had celebrated the Fourth of July and exercised their constitutional right to get drunk on that day if they wanted to, and that my client did not know that it had been made a crime three days before to take a drink on the Fourth. I suggested that maybe some members of

20. "Houscow," actually spelled hoosegow, is a colloquial term for a jail.

that jury also had not known that it was a crime for which they might be put in jail. I called their attention to what the Master had said when they brought to him, for judgement, the scarlet woman, and demanded that she be stoned and the Master had said, "let him that is without sin cast the first stone" and how there were no stones thrown that day, and that the Master had then said, "Thou art no longer accused, Go thy way and sin no more." I gave that jury to understand that I knew what they had done on that Fourth of July, and if they sent my client to jail they should go with him, but that I knew they would not send my client to jail.

I made my argument too strong. I talked too plain. I had too much fun. I attempted too much humor and used too much ridicule. I thought I had guessed to a certainty what that jury would do. They retired to deliberate. In a few minutes, the bailiff reported to the court that the jury had agreed upon a verdict. The jury was brought into court. The Judge said, "Gentlemen have you agreed upon a verdict?" The foreman said, "We have." The Judge said, "What is your verdict?" The foreman replied, "We find the defendant guilty."

I had the jury polled and every one of them voted guilty. After the jury had been discharged, I met one of the jurors in the lobby of the courthouse—a great big, fat, good-natured sort of a fellow—and I said to him, "How in the world did you men arrive at that verdict?" He answered, "You darn fool, did you think we would vote to convict ourselves?"

I had made my argument too strong. I had used vinegar when I should have used 'lasses. I learned that the first ballot of that jury was eleven for conviction to one for acquittal, and the second ballot was unanimous for conviction. The saying is absolutely correct that no one can ever tell what a jury will do. . . .[21]

For many years, August Frieberg and I were the only attorneys located in Beresford and we were always on opposing sides in any lawsuit.[22] The best-paying business was the probate practice. The original

21. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 95–97.

22. Frieberg founded a law firm that still serves Beresford today. His son Roscoe, grandson Robert, and great-grandson Thomas have worked for the same firm. "About Our Law Firm," Frieberg, Nelson & Ask, http://fnalawfirm.com/home/index.php/about-our-law-firm, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

homestead settlers were getting up in age and were dropping off one at a time. Their estates had to be probated. The state bar fee schedule for probate work was very good. This was the best paying law business and did not require time to search for law and brief the case. One probate case was just like the other, and after a lawyer had learned how to take one of these cases through the court, he could take the rest of them through without looking up any law.

The people in and around Beresford were like any other average community. They were cosmopolitan: diversified temperaments and diversified thoughts and ambitions. Some were happiest when they had a good lawsuit pending with their neighbor. It was quite a litigious country. Frieberg and I both had ample clients to keep us both busy and

In addition to being a lawyer, August Frieberg was Beresford's first mayor and served in the state senate between 1903 and 1907.

we brought many lawsuits. Each of us sued people "right and left" in accordance with the wishes of our clients. We started many lawsuits but tried only a very few.

We had two terms of court a year. A few days before the convening of court, Frieberg and I would get together, either in his office or in mine, and we would go over the court calendar as to the cases we had pending, and he and I would reach an agreed settlement in most cases. We both believed that it was better for our clients to make a poor settlement than to have a good lawsuit.

Sometimes our clients would not approve of our settlement and then we would have to go to trial. This would be upon rare occasions. Most cases we settled out of court, even if our clients wanted a good lawsuit, and many times they would get so mad that they would not come back to the office for months. But in the long run, and over the years, these poor settlements paid better than good lawsuits.[23]

Becoming Governor

I ran for re-election to the South Dakota Senate in 1900, on the Democratic ticket and went down to defeat, and I don't mean maybe. After the votes in that election were counted, I made up my mind that maybe my friend Charley Chris was right. He had written me during the election of two years just a short letter in which he said, "Bill you damn fool. What do you want to monkey with politics for? Why don't you practice law?"

I decided to follow the advice of Charley Chris. For twenty-five years, I quit the game of politics cold. I devoted all of my time to the practice of law, farming activities, and the buying and selling of farmlands, and making plenty of money and enjoying life to its fullest extent.

While I was thus devoting my time, obeying the advice and instructions of Charley Chris, I discovered that when I quit the game of politics, Charley Chris, jumped in with both feet. He ran for the state legislature; ran for the speakership; for congress, for governor, for senator.[24]

23. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 104–5.

24. Bulow is exaggerating Christopherson's political ambitions. Christopherson never ran for governor, nor for the United States Senate.

After they met while working for Joe Kirby, Bulow remained lifelong friends with Charles A. Christopherson, photographed here during his first term in the United States Congress.

In fact, he was running at every election during those twenty-five years after he got me out of the game. I used to write him some letters, repaying him with compound interest for the letter he had written me. I wish I had copies of some of the letters I wrote him; if I had them I would insert them in this narrative.

After I realized what Charley Chris had done to me, and after he had sidetracked me, so that he could run without any interference from me, I decided that maybe I had made a mistake. So when the roan bull killed my good personal friend Andrew Anderson, whom the Democrats had nominated as their candidate for governor, and when the Democratic State Central Committee tendered me the nomination, I was raring to go.

I only had a month to make a campaign against my friend Carl Gunderson, the Republican nominee, and he beat the living daylights out of me. Carl and I had been statesmen together way back yonder in the South Dakota legislature in 1899, he representing Clay County and I Union County in the State Senate.

When Carl beat me so badly, I again resolved that politics was not the game for me. Two years later, the Democrats of Union County elected me as a delegate to the state convention. When I left for the convention, I promised my wife and daughter that I would not be a candidate. Neither of them wanted me to run. They both said I would only get beat. I entirely agreed with them. Politics gets into the blood, and when once in you can't get it out. I had spent a very pleasant month in the campaign two years before and had made a lot of new friends and gotten acquainted with some good people. When I again met these good Democrats at the state convention, they patted me on the back. I weakened. I became as putty in their hands. I again became a candidate.

This time I have five months in which to make a campaign and I went at it hammer and tongs. I enjoyed making political speeches and meeting new friends. In many parts of the state I was not at all acquainted. Nobody knew who I was, but I became acquainted. I had a good time and saw all of South Dakota and had many surprises as to the greatness and grandeur of the state; also as to the largeness of the state. I learned that we had counties in South Dakota that were larger than some of the New England states. I learned that it would take me all day, speeding up my Ford Model T as best I could, to drive across some of the counties. I learned that South Dakota was as big as all out-of-doors.

I knew that my friend Carl Gunderson had made a good governor, but in running the office of governor he had made most everybody mad. He had a peculiar way about him, and even if he gave people everything and all that they asked for and wanted, he would make them mad by the way he gave it to them. He had a peculiar way of doing a thing right and

making the people believe he was doing wrong. The few that Carl did not make mad himself, his wife had by her activities as the First Lady of the state. I took advantage of everything I heard, as best I could, without spending too much time to make things easy for my friend Carl. I had not been so much concerned about how much people loved me, but I was concerned to learn that they loved Carl less. I never knew before that a person could make so many people mad when he gave them what they asked for.

I traveled all over the state and became acquainted with a wonderful lot of people. I had a good time and enjoyed myself very much, but never expected to be elected; those odds were too great. My plans were that the day after election I would resume my law practice at Beresford. After having had a good time in traveling all over the greatest state in the union, and getting acquainted with some of the best people on the face of the earth, I learned that it was not the people who voted for somebody, but rather it was the people who voted against somebody who win elections.

When election returns began to come in, they were unbelievable. South Dakota had never elected a Democratic governor. A quarter of a century before, Andrew E. Lee, a Populist, had been elected governor on a fusion ticket of Democrats and Populists. All other governors had been Republican. . . .[25]

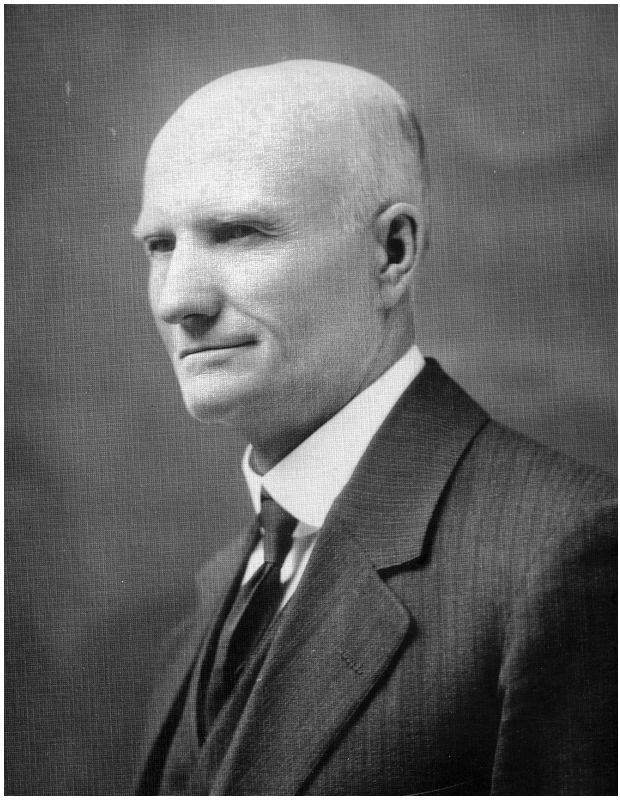
I had been elected to the office of governor, now what was I going to do with that office? I wished many times that I had taken the advice of Charley Chris and not monkeyed around with politics. Louis N. Crill, of Elk Point, our Democratic State Chairman, had managed my campaign.[26] He had spent a little less than two thousand dollars, which was all the campaign funds that the Democrats had. I had contributed a little to that fund; not very much, but I had paid all of my own expenses during the campaign.

When the conditions in the temporary state capital at Beresford got almost out of control,[27] I arranged with Mr. Crill that we better take an

25. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 75–77.

26. Crill ran as the Democratic nominee for governor in 1904 and 1922 but lost both times. He served as Secretary of Agriculture for South Dakota in Bulow's gubernatorial administration until his death in 1929. *Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader*, 7 Feb. 1929.

27. In the original manuscript, Bulow jokes that Beresford became the "temporary state



Carl Gunderson served as governor for one term from 1925 to 1927.

auto ride to Pierre and look the statehouse over, and try and find out what kind of place that was going to be for a Democrat to live. We drove through Wolsey and picked up W. W. House, the Democratic national committeeman, and took him along. We had picked up Guy H. Harvey at Yankton, so the four of us drove on to Pierre, arriving there in the evening.

The next morning, we thought that the best and first thing that we should do was to call on and pay our respects to the Honorable Carl Gunderson, the governor. We were ushered into the governor's private office, and the Honorable Carl immediately requested Crill, Harvey, and Howes to leave the room, stating that he wanted a private talk with me.

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capital" after his election, as people flocked to the city to attempt to influence or win favor with him (Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 77–78).

As soon as they were out of the room the Hon. Carl started in on me and gave me the worst tongue lashing that I have ever had. I tried to tell him that I did not come to quarrel with him; that I came to pay my respects, and to find out when he was going to move out of the governor's cottage so that I could have my household goods moved in; that I did not want to have my furniture trucked from Beresford until the cottage was vacant, and would he please tell me when he was going to move out.

The only answer that he made was that he would move out as soon as he could after his term was out. Among other things, he said that I did not need to call on him to pay my respects, as he never again would have any respect for me—that he and I had been friends for many years but that was now ended. Nothing that I could ever do could restore that friendship or cause him to again have any respect for me etc. etc. etc. He said a lot of things and surprised me so that I could not get a word in edgewise.

I listened to the Honorable Carl for quite a spell. He got a great satisfaction in getting things off of his chest. Since he would not let me do any talking, I finally got up and walked out of his office. He was still going strong when I went out of the door. He had not gotten over a great shock. He never once thought that he could be defeated. I also had had a shock. I never thought that I could be elected. So we both were shocked, but the two shocks were somewhat different, and affected each of us in a little different manner.[28]

In the Governor's Office

I had made my campaign stressing a balanced budget; that state expenses must be kept within revenue income. I said that if we continued to expand each year in excess of revenue income, and without giving any attention to revenue income, we were headed for bankruptcy. The Republican stewardship had been wrong and there needed to be a change. I told people that when I came to the state as a young man, the state then had no bonded indebtedness. It was then the boast of the people of South Dakota that the state had the highest per capita income, and the lowest per capita tax, of any state in the union, but under the

28. Ibid., pp. 78–79.

Republican stewardship over the years, we now had a bonded debt of over sixty-five million dollars,[29] and we were fast approaching the record of becoming the highest per capita debt of any state in the union. I said that this thing had to stop—this reckless spending without regard to revenue income had to be halted.

I put great stress on this in my message to the legislature and gave the members of that body to understand that I would not approve appropriations in excess of revenue income. When the annual appropriation bill came to me for approval, it reflected the same old story. From the best information I could get, the legislature had appropriated more than a million dollars in excess of the possible revenue income. I promptly vetoed the measure. In a message I gave the legislature two alternatives: they must either cut down the appropriations to within the revenue, or they must provide more revenues. The House promptly overrode my veto and passed the bill, but its passage was blocked in the Senate. There were sixteen Democratic senators in the Senate who stayed by me, plus one Republican, Senator Hicks from Lincoln County who joined with the Democrats, and the appropriation bill went down to defeat.[30]

This made the Republican legislative members awfully mad, and they decided not to pass any other appropriation bill. They had ample time in which to do so before the sixty-day limitation of the session expired, but they decided not to do so. They sent word to me and wanted to know how I was going to collect my salary and how I was going to run the governor's office after the first day of July when all appropriations expired and there would be no money to pay me. I sent word back that

29. This debt was due to the failure of the Rural Credit program. Through this program, started during Governor Peter Norbeck's administration, the state borrowed money at a low rate and loaned it out to farmers. It became insolvent when land values plummeted during the farm crisis of the early 1920s. The state took until the 1950s to pay off the debt. Gilbert C. Fite, *Peter Norbeck: Prairie Statesman* (Pierre: South Dakota Historical Society Press, 2005), pp. 80–87.

30. Both houses of the South Dakota Legislature were larger in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. While Bulow served as governor, the senate had forty-five members and was controlled by the Republicans, twenty-nine to sixteen. Therefore, it would have taken thirty votes to achieve the two-thirds necessary to override a veto. South Dakota State Legislature, *Legislator Historical Listing*, http://legis.state.sd.us/historical/index.aspx, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

I did not need any money to run the governor's office; that all I needed to run that office was plenty of chewing tobacco, and a few good Democrats had agreed to supply that. I was going to get along all right, but I was wondering what all the Republican officeholders were going to do after July 1.

Immediately after adjournment of the legislature, the Republican leadership brought an original action in the Supreme Court against me, in which they contended that a governor has no power to veto a general appropriation bill. All the judges of the Supreme Court were Republican, but they were all men of the highest integrity and I was perfectly willing to submit the case to them and abide by their judgment.

In as much as the salaries of the judges were involved in the appropriation bill which I had vetoed, the members of the court felt that in good ethics, they could not sit as judges in the case. Under provisions of law they could, in such cases, select a special court from among the lawyers of the state to sit as special judges. This was done. Five prominent lawyers were selected from the membership of the state bar. Three

Bulow and his wife attend the Black Hills Roundup in Belle Fourche while he served as governor.

were Republicans and two were Democrats, and they sat as judges and tried the case.

The case was hotly contested and well-tried. The judges reached a unanimous decision sustaining the governor's veto. At the end of the fiscal year, June 30, all unexpended appropriations would revert back to the general fund, and after that there would be no money for any of the state activities. It was necessary to call a special session of the legislature to provide for funds to carry on the business of the state after July 1.

I waited until well into June before making the call. When the legislature reassembled, everyone was in better humor. The legislative members had visited with "the boys back home" and had discovered that the "boys back home" were not particularly mad at the governor and were in favor of cutting down state expenses. We had no difficulty in getting together on a new appropriation bill and fixed it so that all the boys on state payroll had a little money to spend in celebrating the Fourth of July. . . .[31]

I granted many pardons, but the percentage of pardons granted to the applications made were small. None were granted without a thorough investigation, and then only where it seemed plain that justice had miscarried, or that a pardon would be in the interest of justice, or in the interest of the public good. . . .

The other pardon case that now comes to my mind, and which created a lot of comment, mostly adverse, was that of Poker Alice.[32] Poker Alice had been convicted for a violation of the liquor law and had been sentenced to the penitentiary. The term was within the jurisdiction of the governor's pardoning power. She came to me with her application for pardon. She presented a lot of affidavits and data why she should be pardoned. I talked with her personally for several hours in the governor's office and spent considerable time in investigating her case. She was considerably past the allotted age of "three score years and ten"—well-preserved and a remarkable old lady.

Poker Alice had come to Dakota Territory when a young girl. She had established her home in the Black Hills country long before there was

31. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 129–30.

32. Alice ("Poker Alice") Ivers was a colorful Deadwood character who received her nickname due to her time as a professional cardplayer. She also worked as a saloon operator and bootlegger and as a brothel madam. *Lead Daily Call*, 27 Feb. 1930.

any law, order, or civil government there. She had been a pioneer in every sense of the word. She had lived in a day and age when everyone made their own law and did the best they could to establish a home and bring law and order to the wilderness. She had seen hardships that are hard to describe. She had lived in the age of Deadwood Dick, Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, and the hundreds of others who settled in the Black Hills country when gold was first discovered there. She had lived a long life and had been able to survive the hardships that were required from the early settlers who developed the Hills. No one had ever told her that it was wrong to take a drink of whisky. No one had ever told her that it was wrong to give a friend a drink of whisky when that friend wanted a drink. She had been an angel of mercy many times to the people who came to the Hills in those early days.

Her neighbors spoke well of her, wanted her pardoned, and claimed that she ought never have been convicted. She had been convicted for a violation of the liquor law. If all the people of South Dakota who violated the liquor law were to be sent to the pen it would bankrupt the state to provide enough prison accommodations. Most of the people of the state did not consider that the violation of the liquor law was a crime.

I pardoned Poker Alice. Some of the newspapers of the state played up her pardon in a sensational manner. The storm broke and the governor's office was flooded with letters of criticism. The letters of criticism came mostly from the eastern part of the state. None came from the Black Hills country. No criticism came from those who knew Poker Alice. The great majority of those who wrote had never heard of Poker Alice until they read the newspaper story; they did not know anything about why she had been convicted, nor anything about her life or character. The newspaper story did not criticize Poker Alice as much as it criticized the governor for granting the pardon. The critics just assumed that because her neighbors called her by the name "Poker Alice," by which she was known all over the Hills country, she must be a terrible woman and ought to be in the pen.[33]

Poker Alice lived only a very short time after the pardon was granted,

33. Bulow neglects to mention that he also pardoned Poker Alice for operating a brothel. Presumably, he left this detail out because it would have weakened his justification for granting the pardon.

Alice ("Poker Alice") Ivers received her nickname due to her renown as a cardplayer in the Black Hills.

but she lived her last remaining days a free woman. She lived those few remaining days among her friends in the beautiful Black Hills, the land she loved to sell, where her entire life had been spent, and where her life's labors had done so much to transform a wilderness into a land of beautiful homes. Notwithstanding all the criticism I got I never for one moment regretted the granting of this pardon. I have always been glad, and felt thankful, that I was given the opportunity to fix things so that this Grand Old Woman, who belonged to a generation that was gone and to an age that was done, could make her crossing into the unknown land in freedom, from her beautiful Black Hills that she loved so well, and not from the dismal cold walls of a felon's cell.[34]

34. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 134–36.

A few days after I had been sworn in as governor, Brooke Howell,[35] a senator from Brown County, invited a few chosen guests to his apartment in the St. Charles Hotel for a little lunch and a private violation of the Volstead Act.[36] At this lunch, he had all the crackers one could eat and a liberal supply of meat. No one knew what kind of meat the senator was serving. He had them all guessing, and as a prize to the one who guessed what kind of meat it was, offered the first drink out of the bottle that Volstead had said no one should touch.

No one knew what kind of drink was in the bottle either. There were so many different kinds of drinks in those days that you rarely ever

35. Howell served in the South Dakota Senate from 1915 to 1916 and again from 1923 to 1930. He also unsuccessfully ran for the Republican nomination for governor in 1930. "George Brooke Howell," *Biographical Dictionary of the South Dakota State Legislature, 1889–1989* (Pierre: South Dakota Legislative Research Council, 1989), p. 508; Secretary of State, *South Dakota Election History: Official Vote*, 3 vols. (Pierre: South Dakota Secretary of State, 2014), 1:550.

36. The Saint Charles Hotel opened only blocks from the Capitol building in 1911. With a restaurant and bar and being close to the Capitol, many legislators preferred to stay there when attending the legislative session. The building still stands today and houses a bar, apartments, and offices.

Only blocks from the State Capitol, the Saint Charles Hotel was a popular gathering place for state congressmen.

found two bottles that tasted alike; however, that made no difference. The drinks were all good, only some were better than others.

Everybody started eating the meat and no one had the remotest idea of what kind of meat it was. No one had ever eaten meat that tasted like that before. I locked my teeth into a good chunk and instantly my childhood days came back to me. It had been almost fifty years since I had tasted meat as good as that, but I had not forgotten the taste. I instantly said, "That is smoked goose meat," and the first drink out of the bottle was allocated to me.

The guests at the luncheon were all Republicans, excepting me; I was the lone Democrat. Some of them were smart Republicans, and some of them were old men, but none of them had ever tasted smoked goose meat before. I had the advantage over all of them because I was raised in a family that was experts on smoked meats, especially smoked goose meat. . . .[37]

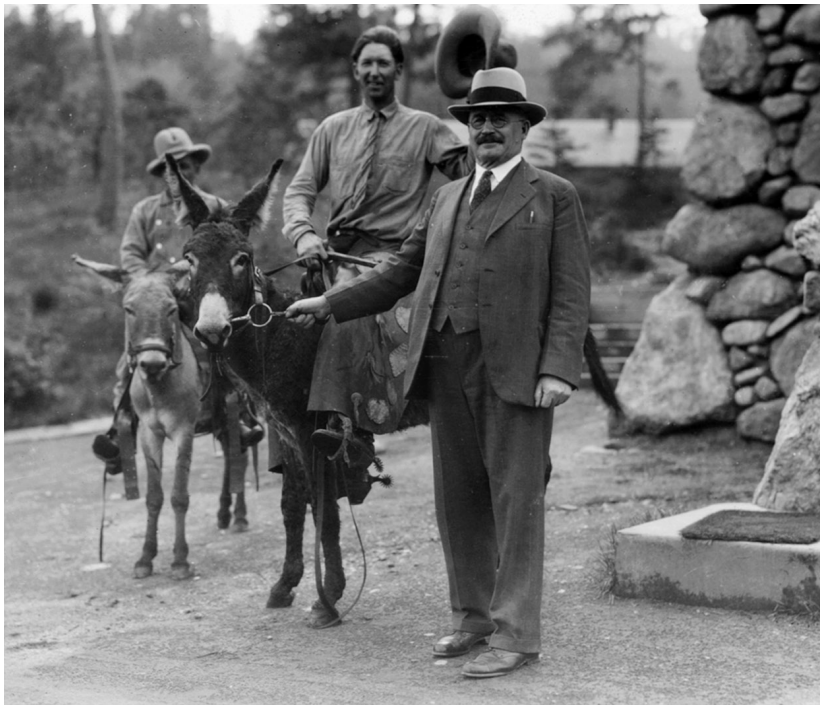
No human being ever tasted better meat than smoked goose meat. When I socked my teeth into the meat that Brooke Howell set before his guests, I knew at once what it was and had the drop on all the smart Republican guests. Next to my father and mother, Brooke Howell is the best goose meat smoker that the world has ever produced. I do not know where he learned the art.

Since that day, way back yonder in the spring of 1927, when Brooke Howell fed his Republican friends upon smoked goose meat when they did not know what they were eating, he has kindly remembered me upon each of his annual goose-butchering days, and ever since then, upon each of those occasions, has sent me a liberal supply.[38]

A Visit from the President

At the time I took over the governor's office there was a move on to invite President Calvin Coolidge to spend his summer vacation in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Shortly after my inauguration, Senator Peter Norbeck came to me and said that Governor Gunderson had extended a formal invitation to the President, but in as much as Gover-

37. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," p. 172.
38. Ibid., p. 174.



Senator Peter Norbeck (standing) aggressively promoted Black Hills tourism and played a key role in bringing President Calvin Coolidge to the region.

nor Gunderson's term had expired, and I being the new governor, that I ought to extend another invitation, which I was glad to do.

Not so long after that, word was received that the President had accepted the invitation and was coming. We were suddenly confronted with the fact that we had invited a guest, he was coming, and we had no place to put him. There were no hotel accommodations anywhere in the Black Hills to accommodate the President and his accompanying stall of officials. The only possible place that could meet the requirements was the State Game Lodge, but this the former administration had leased to a tenant for the summer, and the tenant was in possession and had made elaborate preparations to take care of the summer tourist trade. We were very lucky that Mr. Gideon, the tenant, was a high-class gentleman and was ready and willing to give up his lease, but felt that by so doing he should not be asked to suffer a personal financial loss. He was very fair and reasonable in his requests, but there was no money in the

state treasury appropriated for that purpose. We had no difficulty at all with the tenant, but did have quite a bit of difficulty in scraping the bottom of many tills in an effort to get together enough money to cancel the lease entered into by the former administration. However, that was done; the lease was canceled.

The Game Lodge had been approved by the President's advance guard, who had given it proper inspection, and had approved it as a proper place for the President's summer home. One day a few weeks in advance of the President's visit, Col. Edward Starling, who was in charge of the secret service force that guarded the President, came into the governor's office and said he would have to insist that the road from Hermosa to the Game Lodge, a distance of some six or eight miles, be graveled. The executive office of the President would be established at Rapid City. The road from Hermosa to Rapid City, a distance of thirty miles, was graveled. This road had to be in condition so that the President could travel it at all times. If the road from Hermosa was not graveled, it would be too dusty, and in wet weather it would be too muddy, to travel. It just had to be graveled or the President's visit would have to be cancelled.

The State Game Lodge in Custer acted as the summer home for President Calvin Coolidge in 1927. An armed guard is seen crossing the driveway in this image.

I sent too for the state highway engineer and the state Highway Commission and put the proposition up to them and asked them how soon they could have the job done. They said that stretch of road had never been surveyed; that it would have to be surveyed and plans and specifications prepared, and blueprints made, before it could be graded, and then the grade ought to be allowed to settle before the gravel was put on. All this could not possibly be done and completed before the President had come and gone. I told them that it had to be done before the President came. If they could not do it, I had an Irish friend living at Beresford who had done a lot of railroad grading. He was out of a job at present, and I said that I would send for him to come up and grade and gravel the road. After the President had come and gone, the Highway Commission could have the road surveyed, prepare plans and specifications, and have blueprints made and take all the time necessary to do so.

The highway engineer and commission got busy and the road was graded and graveled before the President came. The President drove over it every day for many weeks and he never knew but what the road had been properly surveyed, and he always supposed that it had been built according to plans and specifications and in accordance with blueprints.

One day a special train puffed into Pierre bringing the President and his party on the way to the Game Lodge. The train was scheduled to stop at Pierre for several hours to give us a chance to give the President a proper reception and welcome to our state. I, in company with other state officials, went to the train to meet him. I was quite excited. In all my life I had never seen but one real live President before. I had seen William McKinley when he came to South Dakota to welcome the return of our soldier boys when they came back from the Philippines.

I stepped into the President's car under considerable excitement. When I saw the President, I became more excited. No one had ever told me that the President had red hair; no one had ever described the size of the President to me, and he looked rather small in stature to be a President. I expected him to be much larger. I expected him to be more dignified and more important looking.

I rode with him, in an open car, from the train to the statehouse where a reception had been arranged in the governor's reception room.

Bulow met Coolidge at the railroad station in Pierre when he arrived in the summer of 1927.

After he met all of the state officials and citizens there assembled, we went back to the automobile for the return trip to the train. John E. Hipple, the mayor, wanted him to see the town, and especially the city park of which he was quite proud.

We started out towards the city park. The weather was hot and dry. A good South Dakota breeze was blowing, and the air was filled with Missouri River sand and dust. As we started towards the park, through a cloud of dirt and dust, the President said, "What are we going down here for?" I said, "Mr. President, the city Mayor arranged this trip. He wants you to see the park." He said no more for a long time. I had never talked to a President before and was quite embarrassed, and decided that the proper etiquette for me was to let him do the talking, and for me to only answer enquiries.

After a while he said, "How do you enforce the prohibition laws in your state?" He almost floored me for a reply to that one. No one had

ever told me anything about the President's habits. For the moment I did not know if he was making an enquiry or hinting for a drink. I did not want to make any serious mistake until I found out a little more, so I answered, "Pretty well but not absolutely." I thought would give him a chance to explain his position.

He said nothing more for a long time. Then as we were driving down the main street towards the depot, and the streets were lined with cheering people, he said, "What is the population of Pierre?" I answered, "About thirty-five hundred." He said, "Well, they must be about all out." I said, "Yes, Mr. President, these people do not see a President every day." At this time, we were back to the train. The drive had taken approximately fifteen minutes.

I have given you the entire conversation that he and I had during the entire trip. I remember it well. It was the first time that I had ever talked to a President. I had many pleasant visits with Mr. Coolidge after that. He spent most of the summer in the Black Hills; more than twice as long as he had originally intended. He was one of the most interesting men that I have ever met. He had a keen sense of humor; far above the average run of folks. He knew more about South Dakota than I did. When a group or crowd was present, he did no talking to speak of, but when he and I were alone he talked freely and was a good conversationalist. In fact, I have never had the pleasure of visiting with anyone whom I enjoyed more than I did him. His judgment was sound. He was a great man. I have often thought what a blessing it would have been to the people of this country had he been our President during the last twelve years. He might have prevented us from getting into this world war, and he certainly would never have taken us down the road to national bankruptcy. Calvin Coolidge was a great man.

A few days after Mr. Coolidge got located in his summer home, Mrs. Bulow and I were spending a couple of days with the Superintendent of Parks in a small cottage across the creek from the Game Lodge. One morning Col. Starling wrapped on the door of our cottage and said, "The Chief wants you and Mrs. Bulow to come over for six o'clock dinner tonight." I told him that I intended to go fishing that day up above the Davenport Dam near Sturgis and that I would not be back by six o'clock. Col. Starling said, "Boy, when you get an invitation from the President of the United States that is a command." Then he asked if the

fishing was any good where I was going, and I told him that it was the finest trout fishing in the world. The Colonel got quite excited and said he would like to go along; he could drive my car and see to it that I got back in time to dine with the President.

The Colonel, Louis Crill, and I drove to the Davenport Dam above Sturgis, something over fifty miles from the Game Lodge, and fished all day. We had the proverbial fisherman's luck. None of us caught a single trout. We got back to the Game Lodge just in time to fulfill our dinner engagement.

The President too had been fishing that day and he had had good luck and had caught a nice mess of trout. I had never eaten a meal with a President and was much excited and quite nervous. The Park Superintendent realized my condition and prescribed a couple of good drinks of brandy, even though that was against the law and he was no doctor. Mrs. Bulow and I crossed the footbridge over the creek and went over to the Game Lodge. In a little while, someone announced that dinner was being served. The President took hold of Mrs. Bulow's arm and Mrs. Coolidge took my arm and marched us out to the dining room where the table was set for four, and where two nice looking big n—s were ready to wait on us.[39]

The first course was soup. The President got the first bowl, Mrs. Bulow the second, Mrs. Coolidge the third and I got the last. This gave the President a little start on me and it did not take him long to finish his soup, and when he did he pushed his bowl aside and coughed a little, and one of them n— waiters took his bowl and grabbed mine at the same time and took them away. I still had about half of my soup left but that did not seem to make any difference, that n— just grabbed my soup bowl without asking anything about it.

The next course was fish—trout. The President had been fishing that day and had had good luck, far better than Col. Starling, Crill, or I had had. The serving of the trout was in the same order that the soup had been and the President started right in, eating his trout. When the waiter set my plate before me on it was a fine large rainbow trout. It had a

39. African American activists had long considered whites' use of this term offensive. Bulow's choice to include this epithet on multiple occasions in his manuscript nonetheless reflects the racial attitudes that many held at the time. It has been emended here since it does not impact the overall narrative.

During his summer in the Black Hills, Coolidge enjoyed fishing in the local streams.

very familiar look. I thought to myself, "Where have I seen that trout before?" Suddenly, I remembered that at Spearfish we had the finest trout hatchery in the world. I had been up there many times and looked them trout over. There were thousands of them in the ponds of that hatchery, and they were so tame that they would swim right up to you and eat ground liver or horsemeat right out of your hand.

I also recalled that when the President accepted our invitation to summer in the Hills, it was up to us to provide some amusement for him. We did not want him to go hunting and shoot our buffalo, deer, or elk that roamed around the Game Lodge in our State Park. Since the Black Hills streams furnished the finest trout fishing in the world, we decided that was the sport. Upon enquiry we learned that the President had never done any trout fishing, and, that being the case, we knew that he would never be able to catch one of our Black Hills trout.

Oscar Johnson was our state game and fish warden—the best game warden that any state ever had. He knew trout. He said we had far too many old trout in the Spearfish Hatchery. So it was arranged that he should pick a couple of deputy game wardens to help him; deputy wardens who could keep their mouth shut, who could work and say

nothing, and who could see well on dark nights. They were to round up and sort the trout in the Spearfish Hatchery, and all the trout that were fifteen years old, or older, were to be corralled and penned up in one pond away from the rest. Then they would get a couple of big tank trucks and drive them up by the side of the pond where the old trout were corralled on a night in the dark of the moon, after the sun had gone down and before it came up the next day. They were to seize these aged trout out of the pond into the tanks, and when nobody was looking, they were to haul these trout down to the State Park and turn them loose in the creek by the Game Lodge. They were also to stretch a wire netting across the creek under the bridge east of the Game Lodge, so that these trout could not come right up into the Lodge, and stretch another netting under the bridge two miles down the stream, so that these trout could have a two mile runway in which they could exercise and call all their own. This two miles was set aside as the special private fishing ground of the President, in which no one else was allowed to fish unless by special invitation from the President.

Bulow arranged for the Spearfish National Fish Hatchery, now known as the D.C. Booth National Fish Hatchery, to supply fish for local creeks and streams during Coolidge's summer in the Black Hills.

The two miles of creek became the best trout fishing in all the world. Those trout would fight and battle one another, and push one another around in a fierce manner to see which could grab the President's hook first. There was so much contest and rivalry between those trout in an effort to get caught first, that the President always had good luck when he fished there and he became the nation's foremost trout fisherman.

All of this flashed through my mind when I looked at that trout on the plate in front of me. The president had his trout about half-eaten before I started in on mine. The first bite I took I could plainly taste the ground liver and the ground horse meat upon which that trout had lived for years. I never did like liver or horse meat either. I had much difficulty in swallowing that first bite. In fact, I never could have swallowed it at all except for the two good big drinks of whiskey that the Park Superintendent had prescribed for me. After I got that first bite down, I got two or three more down before the President finished up on his. As soon as the President had his fish bones picked clean, the n— waiter took his plate and grabbed mine at the same time.

The next course was a dog-gone good sizzling hot beefsteak. By that time, I had caught on what you had to do when you eat with the President. So I buckled right into my beefsteak and ate as fast as I could. I had my plate cleaned up a little ahead of the President. That n— who had grabbed my soup and my trout away did not get any of my beefsteak.

After the meal was over, we adjourned from the dining room. Mrs. Coolidge took Mrs. Bulow into a room where the two women could visit and gossip. The President took me into a reception room of the Game Lodge where there was a big fireplace. He had had them haul in some nice dry pine logs and start a nice bright blazing fire. In the Black Hills, the evenings and nights are always cool and a fireplace fire took off the chill and felt comfortable. The President had his n— move a couple of easy chairs up in front of the fireplace, and then bring him a big cigar and strike a match so he could start smoking. That n— passed the box of cigars to me and the President asked me to have a smoke. I turned the cigar down and told the President that I was raised in a home where we had a great big fireplace, and that as a boy I had put in a lot of time practicing chewing tobacco and practicing up spitting on the fire. I was an expert at that, and with his kind permission, I would take a chew and see if I had lost any of the spitting art.

After Coolidge disembarked from the train in Pierre, he and Bulow, who can be seen in the back seat, rode in a motorcade through the capital.

I had dreaded the evening. The experience that I had had with the President in riding around the city of Pierre had caused me to form a belief that he did not talk very much.[40] I soon learned that this was a false belief. The President started in talking and he talked most of the time. I just got in a few words now and then, whenever I happened to see an opening. I was so surprised about the knowledge that the President had on all kinds of subjects—especially was I surprised at the knowledge he had of the history of South Dakota. As the night wore on and he talked about so many different subjects, I thought about what the poet Oliver Goldsmith had said about the village schoolmaster, "and still the wonderment and amazement grew that one small head could contain all he knew."

The first thing I knew it was approaching the hour of midnight. Time had gone fast. The President had smoked several good big black cigars,

40. Calvin ("Silent Cal") Coolidge was famous for being a man of few words. Amity Shlaes, *Coolidge* (New York: Harper Perennial, 2013), pp. 220–21.

and I had chewed up dog-gone near a whole plug of Masterpiece chewing tobacco. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings that I ever had; Calvin Coolidge had sold himself to me. . . . Going from the Game Lodge back to the cottage where we were staying, I told Mrs. Bulow that if the President ran for reelection I would be inclined to support him, regardless of who the Democratic candidate might be. Several weeks after that, at the temporary executive office in Rapid City, the President issued his famous statement "that he did not choose to run."[41] This released me from the commitment which I, perhaps, had hastily made.

The President stayed more than twice as long in his summer home in the Black Hills than he originally planned. He liked it in South Dakota, and the people of South Dakota liked President Coolidge. At various times when I visited him at his office in Rapid City and at the Game Lodge, he requested me to make out and send him a statement of the rental for the Game Lodge. I told him that we did not expect him to pay rent for the Game Lodge. He said that congress had ordered the White House repaired, that was being done, that he had had to move out for the summer, and that congress had voted him ample funds to take care of matters while he was not living in the White House and he wanted to pay. I never sent him a bill.

A day or two before he left, the President had his secretary phone me. I happened to be in the northern part of the state a couple of hundred miles from the Game Lodge. The secretary said, "The President wants you to render him a statement for the rent due for the Game Lodge. He wants to pay before he leaves and he is getting ready to leave." I answered, "You tell the President that I never yet have invited a man to dinner and then charged him fifty cents for the meal. Tell him that he is not going to get any statement from me." After that, the President took the matter up with Senator Norbeck. The senator was much interested in the welfare of the State Park. I was later informed that the President made a liberal contribution to the State Park fund.[42]

41. While at his summer office at Rapid City High School, Coolidge met with the press corps and handed out slips of paper. These slips each had a single statement printed on them: "I do not choose to run for president in 1928." He then dismissed them without taking any questions. Seth Tupper, *Calvin Coolidge in the Black Hills* (Charleston, S.C.: History Press, 2017), pp. 109–13.

42. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 144–51.

Gutzon Borglum and Mount Rushmore

Gutzon Borglum was a great promoter and a great optimist along that line. He was a great advertiser and worked up a great advertising stunt by having President Coolidge, while he was visiting the state, dedicate the mountain. The dedication services drew a tremendous crowd of people. In addition to the President's dedication speech, it gave Borglum a chance to make a speech as to what he intended to do. . . .[43]

Most of my first year as governor, Mr. Borglum constantly made life miserable and a burden for me. His chief peeve for that year was that there was no road to Mt. Rushmore. There was just a trail that could be traveled on foot or by horseback only. When President Coolidge dedicated the mountain, he rode horseback up the mountain trail and wore a ten-gallon cowboy hat. There were a few other horseback riders, including Senator Simeon D. Fess from Ohio, who that day rode the trail.[44] Senator Fess was not a good bronco rider and he was lagging a little behind. The President said, "Senator, ride up here by my side; it won't hurt you any." There were not broncos enough to go around, so I walked, as did several thousand other people who climbed that mountain trail on that day.

To Borglum, Mt. Rushmore was the most important thing on earth. To him it was the center of the universe. Everything else was of secondary importance. But Mt. Rushmore had no highway leading to it. It must have a highway. The State Highway Commission must build this road at once. The governor was chairman of the highway commission and Mr. Borglum took all matters up with me. Most every day he would demand that the road be built, and after each demand, he expected that the job be done and completed before breakfast next morning.

I especially recall one telegram that he sent me. I recall it because it was the longest telegram that I ever received and contained the most expressive language. There were over three hundred words in that telegram, but there was no surplus verbiage. Every word stood for something and meant something. It was a masterpiece. I wish now that I had

43. Ibid., p. 152.

44. Fess, a Republican, was a United States Senator from 1923 to 1935. "Simeon Davison Fess," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/F000096, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

Coolidge delivered an address during the initial dedication of Mount Rushmore in 1927. Gutzon Borglum, the lead sculptor, is the mustachioed man seated behind him.

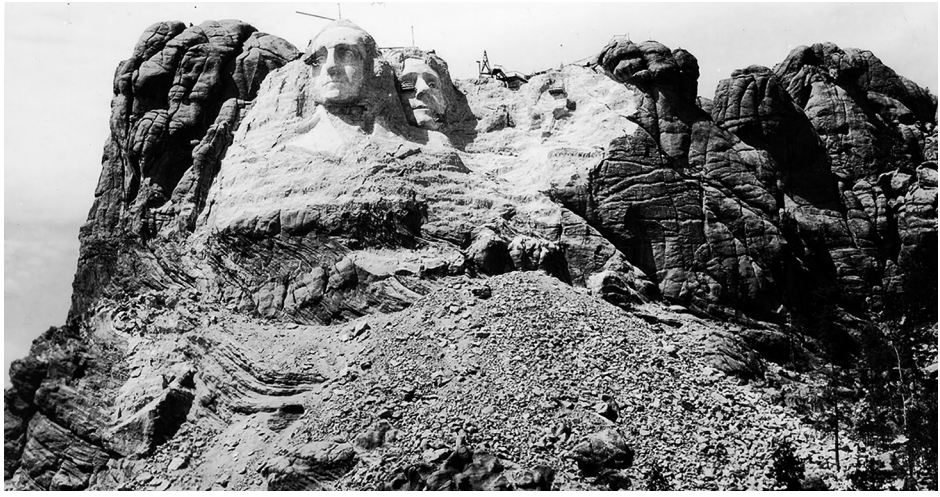
kept it to insert herein. I remember, among other things, he said that he had just returned from the mountain. That it had rained. That he had worn white shoes and a new pair of white dress pants. That he had driven his car as far as he could and then walked. That he had ruined his shoes and new white pants. I wired him a reply, suggesting that the next time he went to the mountain in the rain, to put on a pair of overalls or go bare-legged and barefooted, and to leave his shoes and white pants at home. This advice held him down for several days that I did not hear from him, but in a short time he was lambasting again. We got the road built as soon as we could. First a good graveled highway and latter a hard-surfaced road. After that first dedication, people could travel to the mountain via automobile.

Borglum had a habit of dedicating the mountain about once every year.[45] I attended a number of these dedications. The last one I attended

45. Six dedication ceremonies were held at Mount Rushmore in the 1920s and 1930s. Coolidge formally dedicated the site in 1927. Each face received a separate ceremony as

was when he had President Franklin Roosevelt come out and dedicate it.[46] There was a tremendous crowd attending that occasion. I thought then that now the mountain was properly dedicated, and that it would not be necessary for me to attend any further dedication exercises, and I never did. But I have visited Mt. Rushmore upon many occasions since then and always enjoyed the visit. . . .[47]

From the time that congress created the Mt. Rushmore Commission, the work had been financed by federal appropriations from year to year. One of my headaches during my twelve years in the Senate was the obtaining of necessary appropriations to keep the work going. Bor-



During Bulow's governorship, crews began to carve the figures on the face of Mount Rushmore.

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they were completed, starting with Washington in 1930, then Jefferson in 1936, Lincoln in 1937, and finally Theodore Roosevelt in 1939. The entrance of the United States into World War II delayed the dedication of the final monument until its fiftieth anniversary in 1991. For more, *see* Rex Alan Smith, *The Carving of Mount Rushmore* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1985), pp. 147, 201, 311–15, 330–35, 369–72; *Sioux Falls Argus Leader*, 4 July 1991; Richard W. Etulain, *Abraham Lincoln: A Western Legacy* (Pierre: South Dakota Historical Society Press, 2020), pp. 113–39.

46. When Roosevelt came to Mount Rushmore to dedicate Jefferson's head in 1936, he was seeking a second term as president against Republican governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas. Roosevelt carried South Dakota that year, one of only four times the state has not supported the Republican presidential nominee. Jean Edward Smith, *FDR* (New York: Random House, 2007), pp. 364–65; Secretary of State, *South Dakota Election History*, 1:658.

47. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 156–57.

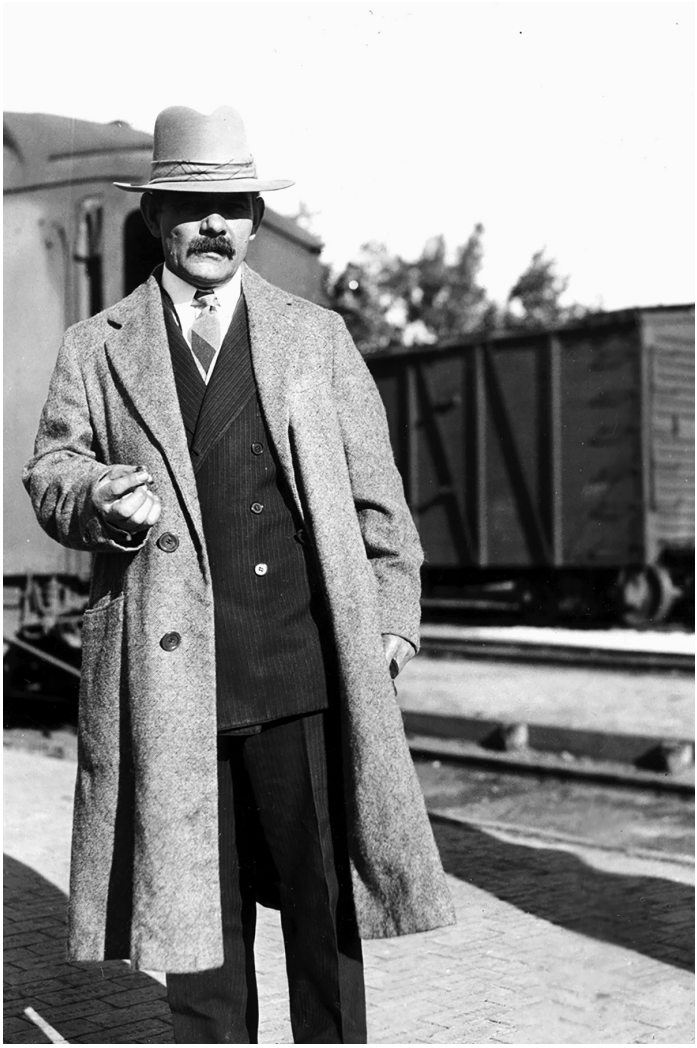
glum was not an easy man to work with, or to work for, but as an artist, as a great sculptor to carve gigantic likenesses in the everlasting granite upon the mountainside, all the ages from the time of Adam down to our day, has never produced his equal, and the chances are that the next ten thousand years will not produce a rival. The world has only had one Gutzon Borglum and the chances are there will never be another.

As a financier, and as a friendly and congenial diplomat, though, Mr. Borglum stood down on the lower round at the bottom of the ladder. As a sculptor he was boss. No question about that. Nobody could dispute that with him. Because he was boss in that, he thought he was boss in every other field and that was always provocative of trouble. To obtain the necessary appropriations for the first few years under the national commission was comparably easy, but it became harder each year, until towards the last it became almost an impossible effort.

The difficulty was caused almost entirely by the changeable temperament of Mr. Borglum. He always insisted, that he, himself, appear before the appropriations committee on behalf of his requested budget. His memory was not very good, and he had difficulty in remembering his statements from one meeting to another. Some of the committee members were hard-boiled and had good memories. They would remember from one committee session to another. Mr. Borglum would nearly always wind up his statement with the expression that this would be the last appropriation he would ever ask; that this would wind up the job. The next year, he would be back asking for a substantial increase because he had thought of a lot of new things that he was going to add to the memorial. . . .[48]

Gutzon Borglum was that genius. On one occasion, I was visiting him at his studio at the foot of the mountain. We were out on the porch looking up at the mountaintop where a number of men were working on the carvings. He said, "Washington isn't right; his head does not sit right. I am going to turn his head around a little." I asked him how in Sam Hill he was going to turn his head around in the solid granite of the mountain. He took me into his studio and showed me his model, and pointed out that he would chisel off a little here, and a little here, and a

48. Ibid., pp. 153–54.



Sculptor Gutzon Borglum took the lead of the Mount Rushmore Monument carvings from 1927 until his death in 1941.

little here, and that would tilt it just right. I could not see his point at all. A few months after that I was up there again, and Gutzon Borglum had turned the head of Washington around in the solid granite of the hill.[49]

49. Ibid., p. 159.

In the Senate

[Bulow served as governor for two terms between 1927 and 1931. He used the position as a jumping point for higher office. In the 1930 election, Bulow defeated the Republican incumbent William H. McMaster for a seat in the United States Senate, kicking off his twelve-year tenure in that chamber.]

For many years, I had heard that the Senate of the United States was the greatest deliberative body in the world. I soon learned that was an overstatement of fact; however, every senator sitting in that body takes great pride in publicly admitting, in fact publicly boasting, that the statement is true. It is a well-established rule of law that whatever is admitted need not be proven, and, yet the first day I sat in the United States Senate as a member of this greatest deliberative body on earth I got one of the surprises of my life. The only other senate that I had ever seen in actual performance was the State Senate of South Dakota. Many years before, I had been a member of that body. I want to make this assertion right here and now, without fear of successful contradiction, that the South Dakota State Senate will compare mighty favorable with the United States Senate in matters of decorum and deliberation. . . .[50]

The real work of senators and congressmen is done in committees. On the floor of the Senate and House most laws are passed by unanimous consent after they have had committee approval. Let me give an illustration of how this is done by citing an incident which occurred when I first came to the Senate and which impressed me very much. South Dakota was in the drought-stricken area and farmers did not raise crop enough to feed their livestock. The Federal Farm Board had a lot of surplus wheat. Senator Norbeck and I joined in introducing a resolution appropriating five million bushels of farm board wheat for livestock feed for the drought-stricken area of the northwest. Our resolution was referred to the Senate Agriculture Committee. The day after we introduced the resolution, we got committee approval and it was put on the senate calendar with a favorable report. The day after that Senator Norbeck came to me and said, "Senator [John J.] Blaine is going to make a long speech in the Senate today. He will drive everybody out

50. Ibid., p. 178.

William McMaster (center) lost his senate seat to Bulow in the 1932 election.

of the chamber. You and I better stay there. As soon as he gets through, I will ask unanimous consent to take up our wheat resolution and we may get it through."[51]

Blaine talked for three and a half hours. When he finished, he immediately made a beeline for the cloak room. Senator Fess was in the chair presiding. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher was in his seat reading a newspaper.[52] Senator Norbeck was in his seat and I was in mine. The moment Blaine finished speaking, Senator Norbeck got recognition from the chair and asked unanimous consent to take up the wheat resolution. Fess was in the chair and could not object. Senator Fletcher was reading a newspaper and did not hear. Blaine had gone out of the chamber. I made no objection. So Norbeck passed our wheat resolution by unanimous consent.

51. Blaine represented Wisconsin in the United States Senate from 1927 to 1933. "John James Blaine," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/B000520, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

52. Fletcher served Florida in the United States Senate from 1909 to his death in 1936. "Duncan Upshaw Fletcher," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/F000200, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

In 1936, Bulow joined fourteen senators to fight for federal aid to drought-stricken farmers during the Great Depression. Several of these senators, including Bulow, Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, Representative Jack Nichols of Oklahoma, and Senators Lynn Frazier and Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, are seen seated here.

A few days after that, Senator Norbeck handed me a copy of the *Mitchell Daily Republic*. Across the front page, in great big black headlines, it informed the people of our state about what a power Senator Norbeck was in the United States Senate to get that wheat resolution through by unanimous consent. Senator Norbeck and I had a good laugh. We both knew just how the thing had been done.

The problem was to get our resolution through the House. Senator Norbeck told me that was my job. The House was Democratic. Jack Garner was speaker.[53] It was during the last session under President

53. John Nance Garner of Texas served in the United States House of Representatives from 1903 to 1933, acting as Speaker of the House from 1931 to 1933. "John Nance Garner," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/G000074, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

Hoover. Senator Norbeck and I talked over the best plan for me to adopt to get clearance through the House. I went to work on that plan. The first fellow I saw was Senator Tom Connally, and I asked him to go with me over to the House side and introduce me to Marvin Jones,[54] chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. I told Senator Connally my story and put all my cards on the table before him face up. I told him about conditions in South Dakota; that Peter Norbeck had gotten this wheat resolution through a Republican Senate. The House was Democratic and unless I could get it through the House it would put us Democrats in bad shape in South Dakota, and would give Norbeck a lot of glory. I also asked Connally to speak to Speaker Garner, and say that I wanted to fix it so that the Democrats of South Dakota would be for Jack Garner for president.[55]

I had no difficulty in selling the book to Senator Connally. Then I asked him to take me over to the House side to meet Marvin Jones, and he said, "Hell, no we won't go over there. The rule is when a senator wants to see a congressman, he telephones him to come over here."

Tom did the telephoning and in a few minutes the three of us were closeted in the senate cloakroom. I had no difficulty at all with Mr. Jones about getting him to call a meeting of his committee so I could make my showing. I then telephoned W. W. Rowes at Huron, our Democratic national committeeman, and Mr. Putnam, our Democratic state chairman, asking each of them to send a telegram to Speaker Garner and give him a statement of conditions in South Dakota, and to say how badly we needed this wheat.

When the time for the hearing came, I appeared before the Jones Committee and submitted such evidence as I had. With me also appeared the three congressmen from South Dakota: C. A. Christopherson, William Williamson, and Royal Johnson and we made the best showing that we could.[56] The result was that the Jones Committee recommended to

54. J. Marvin Jones represented Texas in the United States House of Representative from 1917 to 1940 and chaired the House Agriculture Committee from 1931 to 1940. "John Marvin Jones," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/J000236, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

55. Garner did in fact seek the Democratic nomination for president in 1932. After losing to Roosevelt, Garner became his running mate and served as vice president from 1933 to 1941. Smith, *FDR*, pp. 272–74.

56. William Williamson and Royal C. Johnson represented South Dakota in the United States House of Representatives from 1921 to 1933 and from 1915 to 1933, respectively. Both

the House that the resolution be amended so as to make it nationwide and not confined to the northwest area, and also that the appropriation be increased from five to thirty million bushels. It passed the House and Senator Norbeck had no difficulty in getting the Senate to approve the house amendments. . . .[57]

I soon learned that Mr. Roosevelt interpreted the teachings of Judge Blackstone literally; that when Blackstone said, "the King can do no wrong," he meant it, and that under all interpretations of Anglo-Saxon law the President stood in the shoes of the King. I also soon learned that when Mr. Roosevelt referred to the government of the United States, he was speaking about and meant the President; that his conception of government was executive, and that when he announced that the policy of government was going to be thus and so, he did not have either Congress or the courts in mind. His conception was that the President was the government, and because that was his conception, he as President did many things that no other president ever attempted.

No other president would ever have traded to England fifty of our warships in secrecy, and without consulting with anyone about so doing.[58] Any President who did not regard the President as being the entire government would have been afraid of impeachment proceedings. After the trade was discovered, and public criticism somewhat aroused, the President asked Congress to pass a law giving the President the right to trade off our battleships; not that he would ever do such a thing, but he wanted the authority in case he might want to trade them off.[59]

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men overlapped with their fellow Republican Christopherson. None were in Congress during Roosevelt's Administration, as Christopherson was defeated in the 1932 election and both Williamson and Johnson retired. "William Williamson," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/W000553, accessed 29 Jan. 2021; "Royal Cleaves Johnson," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/J000173, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

57. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 181–83.

58. In an attempt to help Great Britain resist Germany in the summer of 1940, Roosevelt agreed to transfer fifty aging naval destroyers to the British in exchange for ninety-nine-year leases at British bases in Newfoundland and in the Caribbean. Andrew Roberts, *Churchill: Walking with Destiny* (New York: Viking, 2018), p. 590.

59. Bulow is referring to the Lend-Lease Act that Congress passed in March 1941. Lend-Lease allowed the United States to lend or lease war materiel to any country considered "vital to the defense of the United States." Through this bill, the United States had the ability to trade supplies with allied nations without violating international laws of war. "Lend Lease Bill," 10 Jan. 1941, Records of the United States House of Representatives,

President Franklin D. Roosevelt addresses a crowd from the back of a train while in the Black Hills in 1936. Governor Tom Berry and Bulow stand to Roosevelt's left behind the president's son.

One of the few speeches that I made on the floor of the Senate was made in opposition to granting this authority. . . .

No one questions but what Mr. Roosevelt is a smart man. I have always said that he was the smartest man that I ever saw or ever talked to. Every day I became more convinced that he was too smart for the good of the country; I became more and more convinced that the country would be far better off if the man in the White House was not quite so smart. From day to day, I also became convinced that Mr. Roosevelt had grown, in his own imagination, entirely too big for the country; that the United States was much too small for him to operate and display his boundless ambition. He was not only the government of the United States, but it was his ambition to become the government of the world. The world has never produced a more ambitious man, nor a man who so firmly believed that he was competent and qualified for the task.

HR 77A-D13, Record Group 233, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, D.C.; Roberts, *Churchill*, p. 640.

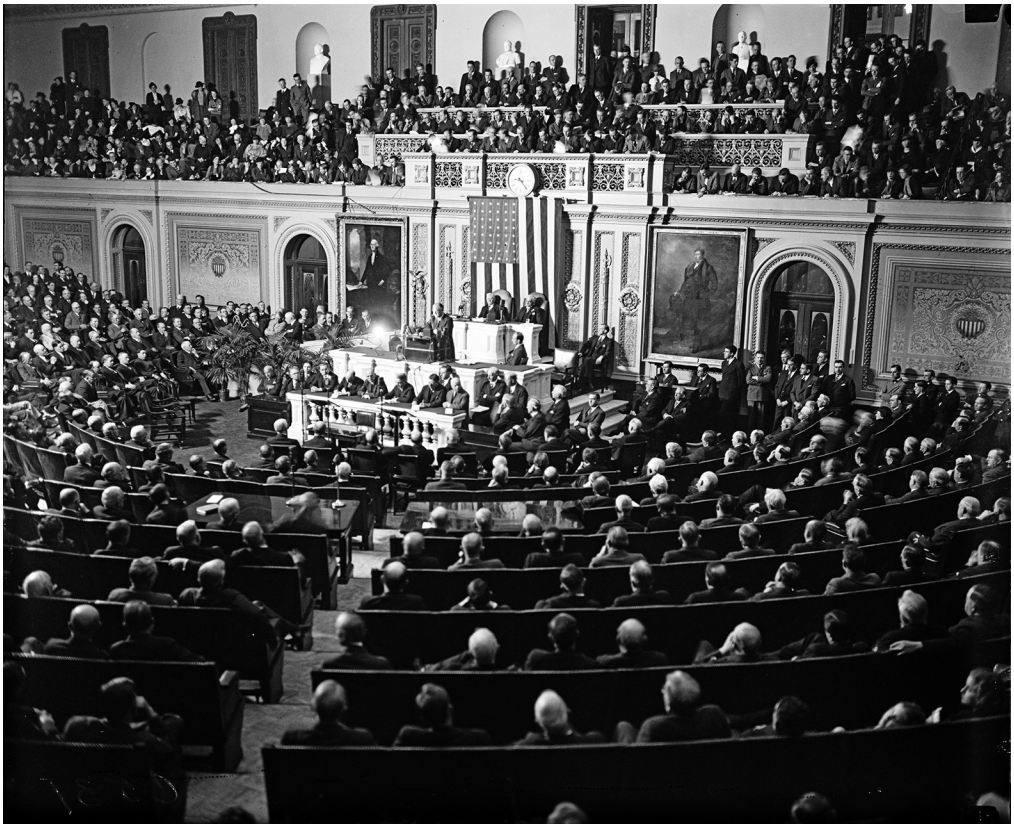
The Supreme Court was a stumbling block in his road to success. When he found that the members of that court were independent and that he could not impose his will upon them, he undertook to change the personnel of that court and substitute judges of his own selection. His first proposal was that the members of the court were too old; that they ought to be retired, on full pay, when they reached seventy years. The administration sponsored such a bill. It was passed. I was not for it. At the time I was approaching seventy years and I did not feel that my useful days were over. Besides I did not believe that the judges should be retired on a pension of full pay, but felt rather that they should be treated the same as other government pensioners. Those federal judges held the best federal jobs that there were. Their appointment was for life. Their salaries could not be reduced. They had not been affected by the Economy Act, which had reduced the salary of every other federal employee 15 percent, from the scrub women up to the President, except the federal judges. I was not for giving the federal judges any more special favors and voted against the bill; however it passed overwhelmingly. There were just four votes against it in the Senate; Senator Harry Moore and myself on the Democratic side,[60] and two Republican votes on the Republican side.

After the bill became a law, it was expected that enough of the Supreme Court justices would retire on full pay, giving the President a chance to get control of the Court by naming judges in harmony with his own views. But none of the judges retired. They held on. Then something else had to be done.

Dates Werner had been defeated for Congress and I was much interested in getting him appointed to some kind of a federal job.[61] I had gone around and around but had had no luck. One morning as I was starting for the senate office building, I suddenly took a notion that I would stop at the White House on my way and talk the matter over with Marvin

60. A. Harry Moore served New Jersey in the United States Senate from 1935 to 1938. "Arthur Harry Moore," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/M000893, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

61. Theodore B. ("Dates") Werner was the mayor of Rapid City from 1929 to 1930 and served in the United States House of Representative from 1933 to 1937. Republican Francis Case defeated the Democrat Werner in 1936. "Theodore B. Werner," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/W000299, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.



Roosevelt addresses a night session of Congress in either 1935 or 1936.

McIntyre, the President's right hand man, and also with the President, if I could. I had no appointment but I could always get in to see Mr. McIntyre.

After I got onto the White House grounds, I noticed a string of cabinet automobiles parked along the driveway. I thought this was a funny time for a cabinet meeting; about mid-forenoon. I remember it was a beautiful day—not a cloud in the sky—and I walked from our apartment in Stoneleigh Court to the White House. I was admitted to Marvin McIntyre's office and told him what I had come for. I wanted a job for Dates Werner and was putting all my cards, face up, on the table. I said that I would like to see the President if that was possible. Mr. McIntyre said, "You can't see the President now. He's busy. Something is going to

break on the Hill today that will surprise you. He's got the cabinet in there and is telling them." I asked what it was that was going to break. He said that he did not know. I told him that he might just as well tell me and give me a little advance information as I would find out anyway. But he insisted that he did not know. I thought he was stringing me on.

That day I was on hand when the Senate convened. I saw the President's messenger deliver the special message to the Senate. I did not take my own seat, but temporarily took a seat right back of Joe Robinson, our Democratic leader.[62] The senate reading clerk started reading the message, which was quite lengthy. He had not read very far when Joe Robinson turned around to me and said, "What in hell is he springing on us now?" That was another funny thing to me. Joe Robinson was the administration's floor leader and under all rules of the game had a right to be informed in advance about any proposal contained in the President's message before it was submitted to the Senate. This was not only a courtesy that the floor leader had a right to expect from the President, but it was also necessary to give the floor leader the proper information so he could take proper steps with reference to the President's message.

Before the clerk had finished reading the message Senator Herbert E. Hitchcock came over to my seat and said to me, "Well what do you think of that?"[63] I said to him, "That's got a lot of dynamite in it. Let's make no hasty commitments." He raised both of his hands above his head and said, "Jesus Christ, I am for the President a hundred per cent." I thought that Marvin McIntyre was lying to me when he told me that he did not know. I was informed afterwards that no one in the cabinet knew what was in the message in advance of the meeting, except Homer Cummings, the Attorney General.[64] The President had called the

62. Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas served in the United States Senate from 1913 until his death in July 1937. He took over as the leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate in 1923. He was also Alfred E. Smith's running mate on the Democratic ticket in the presidential election of 1928. "Joseph Taylor Robinson," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/R000347, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

63. Governor Tom Berry appointed Hitchcock to South Dakota's open United States Senate seat following Peter Norbeck's death in December 1936. Hitchcock served until 1938, when Berry defeated him in the Democratic primary. Higbee, *South Dakota's Cowboy Governor Tom Berry*, pp. 95–97.

64. Cummings was the United States Attorney General from 1933 to 1939. In that position, Cummings put together the administration's "court-packing plan," where Roosevelt

cabinet together, read the message, adjourned the meeting, and did not ask for comment from any cabinet member. This clearly shows the character of Mr. Roosevelt. He was President. He was boss. He was asking no advice. He was running the show. He expected his orders to be obeyed.

This so-called "court fight" was a long and bitter struggle. Lifelong friendships were tested to the straining point. Every persuasive influence that the White House knew was used to whip opposing senators into line. There were less than a dozen senators who made no immediate public commitments. It did not take me long to make up my mind as to how I would vote, when that time came, but I said nothing about it.

The vote looked mighty close and might go either way. Both sides were delaying a vote and sparring for a better position. Joe Robinson died suddenly. The court fight no doubt hastened his death. Joseph Kennedy invited a group of senators and their wives to dinner.[65] The dinner was given at an elaborate estate on the outskirts of Washington, which Mr. Kennedy had rented during his stay in Washington. After the dinner, Mr. Kennedy put on a movie show for his guests; this required the climbing of a couple of stairways. Senator John H. Overton of Louisiana, had some heart ailment and had been advised by his doctor not to climb stairs.[66] It was a beautiful moonlight night and tables had been set on the lawn. Mr. Kennedy had a liberal supply of iced beer. I decided not to see the movie, but to keep Senator Overton company under the large oak tree, watching the ice-cold beer. During the course of the watch, and while the rest were seeing the movie, Senator Overton and I got to discussing the court fight. We had not before discussed the matter with one another and neither knew the views of the other. We soon discovered that our views were in complete harmony; that the

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proposed expanding the Supreme Court to as many as fifteen justices. The administration argued the move would make the court more efficient. Smith, *FDR*, pp. 380–82.

65. The father of future president John F. Kennedy, Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., was the first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission from 1934 to 1935 and of the United States Maritime Commission from 1937 to 1938. He also served as the United States Ambassador to the United Kingdom between March 1938 and October 1940. Robert Dallek, *An Unfinished Life: John F. Kennedy, 1917–1963* (Boston: Little, Brown, 2003), p. 112.

66. Overton served as a United States Senator from 1933 until his death in 1948. "John Holmes Overton," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/O000146, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

To illustrate the tension between Roosevelt's administration and Congress during the controversy over the so-called court packing plan in 1937, artist Herbert Block drew this cartoon titled "You Can't Have Everything" depicting Roosevelt stealing the Supreme Court while Congress drops out from the bag he is carrying.

President's program was vicious legislation and ought not to pass. We also were in agreement that the matter should be immediately disposed of; that no good public purpose would be served by continuing the fight. The proposal was disturbing the country and wrecking the Democratic party. We both were of the opinion that the best thing to do would be to refer the bill back to the Judiciary Committee for further study and let it go to sleep there.

The next day, a half dozen senators met in Senator Prentiss M. Brown's office.[67] None of these senators had made a public commitment. We all knew that the vote would be so close that we six held the balance of power. We discussed the matter at length. We decided the best thing to do was to recommit to bill to the Judiciary Committee. One of the group would not join in the motion to recommit. He was against the bill and would vote against its passage, but had promised the President that he would not vote for a motion to recommit. The rest of us agreed to support the reference motion.

Jack Garner, the Vice President, had just returned to the Capitol from his home in Uvalde, Texas. He had cut the visit to his home short to attend the funeral of Joe Robinson. We knew he had an appointment with the President that afternoon at four o'clock. We decided to ask the Vice President to carry a message to the President for us. Five of us left Senator Brown's office and went to the office of the Vice President. We selected Senator Overton to be the spokesman to inform the Vice President of the decision we had reached to support the recommittal motion, and to ask him to transmit that message to the President. Jack Garner complemented us on the decision we had reached and said, "I sure will deliver your message to the Boss. That will end the court fight." At the next session of the Senate, a motion to recommit was made and in due course a vote was had. The bill was recommitted and thus ended the most bitter fight in the Senate during my twelve years of service in that body. . . .[68]

His Defeat

[Bulow's opposition to the court-packing plan, among other initiatives, made him a target for Roosevelt loyalists. Further, despite voting in favor of declaring war on Japan after the attack on Pearl Harbor, he suddenly found himself at odds with the state's Democrats due to his earlier isolationist position, which had initially garnered strong support

67. Brown represented Michigan in the United States Senate between 1936 and 1943. "Prentiss Marsh Brown," ibid., https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/B000941, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

68. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 184–88. In the original manuscript, two pages are numbered 184.

among his constituents, leading to his loss to Tom Berry in the 1942 primary. Berry, in turn, lost the general election to Governor Harlan Bushfield.]

The office of candidate and the office of President constitute two separate and distinct offices. Mr. Roosevelt, the candidate, was very liberal with promises. Roosevelt, the President, was blessed with a liberal forgettery. Whatever a man does in one office is not binding upon him in the other office. I know of no other way that the promises and performances under the boasted New Deal can be reconciled. The candidate for the third term constantly talked peace; the third term President constantly performed acts of war. . . . His spoken word was that he would say it "again and again and again" and assure the fathers and mothers of this land that their sons would not be sent to fight upon foreign battlefields. The people of this country believed this voice of peace and wanted to stay out of war. Had Mr. Roosevelt been frank with the

Berry (second from left) defeated Bulow for the senate nomination in the 1942 Democratic primary.

people, and told them in his Boston speech, when he was running for the third term, just what his ambitions were; the plans he had and what he intended to do; had he said at Boston that he would say it "again and again and again" that he *intended* to send American soldiers to fight upon every battlefield that he could find, the world around, he would have been telling the truth but would have lost the election. The voters of the country would never have abandoned their time-honored tradition to limit the presidency to two terms, but his Boston peace speech won for him reelection and enabled him to continue to handle the emergencies,[69] and for four more years the emergencies were in safe hands, and in experienced hands, and not in inexperienced or in untried hands. . . .[70]

The saddest vote that I ever cast in the Senate was that cast after Pearl Harbor, that a state of war existed between the United States and Japan and Germany. I knew that vote meant death to many of my fellow citizens, and worse than death to many more; but that vote had to be cast under the circumstances and conditions that the President of the United States had developed. Selfish greed and an ambition of selfish men seeking power to rule the people of the earth is what has brought on all wars and will continue to do so. If a dozen years ago, we could have established a concentration camp, and placed in that camp Herr Hitler, Bonito Mussolini, Uncle Joe Stalin, Hirohito, Uncle Winston Churchill, and our own beloved Franklin D. Roosevelt, and said to these six men, "Now you boys fight it out," . . . there would have been no World War II. It would have been hard on these six Master Minds, each of whom was seeking to rule, but it would have saved the lives of many millions of human beings whose lives were untimely sacrificed upon the altar of war to determine which of the six should have his selfish way.

I had directed all of my efforts to keep this country from drifting into war. In that effort, I had represented the overwhelming wish of the people of my state and the wish of the people of this nation. The people were for staying out of war. When that effort failed, it was natural, it was proper, that the Democrats of my state should kick me out, and

69. Elsewhere in the manuscript, Bulow contends that Roosevelt constantly invented "emergencies" to justify his actions, including using the war in Europe to seek a third term as president. Ibid., pp. 190–92.

70. Ibid., pp. 191–92.

select in my stead, as their candidate to succeed me, a man who had no settled convictions of his own, but who prided himself upon his promise to obey every wish and order of a war minded president. . . .[71]

Congressman Karl Mundt and I had been personal friends for many years.[72] We were political enemies and politically hated one another like poisoned pups, but personally we were good friends. . . . I like flattery and praise, even though it is not deserved, and I want to thank my friend Congressman Karl Mundt for his kindness to me. The following is what the Hon. Karl said; it is in the Congressional Record. He can never get it out and he can never deny it. I am thankful. . . .

> Mr. Speaker, when the Seventy-seventh Congress adjourns sine die today, it will bring to a close the public career of one of South Dakota's most distinguished and highly respected citizens, Senator William J. Bulow, who retires to private life after completing 12 years of conspicuous [service] in the United States Senate. While Senator Bulow is a Democrat and I am a Republican, I cannot refrain from speaking a few words of tribute to him today as he sits as a Member of the body over at the other end of the Capitol for the last time. We differed many times on political issues and frequently supported opposing candidates for public office, but, whether as a political adversary or as a personal friend, no man could know "Bill" Bulow, as he is known to thousands of South Dakotans, without admiring his integrity of character and his impelling sincerity of purpose. It can never be said of Senator Bulow that he placed political expediency ahead of public duty or substituted party loyalty for patriotism. Senator Bulow is first of all an American and as an American he approached all legislative decisions with the firm resolve to serve his country first and best. Those who sought to apply political pressure to sway the judgment of this distinguished South Dakotan found themselves engaged in a futile effort; always with kindness, but with unfailing firmness, Mr. Bu-

71. Ibid., pp. 193–94.

72. Karl E. Mundt served South Dakota's first district in the United States House of Representatives between 1939 and 1948. He then sat in the United States Senate from 1948 to 1973. The only South Dakotan to serve four terms in the senate, Mundt has the distinction of having the longest congressional tenure in South Dakota's history. "Karl Earl Mundt," *Biographical Dictionary*, https://bioguide.congress.gov/search/bio/M001078, accessed 29 Jan. 2021.

Representative Karl Mundt delivered a speech honoring the departing senator for his service to Congress.

low declined to "play the game" when, in his opinion, following party leadership meant hampering American citizenship. Senator Bulow never lost a general election in South Dakota where men and women of all parties and of no party affiliation were given an opportunity to pass upon his statesmanship and his candidacy. Twice elected Governor of South Dakota as a Democrat when the state was overwhelmingly Republican, he further astounded political observers by twice being elected to the United States Senate in elections wherein many Republicans left their party to vote for Bulow, the man, because they knew that in so doing they were endorsing a personal record of integrity and not a party label or a party election. Thus, in four successive general elections Mr. Bulow campaigned as a Democrat and won victory in a Republican state, which today marks him as the most successful Democratic candidate that the State of South Dakota has had

in all its history. Last Spring, he was defeated in the Democratic primaries in a close contest in which only Democrats could vote, and as a result of party factionalism in which the New Deal payroll brigade combined with ambitious office-seekers to upset the Senator who was unable to leave Washington to participate in the campaign due to the overbearing duties imposed by service in a War Congress. His victorious opponent in the primaries, however, was overwhelmingly defeated in the fall election, so Senator Bulow becomes the last important Democrat in South Dakota to leave elected office as well as one of the first, and emphatically the most successful, to succeed. Senator Bulow spoke out but seldom in the Senate, but when he did rise to speak he commanded an attentive audience such as is secured by but very few in this body of many speakers and frequent speeches. Probably to a greater extent than any other living man, Bill Bulow approaches the quaint humor and the pointed philosophical expressions of the late Will Rogers. A Democrat of the school of Thomas Jefferson, Senator Bulow was never blinded by the seductive theories of the New Dealism and resisted all trends towards collectivism in America with as much vigor as the most ardent of Republicans. Having come up the hard way, Mr. Bulow knows the value of a dollar and refused to accept the theory that a nation can spend itself rich or borrow itself prosperous. His brave stand against court-packing, against the boom of bureaucracy, against concentration of power in the executive department, and against the trend toward socialism of American economic enterprise may have cost him some party support among the politicians but this courageous attitude enhanced him in public esteem among the people of South Dakota and the students of government in America. When the history of the past 12 years is finally written—and more especially the history of the past 10 years—I feel confident that the verdict of historians will place high among the men of real importance in the Senate of the United States during this turbulent decade the name of William J. Bulow of South Dakota. America is losing a courageous, independent, loyal public servant today as Mr. Bulow leaves the Senate to enjoy the peace and tranquility which his long and active public career has so richly earned him.[73]

73. Bulow, "Three Score Years and Ten," pp. 201J–201M.

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On the covers: William J. Bulow, Sr. (*front cover*) served the state of South Dakota over three decades as both its governor and one of its senators. After his defeat in the state's Democratic primary in 1942, he sat down to write an autobiography, excerpts of which are featured in this issue. (*Back cover*) In this undated photograph, Bulow and his wife, Sarah, appear at the Black Hills Roundup in Belle Fourche.