

Jake's father had saved a grand total of \$65 to get Jake started as a freshman in September of 1932. Tuition was \$25 a semester, and Jake's room at the Little Campus Dormitory was another \$25, so that left him with \$15 for books and everything else.

He soon got a job delivering milk to the other residents of the dormitory and made as much as twenty five cents a day—enough to buy a full meal.

But even more important than the money, Jake told me that his milk route enabled him to get to know the other 140 students in the dormitory, and those friendships later became the foundation of his success in campus politics—which, in turn, laid the groundwork for his success in politics in the wider world.

Like Jake, those boys were from relatively poor families, drawn to the university from all over Texas by the opportunity it offered for an affordable education, which in turn provided a lifetime of additional social, economic, and political opportunities.

With those 140 friends from Little Campus spread out across the university, Jake found that he had a strong base of support when he ran for the Student Assembly and the Texas Union Board.

He later combined that base with the growing circle of campus friends and supporters that he and fellow student John Connally attracted when each of them ran for president of the Student Government. By the way, each of them served as the other's campaign manager in those elections.

Jake served as president of the student body after he entered law school in 1937, and Connally was elected the next year. They both ran as "independents," rather than as representatives of the powerful fraternity and sorority cliques, but they also had a lot of support through the Delta Theta Phi fraternity—a group that Jake said went by the nickname of the "Dollar Thirty-Fives."

Campus politics was a serious contact sport in those days, and more than one political rival learned that Jake Pickle and John Connally were formidable politicians.

As Jake told me: "At first Connally and I went in with the fraternities and sororities and other groups in what we called the People's Political Party, but the fraternities decided that the Little Campus men were becoming too powerful so they kicked us out. So then John and I joined together and organized all the independents, all the dorms and boarding houses, and everything else on the campus. We divided the campus into precincts and had a chairman for every one. We found that there were more have-nots than haves."

Jake called the experience "the best political training anybody could have."

He told me another great story about his campaign for student body president. There were three candidates—Bob Eckhardt, who was another independent like Jake, and Ramsey Moore, who was the candidate put forward by the fraternities and sororities. Jake and John Connally were worried that the independent vote would be split, thus giving the election to the Greek candidate.

First they tried to persuade Bob Eckhardt to drop out, but when that didn't work Connally came up with the idea of having a runoff election if no one won a majority. They researched the matter and found that it was permitted by the student constitution although, apparently, student body presidents had always been elected with just a plurality of the votes. Whether to have a runoff became a major issue across the campus, and Jake and John stirred up student opinion and circulated a runoff petition, so the Greeks finally had to accept the idea or appear to be undemocratic.

Well, the runoff plan backfired, because, to everyone's surprise, Jake came out on top in

the first round of voting! If they hadn't sold everybody on the runoff, Jake would have been elected that night.

Jake told me he went to see Dean Shorty Nowotny to ask him what he should do—have a runoff or not—and Shorty told Jake it was up to him. Jake wrestled with the idea of ignoring his own runoff petition, but he finally decided that going ahead with the runoff was the right thing to do.

Jake went on to win the runoff election and take office as president!

That campaign was also notable for Jake's use of his now famous "Pickle Pins." He got the idea from the H.J. Heinz Co., which had given away the green pickle-shaped pins at a World's Fair. Jake said he wrote to Heinz and asked to have any of their old pins, and they sent him five thousand of them. He and his volunteers covered up the Heinz name and wrote "Jake" across every one of them!

Jake never forgot the way The University brought together people from all walks of life, from every station in society and from all economic backgrounds, and gave them all a chance to achieve and excel.

He never forgot the friends that he made during his student days and the hardships and triumphs that they shared. And, of course, he never forgot The University itself.

When Jake first ran for Congress he campaigned on the idea of strengthening the Balcones Research Center and developing it into a truly world-class research and development facility. Building on the work of Lyndon Johnson and others through the years, Jake helped The University finally gain title to the Balcones site in 1971, and he contributed in many ways to advancing the status of research facilities at the site. Much of this work was accomplished through Jake's chairmanship of the House Science, Space, and Technology Committee.

In 1994, The University of Texas System Board of Regents renamed the Balcones Research Center as the J. J. Pickle Research Campus in honor of Jake's noble work in support of this outstanding educational enterprise.

Jake's tireless labors on behalf of The University frequently encompassed the arcane nuts and bolts of federal tax policy, and he got things done that nobody else could have. For example, he helped get University oil revenues excluded from the windfall profits tax of the 1970s. And another time, he was instrumental in passing a tax credit that helped direct private-sector resources into university research and development—not just at U.T. but at universities across the nation.

And he was a genius at finding ways to get the federal budget to come to The University's rescue in a time of crisis.

I know that Provost Gerry Fonken, Vice Provost Steve Monti, and Dean of Engineering Herb Woodson will never forget the day back in 1991 when we met with Jake at the Willard Hotel in Washington to try to save our microelectronics building from disaster. Somehow, The University had "value engineered" enough money out of the project so that upon its completion it was nothing more than a shell of a building. This \$10 million problem was presented to the Board of Regents by U.T. System Chancellor Hans Mark and Executive Vice Chancellor Jim Duncan. I was called in to explain how I was going to solve the problem. I turned to the Regents and said I have a plan. Fortunately for me, they accepted my brash confidence and proceeded to the next item of business. Unfortunately for me, I had no plan.

However, I did know how to call my Congressman, our Congressman, the Congressman Jake Pickle.

Within two weeks of the Regent's meeting, Gerry, Steve, Herb and I were nervously

waiting in the dining room of the Willard Hotel to meet with Jake. He and Beryl came charging into the dining room.

Jake was running his hands through his hair, and he announced before he even sat down, "I don't know what the problem is, but I will solve it!" Within one hour he laid out a strategy that involved Jim Wright, Lloyd Bentsen, and Phil Gramm. With a little luck and lots of hard work, in less than two years Congress implemented the Pickle plan and The University was able to successfully "compete" for a special \$10 million package to support microelectronics and material science.

Now that's the kind of Congressman everybody ought to have!

When I think back across the years and recall all those times that I had the good fortune to meet with Jake, two over-riding impressions stand out.

First, it was clear that he was a man who combined the qualities of uncommon vision, boundless energy, and enviable political skill—and that he was always instantly ready and will to bring those talents to bear for the benefit of his University and its succeeding generations of students.

And second, it was always clear that underlying everything Jake did was his great love of people, the immense joy that he felt just by being in the company of other people—listening to them, caring about them, sharing stories and memories, and, yes, sharing with them the dream for a better future.

In all these ways, Jake embodied the spirit of American democracy at its best—a spirit of optimism and hope and good cheer; a spirit of inclusiveness and opportunity; and a spirit of public service that embraced honesty, hard work, practical problem solving, and faithfulness to the fundamental values and principles of representative government.

We all loved Jake, and we will always treasure his memory—a memory that will last for as long as the lights on the U.T. tower orange and for as long as young Texans continue to come to Austin seeking education and opportunity at The University.

Jake, we love you, and Hook'em' Horns!

IN REMEMBRANCE OF J.J. JAKE  
PICKLE

SPEECH OF

HON. LLOYD DOGGETT

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 12, 2005

Mr. DOGGETT. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following eulogies honoring, J.J. Jake Pickle the Doggett Special Order.

(By Peggy Pickle)

AUSTIN, TX, June 22.—Good afternoon! Hot tamale!!! This is not going to be a sad funeral. This is a celebration of a remarkable life. I'm Jake and Beryl's daughter, Peggy. My father asked me to speak on behalf of our family at his memorial service.

Everyone in this sanctuary knows what kind of man Jake Pickle was. Most of you are familiar with his life and career: born in West Texas in 1913, attended the University of Texas, served in the Navy during World War II, had a lifetime love affair with politics which included 31 years representing the 10th Congressional District of Texas in the United States House of Representatives. He had two wives, three children, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

He was a tolerant and demanding man. Tolerant because he didn't believe in forcing

his opinions on others. Demanding because he had high standards for himself and those close to him.

It is trite to say that a person left this world a better place, but in his case it is true. Hardly a day goes by without my being stopped and told, "Your father helped me when my Social Security benefits dried up," or "When my son was injured in Vietnam, Jake Pickle cut through the red tape and got him home." What Daddy loved about serving in Congress was the clout he used to get things done. He considered his staff family. Together they accomplished great things.

But my assignment today is to talk about Jake Pickle from the standpoint of his family. He was the fourth child in a tight-knit family of seven whose values and work ethic defined the rest of his life. Jake's sister Judith and brother Joe and their families are in this audience, along with the families of deceased sisters Janice and Jeanette. The familial bonds which sustained Jake as a child taught him to treat people and relationships with respect.

Jake and Beryl both endured the loss of their first spouse—my mother, Sugar, in 1952, and Beryl's husband, Graham McCarroll, in 1948. In 1960, Beryl and Jake married and began their own family: Jake, Beryl, Dick, Peggy, Graham and a goofy collie dog named Ike. It was a semi-normal life for two years—and then Jake up and announced he was running for the U.S. Congress!

Having Jake Pickle for a husband and father was an interesting experience. He was gone a lot. Except in cases of family emergency, work came first. He was "On Duty" every day except Christmas, and even then if a constituent had trouble. He believed that public officials are answerable to The People 24-hours-a-day, so our telephone number was listed in the phone book. The phone rang all the time, sometimes at 3 a.m., when the constituent was drunk or had an ax to grind.

Jake loved to work the crowd. One of his favorite places to eat was Luby's Cafeteria because there was that long line of people whose hands he could shake. We all know Jake was tight with a buck. Once he said to me, "If you've got some money, I'll take you to Luby's."

Sometimes Daddy worked the crowd when I least expected it. One morning 20 years ago, I drove out to Dillard's in Barton Creek Mall to buy, of all things, a Weed Whacker. I got there early so I could cut my grass before it got hot, so I was there when the doors opened. I rode the escalator up to the second floor, picked out a Weed Whacker, and took it to the register.

By now it was maybe 10:05 a.m., there were few people in the store, and nobody but me in the appliance department. When I wrote the check and gave it to the clerk, he looked at my name on the check and said, "Pickle? Are you related to Jake Pickle?" I said I was.

"Well by golly," the guy said. "Mr. Pickle was here this morning, you just missed him."

"But how?" I stammered. "The store just opened!"

"Oh, he addressed our employee meeting at 8 a.m.," the clerk said. "Everybody ate in the lounge. That man sure seems to like his job!"

So I paid for my Weed Whacker and left. It was funny, but it also gave me an eerie feeling that Daddy could be anywhere, and probably was. He was always ten steps ahead, with the rest of us scrambling to catch up.

Jake was quick to make friends and quick to forgive. It was a wonderful trait for a politician because he made few enemies and nursed no grudges. Both Democrats and Republicans voted for him and worked with

him; Jake wasn't partisan, he just wanted to get things done. If at times it was hard to have a legend in the family, it also made us proud. We knew that he was the Gold Standard. The usual temptations like money, women, alcohol and power were no match for Jake's addiction: work. Growing up surrounded by politics, I cannot describe the comfort of knowing that no matter what nastiness was abroad, I would not open the newspaper and read my father's name tainted by scandal.

Daddy was a great motivator, and not only about Congressional business, but about Jake Pickle business: his bees, his garden, his pear relish, his longhorns, his stumps that needed rooting at Niederwald. He rallied people with such enthusiasm that it was only later, when you went home, that you realized your aching back and calloused hands were all you had to show for his project.

Two of Daddy's other projects concerned Christmas. For years our family had a "Hats Off to Christmas" tradition on Christmas morning, as Jake and Beryl distributed hats they had gathered during the year while on junkets—oops!, I mean "fact finding tours." During the 1990s, Daddy, dressed as Santa, arrived in increasingly outrageous ways: in Don Cook's Model A Ford, in a fire truck, on a donkey, in a sidecar motorcycle. He always claimed he wanted to arrive by climbing down a rope ladder from a hovering helicopter, but thank God, he never tried it.

Jake didn't care much about stuff—life's fancy trappings—and looking ridiculous never occurred to him. In 1961, when Jake had just been appointed Texas Employment Commissioner, he often drove Dick's used car to work at the fine new TEC office in the Capitol Complex. Dick's '52 Ford was rusty gold, with a '55 front grill, '53 headlights and two bent antennas, but to the new TEC commissioner, it was damn fine transportation.

Years ago in Washington, Daddy had a vivid dream in which he was being chased by a bear. In his sleep, he hollered and flew out of bed, cracking his head on the bedside table. Beryl woke to find him holding his bleeding nose, but happy he had outrun the bear. For weeks, my father went to work on Capitol Hill with black eyes that faded to green and yellow. Cheerfully, he told everybody about his dream—and his narrow escape. I always wondered what people thought. Probably oh, that's just Jake!

He was a stickler for details, always carrying around a piece of paper and a pen in his coat pocket so he could make notes. It will surprise no one that he helped plan this funeral. He was habitually late because he was always coming from another event—and on his way to the next one. His memory was phenomenal. When he ran into a constituent, he remembered their name, their spouse or where they worked.

He loved his family and friends, ice cream, a good story, playing the harmonica. Christmas, the University of Texas, this church, the principles of Democracy, banging on the piano, the hymns of his childhood, dominoes. . . . and a thousand other things. He was inately curious and asked questions constantly. He was a very tough old bird. He endured treatment for cancer which at his age should have killed him, but he hunkered down and got through it. He won remission from cancer an incredible five times. Being weakened irritated him; it cut into his schedule! Right up to the end, he found life interesting. Mom and Pop Pickle whispered in his ear: he always tried to do the right thing.

After my father retired from Congress, and during the years of his decline, many of the people in this Sanctuary—and others not present today—came to visit Jake and Beryl. If he worried that once out of the public eye,

he would be forgotten, he needn't have. On behalf of our family, we thank you. Your visits, laughter, advice and friendship meant the world to them.

My father's legacy is considerable. There are buildings, schools, research facilities, an airport runway and children named after him. Legislation he helped pass changed this country for the better. He counted the mighty among his friends, but treated no person better than another.

But of all his legacies, the one I'm most grateful for is his allowing me to be my own person. He raised me with easy affection instead of a preconceived idea of how a little girl should act. As an adult I have come to understand that the worst thing you can do to any person, especially a child, is to stifle their spirit. Jake Pickle made you want to do your best. I can think of no greater accolade for any person.

I enjoyed a 59-year relationship with my father. Because he was ill for a long time and I witnessed his suffering, I've already grieved for him. I do not grieve for him today. Instead, I am proud of the person that he was and the life he tried to live, right up to the end.

We have other speakers today. As Daddy would say, "Keep it short. People need to get back to work!"

Thank you for being here to help us say goodbye.

EULOGY FOR CONGRESSMAN J.J. PICKLE

(By Paul Hilgers)

AUSTIN, TX, June 22.—Surely you would all know that it is a great honor to be asked to represent the people who worked on Mr. Pickle's staff.

Once you were on the staff, it was a lifetime appointment. Whether you were on the payroll or not, it did not matter. We work for him because we love and respect him.

Like all Pickle staffers, I never knew how hard I could work in one day, or how many people I could help in one day until I started working with Jake Pickle.

We are a proud bunch, those of us who worked in the "Pickle Factory" as we called it. I would like to ask all of you who served on Mr. Pickle's staff to stand. There are many more who could not be here today and a few were already doing advance work in heaven.

Those who worked in his office understood the importance of their job. Whether it was the District Director, the Administrative Assistant who ran the office in Washington, the legislative assistant, the caseworker, or the person who was on the real front line answering the phone and greeting people, he made you feel that what you were doing was critical. He knew that it all had to work together to properly serve the public. He valued the role we each played.

We have a bond that will never be broken, built upon his singular dedication to public service. It is a bond built upon the common experience of knowing this very uncommon man who was so proud of the service we provided together.

We are also bound together by the great Pickle stories. Now, Dr. Cunningham, I need to mention just a couple that escaped your remarks about his time at the University. Like the time he got caught stealing turnips from one of his professor's garden. And, while he did love being in Little Campus, there were stories about nailing their roommates furniture upside down to the ceiling. There are so many stories, way too many stories to tell.

So, when the staffers get together, only a word or a phrase is needed to spark memories of the experiences we shared: squeaky pickles, the county black books, 1000 acres of beautiful topsoil, the Pickle Float, full tank

of gas and an empty bladder, retrieving that Stetson, the dry run, the Virgil Conn story, playing the harmonica and the piano, the pump organ.

There were the annual episodes of serving Venison Chili to the entire House of Representatives every Texas Independence Day, or feeding catfish from the Inks Lake Fish Hatchery to the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee.

And stories about parades! Parades with and without squeaky pickles, cars that worked, and cars that did not. Once, there was a car with a stick shift that Ms. Pickle had to drive.

Always a convertible so he could be seen and so he could throw his pickles. Parades where he was the Grand Marshall and the first car in the parade, and the one where he followed the horses, after his third parade of the day.

At the end of the parade route—Mr. Pickle would stop the car, get out and walk both sides of the route personally shaking every hand and handing out more squeaky pickles.

Most of all he was fun—he was fun to be with.

Our stories are his lasting legacy to us— which is fitting because he was the master storyteller. He knew how to use humor to communicate his message. He would make people laugh, just before he would make them think about a serious issue facing our Nation or our community.

Staffers who took Mr. Pickle to an event were asked two questions just as we arrived: (1) “what is my key message”, and (2) “tell me something funny to say.” We had the old regulars—the Claude Pepper story, the Round Rock story, Dollars for Democrats, but not a Nickel for Pickle story. Many times he would turn to Mrs. Pickle for some of his best material.

We worked hard but his sense of humor made the job enjoyable. But, no one worked harder than he did.

He would start the week with a 6:20 a.m. flight to Washington on Monday mornings. He would put in 15 hour days in Committee hearings, holding meetings with people from the District or from associations and businesses, casting countless votes on the floor of the House, working the phones, signing the mail, reviewing legislation, and then attending 2-4 receptions before going home to Ms. Beryl.

He would keep that schedule everyday until Friday about 12:00 noon when he would fly back to Austin at 5:00 p.m. We would go immediately to the office where he would sign all the mail that had been prepared by the District staff that week. He signed virtually every piece of mail that went out of his Office. This is how he kept up with what was happening to his constituents.

We would often sign the mail on Friday and see one of those constituents at an event that weekend. He would tell them how their case was going, or that we had just sent off the letter. That made an impression on people—they knew that he cared.

He would go to Church on Sunday and we would have some event that evening before I had to get him back to the Airport on Monday mornings. No matter how tired I would get, spending the weekend with Mr. Pickle would re-energize you. His love of public service and his energy was contagious.

He campaigned even harder! He was relentless. On weekends, we would have to have three shifts of staff just to keep up!

So many times people would say . . . he is the only Democrat I ever voted for . . . or, I don't always agree with him, but I always voted for him. He wanted every vote. He earned every vote.

Just one example: a person came to him and asked for help in finding a job—just one

of thousands who asked for help. Mr. Pickle sent out the man's resume a number of times who always seemed to be a finalist for the job, but without success. After several months of writing letters and requesting interviews, I asked Mr. Pickle one day while I was driving him home if he had not done enough and why he was trying so hard to help this man?

He looked at me and said simply, “Paul, the man asked me for help. Is there any other reason that I need to try and help him?” He loved helping people.

Mr. Pickle represented the people of Central Texas to the Federal government, but he was also a representative of the Federal government to the people of Central Texas. He loved welcoming people from the District to Washington. No one gave a tour of the Capital like a Jake Pickle tour of the Capital. He took people in places where you just are not supposed to go. He made the Capital come alive with its history.

He had a vision and a love for Central Texas that no one could match. He was our strongest lobbyist and he lobbied for so many things in addition to UT and SEMATECH. Boggy Creek, a Wildlife Refuge, airports (big ones and small ones), the right of way for MoKan. He worked on behalf of the Austin Housing Authority, the Boy Scouts, Veterans Outpatient Clinic, IRS Service Center, the LCRA, Bergstrom Air Force Base, Flood Control on the Upper San Marcos Watershed, the Visitors Center at the LBJ National Park, the Gary Job Corps, and literally a thousand other things for Central Texans.

Yes, Mr. Pickle worked hard for Central Texas, but he was one of Washington's most respected members of Congress. He believed in having personal relationships with other members of Congress . . . on both sides of the aisle. This is evident by those in attendance today.

Integrity, Honesty, Loyalty, Courage, Determination, Tenacity—these are the qualities that he relied upon to become a trusted legislator. These are the qualities that defined Jake Pickle.

Of all of the legislative work and votes over 31 years, he took the greatest pride in one of his first: the Civil Rights Act. He would get tears in his eyes every time he told the story when President Johnson called him the night the Civil Rights Act passed. The President demanded that Mr. Pickle call him no matter what time of night so he could tell him how proud he was of his vote.

He was also proud of his work as Chairman of the Ways and Means Subcommittees of Social Security and Oversight. His most important legislative accomplishment was in maintaining solvency of the Social Security system in 1983. He worked closely with Senator Bob Dole on legislation that represented a bi-partisan approach to the problem. He told me many times that providing a sense of security to tens of millions of Americans gave him a deep sense of pride and meaning.

Third, was his work in the area of pensions and pension reform. He could see problems in the system long before they became the crisis they are today. In fact, if not for some of the reforms he put into place, the crisis would be much greater today. He would say pensions are not a very newsworthy subject, but it was damned important to families counting on them.

The J. J. Pickle formula for success in government was really very simple: a dedication to public service plus a love of helping people, multiplied by a deep faith in our system of government.

He placed the highest priority on constituent service because he thought the highest calling of government was to help people with their problems. He was committed to being responsive and accessible.

Mr. Pickle often referred to the Congressional Office as “the big buffer” between the individual and “big government.” It was the place where any citizen, rich or poor, democrat or republican, could come for help when there was nowhere else to turn.

Finally, Mr. Pickle had a truly unique ability to balance a short-term immediate focus with his long-term vision. He taught us that the best public policy always made the best politics.

Social Security legislation was to be based upon solvency of the system, pension policy based on protecting the pension holders not big business, civil rights legislation based on justice and equal protection.

Locally, his long-term vision included the need for inter-modal transportation systems, two runways at Bergstrom Airport, flood control systems, public power, solar energy, habitat for endangered species and protection of water quality, a first class research facility at UT's Balcones Research Center that bears his name.

There is a phrase he used in some of his later speeches, “In the Shadows of Greatness”. Referring to the portion of MoPac north of U.S. Hwy 183 that runs between MCC and the J.J. Pickle Research Campus—he talked about how people would drive through that corridor not realizing that they were actually traveling “in the shadows of greatness” because of the world class research being conducted in the buildings they were passing by.

Those of us on the Pickle staff understand a different meaning for this phrase. We worked in the Shadows of Greatness every day we were with him. He had an impact on this world and particularly on this community that is—as he predicted—already being forgotten by most.

But, his fingerprints are everywhere. His legacy of public service, of loyalty to his University, of his commitment to good and responsive government has been recognized through the naming of the Federal Building, the Research Center, the Elementary School, the Pickle Runway at Bergstrom Airport, and even a peach orchard on Town Lake.

So, on behalf of your eternal staff . . . we will never forget what you taught us. We will always celebrate and treasure our time with you. My prayer is that you are already—cheating at dominoes with all of your friends—friends who have been waiting so long for you. I am confident that the quality of life in heaven just got better.

God Bless You, Great Leader, for your service, for your legacy, for giving us the opportunity work in your great shadow!

We had a great ride!!

MR. JOHN L. PROCOPE, PUBLISHER, ENTREPRENEUR, AND EXEMPLAR

**HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, July 20, 2005*

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor an outstanding newspaper publisher and business entrepreneur who pursued a successful career in business while remaining rooted in the community and opening many doors of opportunity for others. Mr. John L. Procope was an important voice in Harlem politics, society, and education and his influence and impact was felt beyond his home community in the City of New York and the nation. He passed away on July 15, 2005.

In 1971, John and a group of five co-owners bought the Amsterdam News in Harlem and