

UNCLE TED

A Monologue in Two Acts

By

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Act I

(Projection screens for newspaper headlines, photos, brief videos. Props on table. Dark, video of daybreak on the hill where Ted's life ends, lights up slowly, Ted center stage.)

Daybreak. Peaceful. A little light out on the sea, always some light out there. (Birds chirping) Songbirds . . . they can hardly wait for day to start. There's the wreck - up there. (Photo of wreck) I'd climb into any plane, never afraid, in spite of the weather. Not much to hit here in Bristol Bay, a hill or two. We managed to find this one. I still have things to do but this is as good a place as any for an ending. No one is going to remember me, anyway. Dead and gone. Always meant to write my story - details, footnotes. Professors would love it. Others, not so much. All I can tell you is my memories, disjointed, a little late. Too much to explain, so many people, a lot of politics. How about the abridged version, the way Reader's Digest turns novels into short stories? Remember? Maybe not, you're too young. Not apologizing, no regrets. You deserve fair warning - what can happen, how you can be abused by friends. Not saying don't trust people. Just don't trust the wrong people. Here I am, arguably one of the most powerful Senators in the country. Brought down, reputation destroyed, my place in history . . . so unnecessary. Not asking for forgiveness . . . understanding, a little kindness. Well, let's not get sloppy. (Lights up) Because I am one mean SOB. Ask anyone. Oh, they'll tell you. Go ahead - give 'em a call. "Hot-tempered, scrappy, tenacious." I frighten dogs and little kids. I've been known to scare bureaucrats, occasionally a US Senator or two. That's me. Glad you are here. We've got to talk. I have stuff to tell you. Relax. It won't take long.

I was born in 1923 in Indianapolis - Theodore Fulton Stevens. Impressive, huh? Only my mother called me that, "THEODORE FULTON what have you done now?" I always liked Ted. Just plain Ted. That's enough. Not Senator, or Theodore, not even Uncle Ted, just Ted. (Baby picture) Hey, that's me. Ugly

baby, huh? I got cuter as I aged. (Showing profile, chin up) Don't you think? (Picture on trike) Can't remember that picture, remember the trike though. Put a lot of miles on it. Dad was a Chicago accountant who lost his job in the Great Depression. Who didn't? We moved back to Indianapolis to a little cottage grandpa built. Dad had eye problems - going completely blind. My parents divorced when I was six. Mom took off for California. She sent for us kids when she could. I stayed for a while longer to help Dad. Grandpa was the only one in the family with a job. He kept us all together. I helped out - a newsie by eight years old. (Pantomime waving newspaper, on screen headline of Lindbergh kidnaping, loud) Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Lindbergh baby kidnapped. Extra Edition. Kidnappers On the Run. How can you tell what's going on without a newspaper? Read all about it. Can't read? Look at the pictures. Extra! Extra! I sold a lot of newspapers by being loud and annoying. Some say that served me well my entire life. Then Grandpa died falling down a flight of stairs. You've got to admit, by anyone's standards, it was a tough boyhood. Not much went right. Dad's advice: pull up your socks, get an education, it will change your life. How right he was. I wanted to make something of myself – something big, leave a mark. Ted was here!

Mom and Aunt Gladys brought me to California, to Manhattan Beach for high school, running full tilt - school paper, theater, football. (Ted in uniform) Scarry, huh? Gimme that ball. (Pantomimes grabbing ball, crouches) Hut, two, three. (Tumbles backward) I got knocked around a lot, smallest kid on the team, but I learned something on that field – stand up for yourself . . . no one else is going to. A kid on the other team fumbled the ball, I grabbed it, running for a touchdown. My team went crazy. (Waving arms in air) Hooray, Bravo, Cheers! I couldn't believe it. Lessons like that stay with you for a lifetime. Aunt Gladys was there when Mom wasn't, really a second mother. I can't thank her enough for so many kindnesses. She made sure I got every opportunity, pushing me through every door she could pry open. Always believing in me, got me jobs after school, at the bakery, ushering at the movie theater. (Pantomimes surfboard) Still, made time for surfing. (Rides surfboard, balances) Into the curl of the

wave, the thrill, at one with the board. The rest of the world disappears. Just me on the wide ocean. I love this board, always with me, hanging in my office, reminding me to catch the wave, on the lookout, always ready. There is a war going on. (annoyed) Alright, okay Aunt Gladys. I won't enlist before I'm 19. (Raising right hand) I swear already. Can you believe her? Finally, after high school on to Oregon State. I got in a semester. The war was heating up. My friends were enlisting. As soon as I was nineteen, I tried to join the Navy but failed the eye test. Aunt Gladys told me to sit out the war, but she knew that was the last thing I was ever going to do. She found an Optometrist to give me eye exercises. Churchill said, "Never give in, never, never, never, never." I worked on those exercises. (Exercises eyes) Left, right, up, down, left, right, up, down. I passed. On to flight training. Got my wings. Time to make my mark. I know I'm tough enough, like Alaska's salmon, fighting up the river, through the rapids, over the waterfalls until we get where we are meant to be. (World War II Poster, Uncle Sam Wants You)

So sorry Aunt Gladys but I couldn't wait any longer. Got my wings at 20. Chennault's Flying Tigers fought the Japanese since Japan invaded China. He needed pilots so badly he sent a plane to pick up me and my friends. The next thing I knew I'm flying deep into China. Our motto is: We do the impossible immediately, miracles take slightly longer. (Photo C-47) I flew that plane for 5 months - the Douglas C-47. Awkward looking, isn't she? My God, those wings could flex . . . like a Gooney Bird. (Waving his arms) That's what we called it. In a cross wind it took two men to control the rudder. Nobody in their right mind would land where we did - - - carrying Bailey Bridges, generators, fuel. Flying back empty was even worse. If you didn't ride the rudder, it would spin out of control. If you lost an engine, you'd nosedive, have to jettison fuel making getting back to base even chancier. I can't tell you how glad I was to see the end of the Gooney Bird.

(Photo C-46) She was replaced by the C-46 Commando. A joy to fly. Sleek, aerodynamic, with that streamlined glass cockpit. I love this plane, a workhorse carrying heavy payloads. Nothing like the Commando. Terrible conditions, violent weather, heavy cargoes, high mountains, flooded landing fields,

poor equipment, maintenance nightmares, not enough trained crews. The boys gave it a lot of smartass names: the Flying Coffin, the Whale, the Plumber's Nightmare. We lost half our Commandos until we figured out how to align the propellers and reroute the exhaust to hide the flames at night so the Japanese couldn't see us. That didn't stop them from shooting anyway, over enemy lines at night so we could get to our landing fields at daylight, where we would camouflage our planes then take off the next night.

I was born to fly, right at home, even when they were shooting at me! Didn't like that much I can tell you. Friends had premonitions they would die in fiery crashes. Not me, never. Maybe God just wasn't talking to me or more likely I wasn't listening. I was on a mission. It was always clear - get my guys back, safe, and alive. Too many crashes, too many deaths. Inevitable? Maybe. What do I know? Life seems to turn out the way it is intended to. No regrets, no apologies.

(Photo in uniform wearing old hat) Nice hat, you got to admit. (Wears real hat) The General called it disreputable. Where was he when the bullets were flying? The Flying Coffin carried twice the cargo of the C-47, flying higher, 40,000 pounds of artillery, fuel, ammunition, aircraft parts and troops. In and out of some of the crappiest airstrips you can imagine, we called the worst one the Postage Stamp, cut into a hillside, just inches to spare for our wingtips. Even worse, you had to find it in the black of night. We flew fuel for our fighter planes into small bases all over China and Indochina, supplying everyone - Americans, Brits, French, Chinese Nationalists throughout China, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam all the way to Mongolia. In a very full life, the single thing I am most proud of is my service as a pilot. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Lifelong friendships, a sense of purpose, putting your life on the line for a great cause. 228 missions, several close calls, but I never crashed. Still, there is always a price to pay. Half our pilots were killed, their planes downed. I found my way home by the aluminum trail, reflections off crashed planes. Only 20 years old. Still can't believe it. It takes young men to fight a war, not us old

guys. We are best at starting them. I loved the war. Did I really say that? Insensitive, I know – the suffering, the destruction. But, oh the excitement. My God, but it was a grand adventure.

(Photo Distinguished Flying Cross) They gave me a chest full of medals: the Air Medal, two Distinguished Flying Crosses, the Chinese Yuan Hai Medal, and others. We kept a million Japanese tied up in China so they couldn't fight Americans in the Pacific. I did my part . . . nothing like Jimmy Doolittle's pilots. Chenault sent me to Beijing to pick up the surviving Doolittle fliers. What an extraordinary honor meeting them. These guys raided Japan after Pearl Harbor with sixteen B-25 bombers proving Japan was vulnerable, really boosting American morale. (Photo Doolittle and Crew in front of plane) Our bombers couldn't reach Japan from land. So, they launched off the aircraft carrier Hornet. It takes an American to be so brave . . . or crazy, flying 650 miles right above the wave tops, bombing military and industrial targets, continuing west, landing in China. A one-way trip. No return, no way you could land a bomber on a carrier in the middle of a heaving ocean. Fifteen planes made it to China, running out of fuel. Crews parachuted out or crash landed. Most were picked up by our Chinese allies. The rest were captured by the Japanese . . . prisoners of war, starved, tortured. Three executed. Once the war ended, my plane was the first to arrive in Beijing to pick them up, flying by the seat of my pants, no help landing, parking right up next to the Japanese Bettys dwarfing their planes. Surrendered Japanese pilots were milling around watching us cautiously, astonished when we opened the doors driving a weapons carrier down the ramp. They had never seen a plane that big on the ground nor had they ever seen a truck roll out of one. I flew the surviving Doolittle Raiders on their first leg home. The most impressive men I have ever met. True heroes! Just imagine, launching off a carrier, knowing you would never return and when you ran out of fuel you had to crash land. China is always with me, always. Once I was waiting to take off when a B-17 ahead of me blew up. Just exploded. So dangerous, but we were young and foolish, that helps, with a common enemy, which helps even more. We partied hard, singing,

and drinking way too much. I mean, you have to blow off steam – with your life on the line. (Music starts) Gives me goose bumps, every time I hear it.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder

Climbing high into the sun.

Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,

At'em boy, give'er the gun!

Down we dive spouting our flames from under,

Off with one hell-uv-a-roar!

We live in fame or go down in flames.

Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

I lost friends, down in flames. Could be me just as easily. Back in the barracks, we had a roaring good time. Whistling past the graveyard. I've had a great life but my time as an Army pilot was the most adventurous, most exciting, most dangerous - - - the time of my life. After the war Congress passed the GI Bill. Vets had a chance at a future, not the way World War I Bonus Marchers were treated when they marched on DC only to have General Douglas MacArthur, good old Dugout Doug, charge them with his cavalry. We vets were treated better after World War II. Everyone benefited: rich, poor, men, women, black, white. I was determined to finish college. (Photo of UCLA, or Ted as student) The University of California at Los Angeles . . . a happy change. I loved it, a natural, fit right in, top grades. Next Harvard Law accepted me with the GI bill helping again. I still came up short, taking every job I could find, even selling my blood. My favorite was as a Boston bartender. (Rattling a real martini shaker) I'm a quick learner, make a wicked martini. Harvard was the best. I'd still be there if I didn't have to start earning a living. My first real job was when Ely, head of the biggest Resource law firm in DC hired me. What an opportunity. My main client was Emil Usibelli, owner of Alaskan coal mines. I handled his legal affairs in DC. The first of my lifelong attachments to Alaska. (Continues shaking, pouring, and enjoying a martini)

Finally, I'm earning a real living. Time to settle down. I shared a Georgetown apartment with five bachelors when I met this amazing woman, Ann Mary Cherrington. (Photo of Ann) Still, makes me weak in the knees. A gorgeous Reed College graduate working at the State Department. Raised in Bethesda, Maryland. Her father was a professor. A smart, academic family. Wonderful people. A truly happy marriage for a quarter of a century, five wonderful children. (Ann and children) I was blessed in so many ways. Ann was as dedicated to good government as I was. (Photo of the US Capitol)

DC is surely the best place to learn politics. I volunteered for Ike's Presidential campaign suing by day, writing position papers at night for Ike on natural resources. When I was promised a job at Interior after the election I resigned, a little too early. A job freeze so it didn't come through. It worked out for the best when Usibelli's attorney, Charles Clasby, offered me a job in Fairbanks. "Why not take a chance, Ann? Have an adventure, North to Alaska. (Video of US map, with toy car driving across US to Fairbanks) We loaded up the old Buick, borrowed \$600 from Clasby and drove across the country, up the Alaska Highway, to Fairbanks in the dead of winter. Governor Wally Hickel said he came to Alaska with 38 cents in his pocket. I can do him one better; I came \$600 in debt. Ann only agreed to six months. She put up with it for 25 years, loving every minute as much as I did. (Photo Snedden) C.W. Snedden Publisher of the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner became one of my best friends, treating me like a son. I know you wouldn't guess it, but I do have a bit of a temper. Surprised you, right? C.W. taught me the art of diplomacy, or at least he tried. An A for effort CW! I haven't always kept my temper under control but when I do, I owe it to him. (Photo of Fairbanks)

I was happy representing Usibelli . . . when out of the blue, I was offered another amazing opportunity when the US Attorney in Fairbanks up and quit. The Federal Judge asked if I wanted to take on the job. Why not? My boss said it's not going to pay as much. Honestly, money has never been a motivating factor for me. Another character flaw I suppose. The Fairbanks Bar Association was ticked a newcomer waltzed in and got the nod. They tried to appoint someone else. So did the Fairbanks Republican Party.

My first run-in with party politics, far from my last. They got used to me over the years. I was a little too independent for them. (Mimes waving pistol) I got a reputation as this short DA out to crush crime, smoking a stogie, carrying a six gun, leading a charge of U.S. Marshalls with Tommy guns. Colorful stuff. On a vice raid in Big Delta, I waved my pistol in the air, never pointing it at anyone. Leave that to the Marshalls. I could have shot myself in the foot or, just as easily, someone else's foot.

I made National Headlines in a trial against a former IRS agent who refused to file his own income tax return. Imagine, forcing others to pay taxes when he himself refused. I was up against Alaska's most flamboyant criminal attorney, Edgar Paul Boyko. His defense was "no taxation without representation." The jury lapped it up - a blow for freedom. You would have thought it was the Boston Tea Party. I did my best, but Boyko's theatrics paid off - - - a unanimous acquittal. I faced the same thing years later in DC with a jury that cared nothing about justice but leaped at the chance to slap down a powerful politician.

Offers kept falling in my lap with no real plan on my part. I was asked if I wanted an attorney's job in the Department of Interior in DC. "Wow, Ann! What do you think? Come on, how about it? Back to DC for a while. (Video of US map and toy car moving from Alaska to DC) You loved it there, remember?" How on earth did she put up with me? What a sport. Fred Seaton, Secretary of Interior, (Photo of Seaton) was a Nebraska newspaper publisher, great friends of my mentor, C.W. Snedden. He asked Snedden if he knew of an Alaskan who would come to DC to work on statehood. Snedden told him the man he needed was already in his department and that it was me. The fight for Alaska statehood became my job at Interior. I wrote most of the papers and speeches on statehood. Others were involved and deserve credit. But it wouldn't have happened without Seaton and Snedden and Stevens, the 3Ss. Someone nailed a sign on my door, Alaskan Headquarters, and started calling me Mr. Alaska. My office became Statehood Central.

Alaskans dreamed of becoming a state since the 40s. A giant step forward was electing delegates to write a constitution. (Photo President Eisenhower) Ike was not sold on it. If he remained opposed, it wouldn't happen. He thought Alaska was just too big, twice the size of Texas, his birthplace. He questioned if we could pay our way. He worried about the Soviet Union wanting it back, maybe even invading. Statehood could be an obstacle in defending Alaska and the country. Ike drew a line on my map showing the parts of Alaska he wanted to keep under Federal control. (Map of the PYK) This was the PYK line for the Porcupine, Yukon, and Kuskokwim rivers. The only way to get Ike on board was to find a grand compromise. So, I wrote Section 10 of the Alaska Statehood Act just for him. The land northwest of the PYK line would be part of the new state, but the President could withdraw these lands for national defense. Still in the law, even if never used, right there in the Statehood Act. Hardly anybody knows about it, but I remember because I wrote it for Ike. Few Alaskans have any idea of my role in statehood. Seaton, Snedden and Stevens. The three S's - our Statehood team. It wouldn't have happened without us or at least it would have been delayed for decades. (Map of Alaska and Hawaii)

Our biggest hurdle was dealing with Hawaii and Alaska at the same time. One would never get in without the other because Hawaii was controlled by Republicans and Alaska by Democrats. Ike refused to upset the delicate balance of power in the Senate where he only had a Republican majority of one vote. Hawaii was better prepared but had more political baggage. In the final days Alaska took the lead pulling Hawaii along. It was not entirely legal that my office became statehood headquarters. (Keep quiet, finger to lips) Shhh! Don't tell anybody, okay? Oh, what the hell, too late for anyone to do anything about it now. (Photo Bob Atwood) Bob Atwood was the primary leader for Statehood as the publisher of the Anchorage Times and Chairman of the Alaska Statehood Commission. (Photo Margaret Atwood) I hired his daughter, Margaret, brilliant, meticulous, effective. We knew, technically, we should not be lobbying from the executive branch. There's been a law against that for a long, long time. Didn't even slow us down. Margaret created file cards on every congressman based on whether they

were Catholics or Baptists, Rotarians or Kiwanians, veterans, or fishermen. Alaskans with something in common were assigned to lobby each of them. We even got involved in presidential press conferences setting Ike up by planting questions. I never let a news conference go by without getting someone to bring up statehood. A brilliant stealth campaign. I learned about politics on the job, using it in my own campaigns. In my first run for the US Senate after being appointed I printed hundreds of lawn signs, Reelect Senator Stevens. A voter said, "We never elected you in the first place, better your signs should say Restrain Senator Stevens." I'm such a lucky stiff. Blessed with so many influential friends all my life, each there I believe for a reason – teaching me, carrying me on to the next step, giving support, encouragement, opportunities, even a reality check. Relationships are primary, aren't they? Everything else is derivative. Ely gave me my first job as a lawyer; Usibelli wanted me to represent him; Clasby brought me to Fairbanks; Snedden treated me like a son; the Judge appointed me District Attorney; Secretary Seaton asked me to lead the charge for Statehood. What an adventure.

(Photo of Constitutional Convention Delegates meeting in Fairbanks) Hey, there they are - the delegates to our Constitutional Convention. They had to come up with a bold plan or Statehood would never happen. They wrote a brilliant, simple, highly principled document for the voters. Three big issues were on the same ballot: abolishing fish traps, ratifying the constitution, and approving the Alaska - Tennessee Plan sending unofficial congressmen to DC. The opposition spread outright lies. They told voters if statehood passed, federal workers would lose their 25% cost of living, all Natives would be forced to live on reservations, and Seattle salmon canneries would leave if taxed. Fake news! My job was to get the truth out. Alaskan fishermen had been cut out of the industry by fish traps owned by big outside canneries. The vote to abolish fish traps passed overwhelmingly, carrying ratification of the constitution, as well as the Alaska-Tennessee plan. Fish traps brought out the voters getting the other two passed. I needn't have worried. It worked out better than anyone could have hoped. (Newspaper headline – Voters approve statehood) When the votes were counted, we had a 5 to 1 majority.

A clear message to DC: Alaska is ready for statehood. There has been a long tradition of territories sending shadow congressmen. Tennessee was the last to get statehood this way. That's why we adopted the Alaska Tennessee plan. Our first three congressmen from a state that didn't even exist set off for DC. But just as we feared all three were Democrats. All they accomplished was to aggravate Ike with outrageous demands. They would never hold sway with the Republican Congress who didn't even seat them, introducing them from the gallery above with a polite applause. (Lightly applauds) Big mistake, leaving Republicans out of the delegation. We needed folks the Secretary of Interior could work with. So, it fell to the 3S's, to get it done. (Photo of 3 S's) That's us. We were shadow Republicans to a shadow Democratic delegation. Seaton was the zealot. Snedden the worker. They called me the fanatic. Hardly fanatical, well marginally. Without us on the ground, working every day, statehood was in deep trouble. Secretary Seaton was the key. Ike totally trusted him. We brought Lyndon Johnson, the Senate Majority Leader, over to our side. He became an Alaska firster only considering Hawaii after Alaska was in. Scoop Jackson of Washington State opposed statehood. He wanted to keep Alaska's salmon industry under the thumb of Seattle. The processors made it clear if Alaska became a state and charged a tax of one cent a case on canned salmon, they would leave Alaska and never return. Can you believe that? How silly. Sort of like what we always hear from big oil. We worked with William Randolph Hearst, owner of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, who ran front page stories supporting Statehood, even coming to DC to pressure Scoop. More help arrived when several Alaska business leaders came to town to lobby Congress. After one especially hard day, they adjourned to their hotel bar running into the legislative aide of an anti-statehood Senator. Things got a little dicey. Punches may have been thrown; someone may have gotten a split lip. Nobody admitted a thing. The Senator joked if he voted against Alaska Statehood, he would have his block knocked off. Nah! We wouldn't go that far . . . probably. The media came into play with members of Congress. If they stood in the way, we had the press write them up back home. In the end, Ike kept Republican control of the

Senate, signing the Alaska Statehood Proclamation on January 3, 1959, and we were formally admitted. (Headline; WE ARE IN, Ted sings to the tune of Mighty Mouse) Here we come to save the day, the 3 Ss are on the way. Others deserve credit but we were there constantly wearing Congress down, and the President. By the time I became a Senator, Seaton and Snedden had gone home to run their newspapers. Great friends to Alaska. I'll never forget them. I hope Alaskans don't.

With the end of Ike's presidency, I was out of a job - - - again. (Wheedling) "So, Ann, sweetheart, let's go back to Alaska. How about it? I'll practice law, this time in Anchorage." (Video of map of US and Alaska with toy car moving back to Alaska) Besides I now know my real ambition – the United States Senate. Alaska has two senators like every other state, with a population of less than half a million while bigger states like California have over 20 million voters with only two Senators. Easy, huh? Or so I thought. I jumped feet first into politics running for the US Senate. (Headline Stevens loses) My first race ended in a devastating loss - to Ernest Gruening, longtime Territorial Governor, and US Senator. I can pick them, can't I? Politics isn't for the faint of heart. You get thrown out or you die. It happens to the best of us. Some have the good sense to retire, few are that smart. I've won many elections, basking in the wisdom of the voters. I've also lost a few when the people have spoken - the bastards. Horrible things get said in elections. People question your honesty, even your patriotism. You have to have thick skin to choose politics as a career. I set my sights closer to home and ran for the state legislature. Finally, elected to the Alaska House of Representatives. (Photo of Ted in Legislature) In my second term, as majority leader, I had to think fast, speak at the drop of a hat. Some said I already talked too much, too long, too fast. I always pause to gulp water during my floor speeches. (Orating) "I hope you understand the importance of this bill. It will make a difference for all Alaskans. Do the right thing. Push the green button. Vote yes." (He reaches for glass of water on the table, takes a huge swig, spews water) Vodka! What the hell? Who did this? You're all in on it aren't you? (Slowly sipping the vodka, appreciatively) Could use a touch of vermouth. "Mr. Speaker, I move to void the roll call due to shenanigans beneath

the dignity of this House, as if anything is beneath the dignity of this House. Thank you, Mr. Speaker. Now, I move the bill before us.” It passed 40 to zip. Winning makes almost anything worthwhile.

My second run for the US Senate was in '68, in a primary against the wealthy Elmer Rasmuson (Photo of Rasmuson), President of National Bank of Alaska. So rich! Boo! (Encourages audience to boo) I was way behind, lost my temper on live television. (Angry, loud) You need to hear a dirty little secret. Elmer Rasmuson, the richest man in Alaska, isn't paying for his own campaign. He uses the bank's airplane, never paying a dime, then he hides the truth from the voters. (Slaps head, softly) I knew it was wrong as soon as I said it. Nobody cared. (Headline: Stevens loses primary) So, I lost the primary. I've got to start learning some lessons here - - - and as for you Elmer, no hard feelings. You can't help being rich. In the end you were more than generous to Alaskans with your fortune. Good on you. One hell of a guy. Still, a shame you don't have a sense of humor - - - that's bankers for you.

(Photo Gravel) In the Democratic primary, Mike Gravel ran against Ernest Gruening. Gravel was a self-serving, tireless egotist who knew how to use media, particularly his embarrassing film, A Man for Alaska. (Laughs derogatorily) It paid off. He beat Gruening by 6 points. So, Rasmuson beat me in the primary, then Gravel beat him in the General. As for me, I've had enough, never gonna run again. Time to earn a living, send my kids to college. Finished with politics forever.

But politics is not finished with me. Bob Bartlett our Senior US Senator suddenly died after heart surgery. (Photo Hickel) Governor Hickel named his successor. Rasmuson won the Republican Primary, by all rights should have been appointed, while I am a two-time loser. All the Republicans bet on him. Instead Hickel appointed me saying “one of the smartest decisions I ever made. Stevens will be there for the long haul; he understands DC backwards and forwards, the smartest guy I can find. He'll do what I tell him.” What can I say? I owe Wally the greatest job ever – the United States Senate, but he is wrong to think I'm his puppet. You've got to love politics: I lost the primary, Gravel won the general, Wally

appointed me to Bartlett's seat. I was sworn in 10 days before Gravel - becoming Alaska's senior senator for the next 40 years. Nothing like it before or since. Can you imagine the steam coming from Gravel's ears? He didn't like me before, now he sure as hell hated me. Frankly, I never liked him much either. We didn't get along. I'm a work horse. Gravel's a show horse. (Video of Map of US and Alaska with toy car) Stop with that annoying map. Enough of this cross-country driving. I'm gonna retire the Buick and become a frequent flyer.

I was determined to fill out Bartlett's term as best I could, getting Alaskans to know me, showing how I represented them, sending newsletters to everyone whatever their party. There's such an advantage in incumbency. I ran in 1970 for a two-year term, the frontrunner right out of the gate. Plenty of campaign donations this time. Flying all over Alaska, working hard for the Native vote, winning my first statewide election. Alaskans vote for the person not the party. Nick Begich, a Democrat, won the U.S. House seat at the same time. Shows you how little party labels mean in Alaska.

(Photos of Senate Committee in Alaska) As a freshman I was appointed to the appropriations committee. The Chair was fed up with all my requests. He insisted on seeing Alaska for himself, bringing his whole committee, travelling throughout the State for two weeks. (Photo of Ted Kennedy) My friend, Senator Teddy Kennedy. Both of us newcomers on the Appropriations Committee. You know, sometimes you meet someone for the first time and it's like you've always known them. Immediate, close friends. That's the way it was with Teddy. Bizarre: He was from one of the wealthiest families in America where I was right out of poverty. Little in common. It didn't matter. He wanted to see Alaska, so I dragged him everywhere. One cold morning walking through the Native village of Pilot Station, on the banks of the Yukon, a two-year-old, naked as a jaybird, made a beeline for us. (Ted puts out his arms to pick him up, crouches. He watches the boy run past him to Kennedy. Ted shrugs) Kids loved Teddy. The boy proudly said, "Me Johnny." Teddy scooped him up, unzipped his parka, put him inside. The boy's mother waved, inviting us into her small immaculate home. (A photo of JFK) There on

the wall was this photo in this poor little cabin – Teddy’s assassinated brother, President John F. Kennedy. The proud boy pointed to the photo saying (loudly) “Johnny.” Teddy grinned, then I saw the love, the loss, the heartache. Two brothers slain, John and Bobbie, yet Teddy carried on in spite of tragedies. We take what life gives us. All we can do. It was just a moment. Friends for life. It’s a small world, truly. I can never forget it.

Back in DC, there is so much to do, hardly time for anything, even exercise. (Swings imaginary tennis racket) I’m a good athlete, football, surfing, exercise, and a bit of tennis with Ann. She’s a little better than me - - - alright a lot better. For God’s sake don’t let her know I said that. Not as if women don’t deserve equal opportunities in sports. I became their champion because of my girls. As the father of daughters, I remember their disappointment when they were told they couldn’t play Little League, practicing for months with their brothers. Just as good. Totally unfair. I sponsored legislation giving women equal opportunities, extending Title IX. If schools wanted federal funds, they had to have women’s athletics. (He bounces an imaginary tennis ball) (Simulates getting hit) Stop it, Ann. Unfair. (He runs back and forth, exhausted) Enough. You’re killing me. Ouch. Okay, I give up. How about letting me win once in a while? (Stands, protecting himself with the racket) Mean to the core. Ouch. God, I love it when you play rough.

(Headline: ANCSA passes Senate) I worked hard getting legislation passed that had lasting impacts on Alaska: the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Authorization Act, the Alaska Native Interest Lands Conservation Act, and the Magnuson-Stevens Fishery Act. The longer I served the more important committees I got: Interior, Commerce, Post Office, Civil Service, Appropriations. I picked them because of their importance to Alaska. Appropriations is the best - - - that’s where the money. I got everything I could. Never going to apologize. As the newest state we had the most needs. They accused me of building bridges to nowhere. But after you build a bridge, it goes somewhere, right?

Land open up, new harbors, new buildings, new businesses. Look at what we were able to do all over Alaska. I always find a way to get things done.

My Senate colleagues can get under my skin. One late night session the Democrats were riding us hard. I stood as tall as I could. (On tiptoes, pontificating) There is just enough Scotch in me to demand I get my fair rights. Inouye whispered, "If I were you, I wouldn't admit to being tipsy." (Blowing up) I wasn't talking about whisky you moron but my Scottish heritage. (Rolling his eyes) My God, you guys can be thick headed sometimes.

(Photo McCain) My friend, Senator McCain never quite got it. He hated earmarks. We had screaming matches right on the floor of the Senate. He was a war hero and I loved him, but we had a basic, fundamental, philosophical difference. "You're wrong. I'm right." Bridges to nowhere, my foot! Crazy talk. Naysayers, no vision. We need airports, roads, harbors - everything older states already have. You've been at the Federal trough for hundreds of years before Alaska even existed. I'm not going to apologize for a damn thing.

(Photo Governor Hammond) Now, here's a politician I could work with - Governor Jay Hammond. We were a team, good friends, World War II vets. I wanted to be in Juneau for his second swearing in flying from DC to help him celebrate. Ann joined me so we could all be home for the holidays. (Photo Ann) Such a wonderful wife and mother. She could talk to anyone whether the President of the United States or a Bristol Bay fisherman. Everyone's friend. She entertained a lively group of DC school children saying, "Actually my dear, we do not live in an igloo. No. No." She always had a couple of books going. Active in the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the League of Women Voters, busy with our daughters in Girl Scouts. Ann was the best thing that ever happened to me, relaxed, at ease, in Alaska or DC. The perfect Senator's wife. She joked about rolling bandages for the Red Cross calling it bandage flapping. It was the nicest way she knew to make friends. A petite blonde, unaffected, unpretentious. Known for

entertaining, sometimes up to 70 drop-in guests after a day on the Hill. Between us, she wasn't the greatest cook. Chicken or feathers. Who really cares? Often guests were treated to buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken but with a fine wine, served with matchless aplomb. She flew with me all over the state, sleeping on gym floors, potluck with whalers, holding a baby while the mother sewed sealskins, bundled up in fishing boats or crawling into a sleeping bag in some frozen cabin. At home she was the chauffeur, cook, laundress, loving mother to our kids. I was delighted she could meet me in Juneau.

(Photo of Lear Jet) We chartered a twin engine Learjet to Anchorage for federal land briefings. Plush, immaculate. (Interior photos of jet) The previous owner was Jackie Kennedy Onassis. The most beautiful Learjet I ever saw, perfect, spotless, shining. We had extra seats. I invited folks to join us. We left Juneau that afternoon. Ann took care of everyone, acting as stewardess, serving coffee, mixing drinks, making us all comfortable. While we were talking business, Ann read one of her always present novels. A long flight. I dozed off. (Wind sounds) Woke up on final approach. (Stronger wind gusts) Violent gusts, the plane surging. (Engine struggling, buffeting winds) The pilot turned up the power, adjusting the throttle. (Engine noises, louder) Like a boat out of gas. We rolled to the left, rolled to the right. (Blackout) Our wheels never touch down. The right wing went up. The nose lifted. Don't be scared Ann. I love you so much. (Plane surging, crash landing, loud noises, metal grating, skidding, Ted exits)

ACT II

(Ted with bandages and crutches) What's going on? No one tells me anything, nurses tiptoeing around. Something's wrong. Where's Ann? Then, I know. Ann is gone. What am I to do, the mother of my kids, the core of our family, the best thing that ever happened to me? No choice how life plays out. Can't remember much, coming back, slowly. Dreamlike. The past painfully sneaks away. Calls at the hospital, until they unplug my phone, forcing me to rest. A long, lonely future. Have to carry on, alone. Ann was so vital, up for any adventure. Before Thanksgiving she toured eight NATO countries with me. Such stamina, such enthusiasm. (Headline: Ann's death) Part of every campaign, every fund raiser, always making things easy for me. Life ended with Ann's death. Not much to live for. We shared everything, coffee every morning – I wouldn't miss it, long conversations, always together. (Photos of plane crash) Details come back slowly. The snow packed runway. The pilot radioing in for landing. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a gust of wind caught the wing as we were about to touch down. Tumbling through the snow, blows to my head, hitting the bulkhead. In seconds the Learjet broke into pieces - strewn across the runway. Flipping upside down, tail separating. Silence. A fireman unbuckled my seat belt, dragging me out, broken ribs, amnesia, pain. The worst day of a long life, the very worst. Why not me? Is there more for me to do? Something? You can only go forward. No time to rest. (Photo of press conference with children) People keep calling, wanting to know if I was okay, on the job. I held a press conference, with crutches, moving under my own power, stiffly, agonizingly. My children surrounded me, holding on to Beth and Susan's hands. When I spoke of their mother, tears welled up in their eyes. I knew if I looked at the boys, we would all lose it. Hold on tight, stay calm. If only I had been given a warning, some kind of a premonition, I would have done anything to keep Ann out of that damned plane.

(Photo of Ann's funeral) We planned her funeral. So hard, you can only imagine. Painful, worse than my injuries. President Carter sent an Air Force jet from Washington with Congressmen, staff, spouses. Alaskans were there, politicians, whalers, miners, friends. They spoke of Ann's grace, her enthusiasm,

her humor. My children were with me every minute. I've got to keep us together, pick up the pieces: to Denver to see Ann's father, to D.C. for New Senator's Orientation, back to Anchorage for Susan's wedding. We all flew to Manhattan Beach for Christmas with Aunt Gladys, walks in the California sunshine in spite of cracked ribs, bruised and strained muscles. I threw myself back into work, flying to Alaska even more, pushing my staff on legislation, working as hard as humanly possible, early morning to late night, never resting - - - burning out. (Photo of Ted, exhausted)

My fuse got shorter. (Bangs gavel) How about a little order here? As Appropriations Chair my colleagues were careful about crossing me. (Bangs gavel) You need to stop the chatter when I'm talking. My predecessor hated to say no. Senators got used to him. If a Senator wants an appropriation, he better come to me, explain it, convince me. (He puts on his green Incredible Hulk tie) Opening the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to oil drilling became my obsession. Anyone standing between me, and an Alaskan project is in dangerous territory. I lost my temper when some Senators objected to it. "In the time I have served here, I have made commitments to each of you. I have never broken one in my life. Never. I make this commitment now to the Senate: Anyone who votes against this today is voting against me, and I will never forget it." (Bangs gavel) I laid down the law chairing a markup in the Senate Appropriations Committee. One Senator tried to add a hometown appropriation. "For God's sake, no, not now. We are not adding another project so late in the game. What the hell are you thinking?" He said there was no reason for me to lose my temper. I glared. "I never lose my temper. I always know exactly where I left it." (Bangs gavel) He laughed nervously. I felt his frustration. "Okay, okay, if you have to have it, I'll add it. But don't ever do that again." Behind my back, Senators joked I couldn't pass a fire without pouring gasoline on it. So, I get angry easily. The storm passes just as quickly. My temper gets the best of me. In my first term in the Senate, I worked hard on the Marine Mammal Protection Act, determined to find a way to get an amendment important to Alaska. I carpooled with the Democratic chairman who could make it happen. He promised a vote on my

amendment that very day. The bill was called to the floor zooming straight through to a final vote. My amendment wasn't even considered. "At ease!" I ran up to the chairman yelling at him, right in his face. You Son of a Bitch, you promised me a vote." (Photo Mansfield) I could have punched him right then when Mike Mansfield, Senate Majority Leader, came over quietly saying, "nobody swears in this Chamber." I blurted out what happened. "Is that true?" The Chair said Yes. Mansfield turned on his heel, immediately returning to the Presiding Officer's Chair. "I'm calling the Senate to order, moving the bill back to second reading and offering Senator Steven's amendment in my name." It passed unanimously. What a gentleman! A man of great honor. I hope to be remembered just like him . . . no need for you to say it. We all know I've got some work to do. The only thing you can really control is your word. If you make a promise, keep it. When I'm really upset, I wear my Incredible Hulk tie. That puts the fear of God in everyone. (Brief video of Incredible Hulk in action) I huff, and I puff. Staff scurry out of the way. No one wants to see me mad. Back to Alaska as often as I can, flying in the rear of the plane. They always try to move me to first class. Don't need it, don't want it. Cramped seats don't bother me. Besides which, there are more voters here than in first class.

(Photo of Ted by himself) My life is over anyway. Alone for the rest of my days, a grumpy old man. Thoreau said he never found a companion that was as companionable as solitude. What a crock! Can't stand being by myself. I need others around. Silence drives me nuts. I tried to get out more often, socialize a little, meet new people. Friends set me up with a parade of various women: sisters, spinsters, maiden aunts. How the hell old do they think I am? But it worked. I met Catherine on a double date. Our families had known each other for years. We were comfortable together, spent more and more time with each other until we were genuinely close. Amazing lady. Hopelessly in love. (Photo of Catherine) She was a true Alaskan girl, graduated Georgetown Law School, Assistant Attorney General then a big time DC lawyer. How lucky can one be? Two amazing loves, one lifetime. Was I being disloyal? (To Ann) What do you want me to do Ann? How do you want me to spend the rest of my life?

If I died first, what would I think about you remarrying? Well . . . He would have to be as personable, as funny, and as handsome as me. (To audience) Not so easy you are probably saying. Well, maybe YOU wouldn't say that. Anyway, I know Ann wants me to be happy. She would say stop being so pathetic, making everyone miserable.

(Photo of Senator Inouye) Fortunately I have friends like Senator Dan Inouye from Hawaii, a genuine World War II hero, my best friend. We may disagree on policy but are never disagreeable, calling each other brothers. On a fact-finding mission with limited accommodations, we shared a room. Dan said, as Chairman I'll take the bed, you get the chair. In the middle of the night, I couldn't sleep. Shift your fat ass, I said and crawled into his bed. Next morning at breakfast I announced, "I just slept with the Chairman." He growled, "But it was not consummated . . . and, Brother, if you know what's good for you, you better stop calling my ass fat." We even campaigned for each other, a Democrat, and a Republican. Our parties don't like it. We always found common ground that helped both Hawaii and Alaska. Be kind to your friends and generous. It always pays off. I've flown across the country for the funerals of many colleagues. Casey Stengel said if you don't attend other people's funerals, they won't attend yours. Maybe someone will show up to mine.

(Waiving a list of projects) Citizens Against Government Waste kept this list of all my pet projects, as if it was a bad thing. Damned proud of this list, never apologizing for anything on it. I wanted to build a bridge connecting Ketchikan to its airport. They called it the Bridge to Nowhere. More opposition came from adding an airport at Akutan. It would have turned into the biggest fisheries port in the nation. "Political corruption" they cried. Baloney!

(Photo of Catherine) Catherine was the tiger. She hated it when anyone criticized me. Immediately after we were married, I took her to China . . . to explain Reaganomics to the Chinese. I thought she would love it, big banquets, treated like royalty, travelling with other senators, giving speeches along the

way. An unmitigated disaster. Not Catherine's idea of a Honeymoon. Who would have guessed? She never let me live it down. Before we were married, I shared an apartment with another Senator calling ourselves Felix 1 and Felix 2 after *The Odd Couple* on TV. Remember them? Felix was the neat and tidy bachelor. His roommate Oscar was the opposite, messy, sloppy. Catherine said, "Sorry, but you are no Felix, you really are an Oscar." I was Oscar from then on. "Tumbleweed and Rosalee" is a country western song about a cowboy, and the love of his life. So, I called her Rosalee. (Photo of Ted and Catherine together) That's us, Rosalee and Oscar. I didn't think we could be happier. Then life got even better. Sweet Lily was born (Baby picture of Lily). What a joy, late in my life. I worried the older kids would not accept her. That happens sometimes with second families, but they love her as much as I do. Our cup is brimming over with happiness. Catherine makes sure I exercise, eat right, green stuff, whole grains, keeping in shape with my punching bag. (He punches imaginary bag after each of the following items) I can't tell you how much energy it takes to be a Senator: drafting legislation, chairing meetings, directing staff, working with the rest of the delegation, flying home to Alaska, constituent meetings, gearing up for the next election, fund raising. Phew! It's a young man's job. If you aren't in shape, you get left in the dust. Catherine helped me cut back on lobbyists' lunches and dinners. I even lost a little weight. People say I don't look my age. Well, my age is ancient, just ask my knees. Not that I would trade this job for anything. Having more fun than I deserve, getting loads done, making a difference. The Senate is a learning factory. Always something new, challenging. Retiring is not for me. Remember Catherine I have dibs on going first, out with a bang, dragged feet first.

(Photo of Ted as President Pro Tempore) You have to take this job seriously, but not yourself. Still, I'm sort of a big deal you know (chuckles). A legend in my own mind, President Pro Tempore of the Senate, senior member of the majority party, third in line of succession to the President. Not a snowball's chance of course. Still, I opened the Senate every morning, presiding more than anyone as the longest serving Republican Senator in history. (Headline: Stevens sworn in as President Pro Tempore) "Mr.

President, what an honor. My God, how I love the United States Senate. I've spent 40 years of my life here. This is the greatest deliberative body in the world. I love and respect each of you and this great democratic institution. I would not be here now if it wasn't for a really understanding family. My first wife Ann and my current wife Catherine have supported me beyond understanding. Alaska is a long way away. I flew home 35 times one year, three times a month. I regret being away from my family so much. They understand my commitment to the Senate. It would be impossible to be here without their support.

(Headline: Stevens under investigation) Finally you climb to the top of the mountain then something always drags you down. Suddenly, I was embroiled in a federal corruption trial while at the same time running for reelection. I was stunned when they indicted me on such trumped-up charges. The court will never convict me. I'm sure of it. Let's get this trial over quickly, clear my name, before the election. My attorneys thought I should finish the election then go to trial. The prosecutor (Art Lien drawing 081020 Morris) promised if I pled guilty, she would make sure I didn't serve any jail time. I'm not pleading guilty to anything, by God. No way. They can shove their plea deal where the sun don't shine. The whole trial was such a farce, politics at its worst. It began with the FBI investigating Alaska State Legislators for selling their votes to big oil. Search warrants of the state capitol resulted in 7 convictions.

The Los Angeles Times started it all. Every year there is a witch hunt in DC. You want to avoid being this year's witch. They reported I took advantage of Senate rules, used political influence to amass a gigantic personal fortune. If that's true, where the hell is it? I was accused of using my position to make myself a millionaire. The next thing I knew, the FBI joined the witch hunt. I had a little cabin in Girdwood to get away from things. I wanted to enlarge it so more grandkids could join us. (Photo Bill Allen) My longtime friend Bill Allen volunteered to take the project on. All I really wanted was a place where I could chop

firewood and enjoy the great Alaskan outdoors. (Ted sinks ax into large chopping block) That sound is so satisfying. (Pantomiming chopping wood) Ker-Thunk. Ker-Thunk. Ker-Thunk. The kids always want to help me, and I appreciate it. But I really like chopping wood myself. When you are done, you are done with it. In my other life, it takes forever to finish a job. (Pantomime) Ker-Thunk. (Photo of Cabin) Not very fancy, you gotta admit. Bill Allen was the CEO of VECO, a giant oil field company. The FBI and IRS raided my place together, this rustic little cabin in the woods. (Slide showing the following numbers) We paid \$160,000 for the renovations. The FBI said VECO spent more than \$250,000 to do the work. Our contractor testified it should have cost no more than \$150,000. An appraiser said \$124,000 max. The \$250,000 figure was way out of whack. They charged I made false statements on my Senate financial disclosure forms for 7 years, failing to declare gifts from VECO. 7 felony counts, one for each year. How could it be a gift if I paid more than the renovations were worth? I kept asking Bill Allen for a final bill assuming my \$160,000 payment covered everything. Wouldn't you think so too? In the end it was only worth \$124,000.

A Federal Grand Jury was called in D.C. Little did I know that Bill Allen agreed, to cooperate, wearing a hidden wire when we talked. They pressured him to buy his freedom by delivering an even bigger fish – me. I had no idea he was working against me. Foolish, here I was worrying about him. “The worst that can happen to us is we run up a bunch of legal fees and might have to pay a fine. I hope to Christ it never gets to that. I don't think it will.” Allen got immunity, given time to sell his company and a promise his children would never be charged if he gave prosecutors testimony implicating me. Charges against him of abusing underage girls were buried by the FBI. Smells a little fishy to me.

(Photo of Girdwood cabin) The house was jacked up with a new floor added along with an expensive gas grill and stained-glass windows. Catherine said “I don't want those things in the first place. That grill scares me. I particularly don't like the furniture – absolutely tasteless. As for the stained glass – just tacky.” She paid the bills our contractor sent believing that was for all the work done, paying for every

bit of it. (Art Lien drawing 081001 Bill Allen) Allen testified I knew I was getting all this work for free. I believed he was an honest friend when he was neither honest nor a friend, turning on me, never serving a day in jail, passing millions to his children.

Next was the trial. What a witch hunt. (Picking up and reading newspaper) Look at this will you? They've already convicted me. Terrible photo. (Crumples paper) I look guilty already. My first job was hawking newspapers about criminals, now readers think I am one. They are ready to tar and feather me.

(Art Lien drawing 081017 Wide) I took the witness stand, against my Attorney's advice. They are afraid it's too risky testifying myself, but you have to remember, I was talking to two audiences – the jury who could convict me and Alaskan voters who would decide whether to reelect me. (Art Lien drawing 081000 Catherine) Catherine was brutally cross-examined. I was furious but she handled it well. She is no pushover, believe me. I was so proud of her, self-assured, straightforward. The heart of the case was whether I knew my friend Bill Allen used his company to rebuild my cabin and undercharge me. The indictment was for failing to report gifts. "Not guilty, your Honor". (Art Lien drawing 081017 Morris) The prosecutor accused me of trying to cover my bottom by sending emails asking for my final bill. "My bottom was not bare, Ma'am." Emmet G. Sullivan, the U.S. District Judge in Washington, D.C. presided. I could not have hoped for a fairer judge. (Art Lien drawing 080000 Sullivan) The Constitution requires prosecutors provide evidence favorable to the accused. The Judge questioned this on the very first day of the trial. Prosecutors swore all evidence would be given to my defense team.

It got worse. The D.C. jury found me guilty on all seven counts. (Art Lien drawing 081027 Wide) I faced a sentence of five years for each charge, 35 years in prison. Some piled on demanding my resignation including both presidential candidates. Sarah Palin, Governor of Alaska, was quick to join the chorus. I returned to Alaska to campaign telling the voters "I'm innocent. I have a case pending against me,

probably the worst case of prosecutorial misconduct ever known. I have not been convicted of anything.”

I came home to a hero’s welcome. People waving signs. (Video of signs waving: Give ‘em hell Ted. I love you Uncle Ted. Fuck the Feds, Vote for Ted) Sorry, that was my favorite. The ads against me were unconscionable. One was a painting of the founding fathers, “Of 1,897 Senators in American history, only 10 have ever been indicted and Senator Stevens is the eleventh.” Another ad had an FBI agent say disgustedly “And I voted for him.” My ads were just as strong, with Alaskans sticking up for me. A lumberjack said “Prosecutors withheld evidence that could have cleared him. They offered other evidence that wasn’t even true. I’m sticking with Ted.” My favorite was my daughter Lily, “sometimes it takes knowing someone for a long time to know when they are speaking the truth.” I spoke in some ads, “I love Alaska. Just like most of you, I raised my family and built my future here. These past few months have been difficult for all Alaskans including my family. I am innocent. Everyone has a right to a fair trial and an appeal. My future is in God’s hands. Alaska’s future is in yours . . . I ask for your vote.” Early returns look good, but my lead dropped, losing my first election in 40 years. (Headline: Senator Stevens loses) Mark Begich won by less than 4,000 votes. It was my 85th birthday. Friends demanded a recount. I’m not going there. The election is over. I wish you and your family well, Mayor Begich. I’ll help prepare you in any way you want. I was elected five times, never less than two thirds of the vote. Damned good run, I’d say. When you lose, just walk away - no whining, no complaining. Some politicians like to claim elections are stolen. Cheap theatrics. Stand up, dust yourself off, carry on. But I filed for the next election. I would have been 90 years old. I would have won too. This is a very complex story. I hope you’re keeping up.

A week after I lost the election, David Anderson, the final prosecution witness, sent a letter to Judge Sullivan saying the prosecution had it all wrong. They claimed he worked for hours on my cabin when in fact he was out of state. He was told to sugarcoat his testimony, sweep things under the rug, never

admit he had been promised immunity for testifying against me. Proof the government knowingly had him give false testimony about the hours they claimed he worked on my cabin.

I dreaded my sentence hearing when an amazing thing happened. An FBI agent, Chad Joy, filed a whistleblower complaint swearing the prosecutors and FBI agents concealed evidence that would have proved me innocent. They sent a key witness, Rocky Williams, back to Alaska after he did badly in a mock trial. Joy said Rocky's testimony refuted the claim Bill Allen spent so much money renovating my cabin. He swore prosecutors had intentionally withheld a note to Allen in which I asked to pay for all the work done. Joy spilled the beans on a sexual relationship between Allen and an FBI agent as well as gifts and jobs he gave agent's relatives. The whistleblower's complaint proved the FBI cheated to get me, withholding evidence from my lawyers, lying to the court.

(Art Lien drawing 80820 Judge S) From the very start of the trial Judge Sullivan stressed the prosecutors' obligations. He found it troubling the government acted as gate keeper – keeping information favorable to me secret. He told the prosecution, "You can't hide the ball. You have to turn over important information. If you don't want to, you should resign because the integrity of our system of justice depends on fair minded prosecutors abiding by their oath to follow the law." Prosecutors claimed it was a simple error. The judge made it clear they could not undo what they had done to me. The prosecution insisted I was getting a fair trial, to which the Judge said, "He's getting a fair trial because I'm here. That's the only reason he's getting a fair trial because I'm ensuring that he gets his fair day in court. Thank goodness we don't have to rely on the United States to give him a fair trial. How does the court have any confidence that the Public Integrity Section of the FBI has integrity?" The Judge held the prosecution in contempt of court for not giving my attorneys all the documents. At last, the clouds were lifting. New prosecutors with unquestioned integrity replaced the disgraced team agreeing Allen's testimony was false, that I asked for the bills, that his testimony was fabricated. Judge Sullivan called

the conduct of the FBI outrageous. The indictment was dismissed vacating my conviction. Splendid news . . . just too late. I was thrown out of office, a job I loved.

(Art Lien drawing 090307 wide) Judge Sullivan signed the order sitting aside the verdict. Everyone was pissed, me most of all. Sullivan was angry about prosecutorial conduct. The new Attorney General was upset evidence was withheld saying he would not tolerate it. After replacing the entire prosecution team, he went on to fire his public integrity section. (Photo Bill Allen) He was even angrier when he learned the FBI's star witness, Bill Allen, had been interviewed several times and never shared with my defense team. They clearly showed the FBI allowed Allen to lie under oath. Allan told them the fair market value of the repairs to my house was around \$80,000 not the \$250,000 he swore it cost under oath at trial.

Judge Sullivan said: "There was never a judgment of conviction in this case. The jury's verdict is set aside and has no legal effect. This is the worst case of prosecutorial misconduct I have ever seen." He ordered a criminal investigation of the prosecution.

The official report (Holding up the document) completely vindicated me. (Reading) "The investigation and prosecution of Senator Ted Stevens were permeated by the systematic concealment of significant exculpatory evidence which would have independently corroborated Senator Stevens defense and his testimony, and seriously damaged the testimony and credibility of the government's key witness." It was a detailed picture of the government's shocking conduct. Prosecutors abandoned the law, ignored their oath of office and the ethical standards of their profession. They abandoned all decency when they indicted me, an 84-year-old combat veteran and senior Senator. I am shocked to the very depth of my soul by the misconduct of a government I love, fought for, served, for God's sake. I was found not guilty, vindicated, cleared of all charges. The system worked, in the end— just not very well. Alaskans were robbed of a fair election. My life will never be the same.

There was nothing the government could do to make up for the damage done to me. The new prosecutors were professional and ethical, apologizing for the mistakes of the old prosecutors. They said sorry, sorry to have disgraced you, put you through an unlawful lawsuit, sorry they lied and cheated, violated the law, costing me months of my life, sorry they were dishonest and unethical, causing me to lose my election. Judge Sullivan asked me if I wanted to speak. "I sure do your honor." Catherine and my daughters are there in the front row. The witch hunt is over. I am fortunate, humble, grateful.

(Art Lien drawing 81017 Wide) Thank you, your honor, for giving me the privilege to address the Court. I'm deeply grateful for your hard work, for all you've done throughout this case. Without your experience and vigilance, the truth would never come out. I'm grateful to the new prosecution team. I'm full of thanks this morning. I especially want to thank Alaskans. As I travelled throughout the state, your Honor, Alaskans said, I'm saying a prayer for you, Ted. That means so much to me. I am blessed to have served Alaska, and I am grateful to my Senate colleagues and friends who supported me. Many attended these proceedings every day and are here this morning. Their friendship has been a humbling source of strength through this ordeal.

I'm showing I don't have the words to express the full measure of my gratitude, particularly to my wife Catherine, you stood by me. And my children, here this morning, for their unwavering support in troubled times. I am so fortunate. I love each one of you. Your Honor, I've had a long career serving the United States, as a pilot in World War II, as a United States Attorney in the Territory of Alaska, as solicitor at the Department of Interior, as a state legislator, and as a Senator. I'm deeply committed to the rule of law and the Constitution. Until recently, my faith in the judicial system was unwavering, but what the prosecution team did nearly destroyed that faith. Their conduct has consequences for me they will never realize and can never be reversed. Today, Your Honor, through your leadership and

persistence and commitment to the rule of law, my faith has been restored. I really can never thank you enough.

(Art Lien drawing 81027 Verdict) I was drained to my very core. Take this as a warning. Don't think this can't happen to you . . . or your family . . . or your friends. It happened to me in the heart of DC, four blocks from the capitol. It can happen to you, to any citizen anywhere. When prosecutors ignore the Constitution, anyone can be found guilty of crimes they did not commit. When the judge threw out my verdict, I knew I could win the next election, so I filed to run again. I'm no good at carrying a grudge. It just eats you up. Besides I get mad at so many people over so many things it's hard to remember who or why. So, Bill Allen: I forgive you. I wish you peace. I've looked around to tell you, but you must be in a hotter clime . . . hope they have plenty of sunscreen down there.

(Photo last speech on Senate floor) Still a senator for a few more months. I made my last speech to the Senate through the Senate President (Waving sheath of papers, his speech) "Mr. President: Forty years. It's hard to believe so much time could pass so quickly. I want everyone to know I treasure every moment spent here representing Alaska, the land, and the people I love. I have a difficult time today articulating my feelings. I hope, if I puddle up a little bit, I'll be excused. When I came to the Senate, Alaska had been a state for less than a decade. We were more of an impoverished territory. Poverty and illness reigned supreme in rural areas. Our fisheries were in peril, from foreign vessels anchored just a few miles offshore year-round. People doubted whether Alaska had what it takes to be successful. Many of the commitments made by the federal government in our Statehood Act have never been fulfilled. Alaska has not even yet received the land and resources we were promised.

(Photo Ted speaking Senate Floor)" Mr. President, we proved so many doubters wrong. Alaskans took control of our own destiny. As legislative counsel for the Department of Interior, I worked on Alaska's Statehood act. Section four committed Congress to settle Alaskan Native land claims. Congress enacted

the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. At my request, Native corporations were created to manage \$1 billion and 44-million-acres of land. They are now the driving force in Alaska's economy. The Trans Alaska Pipeline Authorization Act was finally passed. The President signed it into law improving America's energy security and the economic future of Alaska. Congress passed the Magnuson Stevens Act to fight foreign fishing. America's fisheries today are the most productive and the best managed in the world. Alaskans made statehood a reality. Where there was nothing but tundra and forest, today there are airports, roads, ports, water and sewer systems, hospitals, clinics, communications networks, research labs, and much, much more. Alaska is not Seward's folly, no longer an impoverished territory. It is a great state and essential contributor to our nation's energy security and national defense. I'm proud to have had a role in this transformation. It's been my life's work to help Alaska achieve its potential. To hell with politics. Do what's right for Alaska."

"Mr. President, I don't have time today to recount the highlights of years of work in this body. I will, however, acknowledge the friendships I've enjoyed with so many. I really am grateful to every member of the senate for – for their friendship. When Alaska needed a strong voice to speak up for its interests, I did my part to the best of my ability. When an administration submitted legislation or a budget that ignored Alaska, I urged Congress to redress the balance. When an Alaskan – any Alaskan needed help, my office was ready to the maximum extent possible."

"I feel the same way now that I did when I started. I really must pinch myself to fully understand that I'm privileged to speak on the floor of the United States Senate. Coming from a – from the boyhood I had, I could never have dreamed to be here today. Home is where the heart is. I have two homes. One right here in this chamber, and the other is in my beloved Alaska. I must leave one to return to the other. I truly believe God will give me more opportunities to be of service to Alaska and our nation. I look forward with a glad heart and with confidence in his justice and mercy. I don't have a rear-view mirror. I only look forward. I see the day when I can remove the clouds surrounding me. That's it, 40

years distilled into a few minutes. I close by asking God to bless Alaska, the United States of America, and the Senate. I yield the floor for the last time.” (Ted sits, silence) Slowly a few senators started to applaud, rising to a crescendo, everyone was up and wildly applauding. A standing ovation. I’m . . . I’m . . . overwhelmed. (Still seated, Ted salutes)

(He has aged, stooped, his balance off) When all is said and done, did I leave my mark? More important than how much money you stuff under your mattress. You do see that, don’t you? Don’t just fade away. Carry on. (He puts on his old man sneakers, lacing them up) How the hell did I get so old? (Using a cane, he struggles to stand, balances himself, stands tall, a little dance, finishing with a flourish) You have not seen the end of me yet – exercise every day, chop firewood, split my time between Washington and Alaska, immerse myself in resource issues, keep contact with business leaders, politicians, lobbyists. After my case was thrown out, a pollster asked Alaskans, if they could vote again, would they elect me to a seventh term, or would they still decide to replace me? (Whispering) I would have won 2 to 1. Isn’t life grand. Churchill had it right, success is not final, failure is not fatal, it is the courage to continue that counts. Push me and I’ll push back. I’ve made mistakes. Only those who do nothing make no mistakes. Lots of failures this year - disgrace, lost my election. Successes as well - my last Senate speech. (Photo of Ted dancing with Lily at her wedding) Celebrating Lily’s wedding with a father/daughter dance, sweet and wonderful. Through my children, I touch the future. Just a cog in history but if I had not been here what would not have happened, making all the bad worthwhile. Father of 6, grandfather of 11 – so far. Nothing more important in my life. They all stood beside me when I was down, angrier than me. (Puts on fishing vest) I could not be more grateful (Pantomimes casting fishing line). Salmon put up a fight, such a struggle. Catch and release, that’s me. (Releases fish) Go . . . fight another day. I am lucky, whatever happens next. The old vest still fits, after all these years, nearly worn out. Fishing trips with friends and family, into the heart of the wilderness. Nothing better. This is the life. (Photo: Ted and his grandchildren, holding salmon) Look at those grandkids. I gave them

their inheritance, more than material rewards . . . a love for Alaska, its beauty, its wildness. So many blessings. Now, on to Bristol Bay, to catch a fish and see someone's new lodge. The weather takes a turn for the worse. Stuck for days. Rain, more rain. Suddenly, an opening. Six of us pile into the de Havilland Otter. Off we go. High spirits, laughing, tales of the big one. Just as suddenly the weather closes in. (Wind) Flying over these hills north of Dillingham. Knocked about, strong gusts. Thrown to the right then to the left. (Blackout, wind, plane sputtering, hitting ground, skidding, noise, sudden silence. Lights up on Ted, Photo of crash site) Really? I should have warned you it was going to end like this: inevitable . . . the Flying Coffin, the Learjet, now the Otter. You can't make this stuff up.

A Native Elder told me, "You are one of the salmon people, Senator. You never give up." Over the falls, leaping, higher and higher, duty bound, finished, spent. I was given the time to do all I wanted; all I was destined to do. No regrets, no apologies. Home . . . here in Alaska . . . on this isolated hill. (Video of the hill on which Ted died, puts on his army hat, speaks slowly)

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep your wings level and true!
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose into the blue!

A simple tombstone: "A life of service, to my country, my state, my family." That's enough. (Lights starts to dim) Shadows are falling. Thank you for listening – for your time. Really. (dimmer) Getting dark. Time to go. Remember me.

(BLACKOUT)

UNCLE TED VISUALS

TSF: Ted Stevens Foundation

AL: Art Lien Court Artist

NP: Newspapers Anchorage Daily News or Anchorage Times

WP: Washington Post Newspaper

NYT: New York Times

Pg. 2	Video Daybreak Bristol Bay hill on which Ted died	Video
Pg. 2	Photo plane wreck	NP
Pg. 2	Ted's baby picture	TSF
Pg. 3	Photo Ted on trike	TSF
Pg. 3	Headline: Lindberg Kidnapping	NYT
Pg. 3	Ted in football uniform	TSF
Pg. 4	Ted surfing	TSF
Pg. 4	Poster Uncle Sam Wants You	?
Pg. 4	Photo C-47	?
Pg. 5	Photo C-46	?
Pg. 5	Photo Ted in Army Uniform with crumpled hat	TSF
Pg. 6	Photo Distinguished Flying Cross	?
Pg. 6	Photo Dolittle and crew in front of B-25s	?
Pg. 7	Photo Ted as student, or UCLA Royce Hall	TSF
Pg. 8	Photo Ann Stevens	TSF
Pg. 8	Photo Stevens children	TSF
Pg. 8	Video of map of US with car moving	Video
Pg.8	Photo C.W. Snedden	?
Pg. 8	Photo Fairbanks 1950s	?
Pg. 8	Video of map and car moving	Video
Pg. 9	Photo Fred Seaton, Secretary of Interior	?
Pg. 10	Photo President Eisenhower	?

Pg. 10	Map of the PYK line	?
Pg. 10	Map of Alaska and Hawaii	?
Pg. 10	Photo Bob Atwood	?
Pg. 10	Photo Margaret Atwood	?
Pg. 11	Photo Constitutional Convention Delegates	?
Pg. 12	Newspaper Headline Voters Approve Statehood	NP
Pg. 12	Photo 3s Stevens, Seaton and Snedden together	?
Pg. 13	Headline: WE ARE IN	NP
Pg.13	Video of map of US with car moving	Video
Pg. 13	Headline: Stevens Loses	NP
Pg. 13	Photo Ted in Legislature	NP
Pg. 13	Photo Elmer Rasmuson	?
Pg. 13	Headline: Stevens Loses Primary	NP
Pg. 14	Photo Mike Gravel	?
Pg. 14	Photo Governor Hickel	?
Pg. 15	Video of map of US with car moving	Video
Pg. 15	Photo Senate Committee in Alaska	TSF
Pg.15	Photo Senator Ted Kennedy	?
Pg. 16	Photo President John F. Kennedy	?
Pg. 17	Headline: ANCSA Passes Senate	NP
Pg. 17	Photo Senator McCain	?
Pg. 17	Photo Governor Hammond	?
Pg. 17	Photo Ann Stevens	?
Pg. 18	Photo Lear Jet	?
Pg. 18	Photos interior of Lear Jet	?
Pg. 19	Headline: Ann Stevens Killed in Crash	NP
Pg. 19	Newspaper photo plane crash	NP
Pg. 19	Newspaper photo Press Conference with Children	NP
Pg. 19	Newspaper photo Ann's Funeral or people entering	NP

Pg. 20	Newspaper photo Ted exhausted, haggard	NP
Pg. 21	Photo Senator Mike Mansfield	?
Pg. 21	Video Incredible Hulk in action	Video
Pg. 21	Photo Ted alone, downcast	TSF
Pg. 21	Photo Catherine Stevens	TSF
Pg. 22	Photo Senator Inoye with Ted	TSF
Pg. 23	Photo of Catherine Stevens	TSF
Pg. 23	Photo Ted and Catherine together	TSF
Pg. 23	Photo Baby Picture Lilly	TSF
Pg. 24	Photo Ted as President Pro Tempore	TSF
Pg. 24	Headline: Stevens Sworn in as President Pro Tempore	NP
Pg. 24	Headline: Stevens Under Investigation	NP
Pg. 24	Court Drawing 81020Morris	AL
Pg. 25	Photo of Bill Allen	TSF
Pg. 25	Photo of cabin before renovations	TSF
Pg. 25	Slide of value of renovations	
Pg. 26	Photo Girdwood Cabin	TSF
Pg. 26	Photo of Bill Allen	TSF
Pg. 26	Photos Courtroom Drawings by Washington Post	WP
Pg. 26	Photo Judge Sullivan	TSF
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 81001 Bill Allen	AL
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 81017 Wide	AL
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 81000 Catherine	AL
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 081017 Morris	AL
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 08000 Judge S	AL
Pg. 26	Court Drawing 81027 Wide	AL
Pg. 27	Video: Signs being waved: Give 'em Hell Ted. I love you Ted Fuck the Feds, vote for Ted	Video
Pg. 27	Headline: Senator Stevens Loses	NP

Pg. 28	Court Drawing 80820 Judge S	AL
Pg. 29	Court Drawing 90307 Wide	AL
Pg. 29	Photo or Courtroom Drawing Bill Allen	WP
Pg. 30	Court Drawing 81017 Wide	AL
Pg. 31	Court Drawing 81027 Verdict	AL
Pg. 31	Photo Last Speech on Senate Floor	TSF
Pg. 31	Photo Ted Speaking on Senate Floor	TSF
Pg. 33	Photo Ted and Lily dancing at her wedding	TSF
Pg. 33	Photo Ted and Grandchildren holding salmon	TSF
Pg. 33	Photo Crash Site	TSF
Pg. 34	Video evening Bristol Bay hill	Video

TED STEVENS TIMELINE

1923	11/18/23 Born Indianapolis, IN, third of four children, parents Gertrude Chancellor and George Stevens
1938	Moved to Manhattan Beach, CA
1942	Graduated from High School, attended Oregon State University studying engineering.
1943	Accepted into an Army Air Force Air Cadet program at Montana State College
1944	Received his wings, preflight training in Santa Ana, CA
1944-45	Served in China-Burma-India theater with the Fourteenth Air Force Transport Section which supported the Flying Tigers, received the Distinguished Flying Cross for flying behind enemy lines, the Air Medal, and the Yuan Hai Medal by the Chinese Nationalist government.
1946	Discharged from the Army Air Forces in March
1947	Earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in political science, University of California Los Angeles, Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.
1949	Research Assistant office of the US Attorney for the Southern District of California
1950	Graduated from Harvard Law School (LLB), to Washington, D.C., Law Offices of Northcutt Ely, volunteered for Eisenhower campaign.
1952-78	Married Ann Cherrington, 3 sons (Ben, Walter, Ted) and 2 daughters (Susan, Beth)
1953	To Fairbanks, AK, law firm Collins & Clasby

1953-56 United States Attorney for the Fourth Division of Alaska Territory

1956 Returned to Washington, DC, Department of the Interior

1960-61 Solicitor of the United States Department of the Interior

1961 Returned to Alaska

1962 Won Republican nomination, Challenged Ernest Gruening in Senate election, defeated.

1964-68 Alaska State House, served as majority leader in second term

1968 Ran unsuccessfully for Republican nomination for US Senate, losing to Elmer Rasmuson

1968 Appointed to US Senate on Bob Bartlett's death, December 1968 by Governor Hickel

1968-09 US Senator, 12/68-1/09

1970 In a special election wins right to finish the remainder of Bartlett's term

1972 Won Senate seat in his own right

1977-85 Senate Minority Whip

1978 Reelected 1978, 1984, 1990, 1996 and 2002

1978 Crash of Learjet in Anchorage, killing Ann, Ted survived

1979-80 Acting Senate Minority Leader of the United States

1980-10 Married Catherine Ann Chandler, daughter (Lily)

1994 Appointed Chairman of the Senate Rules Committee

1997 Chair Senate Appropriations Committee to 2005

2000 Voted Alaskan of the Century, Anchorage Airport Renamed Ted Stevens International Airport

2003-07 1/3/03-1/3/07 President pro tempore of the United States Senate

2007-09 1/3/07-1/3/09 President pro tempore emeritus of the United States Senate

2007 Recognized as longest serving Republican Senator in history, April 13

2008 Embroiled in a federal corruption trial as he ran for reelection, found guilty, narrowly defeated by Mark Begich, before sentencing indictment was dismissed, vacating the conviction.

2008 November 20 last speech to the Senate

2009 January – final term in office ends

2010 8/9/10 Died, Dillingham, Buried Arlington National Cemetery, 86 years old

2019 US Navy announced the destroyer USS Ted Stevens to be constructed.

