

## EULOGY - WILLIAM A. KATS, SENIOR

IT IS A SAD DUTY WE PERFORM THIS MORNING, WE FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF BILL KATS, SENIOR. IT IS AN ACT OF HOMAGE FOR ONE WHOSE GENEROSITY WAS EQUALED ONLY BY HIS HUMILITY. IT IS A BENEDICTION PRONOUNCED BY ALL WHO EVER HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO KNOW OR WORK WITH A DEVOTED HUSBAND, A LOVING FATHER, A STEADFAST FRIEND, A CONSUMATE PROFESSIONAL. YET TEARS ARE OUT OF SEASON. FOR THE TRIUMPH OF BILL'S LIFE WILL FAR OUTDISTANCE THE TRAGEDY OF HIS DEATH. HOW LONG HE LIVED IS LESS IMPORTANT THAN HOW WELL HE LIVED. AND NO WORDS OF TRIBUTE, HOWEVER HEARTFELT, CAN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS OR EXTOL HIS VIRTUES.

HE WAS BORN AND RAISED ON A FARM IN PHILLIPS COUNTY, KANSAS - AND PART OF HIM WILL ALWAYS REMAIN ON THE PRAIRIE, AS OPEN AND TRUSTING AS THE RURAL LANDSCAPE OF THE BIG FIRST DISTRICT ITSELF. HE TOOK HIS INSPIRATION FROM THE LAND, AND THE VALUES IT NURTURED. IT TAUGHT HIM TO WORK HARD, TO AIM HIGH, TO PURSUE STANDARDS OF



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EXCELLENCE WHETHER IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF OR IN SERVING THE COUNTRY HE LOVED SECOND ONLY TO EVELYN AND BILL, JUNIOR. WHETHER HE WORE THE OLIVE DRAB OF AN INFANTRY CLERK, OR THE COMFORTABLE SUIT OF CAPITOL HILL ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, BILL AFFIRMED THE FAITH THAT ALL OF US HAVE IN THE GOODNESS AND NATIVE INTELLIGENCE OF THE GRASSROOTS AMERICAN. THESE THINGS HE NEVER LOST, DESPITE MANY YEARS IN THIS CITY SO FAR REMOVED FROM THE ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN IT WAS DESIGNED TO SERVE. IT IS FROM THAT TORCH THAT EACH OF US LIGHT OUR INDIVIDUAL CANDLES, DISPELLING THE DARKNESS AND CYNICISM THAT SOMETIMES THREATEN TO EXTINGUISH THE LAMP WE CALL POPULAR GOVERNMENT. WITHOUT SUCH MEN EMBODYING SUCH QUALITIES, THE LIGHTS WOULD BEGIN TO GO OUT IN AMERICA. BILL KNEW THAT - AND HE SPENT A LIFETIME LIGHTING CANDLES.

WASHINGTON IS A TOWN CLUTTERED WITH MONUMENTS, MOST OF THEM BUILT TO HONOR GREAT MEN, REAL OR IMAGINED, WHO FILL OUR HISTORY BOOKS AND FIRE OUR IMAGINATIONS. BUT THE REAL MONUMENTS TO OUR



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DEMOCRATIC FAITH ARE MEN AND WOMEN LIKE BILL, PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO STRUGGLE FOR A LIVING, PEOPLE WHO COME FROM THE RANKS OF EVERYDAY LIFE TO BETTER THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ELSE. MEN LIKE HIM RARELY GET THEIR NAMES IN THE PAPERS. AND THIS CITY OF HEROIC STATUARY AND TOWERING MEMORIALS HAS YET TO FIND MUCH ROOM FOR TABLETS OR TEMPLES IN THEIR HONOR. YET THEY ARE THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THIS GOVERNMENT WORK. IT IS BECAUSE OF THEM THAT IT REFLECTS A DECENT PORTION OF HONOR AND JUSTICE - OF COMMON SENSE AND UNCOMMON SENSITIVITY.

FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, BILL SERVED WINT SMITH AND THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS' OLD SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT. WHEN I ARRIVED ON THE SCENE IN 1961, HE WAS AS MUCH A PART OF THE LOCAL SCENE AS THE CAPITOL DOME ITSELF - AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS WISE COUNSEL, I COULD HARDLY HAVE FOUND MY WAY AROUND THAT IMPOSING LANDMARK. HE PROVED TO BE AN EXPERT GUIDE THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE OF THE LEGISLATIVE JUNGLE - A PLACE TEEMING WITH ALL SORTS OF STRANGE AND



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BUT GOLF IS A GAME FOR PATIENT MEN - AND BILL'S PATIENCE WAS WELL REWARDED WITH THE ESTEEMED AFFECTION OF ALL WHO CROSSED HIS PATH. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO SEE WHY: FOR BILL KATS WAS INCAPABLE OF HURTING ANYONE'S FEELINGS. IN THIS TOWN OF LARGE EGOS, HE KEPT HIS ALL BUT HIDDEN. INSTEAD, HE DISPLAYED THE FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE ATTRIBUTES OF A SOLID, EASYGOING BUT TIRELESS ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT.

NO ONE HAS EVER CLAIMED IT'S AN EASY JOB. TO DO IT WELL, YOU NEED THE PATIENCE OF JOB, THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON, THE POLITICAL



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CERTAINTY OF THE GALLUP POLL, AND THE SELF-EFFACEMENT OF ONE WITH A PASSION FOR ANONYMITY. YOU MUST BE WILLING IN A SINGLE DAY - OFTEN IN THE SAME HOUR - TO LISTEN WITH SYMPATHY TO THE PLIGHT OF AN AILING BUSINESS, THE OUTRAGE OF A DISILLUSIONED CONSTITUENT, THE DIRE NEED OF AN ELDERLY WOMAN FEARING THE LOSS OF HER HOME, THE URGENT PLEAS OF A HALF DOZEN LOBBYISTS, THE INSISTENT CALL OF A PRESIDENTIAL ASSISTANT, AND THE PROUD GREETING OF THE HOMETOWN MARCHING BAND OR DEBATING TEAM.

ON TOP OF ALL THIS, THE ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT MUST HUMOR A SOMETIMES IRASCIBLE EMPLOYER, JUGGLE A HUNDRED LEGISLATIVE DETAILS, CAST HIS EYE FAR DOWN THE POLITICAL HORIZON AND INSPIRE THE BEST WITHIN EACH AND EVERY MEMBER OF A VARIED AND HIGHLY INDIVIDUALISTIC STAFF. FEW PEOPLE CAN MANAGE EVEN A FRACTION OF IT ALL. YET BILL DID IT AS WELL AS ANYONE I'VE EVER KNOWN. HE MADE IT A JOY FOR THOSE WHO WORKED WITH HIM, MYSELF INCLUDED. HE CUT THROUGH THE TENSION THAT SO OFTEN PERVADES A CAPITOL HILL OFFICE WITH A GENTLE



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JOKE OR APPROPRIATELY WRY OBSERVATION. HE COULDN'T TREAT HIS WORK LIGHTLY - NOR TAKE HIMSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.

THE SAME MIXTURE ALLOWED HIM TO MOVE FROM ONE COMMUNITY IN KANSAS TO THE NEXT, A STRONG, CALM FIGURE WHO BY THE VERY MANNER IN WHICH HE MET PEOPLE AND LISTENED TO THEIR NEEDS PROVIDED REASSURANCE AND THE KIND OF TWO-WAY COMMUNICATION WHICH IS THE LIFEblood OF TRUE DEMOCRACY. WHEN BILL KATS SET FOOT IN KANSAS - AND HE DID SO OFTEN - PROBLEMS SEEMED TO MELT AWAY. THERE AS HERE, HE TREATED EACH PERSON HE MET THE SAME, AND EVERYONE ALIKE WITH THE GRACIOUSNESS OF A SIMPLER, MORE GENIAL TIME. IT IS A DOUBLY UNFORTUNATE IRONY THAT I SHOULD FIND MYSELF IN KANSAS ON THIS DAY, WHEN I WOULD SO MUCH PREFER TO BE WITH MY OLD FRIEND AND INVALUABLE COLLEAGUE.

BUT I AM VERY MUCH WITH YOU IN SPIRIT, AND TOGETHER WITH ELIZABETH, I COULD NOT LET THE OPPORTUNITY PASS WITHOUT SAYING A SPECIAL WORD OF CONDOLENCE AND AFFECTION TO YOU, EVELYN, AND YOU,



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BILL. FOR TOGETHER, YOU WERE THE GREATEST JOY AND MOST DEPENDABLE SUPPORT OF A DEEPLY BLESSED MAN. YOU KNEW AS NO ONE ELSE THE PRIVATE MAN BEHIND THE PUBLIC SERVANT. AND I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT THERE CAN BE NO FEAR OF DEATH IN THE REFLECTED LIGHT OF SO TRIUMPHANT A LIFE.

FOR BILL KATS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SEE HIS COUNTRY RETURN TO THE VALUES OF PATRIOTISM AND PRINCIPLED CONSERVATISM, VALUES FROM WHICH HE NEVER STRAYED. HE LIVED TO SEE A MUCH LOVED SON WELL-LAUNCHED IN LIFE - AND HE GREW OLD IN THE CHERISHED COMPANY OF THE MOST SELFLESS AND DEVOTED OF WOMEN. FOR THE REST OF US, FLOODED IN WARM RECOLLECTION, OUR HEARTS STAND AT ATTENTION AS WE RECALL THE WORDS OF THE POETS, WHO WROTE...

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR  
AND ONE CLEAR CALL FOR ME;  
TWILIGHT AND EVENING BELL,  
AND AFTER THAT THE DARK;  
AND MAY THERE BE NO SADNESS OF FARWELL,  
WHEN I EMBARK."



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WE CAN HARDLY HOPE TO BANISH SADNESS THIS MORNING. BUT OUR  
SORROW IS MIXED WITH PRIDE, AND OUR REGRETS OVERCOME BY GRATITUDE -  
FOR HAVING KNOWN SUCH A MAN, AND FOR HAVING SHARED SO MANY TIMES  
TO REMEMBER.



How long he lived is  
less important than how  
well he lived.

Goodbyes  
are never easy; they  
seem more  
anguished than  
usual.

devoted husband,  
a loving father,  
a steadfast friend,

It is a sad duty we perform this morning, we friends and admirers  
of Bill Kats, Senior. It is an act of homage for ~~a man~~ <sup>one</sup> whose generosity  
was equaled only by his humility. It is a ~~time of mourning~~ <sup>benediction pronounced by</sup> for all those who  
ever had the good fortune to know or work with a consummate professional.  
Yet tears are out of season. For the triumph of Bill's life will far out-  
distance the ~~sorrow~~ <sup>tragedy</sup> of his death. And no ~~single eulogy could~~ <sup>words of tribute, however heartfelt, can</sup> adequately  
begin to describe his accomplishments or extol his virtues.

~~Many people live long lives. Bill Kats lived long and well.~~ <sup>R</sup> He  
was born and raised on a farm in Phillips County, Kansas - and part of him  
will remain always on the prairie, as open and trusting as the rural land-  
scape of the Big First District. He took his inspiration from the land,  
and the values it nurtured. It taught him to work hard, to aim high, to  
pursue standards of excellence <sup>whether in business for himself or in serving</sup> ~~and to serve~~ the country he loved second  
only to ~~England~~ <sup>himself</sup> and Bill, Junior. Whether he wore the olive drab of an in-  
fantry clerk, or the ~~spic-and-polish~~ comfortable suit of a Capitol Hill  
~~secretary~~ <sup>Administrative Assistant,</sup> Bill affirmed the faith that all of us have in the goodness  
~~and generosity~~ and native intelligence of the grassroots American. These  
things he never lost, despite many years in this city so far removed from  
the ordinary men and women it was designed to serve.

Washington is a town cluttered with monuments, <sup>most of them</sup> ~~many~~ built to honor ~~the~~ great men, real ~~and~~ <sup>or</sup> imagined, who fill our history books  
and fire our imaginations. But the real monuments to our democratic faith  
are ~~the~~ men like Bill, <sup>people</sup> ~~men~~ who know what it's like to struggle for a living,  
<sup>and women</sup> ~~men~~ who come from the ranks of everyday life to better the lives of every-  
one else. Men like him rarely get their names in the papers. And this city  
of heroic statuary and towering memorials has yet to find much room for

a lifetime lighting candles.

It is from that torch that  
each of us light one individual  
candle, dispelling the darkness and  
sometimes threaten to extinguish  
the light.  
we call  
popular  
government.  
with  
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such  
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Bill knew that and he spent



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tablets or temples in their honor. Yet they are the people who make this government work. It is because of them that it reflects a decent portion of honor and justice, ~~not so~~ of common sense and uncommon sensitivity. They bring to Washington the best of

For fourteen years, Bill served Wint Smith and the people of Kansas' old Sixth Congressional District. When I arrived on the scene in 1961, he was as much a part of the ~~Washington~~ <sup>local</sup> scene as the Capitol dome itself - and if it weren't for his wise counsel, I could hardly have found my way ~~beneath~~ <sup>around</sup> that imposing landmark. He proved to be an expert guide through the dense foliage of the legislative jungle - a ~~single~~ <sup>place</sup> often teeming with all sorts of ~~wild~~ <sup>strange + sometimes dangerous</sup> animals. Some wearing reporters' hats. Others robed in the august dignity of committee chairmen or administration officials. Bill, it seemed, knew them all, ~~certainly, he was liked by everyone with whom he came in contact.~~ It wasn't difficult to see why: for Bill Kats was ~~quite simply~~, incapable of hurting anyone's feelings. In this town of large egos, he kept his all but hidden. Instead, he displayed the far more attractive attributes of a solid, ~~solid~~ easygoing but tireless A.A.

their talents as well as their titles. And they, in turn, liked the unassuming Kansas who played the political game as straight as a string. He played his beloved golf here every time he was in town. I have liked to apply a little of my own. To some self-important aide or pompous spokesman of his own self-interest. But golf is a game for patient men - and Bill's patience was well rewarded and he earned the affection of all who crossed his path.



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*the political  
commitment of the  
Gallup Poll*

*has*  
No one ever claimed it's an easy job. To do it well, you need the  
patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, ~~the tenacity of Hercules~~, and the  
self-effacement of ~~a man~~ *one* with a passion for anonymity. You must be willing  
in a single day - often in the same hour - to listen with sympathy to  
the plight of an ailing business, the outrage of ~~a constituent~~ *disenchanted*, ~~determined~~ *disillusioned*  
~~and to support from~~  
~~never to vote for his good for nothing boss~~ the dire need of an el-  
derly woman fearing the loss of her home, the urgent pleas of a half  
dozen lobbyists, the insistent call of a presidential assistant, and  
the proud greeting of the hometown ~~senior high school~~ *marching band of* debating team.

*The A.A.*  
On top of all this, ~~he~~ must humor a sometimes irascible em-  
ployer, juggle a hundred legislative details, cast his eye far down the  
political horizon and inspire the best within each and every member of  
a varied and highly individualistic staff. Few people can manage even a  
fraction of it all, ~~—~~ *Y*et Bill did it as well as anyone I've ever  
known. He made it a joy for those who worked with him, myself included.  
He cut through the tension that so often pervades a Capitol Hill office  
with a gentle joke or appropriately wry observation. He couldn't treat  
his work lightly - nor take himself too seriously.

The same mixture allowed him to move from one community in Kansas  
to the next, a strong, calm figure who by the very manner in which he  
met people and listened to their needs provided reassurance and the  
kind of two-way communication which is the lifeblood of true democracy.  
When Bill Kats set foot in Kansas - and he did so often - problems  
seemed to melt away, ~~in the~~ There as here, he treated each person he met  
the same, and everyone alike with the graciousness of a simpler, more  
genial time. It is a doubly unfortunate irony that I should find myself  
in Kansas on this day, when I would so much prefer to be with my old



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*together with Elizabeth*  
friend and invaluable colleague. But I <sup>am</sup> very much with you in spirit,  
and I could not let the opportunity pass without saying a special word  
of condolence and affection to you, ~~Emily~~ <sup>Emily</sup> and you, Bill. For together,  
you were the greatest joy and most dependable support of a ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> deeply  
blessed ~~with friends and admirers~~. You knew as no one else the private  
man behind the public servant. And I hope you realize that there can be  
no fear of death in the reflected light of so triumphant a life.

For Bill Kats lived long enough to see his country return to the  
values of patriotism and principled conservatism, <sup>his values from which he never strayed.</sup> He lived to see a  
much loved son well-launched in life - and he grew old in the cherished  
company of the most selfless and devoted of women. For the rest of us,  
flooded in warm recollection, our hearts stand at attention as we recall  
the words of the poets, who wrote...

"Sunset and evening star  
and one clear call for me;  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
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We can hardly hope to banish sadness this morning. But our  
sorrow is mixed with pride, and our regrets overcome by gratitude - for  
having known such a man, and for having shared so many times to remember.



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