

And with real bitterness you reflect on the secret decision of California's water leaders who helped block that bill in the House Rules Committee, thus preventing it from ever coming to the House floor for a vote. In retrospect, you realize Arizona probably had insufficient time and momentum to get past the Senate in 1966 even if the House had acted, but the memory of California's role still rankles.

And as you think about that turn of events, much as you try to understand California's actions, you find a certain phrase going through your mind—the words of President Roosevelt in 1940: “The hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor.”

You think about the shock wave that went through Arizona at that moment and about your state's efforts to scale down its legislation, to strip from it the controversial features that couldn't pass. And you recall its passage in the Senate this year over the heated opposition—you guessed it—from California.

And finally, you think about all the intemperate words thrown at your state in the past year, continuing almost to the present moment, accusing—not California—but Arizona of abandoning the cause of cooperation and breaking up the team effort toward a regional bill.

If you have followed me in this little recital, perhaps you can appreciate a little better why it is that you have on the east bank of the Colorado River some neighbors whose mood is one of anger and doubt and concern—and why it is that they tend to view with suspicion any suggestion, no matter how meritorious, coming from California.

And you may understand why it is that Arizona's leaders have told our congressional delegation: “Boys, this is it. Either you pass the bill in this Congress or Arizona builds its own project, whatever the cost.”

As I look back at that great legislative effort of the last Congress—the one that California helped block in the home stretch—I recall the old fairy tales of my youth in which the brave but humble young man would seek to marry the king's daughter. The king would tell him, “Oh yes, you may have her hand in marriage if you will but slay the seven-headed dragon in yonder dark cave.” The young man would go forth and slay the dragon, something the king thought impossible, and would return expectantly only to be told that he must then slay a three-eyed Cyclops across the water on a dangerous island. And when this was done, there would be still another obstacle. And so on.

Our legislative effort of 1965–66 was not unlike one of those fairy tales. First, we were told that a condition for passing the Central Arizona Project was an agreement, written in blood, that in times of shortage in river flow California's uses would have priority over Arizona's uses. It was hard to do, those of us in the congressional delegation were criticized at home for doing it, but we agreed.

Then we were told, “All right, now you must add to your bill provisions for trans-basin imports to augment the Colorado River. This will be very expensive, and it will lose you the support of powerful Northwest Congressmen who have other plans for that water, but you must do it.” So we did.

Originally, we had planned to finance our project with power revenues from a dam 80 miles downstream from Grand Canyon. We expected some opposition from conservationists, who oppose such dams, but we were told this isn't enough. “You must put another dam in your bill,” they said, “—this one 12½ miles upstream of the Grand Canyon and battle the conservationists all the more.” And we did that.

About this time our friends in Colorado and the Upper Basin states said, “Now wait just a minute. Before you divert any water downstream from us you must guarantee that our future water needs are not endangered in any way.” So we added protective language which they wanted, and we threw in five new reclamation projects in Colorado costing over \$350 million. Could we then have the daughter's hand? We could not. We next had to do something for New Mexico. So we added Hooker Dam and a reservoir to our bill.

Then Utah said, “We don't have enough money to build our Dixie Project. It won't pay out without a subsidy. How about letting us participate in your basin development fund?” So we did.

Was this enough dragon slaying? It was not. About this time Texas and Kansas heard what was going on, and they said, “Hey, how about letting us get some of that Columbia River water?” So we said, “Well, OK, maybe.”

And then what do you suppose happened? Why the good king—in this case, California—said, “Sure, you've done all these things I demanded and a few