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EVENT: Young Americans for Freedom
Dinner "Roast " of Secretary Simon

DATE: Thursday, April 8, 1976

TIME: 6:30 pm Reception and cash bar
7:30 pm Dinner
NOTE: Dinner will not begin until all the
speakers have arrived

LOCATION: Mayflower Hotel DI 7-3000
1127 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.

East-West Room on lobby level

MET BY: Connie Moran, Dinner Chairman, at desk in front
of East-West Room

AUDIENCE: 250 tickets sold

HEAD TABLE: Dr. Arthur Burns
Rep. Philip M. Crane
Mr. M. Stanton Evans
Mr. John Lofton
Hon. Allan Greenspan
Sen. Jesse Helms
Rep. Henry Hyde
Hon. L. William Seidman
Dr. Herbert Stein
Sec. William Simon
Connie Moran, Dinner Chairman
Steven E. Some, chairman, Young Americans For Freedom

NOTE: Mr. Zarb will be the first speaker



Thank you. I'm honored to participate in this testimonial to Bill Simon.

This event has been labeled a "Simon roast." But if it really were a Simon roast, Bill wouldn't be seated here at the headtable; the Shah of Iran would be the toastmaster and Bill would be on a spit.

Appropriately enough my invitation to be here tonight came by way of a telephone call . . . and certainly no tribute to Bill Simon would be complete without recognizing the part played in his success by Alexander Graham Bell.

Some people seem to think Bill must own a lot of AT&T, considering the way he uses the telephone. Actually, I found out it's true when I went to work with him during the oil embargo. He saved me \$50 a week when I cancelled my wake-up service.

Most of you have probably heard those legendary stories about Bill barking out orders over the telephone to staff members at 2 and 3 A.M. I can't verify that from first hand knowledge . . . all I ever heard was heavy breathing.



Still, there are some old Simon aides who claim their wives thought Bill was an obscene caller. In fact, some aides know he was an obscene caller.

Of course, all of us who worked with Bill appreciated and benefitted from his subtle, delicate use of the English language. Bill's deft touch with words always reminded me of a brain surgeon in the operating theater . . . going after a tumor with a hammer in one hand and a hatchet in the other.

Actually, it would be unfair to suggest that Bill isn't accurate or adept in his use of the language: nobody who worked with him ever failed to understand when they had fouled up, and nobody in the public ever succeeded in understanding when FEO had screwed up.

Bill shares this gift of language with other great statesmen in history . . . Ivan the Terrible, Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun.

Not everyone would agree that to know Bill is to love him. But certainly everyone who has worked with him would agree on his attributes as an excellent manager. He ran FEO the way Vince Lombardi ran the Green Bay Packers . . . only Lombardi's language was cleaner.



Bill has a reputation for toughness with his employees -- and that reputation goes considerably beyond Washington and New York circles. I understand that the Marines have more pictures of Bill on their walls at Parris Island than fold-outs from Playboy. In fact, the Marine Corps had a plan to send their drill instructors to Bill's staff meetings for training.

As all of you know, Bill is just as tough in his philosophy as he is as a manager. He believes in the rigors of free enterprise and is committed to minimizing government interference in the marketplace so that the most efficient businesses will thrive. Efficiency and aggressive management . . . that's how Salomon Brothers wound up with the Treasury's general fund in a margin account.

I don't need to extol Bill's conservative economic philosophy to you. Bill is so solid on that score that he believes Adam Smith's "invisible hand" is an unwarranted and excessive intrusion into the marketplace.

Another aspect of Bill's image -- which I might say reflects the true man as I have known him -- in his remarkable ability to avoid underestimating himself. Every now and then this laudable trait gets a little out of hand . . . like when he planned to have his family's picture printed on the



Treasury Department's new two dollar bills. But even then modesty ultimately prevailed . . . he settled for the signers of the Declaration of Independence . . . at least for the Bicentennial year.

On nights like this you kind of reminisce, and I keep thinking back to the truckers' strike during the embargo. Bill and I and some others were negotiating with the strikers, whose chief representative was a trucker nicknamed "River Rat." Bill got to like the guy and even raved about "River Rat" to his wife Carol.

Carol couldn't believe it so she asked Gerry Parsky if he had seen "River Rat." Gerry said, "Why . . . hasn't he been home lately?"

I hear that since he's moved over to Treasury, "River Rat" . . . I mean Bill . . . gets home more regularly. That must have mellowed his disposition considerably . . . judging from what Jack Anderson has been saying about him lately.

But seriously, folks, I want you all to know that you too can reminisce about this occasion by buying a memento on sale in the alley right behind the hotel. It's the new "Simon doll." You wind it up and its eyes bulge out . . . the veins in the neck start popping . . . its arms start flailing the air vigorously . . . and it even says "expletive deleted" five times.



In truth, there's no one around Washington who can take being roasted to a turn better than Bill Simon . . . but I'm glad it's his turn, and not mine.

Now that I've turned on the broiler, I'd like to ask Congressman Hyde to take over as chef for a while, and do a little basting.

