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A Tribute to Two Leaders

REMARKS

OF

HON. ROBERT L. F. SIKES

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 28, 1967

MR. SIKES. Mr. Speaker, Frank Boykin has been away from our midst for a number of years. However, the memory of Frank Boykin lives strong in the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to serve with him. He was a great Congressman, who ably represented Alabama and the Nation. He and his sweet and lovely wife, Ocello, are indeed among the very finest of people. Frank is a big man physically and a big man mentally, but his heart is the biggest thing about him. Recently he sent to me an article about Ed Ball, outstanding Florida industrialist, and Frank's good friend of many years. It was Frank's thought that this article, which reveals an important side of Ed Ball, should be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. Ed Ball's achievements are indeed monumental and these things should be better known. It occurs to me that Frank Boykin's letter, which is so typical of the man, would also make fascinating reading. Accordingly, I submit both:

TENSAW LAND & TIMBER CO., INC.,
Mobile, Ala., September 22, 1967.

Hon. BOB SIKES,
The Sam Rayburn Building,
Washington, D.C.

MY DEAR BOB: Referring to our conversation over the telephone Wednesday about our beloved friend, Ed Ball, I think this is a great article, but not good enough, and as I suggested to you, I think it should go in the Congressional Record, so a lot of people could know about what this great American has done, for the things he has done have helped and are helping all mankind.

So many people are always asking me to ask Ed Ball to give something for some cause. I have never asked him yet, and never intend to, because I know what he has to go through down there, and a man has to give at home, like you do down in Crestview and I do here. I was with Ed Ball in Jacksonville several years ago when somebody was asking him for some money, and he gave them one hundred thousand dollars for a school in Tallahassee. I remember what Ed said. He said: "If you publicize this or tell anybody that I made a donation to this school, I will countermand the order."

Anyway, when an article came out that your friend and my friend was giving away ten thousand dollars a day, it just thrilled

me and thrilled me, and I wanted everybody to know about it, especially the people in Washington, and I am going to ask you to put this article in the Congressional Record, so it will go to every library in America. Then I want copies to send them to two of Ed Ball's secretaries, who have been with him a lifetime and they are wonderful women. They, like Ed, just work day and night. They are always on the job and so loyal to him. Of course, in my book loyalty is one of the greatest things on earth.

Ed and I are about the same age. I think I am two years older than Ed—and how good the Lord has been to us! Just to think of it—we can still shoot and shoot good and both of us shoot without glasses. I must tell you of an instance that happened last year. Ed and I were sitting in a blind up at McIntosh, Alabama, on the Tombigbee River. We were waiting for the turkeys to come up. We had Bee Watson with us. Bee Watson, as you know, has been with us always, and on the 10th of July he had been there with us 58 years taking care of the hunting lodge and taking care of the wonderful hounds that we have there. At one time we had 94 hounds. Also, he looks after the game every day. We grow feed for our game every day of the year. Of course, we feed them more in the winter-time when the frost has killed the natural food than we do at other times.

Well, Ed and I were sitting there waiting, and I thought we had waited long enough; so I said: "Ed, let's go. If the game won't come to us, we will try to go to them." He said: "No, let's give them fifteen more minutes, and we did. In about five minutes here they came. I think there were about fifty gobblers in the drove, and the deer were already there right in front of us, but we weren't shooting deer; we wanted the gobblers—not little ones either, but the big ones, like you always kill. Well, Ed whispered to me and said: "Frank, you take the left and I'll take the right; count three and then we will shoot." Well, we waited until they got within about 40 or 50 yards of us, and one of us counted three and down they went. Then, as they flew over, Ed Ball shot another one, but at that first shot he killed a deer and a turkey, too. I killed one gobbler. Our two turkeys weighed over 20 pounds each. So, Bee said when he heard us shooting and came down to pick us up—"Captain Frank, Mr. Ed has done killed more turkeys than he can tote." Well, he did; he had a buck and two gobblers, and I had one gobbler that was a beauty. I never saw such a beard in my life. Well, of course, we were very, very happy.

I'll tell you—when Ed Ball went down with his brother-in-law, Alfred I. duPont, who married Ed's marvelous, beautiful sister, Jessie Ball duPont, it was a great thing for Florida. Ed made the State double and triple its progress and it is still going that way. He took railroads that were broke and made them blossom like a rose and pay the first

dividend they have paid since you and I can remember. He has two railroads; he has all sorts of buildings and investments, hotels and motels; he has one million acres of the finest land in Florida, including all kinds of land, with waterfrontage in every county of the great State of Florida. He has the finest papermill business in the world, that reaches from one end of this nation to the other, then clear on over to Ireland, where he and a few more of us own a very beautiful castle together.

Well, everybody that knows Ed Ball like you and I do appreciates him, and more of them will know him after this. People have been told that Ed Ball wouldn't give anybody the sweat off of his brow, but this article tells the true story. I know of no other man on earth who gives away ten thousand dollars every day. I don't know who wrote this article, but it is wonderful and it will mean much to our friends, and I think the people should know, who did not know before, what Ed Ball has done and is doing for wonderful people in many, many places all over this land. He not only helps people in Florida, but he helps people just everywhere he goes.

Just think—he has 34 banks and has had to fight his Government and the labor unions, too. He is about the only man on earth, I think, that could do it. I think it would take the Good Lord Himself to do what our beloved friend, Ed Ball, has done and is doing. Aren't we proud of him, and won't we celebrate this fall when we meet at the hunting lodge at McIntosh, where "Everything is made for love", and where we will all get together and get the big bucks.

Ed Ball is a man who works while so many other men play. Ed Ball is a man who can laugh at problems which would make so many other men cry. Everybody thinks he is hard-boiled. He has to make out like he is to keep people from taking everything on earth he has, but Ed Ball has a heart of gold and silver, too. I have visited the Ball home in Virginia. It is a wonderful old heavenly place—almost within sight of the great home of Mary Ball, the mother of our own George Washington. The Balls lived only a short distance from the home of the Washingtons.

Ed Ball, in my judgment, has fought for what is right. He has fought for what is right just like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Stonewall Jackson and our own Robert E. Lee. He has dedicated his very life to the development of his State—and not only to the great development of the State of Florida, but all over this nation—even in his beloved Ireland, where he has a great development that means much to those people there. I mentioned that he and a few more of us have a very beautiful old castle in Ireland. There has been a castle on this spot for a thousand years, and Ed Ball has built himself a little cottage off to one side. He hasn't had time to spend more than a dozen days at this wonderful spot that he made blossom

like a rose. My wife, our daughter, Frances, our son, Jack, and my cousin, Charlotte Boykin Carlson, and I flew over to Ireland and spent the day at the castle. What a wonderful, peaceful day it was, and they say it has the finest fishing in the world. If we could get Ed to take just a little rest, I believe it would make him live years longer, and he could stay here on earth where he is really and truly in partnerships with the Good Lord in doing things that make people happy—men, women and little children.

Mrs. Jessie Ball duPont, who is a saint, lives in Wilmington, Delaware, where she has a tremendous home that she has turned over to crippled children. The last time I talked to Ed about this, she had nearly two thousand crippled children there. She gives all of her wonderful time to this. She, like her famous brother, has a brilliant brain and a world of energy, and she gives all to these crippled children. Think of what a great thing it is to help crippled children.

There is hardly anything worthwhile that Ed Ball has not done. He has not only developed wonderful farms, but shipyards, sawmills, dry kilns, planing mills, and papermills. Of course, the papermill is such a wonderful thing, and they just take care of the timber that we used to throw away in the old days, where we only saved the first cut off the log. We got what we called the "butt-log" and let the rest go to waste. Now they are taking all of the log. They take off the first cut for logs that they saw into lumber, or for piling, then what is left for paper. They even use the limbs, and if they don't watch out, Ed Ball will find a way to use the straw on these beautiful pines. He has hotels—some of the finest in the country. I believe he sold the Edgewater Gulf Hotel at Gulfport and Biloxi, Mississippi. What a wonderful place it was. It was in bad shape, but he got it going right, and then turned it over to somebody else. Then, he had another hotel, where I have stayed many times, at Gulfport. Also, golf courses and motels. But think of it—34 banks—and these banks are in places where they could help the farmers, the sawmill people and just everybody.

Nobody will ever know how much he has helped the citrus industry in Florida, and he loves it. He loves anything that produces and will help the people in this weary old world, and I know of nothing that he is not in. Here in Alabama he has one of the finest box factories in the country. He has them in Dallas, Texas; he has them in Kansas; he has them in many, many states—I think, in practically every state in the union; from the capital of Florida to Dublin, Ireland, Ed Ball has a complex of papermills and box mills.

He has a beautiful cattle business. One of his offices is out in the country; out from Tallahassee, where he has hundreds and hundreds of the most beautiful cattle I have ever seen in my life; and he has good men helping him. On what he calls his farm there he has eighteen lakes—not man-made lakes—the Lord made these; and I believe he has more wild geese there than any other place on earth. He has been protecting the geese there—fencing the place to prevent the peo-

ple from killing them—and feeding them for about 25 years. After the geese found that they were protected there, they must have brought all of their kindfolds. I think they had something like 25,000 there last year. He has never allowed a human to kill one of his geese, and when the crippled ones make it in there and drop down in his lake, he has his people to pick them up and take care of them until they get well. Many of the geese like it so well that they don't return to the cold climates, but just stay down in wonderful Florida with Ed Ball and his people.

Again I would like to say that my beloved friend and associate, Ed Ball, does *more good things well* than any human being I have ever known or expect to know until we all go to Heaven. Maybe there will be another Ed Ball Up There, but not here on earth. I wish we had a thousand of them, for this would be a better old world.

During the panic I was visiting in Florida, where we had some land, and I talked to a banker. This man told me that during the terrible panic—"We couldn't have made it without Mr. Ball's bank; he just helped us through; he made us give him good security, but he carried us along until the bad times blew over; now we have paid him all up and all of us are doing business with his banks that have done so much for everybody.

The Good Lord has been good to the people in giving us Mrs. Jessie Ball duPont and her famous, fabulous brother, Edward Ball of Virginia, but now of Florida, and all of our beloved Southland and nearly every other part of this great nation. I wish the Lord could give us a few more Ed Balls and Mrs. Jessie Ball duPonts. The world would be a much better place than it is.

Anyway, our great Ed Ball has done as much on earth as any man I know, and you, he and I and all of our friends here will stay here just as long as the Lord wants us to, and then we will just all go to Heaven, where they really and truly have the great Happy Hunting Grounds.

Give Inez our best love, and we are looking forward to seeing you both at a very early date. May God bless you and Inez and all of your loved ones and give you strength to carry on the great work you are doing there in the nation's capital, and with love from all the Boykins to you and yours, I am
Devotedly, your old colleague and friend,

FRANK W. BOYKIN.

"PHILANTHROPIST" ED BALL DONATES CHARITY \$3 MILLION

JACKSONVILLE.—Edward Ball, probably Florida's biggest financier and sometimes called the toughest with a dollar, may also be the state's No. 1 philanthropist.

A new report of the Alfred I. duPont estate, under Ball's strong guiding hand, reveals gifts to charities in Florida last year totalled \$3,720,167.

Ball withheld details of the gifts to 559 different Florida-based charities, not even the amount to the Nemours Foundation, by far the biggest.

But he said the total was the largest of any year since duPont, his brother-in-law, died

in 1935 and set up in his will a testamentary trust to operate the timberlands, paper mills, banks and railroads in the estate.

Ball Thursday won permission from the Brevard County Commission to fill in a \$1 million strip of Indian River bottom land two miles long, 750 feet wide on both sides of the main entrance to the Kennedy Space Center.

Ball owns, in the name of the duPont Florida National Bank in Jacksonville, about 1,500 acres in the area.

Since its initial charitable contributions in 1936, the estate and its principal annuitant, Jessie Ball duPont, have contributed \$34.4 million to Florida-based charities and \$55 million to all charities.

DuPont provided that a large share of the profits from the estate be used to set up and operate the Nemours Foundation to aid crippled children.

Aside from this requirement, there is no pet and all-inclusive charity.

BALL BUYS PIANOS, AIDS COLLEGES

Ball may buy a piano for a church, establish a medical school grant, support a church festival or supply money to fight a disease, probably cancer. The estate's 1966 contributions in Florida went to 49 churches, 16 hospitals, 16 colleges and universities and 26 medical research projects.

DuPont's widow, Ball's sister, has emphasized education in her gifts.

"We have no set formula," Ball said. "We base it on what we can give away out of what we get and still operate. The amount is not based on the value of the estate but on the income of the corporations in the estate and the principal stockholders."

While giving away millions, Ball has shrewdly built the estate from a value of \$27 million in 1936 to a book value of more than \$100 million and market value estimated between \$700 million and \$1 billion.

Another reason for increases in the charitable contributions is that more than half the people duPont willed lifetime annuities have since died.

Upon the death of Mrs. duPont, now 83, about 99 per cent of the estate's income will go to charities. It will be 100 per cent when all annuitants are dead.

FOUNDATION GETS LION'S SHARE

Most of the money is earmarked for the Nemours Foundation, chartered in Florida but principally operating the Alfred I. duPont Institute at Wilmington, Del.

The institute, with a highly rated medical staff, has cured or helped more than 20,000 crippled children since it opened in 1940. DuPont restricted the benefits to omit incurables.

"The treatment is free to every patient, the children of millionaires or the poor," Ball said.

Other Nemours Foundation funds help crippled children near their homes in 16 other states.

With this program and advances in the field of health, there no longer is a waiting list at the Delaware hospital.

Now the foundation is moving into the field of helping old people—as duPont specified it should. Judging from the past pattern, a rapid advance is likely in this field.

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