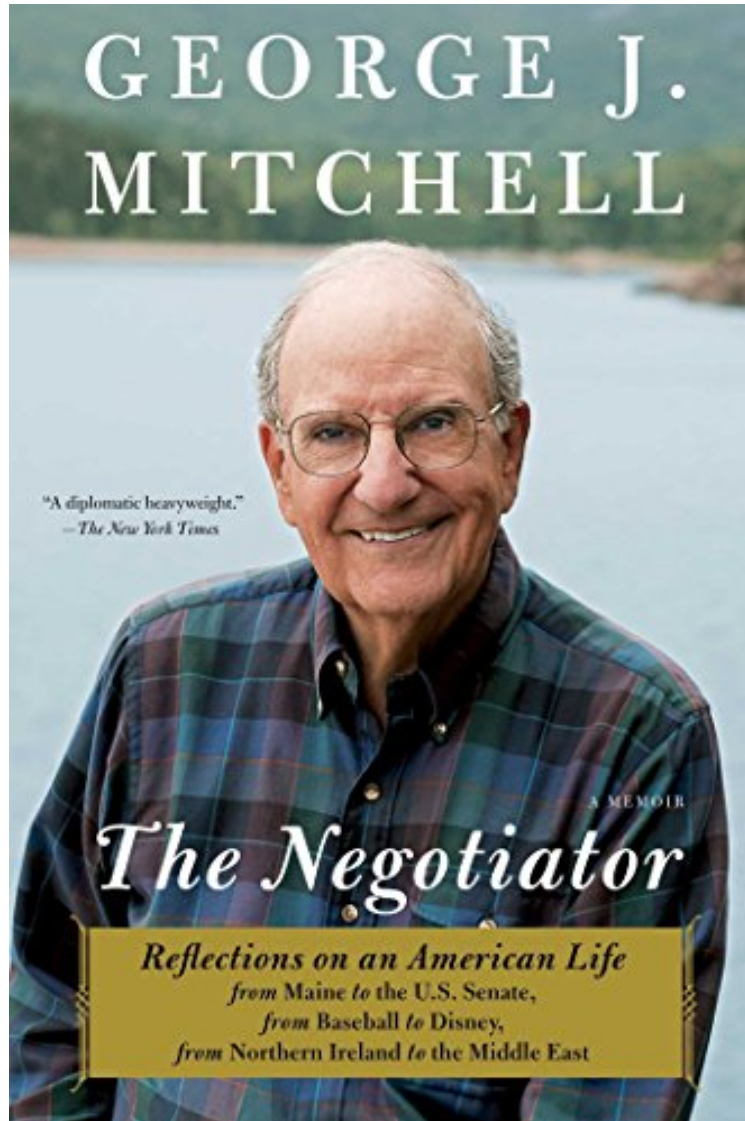


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## The Negotiator: A Memoir

*George J. Mitchell*

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**George J. Mitchell : The Negotiator: A Memoir** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Negotiator: A Memoir:

7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Few Senators and House Members with George Mitchell's Values and Skills By Robert R. Rue Interesting story of one of our last Senate leaders who didn't see it as his mission to see his President fail. George Mitchell clearly understood the role of the majority leader as one of collaboration, debate, and compromise for the sake of the entire country, not just his political and financial supporters. That attitude gave him impressive credibility to continue bringing warring factions together and finding common ground. Even when he failed in his efforts, his reputation as a neutral arbitrator remained intact. His observations on the Middle East and the current

Congress make for interesting analysis and reading.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Great Read!By Mary AnnGeorge Mitchell writes about his life, his family and world events with humor and self deprecation that is appealing. An inside look at his journey with his insights, it is enjoyable and informative.6 of 7 people found the following review helpful. A Great ReadBy Ellen T. BrownThis was a gift for my husband on our anniversary. He hasn't finished reading it as yet, but seems to be enjoying it so far since he reads me excerpts from it occasionally. We both have great respect for this gentleman who is from our home state of Maine. He hit the nail on the head when he said politics is not what it used to be years ago. Now it is all about money. When Senator Mitchell and Bill Cohen were in the Senate they worked together diligently and exercised a lot of what we used to call common sense. Times have certainly changed.

Compelling, poignant, enlightening stories from former Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell about growing up in Maine, his years in the Senate, working to bring peace to Northern Ireland and the Middle East, and what he's learned about the art of negotiation during every stage of his life. It's a classic story of the American Dream. George Mitchell grew up in a working class family in Maine, experiencing firsthand the demoralizing effects of unemployment when his father was laid off from a lifelong job. But education was always a household priority, and Mitchell embraced every opportunity that came his way, eventually becoming the ranking Democrat in the Senate during the administrations of George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton. Told with wit, frankness, and a style all his own, Senator Mitchell's memoir reveals many insights into the art of negotiation. Mitchell looks back at his adventures in law and politics—including instrumental work on clean air and water legislation, the Iran-Contra hearings, and healthcare reform—as well as life after the Senate, from leading the successful Northern Ireland peace process, to serving as chairman of The Walt Disney Company, to heading investigations into the use of steroids in baseball and unethical activity surrounding the Olympic Games. Through it all, Senator Mitchell's incredible stories—some hilarious, others tragic, all revealing—offer invaluable insights into critical moments in the last half-century of business, law, and politics, both domestic and international.

"Compelling. George Mitchell's story... provides eloquent testimony to the power of the American dream." (Seattle Times) "The memoir includes many lighthearted and oddball anecdotes not normally associated with high-profile conflict resolution and political debate." (Bangor Daily News) "A natural storyteller, Mitchell offers fascinating stories from his long and varied careers." (Booklist) "Not many authors can use their life as an American as a subtitle for a memoir. But when yours is a former federal judge, Senate majority leader, leader of the peace talks in Northern Ireland, chairman of the board of the Disney Corp. and investigator of illegal use of stimulants by baseball players, it seems a perfect fit." (Buffalo News) About the Author George J. Mitchell served as a Democratic senator from Maine from 1980 to 1995 and Senate majority leader from 1989 to 1995. He was the primary architect of the 1998 Good Friday Agreement for peace in Northern Ireland, chairman of The Walt Disney Company, US Special Envoy for Middle East Peace, and the author of the Mitchell Report on the use of performance-enhancing drugs in baseball, as well as the books *The Negotiator* and *A Path to Peace*. He was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1999. Excerpt. copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. The Negotiator HEAD OF FALLS Right over there, just across the tracks, in what used to be Head of Falls, the senator was born. As he said those words, Tom Nale, the mayor of Waterville, pointed to his left. The few people in the crowd, standing in the November cold, instinctively turned to look. From the square in front of City Hall, where the Veterans Day ceremony was taking place, they could see little: a railroad track, across it a parking lot, and then a short, grassy slope down to the Kennebec River. As I too looked toward the river, I thought about living "right over there" many years ago. Head of Falls, usually pronounced "hedda falls," was the informal name given to a small triangle of land along the banks of the Kennebec River in Waterville, Maine. Bounded roughly by a railroad track, the river, and a textile mill, it consisted of about two acres of land onto which were crammed dozens of buildings, most of them apartment houses. Inside were jammed scores of families, almost all of them immigrants. It was the lowest rung on the American ladder of success. Prior to 1900 most of them were French Canadian from Quebec. As families established themselves, they moved up and out of Head of Falls and were replaced by more recent immigrants. After the turn of the century, as the number of immigrants from what is now known as Lebanon grew, they gradually displaced the French Canadians, who in turn moved to a section of Waterville called The Plains. By 1933, when I was born, almost all of the families living there were Lebanese immigrants; a few French Canadian families remained, in homes adjacent to the textile mill. The Head of Falls has since been cleared and turned into a parking lot. If it still existed, it would be described as a slum. But to me and the many children who lived there it was just home. On one side was the Kennebec River, rising in northern Maine and flowing southerly to the coast. The river is now clean, used by rafters, boaters, fishermen, and even some swimmers. Seventy years ago it was a stinking, open sewer; the towns located on the river dumped their sewage into it, and many industries added their wastes. Directly across and just up the river from Head of Falls, in the neighboring town of Winslow, the Hollingsworth and Whitney paper mill daily discharged huge volumes of wastes, as did the textile mill on the Waterville side. As a result the river usually was covered with scum and foam. It looked

terrible and smelled worse. The name Head of Falls comes from a nearby point in the river where it drops sharply. A dam now marks the spot. Just above the dam, a railroad bridge spans the river. It carries a main track of what was then the Maine Central Railroad. As it crossed into Waterville, that track formed one long boundary of Head of Falls, separating it from the town center. In the 1930s Waterville was a rail center, with a large repair shop located less than a mile to the north of the bridge. Large trains regularly rumbled past, shaking every building and covering the area with soot. The third, short side of the triangle, across Temple Street, was a large textile mill, the Wyandotte Worsted Factory. Since its discharges occurred on the Waterville side, just a few feet up river, the water directly adjacent to Head of Falls was particularly foul. The Wyandotte mill, also since torn down to make way for a parking lot, was noisy, the clatter of its looms filling the air around the clock. Combined with the whine of the paper mill's huge saws cutting trees into wood chips and the rumble of the trains, it made Head of Falls a very noisy place. It sounds bad now, but it didn't seem so then. That was just the way it was. Not until I left home to go to college, at the age of seventeen, did I realize what it's like to sleep through the night without the sound and feel of a passing train.