

1965

MONDAY, APRIL 19

The mood is indeed broken, the vacation ended. Lyndon awoke early to begin working hard. He must have spent three hours on the telephone talking foreign problems with McGeorge Bundy and then a long session with Dale Malechek telling him everything that the ranch needed, all the things that ought to be done, fences, grass, water, being an executive. Dale must have been weary before he ever got started with the day's work!

We had a quick lunch with the staff--the Goodwins, Marvin, Vicky and Marie, then choppered to Bergstrom. I had asked Will Edward and Elizabeth and Nancy and Alfred Negley to ride up with us. They were thrilled. It is wonderful to see how pleased people are and also very useful that we had asked them to spend the night because I found that the Odoms had to make reservations in Baltimore because every hotel room in Washington was full, Easter and the DAR. [#] On the way up, Lyndon continued his marathon of work with staff and with the four newspaper men who were aboard--the pool. He talked about Viet Nam. "If they bomb our barracks or the Saigon Embassy, we never hear anything about it, but if we bomb a radar installation or munitions depot or a bridge, they give us hell for it. We bomb a bridge and ammunition dump, they are steel and concrete and have no blood. China says stop bombing Viet Nam, so does Russia. Of course, they would. It is all right to bomb people in the North,

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but it is not all right to bomb bridges in the South. How can an American Senator or an American newspaperman or an American student say tie the hands of our fellow -American Military men.² Are they duped, are they sucked in?" It was a very colorful, graphic exposition. I felt like the public and I, too, had been getting a different picture of the war. His long session with the pool reporters also talked about his reasons for postponing the visits. His reasons, of course, really are that it is going to be hard enough-- perhaps impossible-- to pass the Foreign Aid Bill, and the presence of India and Pakistan and numerous foreign visitors and their possibly explosive remarks will do nothing to help it. Of himself, he said to the staff and to me "they want to make a Harding out of me and I know it. I know what they did to Eliot Roosevelt. I know what they did to Jimmy Roosevelt. ~~I saw Joe Kennedy get him a job with the liquor interests.~~ They are trying to do it to some of my staff. This going out to a party every night isn't doing any good. I'd rather die than be a Harding." It was a day of direction, a day of hard work of making up for our few days off.

We had made the decision before we left to stop in Columbia, South Carolina for a memorial service for Senator Olin Johnston, who had died the day before. We arrived at the airport a little before five, a very different arrival from the last time I was here on the Whistle Stop train, October 7 I believe, the first place I had encountered the real cold

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hostility, continuous heckling. I had been rather proud of the way I had handled it. I was mad and cool. I said "This is a free country. You have a right to express yourselves, and now I have a right to express myself. Will you listen?" At that time Senator and Mrs. Olin Johnston had been with us. He met us at the first stop in South Carolina and had ridden all the way through, looking wan and ill, but a thorough fighter, great courage and great dedication to the Democratic Party in the face of his own people who were angry and vocal against him. I will never forget how he strolled across that stage in Charleston, South Carolina, and roared at them, practically calling them fools to their faces, defiant, commanding-- a wonderful stage appearance, and Gladys Johnston no less. # This time there were two of the same people with us, Governor and Mrs. Russell met us at the airport. They went with us to the State Capitol where Senator Johnston's body lay in State in the rotunda. We met Gladys and her daughters Sally and Elizabeth and their husbands and her son. Gladys felt as thin and frail as a bird when I put my arms around her. She, too, has been very ill, but she was courageous. It was a simple service. Their long-time Minister and the Governor spoke. I am very glad that we could be there to pay homage to a great Senator and yes, too, to the State of South Carolina. It was a simple service, soon over for this son of a tenant farmer, this mill hand, no riderless black horse, no roll of drums, but a suitable farewell in the Capitol where he had been Governor longer than

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any other Governor and then gone on to the Senate for twenty-one years.

On the way back to the airport we talked about the appointment. I hope the Governor will go to the Senate himself. We were there a little over an hour and a half and at 7:30 reached the White House. We had already phoned ahead because this is the big day when the University of Texas Delegation goes to visit the GSA and Archives and discusses the Lyndon B. Johnson Library and I had phoned to have Bill Heath and Dr. Ransom and Max Brooks and Frank Irwin and the Frank Ikards join us for dinner. I got our house guests settled first, the Negleys, the Odoms, and the Jacobsens because they couldn't find a hotel room either, and then had three pleasant hours hearing about our University, the names of the bright young men there, the followers hopefully of Dobie and Webb and Montgomery, of the plans for the library. Everything seems to have gone well. It is a definite beginning. One point we must assure is that the library itself has a separate building, even if there is an auditorium or seminar rooms in it, but not a building that is for classrooms and library altogether.

Clark Clifford had represented us. I felt good about it. It could be a great thing-- that prestigious location separated by a long mall and the main building of the University, just two or three blocks from the inter-regional throughway. It was a long busy full day doing the things we had to do the best we knew how.