

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, July 23, 1966

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It was a great, roaring day covering three States. It is hard to describe it because it is a montage of faces, a changing kaleidoscope of activities. And by 1:00 a.m. when it is all over, he was so weary that everything has somehow melted together.

In the morning I went with Lyndon to dedicate the the AMVETS building. Speaker McCormack and I unveiled the bronze bust of him that ^{Jimmy}~~Jimmy Lou~~ Mason had done, and I saw her seated in the front row.

There Lyndon gathered up Senator Yarborough without any pre-planning and off he went with us on Air Force I with a delegation that included -- or during the day picked up -- Governors Branigan of Indiana, Kerner of Illinois, Breathitt of Kentucky, Senators Bayh and Hartke of Indiana, John Sherman Cooper and and Thruston Morton of Kentucky and Douglas of Illinois and a great array of Congressmen.

We landed at Indianapolis where, because the airport was under construction, there was not supposed to be any crowd. But thousands had gathered. And then to downtown Indianapolis where a crowd estimated at 42,000 filled a huge circle and poured out into the streets that ^{radiated}~~raided~~ into it. And in the middle, a great dominating monument at the base of which Lyndon spoke. A sea of faces, signs saying "We love Luci", a wedding bell with "Luci and Pat" on it, "We are backing you on Viet-Nam", "We have a date in '68", and in the distance a ~~xxx~~ sign, "Vance speaks for us", and you wonder just what that means.

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We went on to the Indianapolis Athletic Club where Lyndon attended a stag luncheon for some 475 men hosted by the very conservative newspaper magnet, Mr. Pulliam, whom Senator Douglas describes as a snake-charmer. And this is one of the anomalies of the day. Lyndon comes with the enthusiastic support at the urging of this very conservative publisher, bringing with him in tow Senator Yarborough of Texas and seeking the re-election of Senator Paul Douglas.

I went to another room to a luncheon for ladies given by Mrs. Branigan -- sweet, pretty, gentle -- who had herself brought the delicious cookies that were our desert. Alas, one never gets to eat enough when one is the guest of honor. You can hardly lower your face churlishly over your plate and gulp when people are coming up every second to shake hands or to ask for your autograph or say "do you remember when?"

Lyndon strolled in and made the ladies a little speech. Mrs. Branigan presented Luci with a lovely Paul Revere bowl from the people of the State of Indiana. And she, bless her, made a charming rejoinder.

And then we were off for Fort Campbell, Kentucky. On the way, Lyndon took off his clothes and slept for about 45 minutes, just by will.

Fort Campbell was to me the most memorable scene of the day. The papers summed it up, "At Fort Campbell, the President observed some training tactics, awarded medals to 22 veterans of the 101st division returned from Viet-Nam, saw weapons captured in Viet-Nam and spoke proudly as Com mander-in-Chief."

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But the things I remember -- those helicopters coming in at tree-top height in lines as precise as ballet dancers, the swiftness with which men debarked from them, picked up others right where the big pink flares had been left burning, and were off in a second. This was a simulated attack. It was thrilling and frightening, and you felt proud of their training and their skill. And I remember the huge parachute ^{Mottled} ~~modeled~~ green and brown as camouflage in the jungle which was used to drop material like a truck. ^a And ^{— here put up like a} ~~there~~ under it the press were clattering away with their typewriters. And among the 20,000 or so people that were assembled somewhere, I remember a sign that ~~was~~ said, "Tell Warrie Lynn Hello - I'm her Aunt". And I remember the sense of embarrassment I felt when I tried to speak to the wounded men in wheel chairs. They have given so much. I remember it was raining, and Lyndon walked in one direction shaking hands and Luci in another and I another. And then it was time to fly on. And once more Lyndon took off his cloths^s and had another nap of about 40 minutes. This is what I would call a ~~4-shirt~~ 4-shirt day. Each time after speeches, he is wringing wet, and at least four times today changed shirt^s.

This time we went by convair to Lawrenceville, Illinois for an airport rally. Once more, thousands of people in this heart-land of America that's not supposed to be our territory. Only once did I think I saw an unfriendly sign. I believe it had the words, "President Goldwater".

We drove across 10 miles of lovely open country. They say it's been drouth, but the corn was beautiful, the wheat had just been harvested, and the

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fields were a crew-cut gold -- beautiful, rich farm land, comfortable looking houses. At Vincennes^{nee}, one of the historic towns in the State, we went to the George Rogers Clark National Historical Park on the banks of the Wabash River. There was a crowd of 40 or so thousand people, and Lyndon talked about Viet-Nam, ~~urging~~ urging Americans to stop, look, and listen as you hear the voices talking about what's wrong with your country. But wherever speakers and columnists who have been ~~xxx~~ critical of the war, he said he doubted that many commentators would lecture them about bombings ~~by~~ the North Vietnamese of hospitals for American servicemen in South Viet-Nam. It just could be, he added, that the other side has made some mistakes too.

Luci was seated next to me and then Senator Hartke. I began to notice him. All of the guests on the platform would applaud, and a great part of the crowd. There he sat, his hands quietly in his lap, his face impassive. Finally, I began to lean forward or backward and looked straight at him just to make sure that he was never applauding anything. At long last as the master of ceremonies, Governor Branigan, came to the end of the program, he remembered to introduce his wife. And here Senator Hartke belatedly and rather flabbily clapped his hands two or three times. His only approval of the day.

Once more we were on the plane to Louisville for an airport rally. And then to Jeffersonville, Indiana by a motorcade to present a beautification award to the Post Office. By this time we were an hour late, and it was past

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9:00. They steered me around the Post Office so that the photographers could get pictures of us admiring the shrubs and ornamental trees. ^{Lyndon} ~~He's~~ so sweet about wanting to point up anything useful I've done. And here on his ninth speech of the day, he threw the text aside and launched into his best campaigning style. I felt that bond build up between him and his audience ~~xxx~~ though they had been waiting for him probably two hours and it was close to 10:00 and he talked for 30 minutes. They loved it, and it was a thrilling end to the day.

He ~~is~~ quoted John Steinbeck about ["]they want us to stop bombing but they are only talking about half a war. I want to talk about the whole war. ["] They cheered the most when he said, "It may be old fashioned, but I still believe that my country does most things right."

^{Oh} ~~Xape~~ A mournful fog-horn sounded from the Ohio River as Lyndon ["]shouted out his gospel -- to use Mr. [?] Shays' phrase -- and over and over they applauded and urged him on.

For the first time in a long time I wrote out one of my little notes, "Great speech - but time to stop". And just then and at the right time, he did. And we motorcaded back to Louisville and the plane. This time I did not stop to shake hands any more. Always the rest of the day, Luci in one direction and I in another. We had used every moment with the crowds/ at the airport. "Thank you for coming out to meet us." "You sure have got beautiful farm land here." "Somebody as little as you had better be careful in this crowd".

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To a lady on crutches: "You sure are brave to try this." To one of the thousands taking pictures: "I do that myself. It's hard to get them when your target keeps on moving."

And what do they say? "We are praying for you." "Tell your husband we believe in him." "I'm from Texas." "We are kinfolk of Mike Manatos," or Leonard Dryer or somebody who works for us. And all the millions of little ties that bind a man in public life with the people he tries to serve.

One might say it's a shallow meaningless experience. To me it is curiously elating, and I guess it^{is} as simple as this: If they like me, I like them and want to show it.

Then we were back in the plane for the last time, and very weary. Time to settle down over drinks and trade experiences of the day -- the assembled Senators and Congressmen -- thoughts that surfaced to me -- a charming group of little HeadStart children all clean and starched and big-eyed in front of the ~~Athletic Club~~ Athletic Club in Indianapolis with their Teacher, Miss Thompson, to present me with flowers. I kneeled in order to be their height, to accept them -- the flowers -- and to ask each of them questions about what they did at HeadStart. I had heard they had visited the zoo and the library and a farm. What did they like best? And then a funny sign that a little boy kept on carrying until we finally stopped to meet him. It said, "I have a picture of you made by a typewriter."

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And then hilariously Senator Yarborough with his pants legs split from mid-thigh to below the knee and rather clumsily sewed together by him self with needle and thread that he had borrowed by just going up to a porch full of folks listening to one of Lyndon's speeches and asking the lady of the house if she could help him in his predicament.

We all felt rather excited, and I very satisfied and very proud of Lyndon. But it was only then that I heard what I believe was the most important speech of the day. The one that he had made at the stag luncheon when I saw the papers and asked him about ~~em~~. He said "Riots must stop. Our country cannot abide civil violence. Such riots start a chain-reaction the consequences of which falls most heavily on those who begin them. The riots in the streets do not bring about lasting reforms. They tear ~~to~~ the very fabric of the community. They set neighbor against neighbor and create walls of mistrust and fear between them. They make reform more difficult by turning away the very people who can and must support reform. High time he said it -- very strong and very needed. It has been a great, varied day. And this to me added the final ingredient."

It was 1:00 when we reached the White House. And Luci, who has been so sleepless lately, looked very weary. But we were all on that sort of peak of excitement which made sleep hard to ~~do~~ ^{achieve}. And it was 2:00 when I fell to sleep, feeling infinitely proud of Lyndon -- of his spirit and his strength and his determination against the odds that face him.