

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, August 20, 1966

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It was a day filled to the last quivering minute with scenery, signs, sensations and crowds of people at airports and in parks on our five-State tour of New England. A day like this is an exhausting seminar on the geography, economy -- the look of the land and the people that make up our country.

It began early at the Neverly Hotel in Ellenville nestled in a valley of the Catskill Mountains in the Hudson River country. We left the luxurious suite about 9:00 and made our way through crowds of vacationing summer people. We had a helicopter waiting on us on what appeared to be a sort of a golf course. We flew to Stewart Air Force Base and from there in a 707 to Providence, Rhode Island, and then motorcaded in to Rhode Island University.

At every airport, the fence was lined with what seemed like thousands of people. Many of them were children. Lots with cameras. Nearly all smiling. There were lots of signs -- many homemade -- nearly all friendly. School bands and pretty girls with batons briskly paying their welcome. When Lyndon approaches such a crowd, he is likely to turn to one direction, quickly shaking hands as he strides along, smiling a quick greeting, a long handshake, a stop at a pretty child. And I usually go in the other direction because if he doesn't get to see them all, seeing me is at least something of a substitute.

Lynda had joined us at the 707, and she went to still another part of the line. Some people don't shake hands. They cling. There is always the

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little boy sitting on his daddy's shoulders, another little boy shimmying up a tree or a flag pole, and there is always the solemn~~ed~~ faced youngsters too small to reach above the fence and I try to lean down and talk to them. I never have the feeling that crowds can be dangerous except~~in~~ in stepping on each others feet and perhaps in pushing against a small child as Lyndon and I try to move through.

There is on the other hand a current of feeling that you can almost touch between the President and crowd, of interest, of excitement, of almost a sustaining strength. Up to ~~know~~ now in our life, except for a few interludes like the time in Dallas, it has been a feeling of great warmth and friendliness. Knowing its power I can understand something of the danger if that feeling changed to hostility.

There is always the patient faced old lady, the rough handed factory worker, the farmer whose face is browned by~~the~~ many summers. Do I imagine that he looks more philosophical than the rest? The little girl who simply couldn't get on another freckle, the sobering young men in uniform. A crowd is a wonderful pageantry of America. I have so many vignettes in my mind, like Saturday Evening Post covers of scenes from crowds. ~~There~~,

Just: I don't remember where they were even. One of a group of Nuns standing at a corner jumping up and down in giddy excitement, their black habits bobbing, shrieking like teenagers; And another was just as we rounded a corner, there were a group of little girls about 4 to 8 years old all dressed

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in leotards or fluffy ballet skirts waiting for the President's car. Apparently a dancing class in a nearby building had turned out to await his arrival. Well I am sure if I at 4 years of age had ever seen a President I would remember it.

The first real speech of the day was at Rhode Island University in Kingston. Lyndon put on his cap and gown. There was a platform in the quadrangle surrounded by the old buildings. I have a memory of red brick and ivy and a sea of faces. And in the right-hand rear of the quadrangle a slowly moving line of demonstrators against Viet-Nam. One huge sign "Stop Escalation". Others, I could barely see except the words "Bomb", "Viet-Nam", "Peace". It was a good speech/restraint ⁱⁿ Civil Rights demonstrations. "The Molotov cocktail," Lyndon said, "destroys far more than the police car or pawn shop. It destroys the basis for civil peace and social progress." And also, speaking of civil rights demonstrators themselves, "no one needs the law more than they." Further on he underscored ^{that} breaking the chain of poverty will require time. "We deceive ourselves and the poor as well if we imagine that there is some magic sword that can cut this chain with a stroke." The gist of it seemed to me to be that violent protests will block the demonstrators from the goals they seek by hardening white resistance to equality for Negroes. Then he received an honorary degree accompanied by a very pleasing encomium of his role in public service.

And then we were swiftly off to Quonset Air Station for the second speech of the day -- Manchester, New Hampshire.

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My only objection to campaigning in New England is that it is so heavily populated that there is never time to catch your breath between stops. There were only 30 minutes here.

Some time along the way -- I have forgotten just when -- Lyndon found out it was Senator Aiken's birthday and he ^{ordered} autographed a birthday cake, -- ~~one~~ not being available immediately on the expression of the wish, the resourceful steward brought up a large Danish pastry with a candle in it and we all -- Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Lynda and I -- sang "Happy Birthday" to that delightful old gentleman. And Lyndon produced some hastily wrapped Air Force I bridge cards and Presidential seal cufflinks and some autographed pictures. He never puts off ^{for} ~~from~~ the next hour what can be done in this one.

We arrived at Manchester, New Hampshire about 30 minutes late -- a little after noon. Here the crowds were the least of the whole days trip. And Lyndon sensing this, waited until we had rounded a corner close to the Sheraton-Carpenter Hotel where we were to speak and stopped and walked the last block which plunged him into the midst of the thickest portion of the crowd -- a good idea for wire service pictures.

Here in Manchester the speech was before the Navy League Luncheon. Ravenous, I quickly observed that the plates had not been served. Some had tomato juice, and some nothing yet. And here we were 30 minutes behind. When I saw Lyndon give the nod to the master of ceremonies that he would like to deliver his speech right away, I thought perhaps it was to accommodate

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the newsmen with deadlines. It was a good speech on Viet-Nam -- that now much-worn subject.

I remember particularly a line -- ^hPerhaps it reflects poorly on our world that men must fight limited wars to keep from fighting larger wars. // But that is the condition of the world. And another one -- ^uThe restrained use of power has for 21 years prevented the wholesale destruction the world faced in 1914 and again in 1939. // And then a warning for the next few months. We could expect more intimidation and terror in South Viet-Nam as the September elections draw nearer. We can expect more kidnapping and murder, more raids against civilian leaders, more ^{atrocities} ~~maneuvers~~, and more acts of sabotage. //

There was a young soldier in the crowd, and when I saw Lyndon reach over and introduce him and ask him to stand up I felt sure from his face that it was a complete surprise. He was just back wounded from a tour in Viet-Nam, and he became a part of the speech.

When he finished, Lyndon signaled that we would leave right away and I expressed my apologies and dismay to the master of ceremonies over my shoulder as I hurried out -- still ravenous and barely sustained ^{by} ~~at~~ the one piece of melba toast I had unobtrusively, I hoped, eaten during the speech.

Our next stop was Burlington, Vermont. And here we were met at the foot of the airplane with an inevitable bouquet of flowers by a young and handsome Governor Hoff, his wife and three children.

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We boarded helicopters and went to inspect from high aloft a tri-town water system -- the first of its kind in the United States. A water system financed by the State of Vermont and the United States Department of Agriculture, servicing Adderson, Bedport and Shoreham. It was Senator Aiken's very special project, and it was actually ^{why} ~~while~~ we were here because he had asked Lyndon on a boat trip on the Potomac to come and dedicate it. He feels that such systems will soon be as matter of course as REA projects.

It was beautiful country. Lake Champlain below us, sparkling clean -- beautiful. What a contrast to Lake Erie and its pollution. The green mountains on one side and in the distance the Adirondacks in New York. And below us, farms so lush and green and manicured that they looked like country clubs.

Senator Aiken said they counted the population in people and cows, and a sign on the outskirts of any village was likely to recount the number of each. It was great dairying country. It had originally been the breeding place ^{of} ~~merino~~ merino sheep. And from there the sheep had gone to Australia, now becoming the mainstay of their economy.

It was a land that you could fall in love with. Vermont is one of my favorite States. Some day I am coming back and hunt for covered bridges and see their museums and follow autumn from Maine down through Vermont all the way down to Virginia.

Somewhere along the way Senator Aiken said as long as people are

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proud of their own community and love it, we are going to be all right. I could sense a deep feeling of the love of the land in his voice, and how well I understand him. And I too think it's a bulwark of good citizenship and bodes well for the Nation made up of such communities.

We arrived at Battery Park -- an absolute picture of ^e ~~the~~ place -- elm-shaded, peaceful, bordering on Lake Champlain with a view that made me want to sit backwards on the platform. There were militia men, I suppose in the revolutionary day costume of green mountain boys, standing at attention at each side of the platform. There were spades for all the officials -- Governors, Senators, Lyndon -- everybody who is supposed to participate in this symbolical ground-breaking for the water district. There were a half dozen or so speeches -- a particularly wonderful introduction by Governor Hoff.

Somewhere during the day, Lyndon had got started on asking me to stand up and say a few words. I cannot even remember whether I did here, but I know that I was most moved to do so here than anywhere because I simply loved it. There were lots of signs -- some thanking me for my part in the beautification program. The inevitable ones for Pat and Luci, "We Love Luci", "Tell Pat and Luci Hello". There was an antique commemorative plate for me, old English ironstone -- a jewel of a piece for the Ranch. Dorothy Territo will never get this.

Appropriately enough, Lyndon's speech here was on beautification and conservation. "For the first time" ¹ he said "America is winning the battle

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of conservation. Every year now we are saving more land than we are losing. He went on to explain that ^{while} the bulldozers have claimed millions of acres a year for expanding cities, we were this year gaining more than that for recreational use in Parks and in public domain, I believe. And than a salute to Lake Champlain. "We are a people whose national character was forged in the out-of-doors among just this kind of God-given splendor. I want to pledge to you today that we will retain that splendor in America."

This speech got the least lines in the press of any of the day. I wonder if it was the time. To me it was the most memorable ^{speech}, the most enchanting spot.

And then we were gone to the airport and a 35-minute hop to Naval Brunswick/Air Station in Maine. And from there there was one of the best times of the day -- a 24-mile ~~motorcade~~ motorcade to Lewiston with me sitting by Senator Smith and learning about her State, and also her service. She had been with Lyndon on the Naval Affairs Committee for many years, and then later the Army ^{or} Services Committee. And it is a strong bond between them -- a great respect and liking on Lyndon's part I know, Completely untrammelled by the difference in parties. She told me about the types of ships. And she gave me the difference between a ship and a boat. A ship, she said, is big enough to carry another boat. The one we would be on tonight is the USS North ~~Hampton~~ Hampton, a cruiser, which she explained to me is the next largest after a battleship -- which in fact is now defunct and has been replaced by the aircraft carrier.

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I am always enormously impressed by a woman who has mastered a man's work as well as Senator Smith has, and who is so disciplined. She comes to Maine, she says, at least once a month. She has her own house here, even if she can only spend a weekend in it.

Here in Maine it was time for Senator Muskie to step to the floor also. He and Lyndon rode together as we approached Lewiston City Park where President Kennedy had ^{ended? ch tape} entered his road trip before the 1960 election. Making our way slowly through a crowd of more than 20,000 people. It is a little town, and the only word for the Park is "quaint". There was a bandstand with a lot of gingerbread on it, decorated with red and white and blue bunting and the date 1861 close to the top. There was a statue of the Union soldier to the right of the bandstand. There were flags and balloons everywhere. And someone delightfully had put a flag in the crook of the arm of the soldier. And on the left there was a water fountain -- vintage 1890 I bet. It all looked like a page out of history.

We were late. It was just about twilight. All the faces in the Park were upturned, expectant. An escaped balloon rose above the tree tops. One of our staff members -- Milt Semer I believe it was -- was waving at his relatives.

And sign of the times -- there was a group of young girls, mostly Negro, down below us from a Job Corps Camp in a nearby town.

Lyndon's speech this time was on inflation. "What America needs more than anything else right now is a strong dose of self-discipline."

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Dangers of excess are real. In our cities, excess decay; in our streets, //
excess violence; in our economy, excess indifference to the public interest.
He warned that ^{//} unless there is restraint now, voluntary self-discipline
by management and labor, your Government will be compelled by sheer
necessity to take action to curb inflation. //

And then he left the text and launched into a description of inflation --
a telling comparison that though prices were higher than in years past, wages
and profits have climbed at a ~~x~~ swifter rate. It was his best speech of the
day I thought. Very warm, very much himself, completely in tune with the
audience before him.

When he finished, we shook hands to the car and I asked an old lady,
picking her as the one that would know, if there was much use for this
bandstand now. She said, "Yes, we have a band concert every Saturday
night."

I am continually surprised these last six years of how at home, of
how in tune, I feel with New England. Growing up in Texas ^{New England} ~~there~~ was a
legendary land on the other side of the moon to me, and I thought I would
feel an utter stranger. But I am charmed with it.

We motorcaded to Portland and there were crowds often along the
way on the main turnpike and jammed along the overpasses.

Somewhere along the way during the day, Lyndon had stopped --
I believe the place was called "Topshum", at a dairy queen -- he's been

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doing this all his life. There was a sign: "Dairy Queen Welcomes LBJ". But there was no more eager than his welcome of two heavily piled cones of sweet late in the day. There had been little eating on this trip -- a bite somewhere on the plane. But we were famished. As we reached the State pier at 8:00 -- an hour and half past schedule -- there was a crowd. With a final burst of energy, I shook hands with a long line of them. And then staggered gratefully up the gangplank of the USS North Hampton, to the shrill tune of the pipe while Lyndon shook hands to the very end. [#] But no, it was not the end because I got the message immediately as I had reached our cabin -- a very luxurious suite it was -- that Lyndon suggested we invite all the Senators and Governors to have dinner in our dining room. I summoned James Symington who was aboard to help out with the Campo ~~bello~~ meeting. We got the list, dispatched messengers to deliver the invitations, set up the dinner in the main salon at two long tables -- meanwhile gulping a drink gratefully. And he and I sat down to the serious business of how to seat everybody. I asked Captain Hemley to be my host and put Senator Aiken on my left and Governor Reed in whose coastal waters we would be cruising all night on my right. And we divided Senator and Mrs. Prouty and Mike and Maureen Mansfield and Senator and Mrs. McIntyre and Senators Smith and Pell and Muskie with Mrs. Muskie and Governors ^{Volpe} ~~Volpe~~ and King and Mrs. King and an assortment of Congressmen. Everybody had another drink and relished it and we all sat down to a good lobster dinner.

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What else? I had been looking forward to it all day.

The very word "ship" is ~~very~~ romantic to me. And here I was spending the night on one -- cruising from Portland along the bays and islands of the coast of Maine up to New Brunswick to Campobello. But it was night and I was utterly weary. So when dinner was over, I was too tired to even explore the ship or try to see the coastline, and left to Lynda the business of meeting all of the enlisted men and officers on board and of joining them for a movie or some such entertainment while I gratefully sank into my very pleasant bed in a cozy but quite adequate ~~bedroom~~ bedroom -- astonished to find it aboard a ship. I wondered who I had dislodged.

So ended a marvelous day of seeing our country -- four whole states of it -- and many thousands of the people we work for.