

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 1

It was that marvelous thing -- a ^{day} well-balanced ~~day~~ between work and relaxation. And the work began at a reasonable hour.

We left the White House a little before 9:00 in the helicopter, started out from Andrews in a convair for Charleston, West Virginia. That airport is one of the most memorable I have ever been in. It seems to be the sliced off, [✓] top of a mountain. You come in at a fast speed with mountains all around you, and there is the strip safe below you but very short it seems, and you put on the brakes hard and you are very much aware that on each end it drops off into the steep wooded mountainsides.

Governor ~~Hulett~~ Hulett Smith and his wife and three children were at the foot of the steps with a reception committee. And one daughter had an enormous bouquet of rhododendron in September. I took a second look. They were rhododendron leaves alright, but the blossoms were wired-on gladiola -- just a gay joke because West Virginia is so much the land of rhododendron.

There was the usual airport routine, a crowd of 6 to 8,000, Lyndon shaking hands all along the fence, I going in another direction, signs -- many handmade -- a group of Job Corps girls ~~and~~ in navy blue uniforms, loud schools bands. And then we were off in a helicopter -- Governor and Mrs. Hulett Smith and Senator Jennings Randolph and two Congressmen -- over some of the most beautiful scenery in this whole country, and a most vivid display of what we are doing to it with strip mining on the mountainsides.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 2

It is just as though some heedless child had been turned loose with a giant crayon on an enormous mural of forested hillsides and soft green valleys with creeks -- the broad ugly scars of the strip mining laid bare the hillsides, crawling around the mountains and on and on into the distance -- ugly, brutal, dramatic. I asked Mrs. Smith if there was any State legislation requiring the mine owners to reforest them or restore them in any way? Yes, that's the business on the agenda. It involves ^{mostly} some sort of terracing because ^{they are} ~~there~~ being an erosion problem.

Then we reached the dam that Lyndon was going to dedicate and what was called the "Summersville Speech", though the community of Summersville was some miles away.

It is a 46 million dollar flood control dam -- the largest earth and rock structure of its kind east of the Mississippi, nestling in one of the myriad valleys of the Appalachians, recently finished and still quite raw looking but already backing up a deep clear body of water which winds into numerous inlets and coves and bays, ~~with~~ ^{for} several thousand people in holiday mood assembled from Lord knows where in this very rural country as a part of their holiday weekend.

Lyndon's speech was quite properly on ~~a~~ water -- a prediction on what our need for it would be in the year 2000. Our resources must be expanded many times over because our present global population of 3 billion would have doubled by then. He announced that the United States will sponsor an international conference on water for peace in Washington next May.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 3

Delegates from 100 countries will be invited including the Soviet Union and many other of the Communist countries.

Two delightful moments about the day for me were to find that the Mayor of Summersville was a younger brother of our Mr. Traphes Bryant -- the electrician who attends to the dogs. And second to hear the Army engineer in charge describe their predicament about naming this dam. They usually name ^{it} from the nearest Post Office, he said. But unfortunately the closest small community was named Gad, and he couldn't quite see naming it Gad Dam, West Virginia.

As we flew back in the helicopter I looked down and saw on one of the little inlets a blanket spread on the grass close to the water, a small fire going where two grown people were apparently cooking something and children scattering all over. Summertime recreation like this is one of the by-products -- a very happy one -- of such a great and purposeful structure.

On the convair we had a light lunch. One of the amazing things ~~about~~ about a trip like this is how hungry you get. Somehow it consumes an enormous amount of energy to walk among thousands of people, smiling, shaking hands, trying to think of something pleasant to say that is worth their remembering. I am always ravenous.

We were at the Harrisburg-York airport on time -- about 1:20. What a day! Governor and Mrs. Scranton met us. I like them both enormously. Their being Republicans somehow is no barrier whatever. And former Governor ^Yleader -- a long line of office holders. A great ~~noise~~ roaring

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

page 4

fence full of welcomers. Whether billed or not, there is always an airport speech, if only a few minutes impromptu. And then began one of the most delightful parts of the day -- a 30-mile motorcade. I rode with Mrs. Scranton, Mrs. Krale, the wife of the Congressman whom Lyndon hopes to help, and Governor *Leader*, across some beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. They are lush and green to my southwestern eyes -- despite ~~of~~ the drought that has covered this whole eastern country -- rich, carefully tended farms. This isn't quite the Amish country but it is close by. And they told me interesting tales of them. They have no electricity, no TV, they use the simplest farm tools. They have had some difficulty integrating them into the regular schools of this country because they don't believe in sending children to school beyond 12 years of age. They wear beards and bonnets and old-fashioned clothes and needless to say, no makeup. And remarkably enough they have very little revolt among the young, ^{*they have*} ~~and~~ very rich, very productive farms. The secret: they work hard.

The Dallastown speech was ^{*for them*} ~~a~~ centennial, and it was a perfect picture -- ladies in sun bonnets and calico and men with beards and everybody was smiling. The atmosphere: small town, gay holiday, everybody ready to enjoy the afternoon. And I felt that our whole party was at once ~~intune~~ ^{*in*} tune with the mood and the place. I know I am always happier, more at ease, in a rural or small town setting.

The presence of a few pickets protesting the war in Viet-Nam by no means distracted us. And the crowd roared when Lyndon suggested that

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 5

we all look at our country and count our blessings and think if there was any other country anywhere else that we would rather be a part of. He had a prepared text. Appropriately enough, it was on cities, saying that too many Americans are compelled to leave farms and small towns where they prefer to live to find employment in the overcrowded cities. They go seeking opportunity, a brighter future. But it doesn't have to happen, he said. Modern industry and modern technology and modern transportation can bring jobs to the countryside rather than people to the cities. And modern Government can help. Does it really make sense to have 70% of our people crammed into one percent of the land? We must make better use of the 99% of this continent which lies outside the cities. We must ask more from, and give to, communities like your own. The problems of cities, urgent as it is, has been beating at our doors so insistently these last few months, I was glad of a different voice for a change -- the whole 99% of the rest of the country where I find it so much pleasanter to live.

But he was soon off of his prepared text and just talking. They loved it, he loved it. And even I, when I got up to say a few words did rather well. I had spoken about three times in our 4 stops and felt it was probably a bit of a plus -- at least alright.

We left Dallastown not more than 30 minutes late and motorcaded back to the Harrisburg-York airport, and were in Washington by 4:30.

Just time for me to have two quick games of bowling with ^{Marianne} Mary Ann Riordan.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 6

who had gone along with us on the trip. I have reached for a different sort of exercising when I have gone on one of these journeys.

And then our guests began to arrive for the boat ride -- the Bill Whites and the Jack Valentis and Emmet Riordan and the Larry O'Briens and Senator McCarthy without Abigail who is home recuperating, and Bob Kintner, a summer bachelor, and the Tom Manns, Marie and her date, and Florence Mahoney.

It was an early evening on the Sequoia, and ~~was~~ what a delightful place to be with the heat pressing down on the city and the river offering at least the appearance of cool and certainly the joy of a long and lovely view.

Tom Mann looked happier and more relaxed than I have ever seen him. Private life agrees with him. He is writing a book on our foreign policy, particularly as it relates to Latin America. I shall look forward to reading it. It will no doubt be cut to pieces by our liberal press. He is a rare man and I am glad we had him in Federal service. And I suppose I understand the necessity for him leaving. Sheer weariness, many years, the need to make money.

June White gave an exciting account of Allen Drury's new book. Larry O'Brien and I talked ^{up} the Karnack Post Office, and Florence told me about ~~her~~ ^{her} marriage life, her first husband, her step-children, her early years -- a fascinating story.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 3, 1966

Page 7

It was a quiet, low-key evening, that ended early, and we were back at the White House before 10:00. Time for me -- oh luxury of luxuries -- to see Gun Smoke, and it was not a repeat. I valiantly did my exercises. If there has been a week of routine in my life it has been this one -- exercise, walking, fairly earnest dieting, either ~~w~~ swimming or bowling, about 5 days out of the last 7. The spirit of New Year's resolution of starting again, which I inaugurated right after Luci's wedding -- maybe short-lived, but at least it is in full swing now. And then I cozily settled with a little Du**o**bonnet for a massage and watching the rest of Gun Smoke, -- my idea of the ultimate in self-indulgence to wind up the day.