

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, October 22nd, 1968

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It was a day like so many out of my own past -- a campaign day. But not ours, thank heavens. I left a call for 7:15. And while I had coffee I watched the successful, magnificent end of the Apollo flight. The crew safely down in the Atlantic Ocean. Lyndon was on the phone to the Situation Room. He would call them as soon as he could. Jean Louis came to give me a comb-out. He is leaving for Paris and then San Francisco next week. There are goodbyes on every hand. But he is beating me to it. He's been so gay and funny, has made my hair look vastly more stylish -- a nice part of these years here.

I left the White House about 8:15 with Simone. Liz still does not feel like going. She's wobbly. We beat Muriel to the plane -- lingered a few minutes and went up together. To my dismay I saw that there were only two newspaper people -- Dorothy McCardle and a LIFE person. Most of the others were Humphrey staff. And Mrs. Wilbur Cohen and Elva O'Brien. Perhaps she comes along to tell her husband how everything is going.

On the way down, I read my speech over several times, and had a delightful talk with Mrs. Cohen, and succumbed to eating breakfast. I am gaining. It is a fight, and I am losing.

Muriel looked very pretty, but weary. She wrote out in long hand her speech on the way down and conferred with Betty South most of the way, probably practicing it.

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I had made a good many calls about this trip, stirring up friends to buy tickets, inviting some who couldn't possibly afford to buy a ticket like Jewel Malechek and Betty Weinheimer and Jessie Hunter, and asking Weeze Deathe to invite Helen Falley and Cecille Marshal.

Rain had been predicted, and so I was relieved when we pulled up to the airport about 11:30 to slightly overcast skies but not rain. And there were gay bands, costumed entertainers, and a pretty sizeable crowd, and a welcoming committee headed by Nellie Connally, Opal Yarborough, Mayor and Mrs. Aiken, Lt. Governor-to-be and Mrs. Ben Barnes, Emma Long, the Roy Bararas, Liz' Aunt -- Mrs. Robertson from Salado.

I had a two-way proprietary feeling about bringing Muriel, my friend, to Austin, my home town. The mood was merry, noisy, friendly. I heaved a sigh of relief, took Muriel's arm and forward we charged, clasping two darling little nose gays that Nellie had given us in lieu of yellow roses. Cactus was there as master of ceremonies, and Jake as general director of what everybody should do next, although frequently he got diverted by his own needs.

We accepted a cheese and a coffee cake from a Swedish delegation, watched the little Czech girls from Praha do a dance in their costumes. Muriel is great with children. Then listened to a barber shop quartet -- "ladies" -- sing a couple of lively numbers. And then the Camp Gary

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Job Corps boys brought tears to my eyes with "God Bless America".

And of course there was a German "um-pa" band -- the "Fish All Five".

Cactus led us to the microphone and introduced me and I introduced Muriel -- just a sentence or two each, combatting some departing planes.

And then to the fence. This little ritual never loses its fascination for me. I try to put a knot into it and bring to them the same warmth and interest they bring to me. I must say this time this year there is a difference -- a most comfortable difference. I am so glad that we are not the candidate. And I was also very glad that our home folks were turning out for Muriel.

We piled into cars and drove to the Terrace Motor Hotel -- hugged Luci at the door, went in for a few minutes rest -- Nellie had already beaten us there, and congratulated her on being a grandmother. Sharon had had a baby girl -- Amy -- just the day before. And then it was time to go in for the luncheon.

The Hall was crowded. Somebody told me there were 1297 people in a Hall that seated 1300. Muriel and I walked in past a sea of familiar faces and took our seats at the head table where miraculously Opal Yarborough was on Muriel's right and Nellie Connally was on my left, and the wife of the new Governor, Mrs. Preston Smith, and Mavis Heath and Mrs. Harry Aiken and Mrs. Roland Boyd and Liz Odom who had been chairman of the whole thing and Mrs. Bob Strauss, and our old

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friend, the Reverend John Barkley gave the invocation. I whispered to Muriel that he had given a prayer at the Inaugural in '65.

Cactus was master of ceremonies. Lunch was delicious and hearty and also fast. In fact the desert was snatched away from us before I had had a bite. Funny how hungry I always am at these things.

There was a constant crowd of autograph seekers, and through the room I could see many old friends -- Mrs. Ed Cape, Georgia Laschinger, Mrs. Sam Fore. It was a good facsimile of many, many days that had gone before. And I was relishing it. And once more in a quite different way than if Lyndon had been the principal.

After desert, I made my brief, affectionate, introduction of Muriel with a few substantive points about her candidate and mine. And then Muriel spoke on the words she had written out on the way down on the plane -- simply, warmly, easily. She establishes a good rapport between herself and her audiences. And she looked lovely. And I think she has been a great plus every step of this way. She is a woman's woman with a dash of ginger/ that I think must appeal to the men.

And then the style show -- "Alexis, We Love You" -- began. Scooter Miller was one of the commentators. And there were the stars I had seen before, beginning with Jane Freeman -- the first volunteer. And Bess as Dolly Madison. And Jane Wirtz as Mrs. Oscar Underwood in a dress of the '20's. She was absolutely the star of the show. And

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of course some of our local political wives had been used; Beryl Pickle, Mrs. Ben Barnes and Mrs. Roy Barera -- the accent is now on ethnic groups. And Mrs. Lloyd Benson, far too pretty to play Eleanor Roosevelt -- a good actress but her beauty got between me and the part. And then at the end, the two brides of the Johnson Administration -- Luci, played with verve and warmth by Helene. And Lynda played with dignity and a bit too much coolness by Carolyn Kellum Curtis. How did she ever get into that size 8 costume. And the volunteers of 1968 gathering together as they had in Washington -- all the strains of our population -- Mrs. Anderson for the Negroes; Mrs. Belaja -- she's a Lebanese. And the Swede out of Texas with an unpronounceable name -- something like "Breskiwitz" -- I guess it's Polish. And Mrs. Tannagoochi for the Orientals. And all the rest of us Anglos. And finally, the ~~x~~ very end -- or so it had been in Washington -- statuesque and beautiful Marion Watson in the gown that she would wear to the Inaugural Ball of 1969. And I was just about to clap and rise and compliment ourselves on a successful luncheon when there was a ruffle of drums and out walked the youngest volunteer of 1968 and a possible Presidential ~~xxxxx~~ candidate of the year 2001 -- Patrick Lyndon Nugent in a shirt made from a Humphrey scarf, waving a flag, walking sturdily the full length of the platform and hamming it up while the audience -- many of whom are grandmothers -- cheered lustily. And Luci walked along, sometimes behind him, sometimes

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holding his hand, beaming with pride.

On the way out I introduced Helen and Cecille to Muriel and my old friend Betty Long. And hugged and thanked Liz. I am sure there were so many people all over that room that I would have spent hours with. But we drove away quickly to catch our plane, going out of our way only long enough to go by the LBJ Library site where the great cement supports are rising high in the air. It's really going to dominate the landscape.

And at 3:30, Bess and Simone and Marcia and Lenora and Bob Knudsen and I were aboard -- I regretting as we rode along that I hadn't taken a few more minutes to drive by the downtown sight, the old Post Office, on West Sixth, that I hear has been named for me and will have a tiny vest pocket park along side.

As we dropped into the Dallas airfield, we all saw simultaneously some signs that ~~saw~~ said "Welcome Hubbie" and then a cluster of people. And as the plane pulled to a halt, a platform on which there were figures gesturing -- and Bess reacted first and said, "That's Hubert Humphrey -- it's a airport rally. Let's go over." Everybody said almost at once, "All right, let's". The plane came to a halt, and there at the foot of the ramp was none other than my former Vice President

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And there at the foot of the ramp was my Vice President in charge of everything in times gone by, Warren Woodward. And I said, "Warren, we want to go over and wave at the Vice President."

Bess and one of the Secret Service men jumped into a jeep and went over to let them know that we were coming. We piled into another jeep all on top of each other. And so unceremoniously arrived at the platform just a few moments before the rally was about to break up.

Hubert was finishing his speech. I mounted the platform, hugged him, shook hands with Ralph and John Connally side by side and an assortment of three or four Texas Congressmen -- Bob Poage, Cabell of Dallas. And someone ushered me to the microphone and I said just two or three sentences -- very well satisfied with the way they came out. And then there were hugs all around, and we were whisked back into the jeep and the crowd melted away.

The next day I was astonished to hear that some commentator described it as our "thinless contrived surprise arrival". Surprise is right -- that is for all the principal characters. Contrived it was not.

We went into Woody's office and had a 7-Up and a bite, waved at Mollie Thornberry whom he has hired. We talked to him about Lynda Bird. And then got aboard an American flight for Washington. Jake Jacobsen I found was going along with us. And as I walked down

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theisle through the First Class I saw Dr. Hackerman.

We went on back to the Tourist, and Jake came back and sat with me for about two-thirds of the ride while we had dinner. And we talked of the Library, the University. He does not think Governor Smith will reappoint Frank Erwin and certainly not Ruth Carter Johnson. What a gap that will leave on the Board of Regents for us. He said he thought Lyndon's reentry into private life would necessarily be quite difficult. But he -- Jake -- is going to try to help it by asking him to come to meetings of businessmen in Austin. He says you're real need will be to find somebody smart enough to talk to.

So at the close of the trip I asked him to bring Dr. Hackerman back. And then we spent a very pleasant time talking about the University which for me is still spelled in capitals. He said they were skating over the thin ice of a constant eruption of student dissidence sparked by Dr. Caroline. But he felt there was a strange new mood on the part of the newest class of freshmen just entered -- a mood of asking for the administrators to administrate. If they were in charge, take charge. It was only some six weeks along, but he had been meeting with them every day in groups of from five to fifty, and he felt he sensed such a mood.

I did not approach the subject of the School of Public Service. Finally at last he did. He was disappointed he said in the slowness with

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which the Committee has worked in finding a Dean. And he was sorry that they had turned down Walt Rostow, whose credentials he thought were above reproach.

He told me before the week was over they would determine whether they wanted to invite Walt to participate as a Professor. This was news to me -- exciting and rather frightening. I hope they will invite him and he will accept. He is a very important part of our future I think as he has been of the last five years here.

He also said that apparently the Committee was determined to find somebody with a more academic bent and was less interested in people who had had actual experience in public service.

Then he went on to say that after the election would those who had been in public service be more interested, more receptive to considering the job as Dean. I pointed out to him that two people -- and I thought very splendid people of considerable achievement -- Secretary of Agriculture Freeman and Senator McGee -- had been suggested and had not been approved by this Committee.

We arrived at Friendship after discussions and no conclusions, but leaving me anxious to find out what the end of the week would bring in regard to the inviting ~~Walt~~ to participate at the University.

I drove in from Friendship, arriving at the White House a little past 9:00 -- a complete round trip to Texas -- a very full and I believe

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reasonably successful day. And I walked into the dining room to find Lyndon having dinner, and Lynda sitting by him, and gave him a graphic recital of his grandson's walking away with the show.

And then Chief Dunn gave me a rub and I went to bed before midnight.

It had been a really productive day I thought, and I was proud of the way my home town -- my State -- had welcomed Muriel and Hubert. And I took satisfaction in what Woody and also Jake had told me while we waited for the plane in Dallas in Woody's office, They thought there was a good chance that Hubert might carry Texas -- a very different picture from what it had been two weeks ago.