

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 3, 1968

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We woke to the still numbing, stone-in-the-stomach feeling of Thieu's refusal to go to Paris. Lyndon talked little about it. I felt it by osmosis.

We both woke early. In fact it's been weeks and weeks since he has slept well.

We went to a 9:00 service at Father Schneider's little Catholic church -- Lyndon and Marie and Jim and Bob Hardesty and Harry Middleton. And then back with barely time enough to make a few calls and go to the Trinity Lutheran Church. My attempts to beg off were fruitless. And he also gathered up Marie and Jim -- both good Catholics -- and Bob Hardesty.

We were back at the Ranch house by 11:40, and Harry Middleton had already been interviewing Bill Duncan who may be the audiovisual man for the Library.

I asked them up for a cup of coffee along with Colonel Albright. And feeling keenly my lack of expertise in this field I asked him all the questions I could about his experience and background and told him what we hoped to do with the Library -- its aims, its immediate problems. I liked him very much. He seemed quite practical. An Indian as well as a Chief.

We all sat down to one of Mary's good lunches -- shrimp curry and rice with entirely too many delicious things to put on top of it.

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Eating at the Ranch is one of my problems -- not enough exercise and self-control and too much good food.

And then Mrs. Frederick Burg came and gave me a comb-out and we left for Houston in the Jetstar for the rally at the Astrodome for Hubert and Muriel.

There has been some uncertainty as to whether we would go. But never any really in my mind. For all the alleged aides and commentators that carped about Lyndon's campaigning for Hubert would hurt him, I think Lyndon always knew that Hubert would want him, need him, feel hurt if he didn't come.

Jim, Marie, Bob, Harry Middleton and Mary Rather and Lyndon and I left about 3:00. We had called Luci and she was already down there. She and Patrick Lyndon staying with Dene Mann. But two hours in Houston were sheer drama.

The Jetstar sat down just in time for us to line up at the head of the red carpet as Muriel and Hubert's plane taxied to a halt. Hubert -- that rare man -- after the beating of the last few weeks still looked ebullient. And Muriel beautiful. And there was that quick electric feeling in the air of possibly we were within the reach of victory. It has a racing effect through a crowd just as has the feeling of impending defeat.

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I rode in with Muriel and Opal -- Lyndon ahead with Hubert and the Senator over a new highway that was opened today for the first time.

And then there were gathering crowds and the Astrodome in view, and we were out at the door and there was Roy Hofheinz taking me back swiftly 27 years in time to our campaign of '41 when he was so young and handsome and as charged with energy as Lyndon himself -- the brain, the drive, is still there, -- the personality. But he is too heavy and there was a quick clutch at my heart.

We walked into that vast Astrodome, and there began an unforgettable half hour.

We looked onto a variable sea of faces. My eyes swept the full circle under that huge dome -- 58,000 I heard there were. The bands blarred, the flags and signs -- all good ones -- waved, the people rose in a great surging mass to their feet. And from then on, unplanned it seemed to me, they took on the aspect of what might have taken place in the great Roman coliseum. Lyndon took Hubert by the arm -- each of them raised the other arm in salute -- and they started on a long march, the full circumference of the Astrodome, followed by Roy, Senator Yarborough, a coterie of Congressmen and Houston politicals while Muriel and I and Opal and the other ladies walked across the red carpet (it seemed like a

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full city block) to the center of that vast arena and mounted the platform and watched the show.

As Lyndon and Hubert walked, the bands in the sections they approached began blarring louder, the people let out a mighty cheer and delegation banners waved, "Tom Green County", "Bear County". And then an electric feeling went through the crowd -- quickly transmitted. And of course there had to be a clown. The clown was little Lyn.

Luci had met us at the door and had gone with me and the ladies to the platform. But Lyn, naturally, had gone with his grandfather, wearing his Hubert Humphrey shirt -- blue and green and white and full of HHH's -- he walked along sturdily behind the two big men, clapping when the crowd clapped -- seeming to enjoy it as much as everybody. For a ways, Lyndon picked him up, told him to wave and he did. It was a triumphal march. And inevitably the next day the paper called it what might have been the last turall of his partisan political career, speaking of Lyndon.

Then they were finally on the platform. Ralph made a rousing and brief speech. Lyndon made a too long and too studious speech for this crowd which he delivered at a fast clip and bore down on the lines -- "That man, my friends and co-workers for 20 years, is a healer and a builder and will represent all the people all the time. Hubert Humphrey has worked all his life, not to generate suspicion

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and not to generate fear among our people but to inspire them with confidence in their ability to live together. "

It was good, though too long. And then Hubert rose -- hoarse and weary, but full of his wonderful special quality of love for people and life, a strong good speech. And then Muriel was introduced and I and Luci and all of the Humphrey children -- Bob and Donna were there -- she looked beautiful. And Nancy and Bruce, who is so easy to feel close to.

It was a great crowd. I looked down onto so many familiar faces, including some eight or ten Texas Congressmen -- Casey, Eckhardt, Brooks, ^{Rika} Eligio de la Garza, Kazen.

I have had a chance to tell Muriel that she was the heroine of all these weeks to me and I thought to millions of the American people. She has grown in stature, in spirit, and in ability.

When it was over we hugged and said goodbye. They were staying for a reception and we were going straight back. Lyndon practically kidnapped Luci and little Patrick, and it's a testimony to the elasticity of that remarkable daughter of mine that she said yes to her daddy, knowing that all her luggage including much necessary equipment for that little boy was left behind at the Mann's house.

We were airborne in the Jetstar a little past 6:00, arriving at the Ranch at 7:00.

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Patrick Lyn had given the phones on the Jetstar a thorough workout. Luci had bubbled with ecstasy about going to meet Pat for R & R next Saturday. She says she doesn't care if it snows in Hawaii and if there are 400 press there to watch them. And Lyndon is going to get his tailor to do a little Air Force uniform for Patrick, complete with any emblems that a loadmaster in Patrick's job would wear.

We had a delicious dinner, and then we watched Lyndon on TV deliver in very strong and thoughtful fashion it seemed to me, a philosophical and beautiful speech on the Presidency, quoting from nine presidents and how they had felt about the job. "The voices of these past presidents say that you must select a man of conscience, they say you must select a man of conviction, but never elect a man of narrow partisanship."

I think it was well said, and well timed. It may reign in some of the angry passion of some people not yet decided.

We went to bed on a note of achievement and satisfaction.