INTERVIEW I

DATE: February 19 and 20, 1977

INTERVIEWEE: Mrs. Jane Engelhard

INTERVIEWER: Michael L. Gillette

PLACE: Mrs. Engelhard's home, Cragwood, Far Hills, New Jersey

Tape 1 of 3

G: Let's start with your parents, first of all. Your father was a Brazilian diplomat.

E: My father, Hugo Pinto Reis, was a Brazilian diplomat. He went to China in 1913, where he met my mother, whose maiden name was Mary Murphy. She came from Carmel, California, and she was taken to China when she graduated from the convent there as a recompense for having graduated. There at a diplomatic party she met my father, who was twenty years older than she was. She fell madly in love with him, never returned to California, and they got married.

There were born three daughters. Two of them were born in Peking. I was born in Tsingtao in the northern part of China, because I was born in August, and that's when the diplomatic corps took a break to get away from the heat. I recall little of China. When I was four years old, my mother decided that the climate was unsavory. Sun Yat-sen was coming up. There was rumbling of revolutions. My father and mother were quite close to Sun Yat-sen and many other important people of the revolution through the diplomatic corps and also through a press gentleman called Mr. George Sokolsky, who then became very famous in the United States, where he was the main editorial columnist of the ***Sun***. He also became an

advisor to many of us and was well versed in the history of China at that time. [He] predicted pretty accurately what was about to happen in the world.

So [when I was] at the age of four, my mother, leaving my father temporarily, went to France, where we were educated by governesses in Paris. Then in the summers we would go to Switzerland. We had a very safe and I would say spoiled childhood.

Toward the end of the 1920s, my father died of pneumonia in China, my mother having been backwards and forwards, but we not. She remarried a gentleman named Mr. Brian, spelled B-R-I-A-N, who was half French and half Italian. We were educated really by him, having known our father very little. He was extremely strict. He insisted that we speak every day a different language at the table. I went to a convent called the Convent of the Birds; it was called Les Oiseaux, which sounds funny in English. I remained there until I was the age of seventeen, when I was taken ill and went to Switzerland for a year. A year later, I got married.

I would say my life really started in September of 1939, having been married close to two years to my first husband, Mr. Fritz Mannheimer, a banker, a brilliant, witty gentleman.

G: He was Dutch?

E: Dutch. He was an advisor to not only people of the Netherlands government; it was not an extraordinary event in our lives to have now-Queen Wilhelmina come for dinner, or Prince Bernhard. We were surrounded by the high heads of government of all countries, especially England and France. We had a house outside of Paris. At the young age of eighteen

and nineteen to be thrown in such a world was a little bit difficult for me, but I enjoyed it. We had a superb staff, which made it very easy for me.

G: He was a great art collector, I understand.

E: He had one of the greatest collections in the world, which is now in the Rijksmuseum. A lot of it was left to me; the Germans took it. One of my best paintings, which is now in the apartment in New York, the Fragonard called "Lady Reading a Letter," was in the hands of Goering, who wanted it more than anything in the world. He even made an offer through Seyss-Inquart, who was the Governor-General of the Netherlands, to buy it from me in gold and deposit the money in Switzerland. I then was living in France, terrified that the Germans would overtake France *in toto*, because I had a house in the south of France, and by then they hadn't reached there. So I refused the offer. The rest of the paintings were sent to Germany in different crates. Everything in the house in Amsterdam, where I spent some happy years of my life, was dismantled and shipped to Germany, because Goering liked everything that Mr. Mannheimer had.

Someplace in my correspondence there is a letter from Goering to Seyss-Inquart to me. Where it has disappeared to today, I don't know, but I'm sure, as you see how disorganized we are, we will find it.

In 1941, when the Italians were then occupying the south of France and I was in a villa I always had had with my mother and my stepfather, four sisters, and my little girl Annette, the rumblings of war were still over our heads. America was talking of coming in and taking over northern Africa. The Italians were very much in our lives. We were

trying to avoid even looking at them, so afraid that we would become friendly with them. We were short of gasoline. I got up every morning at 4:30 and went to work for the Red Cross, loading and unloading sick people from the Italian border. In 1941, late one night--and I think it was in November, if my memory serves me right--a car arrived. it was a letter from the Spanish Ambassador to Vichy, Mr. de Lequerica. He said, "My dear Jane, you must believe me. Leave immediately with this trusted person of our embassy and go to Spain. Take your passport, your jewelry, and as much cash as you have available. Leave your child, and do not say a word to anybody." And the P.S. of the letter was: "You will be named as a star witness to the political trial in Riom, which will bring your past husband into the trial as one of the first people who had lent or given money, bribed, if you want to use the word, the French government. There is apparently evidence that Mr. Reynaud and Mr. Daladier had accepted gold from him, and that some of it even has passed out of [France], gone to America. In any case, I feel that you are twenty-one years old, and you should not be involved in such a trial. I beg of you to take my advice and leave."

G: Who wrote the letter?

E: Mr. de Lequerica.

G: One thing that we need to do here is establish how you got to France. Your first husband died?

E: He died in France, at my house outside of Paris.

G: In the first week of World War II?

E: The first week of September; the ninth of September.

G: That left you expecting your first child [as] a widow. What did you do then. You went to a convent? Is that right?

E: Then I decided that it was not safe to remain in Paris, near Paris, or close to Paris, so I went to my house in the south of France, bringing with me all my family.

G: And that's where you got the letter.

E: That's where I got the letter.

G: This was in 1941 when you got the letter?

E: Yes, so I had stayed nearly two years there.

G: So you have this letter in hand, and what do you do?

E: I get in the car and I go, undaunted, in the middle of the night.

G: Tell me about the car trip.

E: Well, it was rather scary in the middle of the night, and I wasn't quite sure the man wasn't kidnapping me, but in those days people didn't talk about kidnapping as much as you do now. I arrived in Barcelona with this gentleman I had never seen before. He took me to a hotel, and everybody seemed to be expecting me along the line. I had no trouble at all going through the border.

G: You had no trouble getting out of France at all?

E: No trouble getting out of France. Obviously all this had been prearranged by the Spanish government.

A few days later, as I was making my way to Madrid, my family did receive a subpoena from the French government for me, addressed to me, saying that I was supposed to testify at Riom against Mr. Daladier and Mr. Reynaud. So I was glad to be out of there. There was no way of

communicating between Spain and Portugal and France in those days; the borders were closed. So there I was really a captive of the Spanish.

G: Let me retrace our steps just for a second and ask you to describe the atmosphere in Paris before the Germans came into the city.

E: We had, you know, what we call a cold war that lasted nearly a year.

G: Phony war, I think they called.

E: A phony war they called it. We called it a cold war. It was a very strange atmosphere, because we used to wear our gas masks to go out for dinner. Then somebody discovered the gas masks didn't work at all; they're just phony, and you might as well leave them home. But it was a rule you had to have them with you, so we looked rather strange in our little print dresses and looking rather elegant. We had gone back to being elegant in April and May of 1940.

The Germans were making little sorties with their planes in the middle of the night, just to make it known that they could pass the Maginot Line by air if they wanted to. Nobody really believed that it really would happen. They thought they had had that opportunity to catch France by surprise, that somehow some compromise would be made.

G: Is that what you thought?

E: No.

G: What did you think?

E: I thought the Germans would take the whole of France and make a deal with America.

G: Why did you feel this way?

E: Well, the Germans were ten times stronger than anybody else. Didn't think America was in a climate to become involved.

G: Was there panic in the last days before you left Paris?

E: I happened to be in Paris when the Germans invaded France, when they crossed the border. I was in my mother's apartment in Paris. One of my sisters was with me. Here we were with a car and very little gasoline, and no coupons for more gasoline, not knowing what to do. So I went to Paul Reynaud's ministry; he was then Premier of France. Everybody knew me there. I said, "I need some coupons. I have to get out of here and go to the south of France and drive." It took time to organize and time to take some things with us. By the time my sister and I had got to Orleans, which is about two hundred miles from Paris, the bridge was blown up right in front of our eyes.

G: You saw it?

E: We saw it, which I must say is rather frightening.

G: It blew up after you crossed it?

E: No, we were in front of it, so we had to make a tremendous detour. In the middle of the night, it was sort of like a bomb going up. The only thing you could see were cars and people and horses being thrown in the air. It was one of the most terrifying experiences.

G: Was it blown up from the air, do you think?

E: No, it was mined underneath. They wanted to stop people from going in that direction, to cause panic on the road. There was enormous panic on the road.

So we made a detour. My sister and I remembered that we had some great friends who had a little castle outside of Orleans on this side of the bridge. We went there, arrived in the middle of the night. They had no electricity. They were terrified when they heard us. At first

they wouldn't open the doors when we arrived there. We were crying and shivering--all the trauma you go through after what we had seen.

We stayed there for nearly two months until we could make our way. We needed a *sauf-conduit*--I don't know how you call that in English--which is a permission to travel during the war from the local police. Always to them we were foreigners.

By then my family didn't know where we were. I was only happy that my child was with the nurse and my mother in the south of France and out of all this. The news was very garbled. One day they thought the Germans had gone as far as Vichy. We knew it was not possible, because they hadn't passed Orleans by then. My whole idea was to get out ahead of them, and we did.

G: So you ended up in Spain.

E: No, no. I ended up in the south of France.

G: I know, but we've covered that, I think. You made your way to Spain in 1941.

E: Right, 1941, and there, in Madrid, I met up with some very good Argentine friends of mine called Ambassador and Mrs. Carcano, who was the Argentine ambassador to Paris and to London, and he was leaving. He said he was leaving on a Spanish boat from Portugal and that I would be more than welcome to come along with them, and that they would see that I had a cabin, and so forth. In those days we were so democratic I traveled with my maid, who was Spanish and had at that point joined me.

It took forty-one days to go from Portugal to Buenos Aires, because the British decided there were a lot of spies on the boat. They stopped us--I forget the name of it; it will come back to me--and for

five days they grilled every single passenger on the boat. They took off about two hundred people as being German spies going to the Argentine.

I was released, continued my voyage, and arrived in the Argentine. I stayed in a lovely hotel they have there.

G: In Buenos Aires?

E: In Buenos Aires. Then I went to Rio and didn't like Rio. It was awfully hot. I had less friends, because a lot of my French friends had then also done the same thing and gone to Buenos Aires. There I remained for six months, trying to get permission from the American government to go back into France with some formal paper which would enable me to speak to the people of Vichy and get my child. My mother had in her youth and through friends known Mr. Cordell Hull very well. I went to see him. He introduced me to Mr. Sumner Welles, and Mr. Sumner Welles said that naturally he would help me as much as he could.

I went on one of the Clippers--the famous Boeing Clippers--to Estoril, back to Europe. It was very exciting. I was the only woman on the plane.

G: What did the papers say? What sort of documents were they?

E: The documents were signed by Sumner Welles and Cordell Hull and said, "The United States Government is responsible for the well-being of citizen Jane Mannheimer of the Brazilian Government, and anything that would happen to her we will consider as pertaining to us."

So this piece of paper was presented to Admiral Leahy, our ambassador in Vichy, who I did not see. His office said that they would arrange for me to meet Mr. Pucheu. Mr. Pucheu was then Minister of the

Interior, and he was in charge of all the exit visas of foreigners leaving the country or any type of thing that was a little different than the regular gendarmerie. He received me, and I thought he was very charming. He said that there was no way that I was getting my child out if I didn't testify in Riom first. The Riom trial had taken place. There was not very conclusive [testimony], but they said that my testimony would be conclusive. I said that I would never be a traitor, I would never talk against friends who are in prison. Both of those gentlemen were in prison in Germany. "Their lives are in the bargain, and I'm not making any bargains with you, Mr. Pucheu, over my child's life. If necessary I shall remain here the rest of my life, and you can haunt me. So here we are." And I left.

A few days later I wrote him a letter, and I said, "I can't believe that a fine man like you who has his own family can hold a young woman of my age responsible for the destiny of a little girl who is totally innocent--I'm totally innocent--of the political life and whatever happened in a business way or in a political way between my husband and the heads of France of those days. But they happen to be friends of mine, so I care very much about them." In a way I saved Mr. Reynaud's life, and Mr. Blum was very much there--Léon Blum. It was really a very tragic moment. A lot of my friends were trying to talk me into making a deal, making a deposition saying, "The only thing I know is that I did see some gold," or "I did hear"--this or that. All of which--I didn't know anything, and I refused to testify.

Three months later I got a letter that I was wanted back in the Vichy. I went back to Vichy, and Mr. Pucheu handed me a letter which

was a visa of sortie of my child. So I packed up immediately. I really was quite shaken when a few months later--maybe it was a year later--he was in the northern part of France, and the Free French beheaded him.

So, such was life and the war for me.

G: Annette had been staying with your mother.

E: With my mother in a villa called Mandalay in Montalieu.

G: And your mother stayed. . . .

E: There.

G: And you came back directly to the United States?

E: I came back directly on the ***Cabo de Buena Esperanza***, which was mined on the trip back and torpedoed. I was very lucky to have made that trip to the United States, where I was detained in Ellis Island for twenty-four hours. Having a Brazilian passport, I was told by the Brazilian consulate that I did not need an American visa. Having a copy of the letter of Messrs. Sumner Welles and Cordell Hull, I hardly thought they'd send me to Ellis Island, but they did. There I spent a night until I called the Brazilian Embassy in Washington, and there they clarified it with the United States government, and I was allowed in.

I decided then that the Argentine really had nothing to offer to me and that I was so shaken by my few months in France and by how people were suffering, even my own family, that I should do something for the war. Then two men played a big role in my life. One was a man called Mr. André Meyer, who is the head of Lazard, and a man called George Murnane, whose partner was Mr. Jean Monnet, the monetary . . . gentleman who's just written his memoirs. Those gentlemen took me in hand. They decided that they agreed with me that I shouldn't waste my life away in

a social way and that I should do something. Mr. Murnane came up with the idea that probably one of the most exciting things of the future would be microfilming. The Germans had used it intensively in spying in war to transport documents from one place to the other. He thought that there was a big future in microfilming in the postwar days.

G: Had your first husband had any interest in microfilming at all?

E: None, but George Murnane and André Meyer were his executors and very close friends of his. They were brilliant men and very kind, sweet gentlemen. Mr. Meyer is still alive, and Mr. Murnane died a few years ago, a great sorrow of my life.

So Mr. Murnane went about to organize a company that purchased the microfilm patents that he found that were available that had been offered to Jean Monnet and Murnane and Company, and put them in my hands. We needed quite a lot of capital to start this company, which I did not have. They decided that a natural for this deal would be a man called John J. Raskob, who was then, I think, the head of the finance committee at that point of the du Pont company. The du Pont company was trying to launch themselves in selling film. They're still very much in it, but in those days it was a more acute problem that they had. It was something very new to them. Armed with Mr. Murnane's support, I went to see Mr. Raskob and tried to sell him my deal. I can't say anything went too smoothly in the beginning, because obviously I was too much of an amateur for Mr. Raskob.

G: Can you describe that meeting?

E: He said, "Well, what have you got to offer me, Mrs. Mannheimer?" I said, "Some patents." He said, "I can buy them, too." I said, "No, you

can't. They belong to me." So we had that type of conversation. He said, "What is your idea?" I said, "I think the first thing we have to do is to decide what the potential market is, then to decide how much capital we need to produce microfilm cameras; then we need something to look at our film on; and then we need readers. I understand that the Kodak Company is involved in this and has a big research department doing nothing but this." This interested him a lot, and he said, "Would you get me some information on that?" I told him I would, and we decided to meet six weeks later.

I went to Wilmington to see him. I told him what the Kodak Company was planning to do, and Remington Rand was planning to go into this, but they were all lacking the patents that I happened to own. He offered to buy the patents from me outright. I said, "No. If I did sell them to you, I would like to have some form of royalty arrangement with you. But more than anything, I really don't need the money as much as I need something to do. I'd like to get myself involved with it, and I think I know enough people in the United States, as well as other people in the world, to get to people who would be interested and to get contracts for this company. But we first need the money, and then we need the know-how, how to make the machines. I gather Mr. Holbrook--who is inventor of these patents and really was the inventor in the United States of microfilming--is an old gentleman, but he would be willing to come work for us if we gave him a staff of engineers."

Within six months, the whole company was working. Mr. Holbrook was in charge of research. We had some du Pont technicians helping us with the film. I was named executive vice president of Holbrook

Microfilming Company, and we had offices in the Empire State Corporation. For one year, I really worked like a dog--there's no other word--night and day in the basement, seeing that we were producing accurate images, that the quality of our work was good, because I had to go out and sell.

G: You did the selling, too?

E: I did the selling too in the beginning, until I got a sales force of seven people. Some of my salesmen are still around. They all hold big positions. We meet from time to time for lunch, and it's quite fun to think of those days.

G: Were you a success?

E: We were a great success. I landed two big jobs which created a sensation in the company. One was to microfilm all the documents for the air force and for the navy. That needed tremendous clearance for my own personality, which obviously was in doubt: Born in China, Brazilian, being in France, and so forth and so on. But I obtained them. No doubt there was surveillance around me that I was not conscious of. We had all the blueprints of all the main airplanes that they were flying in those days, and the boats. We microfilmed them and gave them in small capsules back to them so that if something was missing or something had to be repaired at large, it was the Holbrook microfilm that would reproduce on a screen a blueprint which would enable them to do it and get rid of all those papers they had. And in case they would have to scuttle, or something happened and they fell in the hands of the enemy, they could throw them away or burn them.

G: Was Kodak your main competitor?

E: They didn't put the work into it that we did. Mr. Raskob, with all his know-how and tremendous energy, was really the force in back of the whole thing.

G: Was it through Mr. Raskob that you met Al Smith?

E: Yes. That was one of the happiest moments of my life. The Empire State Corporation where we were all housed was going through a very difficult period, because everyone thought that the Empire State Building was too big; it was a white elephant; and it was situated in the wrong place in New York City. They felt that either you stay downtown and go to Wall Street, or you go uptown and you go to 50th Street to Rockefeller Center. I was able, through friends and through people that knew me, to go and sell a lot of space. So suddenly a boom appeared. Dear Governor Smith was always interested that a young woman of my age had such energy and was able to convince people this was the best place for them to be located. We became very close friends, and we had a lot of laughs together. He had a marvelous sense of humor and an adorable heart. In those days I was living under difficult circumstances, because my name was Mannheimer, and as you know, with a Jewish name in New York you have a lot of difficulties getting into the right apartment. I had darling friends called the George Bakers who lent me their apartment for the duration of the war. It was fully staffed as long as I occupied it, because George Baker was ferrying planes to the Pacific, and she wanted to be in California close to her husband. [Governor Smith] said, "You know, it wasn't easy being an Irishman when I was on the East Side and I ran for the presidency, either, so we all have our crosses to bear." It was a very nice gesture.

I remember decorating his Empire State lunch club. The room was smashing, I thought, when I finished it, so I said, "Governor, you have to close your eyes and come in and look at it." He did, and he said, "Terrible!" I said, "What do you mean? What's the matter with it?" I thought he would like it. There were scenes of old New York and the Pilgrims arriving. He said, "There are no spittoons." I said, "Governor, we don't need spittoons, do we?" He said, "I can't live without one, so if you want me to lunch in this room and it's supposed to be my room, you'll have to get me spittoons." And he not only got his spittoons, but he used them, which was always very exciting and amusing to me. They never missed. I knew the whole Smith family very well and was at their apartment on Fifth Avenue when Mrs. Smith died.

G: Can you describe that?

E: Well, it was very sad, because she had been sick for a long time. The Governor was in tears. I went up there. They asked me to come. There was a form of an Irish wake. The children were all milling around. He said, "Go in and give her a kiss." The doctor said, "No, she's not well enough." So I sat there and held everybody's hand. There was a lot of emotion. We were very close friends, and I shall never forget his patience and love for humanity. It was a great lesson.

G: You also were in the Empire State Building when a plane crashed into it.

E: Then Mr. Raskob decided that he had to do something for me, because I wasn't making as much money out of Holbrook Microfilming Company as he was. So he named me a vice president of the Empire State Corporation. He was a very strict person to work for, as I have mentioned before. He thought we should work like we did in the olden times, I suppose. He

would be horrified to see how little people work today. The vice presidents had to work every Saturday. When you say nine to twelve, it was more like nine to five, because he always found a reason why you had something extra to do in the afternoon. Finally, in the end he capitulated and decided that we'd alternate so only one vice president should be in charge.

The day of the terrible accident of the plane that crashed into the Empire State Corporation, I was in his office on the seventy-eighth floor when the airplane went through on the seventy-sixth floor, so you can imagine what happened to our office. The glass flew in every direction; my chair fell over. The only thing I could think of was, what was happening to the negatives we held in custody for the government? In case something happened to whatever their bases were, we were the custodians. There was a massive seal on the door. We had special security on it, and nobody had the key to it except the armed forces.

How do you get down from the seventy-eighth floor to the basement when you have no elevators and fire is raging? I also thought that maybe I should tell Mr. Raskob what happened. No telephones were working in the building. We had the Bankers' Trust Company downstairs and the Longchamps Restaurant, but they had no telephones working out of there. Panic was general, and here I am in charge. I was able to walk down the whole way.

G: Were you injured at all?

E: No, I was shattered, but I was not injured. I had a few bruises; I cut my right arm a little bit, and I had a little blood all over me from the glass, but that was nothing. I washed myself and got myself down,

rushed to the McAlpin Hotel with a dime that somebody on the street loaned me, and called first the Mayor's office and then Mr. Raskob at his farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I will never forget that conversation. Mr. Raskob said, "Why do you bother me on a Saturday?" I said, "Mr. Raskob, maybe you would be interested to know that your building is in flames. It has just been hit by a kamikaze Japanese plane." He said, "You must be crazy. Stop being a woman and talk like a business person." I said, "I am being a business person. I was hit in your office with Mr. Searles in the office next door to me. I don't know what has happened to him; he's disappeared in the whole thing. But here I am. What shall I do?" He said, "The Mayor." I said, "I've called the Mayor." He said, "I'll be right back." I said, "Well, I would greatly appreciate it," and hung up.

I went back, and it was really an awful sight to see these people who had been wounded in the elevators and down in the basement as I rushed with guards to look at our film [to see] if that was in jeopardy in any way, or there were flames or anything. I ran into a head that had been taken off of somebody. It was really awful.

I spent the rest of the day. Mayor LaGuardia arrived. He was very nice, very calm. The only thing was that we then had learned that there were some nineteen Catholic girls working for Catholic charity, that Mr. Raskob had loaned offices to on the seventy-fourth floor. They had been very badly burned. It was a miracle I got out of Mr. Raskob's office as quick as I did, because that was starting to burn. There were people in the tower for the radio office--whatever it was called then; I don't know, W-something. They were caught there. We couldn't get them

out till the next morning. The flames were raging around them. They never were injured, but it was very serious; their lives were in jeopardy, and we were worried about what we could do with them.

Then one bright afternoon or evening, I met Mr. Engelhard. Charles Engelhard was brought to dinner by some friends.

G: I have read that you thought that it was Mr. Engelhard, Sr. rather than Mr. Engelhard, Jr.

E: George Murnane, Jr. was having dinner with me, and a mutual friend of ours called Alexander Eltz, who worked for the Engelhard Company and married a very dear girl three months previously, called me up around seven. I had just come back from the office. He said, "Can I bring my boss for dinner?" I said, "Are you mad? I'm not about to have dinner with somebody eighty-five years old, as tired as I am. I want to have fun tonight. Let's have dinner and go to El Morocco to the Champagne Room." He said, "It's not the boss; it's Charlie, the son, and you'll like him very much. As a matter of fact, I've already invited him, and if you don't invite him, I might lose my job, so you had better have him."

So Charlie came for dinner, and we had a very happy time, although we fought quite a lot about politics.

G: Why?

E: He thought Mr. Roosevelt was the greatest man that ever had happened to hit the United States, and I didn't quite agree with that.

G: You had loyalties to Al Smith?

E: Yes, right.

So we had a very amusing evening. It lasted into the wee hours of the morning. He asked if he could see me the next day, and I said, "No, I'm leaving for Europe over the weekend if Mr. Raskob doesn't decide differently." I'll always remember he said, "You're much too beautiful to work." I said, "Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Engelhard, that I like working?"

I got on an American Airlines plane with my daughter to go home for Christmas, and there was Mr. Engelhard sitting in the seat next door to me. I got quite angry. I said, "I don't like to be pursued by anybody. If you ever want to court me, that's one sure way of losing me." He said, "I just happened to be going to Europe, too. It just happens that I'm on the same plane as you are." I never believed that. Then he spent Christmas with us.

G: That same Christmas?

E: That same Christmas at my mother's house in Paris. Christopher Soames was at the party. We had a lot of friends. All my sisters were there with their beaux, and it was very gay. Unfortunately, I had to go back on Monday to go back to work, because Mr. Raskob did not give you too many holidays.

Charlie Engelhard went on to Germany. When he got back, he called me, and there were roses galore. I had not made up my mind to remarry at all. He popped the question to me, and I said, "I think we should wait a year." Nevertheless, we got married that August. It's interesting, because we were married in Mr. George Murnane's apartment. The friendship between the Murnanes and the Engelhards was a very strong

one. The first golden retriever we received, we received as a wedding gift from Mr. Murnane, Sr.

G: Excuse me. Had you always liked animals?

E: I always liked animals, but in my working life, I couldn't afford to have one.

Charlie and I first lived in an apartment I then had on 1107 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Engelhard, Sr. and his wife came and called on me soon after we were back from our honeymoon, which was interrupted after four days by my father-in-law by saying that nobody needed to be on a honeymoon; one should work.

I gave up my job, and there were a lot of tears from me, because I felt that it was part of my life that was going, giving up something I liked. A very short time after I left, I gather, Mr. Raskob sold the place. In the meantime, he had bought my patents from me without paying royalties, but very generously so. He had lost heart in the whole thing. I remained great friends with his children. [I am] godmother of one of the grandchildren. As a matter of fact, he had dinner with us the night before he suddenly had a heart attack and died. That was in November of 1950.

G: Did you get to know Mr. Engelhard, Sr. before the wedding?

E: Yes, but I would say he was a very difficult gentleman, and I know he was very much against my marrying his son.

G: Why?

E: He thought that I was much too strong and much too "woman of the world." And I had a daughter, and I was a Catholic, and I insisted that if we did get married, our children would be Catholics, whereupon he disinher-

ited them and me, which didn't make any difference to me. He did come and have tea one day soon after we were married. He said, "I like you, but one thing we have to do is get rid of this stupid apartment. I don't like people that live on Fifth Avenue." So to make him happy we moved out, first to Mendham, New Jersey, where we rented a house. Then we went to Peapack, where we lived in a house called Hayfields. Then I had my daughter Susan. Two years later, I had my daughter Sophie, and Mr. Engelhard died a week later, broken-hearted that I hadn't had a son.

So then my husband becomes the head of the family and becomes the head of all these enormous enterprises and industry. It was a very difficult moment in our lives, because I really didn't know what way to advise him to go, having had the other life, the glamorous international political life that has also its drawbacks and the complications of meeting people at different parties, and their changing, and then where are your loyalties? I didn't think that I should go into a second life of that type or try to influence my husband into going into it without thinking of it seriously. I tried very hard to try to talk him out of it, because I felt that basically he was a highly intelligent, hard-working person, but had been spoiled, and he would not like a political life. However, through great friends of mine called Morton Downey and Peggy Downey. . . . She had been a childhood friend of mine. She was an American, the granddaughter of the man who founded the Newmont Mining Corporation; her mother was the famous Margaret Biddle. She was first married to a Prince Hohenlohe, and then she married Morton Downey, the singer. She introduced us to a political man called General McInerny. The reason behind that I don't know, except that she probably thought

that basically everybody has a wanting or an inkling to want to be in politics and in the know.

There in 1953, if I am correct, my husband first started to be interested in politics in New Jersey and ran for the Senate against Mr. Malcolm Forbes.

G: Wasn't that 1955?

E: Maybe it was 1955, but in 1953 he first became interested in local politics.

G: I understand that you once had a party here and that most of your friends arrived with Forbes stickers on their cars.

E: It was not only one party, unfortunately; there were many parties. My children had great difficulties in the school not far from here, the Far Hills Country Day School, because we had Engelhard bumpers on our cars, and they would throw mud pies and snowballs.

G: Forbes was a college classmate of Mr. Engelhard's, wasn't he?

G: No, I don't think that's correct. I don't think Charlie ever knew Forbes until he met him here. Forbes had only moved to New Jersey at all in the early fifties. It was a great mistake. He only lost by a few votes.

G: Three hundred and forty, or something like that?

E: Three hundred and forty-two. I think he was heartbroken, really. I still can't see--don't think he would be very happy.

G: Did you enjoy the political life in that campaign?

E: It was grueling, if I may say so, especially as I was expecting another child. We have a very big district in this part of Somerset County which was Italian, and as I can speak Italian, I had to go and campaign

in Italian. I covered every restaurant in Somerset County, I assure you, during that campaign. I even at one point found myself speaking Polish.

G: Do you speak Polish?

E: No, but you can learn any language once your ear is set up for it.

G: I guess you bought this house in 1950 or 1951, is that right?

E: We bought this house in 1949. As a matter of fact, it's quite an interesting story. We were living in Peapack. The telephone rang. My husband was in South Africa; it was the beginning of his days down there. I was not allowed to travel, because I was having difficulties with my pregnancy. The telephone rang, and it was Percy Pyne, the oldest son of the Rivington Pynes, who owned this house. He said, "Where's Charlie?" I said, "Charlie's in Africa." "When is he getting back?" I said, "Not for several weeks." He said, "Well, have you got five thousand dollars in the bank?" I said, "I don't know, but why?" He said, "Because I would like you, and I'm sure Charlie would do it, to buy this house, because the man who has put a deposit for $4,500 on it is somebody we would not like to have buying the family house where we were all brought up and where Charlie spent most of his youth." So I said, "Well, what have I got to risk? What happens if Charlie doesn't like it?" He said, "Well, we'll pay you back your $5,000, but it gets us out of selling it to this other party." So without telling my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, or anybody, not even my husband--in those days we had no Telex; I thought a long cable would get in the hands of my father-in-law and create all sorts of family problems--I

bought this house. I put a deposit on it. Then when my husband came home, I had to admit to my folly.

He was really quite happy, although he was worried about his father. But God took care of that; little Sophie was born, and then my father-in-law died without ever knowing we owned this house.

G: Did you want to buy the house before you bought it? I mean, did you do it as a favor--

E: No, I knew the house well. When we were first married, we used to always have dinner here on Sunday nights. It was a very nice house; it had this superb view. I always thought that my mother-in-law's house was rather austere, like a German castle on the Rhine, and never a house that I would live in with great joy.

G: Was the house for sale before you put down the deposit? Did you realize before the phone call that you might be getting the house?

E: Never. It never had occurred to me. I knew that we couldn't stay on in the house we were in, because I was having my third child, and I knew that we would go on till we had a son, which unfortunately never did happen. But we would have a big family, and that house was a) not ours, and b) Dr. Carden, whose sister owned it when she died--and she was quite sick at the time--would want to go and live there himself. So where would we go? This house seemed to me an enormous luxury and far too big for our needs. But still, I was making a favor to a friend of Charlie's, and I thought it might be a good investment to own the land, and maybe we could get rid of the house or reduce it to a smaller scale.

G: The house was built in 1928, or something like that?

E: It was built in 1928 and burned down in 1932, as I gather. Then it was rebuilt by the Pynes exactly like it was before. They lived here with their five children.

G: Did you do any remodeling right away when you moved in?

E: No. It was rented to some people who, I gather, were very difficult. When I wanted to come visit it, having put my deposit on the house and Charlie [having] agreed that we might buy it, the man said that he would shoot us through the window if we approached the house, so we never came near it for a good year after we had bought it.

G: After you moved in, that must have occupied a great deal of your time.

E: No. We engaged a decorator, Eleanor Brown. We made a budget of how much money we could spend, the first thing we had to do. Everything became easier when my father-in-law passed away. He had an idea, which might be a very wise one, that one should always be very modest in life, and if you live in modest circumstances, you will never be criticized by the local people or by people who have less than you have. Of course, nobody had dreamt in those days that Charlie would go as far as he did in his financial life, and that his companies would grow to the extent that they did. When my father-in-law died, his wealth was probably worth not more than twenty million dollars, and when Charlie died, it was in the hundreds of millions of dollars. So Charlie did expand the company to an enormous [degree].

G: Let's talk about his business life for a little bit. I gather that he came upon the idea during World War II that there was a great market for gold.

E: In 1948 his father loaned him a hundred thousand dollars to go to South Africa. With this sum, which Mr. Engelhard, Sr. thought was enormous and which was really modest when you think of the money one invests in business today, Charlie went and really created a large empire there. He bought an honest start of a prosperous business. You couldn't export gold in bullion in those days, during the war, but you could make gold pieces, like a gold altar, or a gold bookcase, or lots of gold bracelets or whatever, and sell and export that. He went into that business and made a fortune. His father was very impressed that his son was such a good businessman.

Then Charlie decided to expand the business in England after the war and put more money into it, which his father would not have. He revamped the different companies that his father had created in this country. Really, Charlie was an extraordinarily able businessman. He looked as if he didn't care, but he was a genius. He was especially a genius when it came to raw materials. He understood when the market was going to be good to buy, when the market was good to sell. Although he was not a gambler per se, he was able to lead the company into being probably the largest precious metals company in the world, which it is today.

G: I get the impression, reading newspaper articles at the time, that he was very prescient of the political sensitivities in South Africa, even back in the fifties, and was constantly saying to the powers that be that they would have to broaden their minds and alter their policies in order to survive in the world.

E: He started very early to tell them that they could not go on this course and that it would lead to a disaster if they did. I remember meeting here in New Jersey a very attractive couple called the Quentin Whites. They were missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Quentin White had an idea that if we went to South Africa and we started to educate the Africans that were not educated that worked in homes like ours there, the hundreds of thousands of homes of people of wealth who had servants, who had people working in farms that were not educated--[they wanted to] organize courses for those people, so that you would have not only little children, young children, educated--that was quite easy, because even the government started that--but you would have people in their twenties and thirties that could spell their names. They could write a letter; they could read the newspaper. They would get them going. We did this in our house, but when we proposed this to friends of our own, they said, "You must be out of your ruddy mind. You must be a communist." I said, "Why am I a communist if I want to educate some Africans?" They said, "Because they won't be servants any more if you do educate them." This shocked me deeply. I continued and organized more schools, and organized quite a lot of black South African children leaving South Africa to be educated in Africa in schools where there were mixed black and white people.

G: I gather that he was very interested in the plight of blacks in the United States, too.

E: Yes, very, and I think he had great influence. I think he and President Johnson discussed this problem at length.

Shall we take a break now?

G: Do you want to do that?

E: Yes.

G: Okay.

(Pause in recording.)

G: Now we're in the 1950s. You first met Lyndon Johnson in 1956, I believe.

E: I would like to [give] a little background before we go to the National Democratic Convention of 1956. Tim McInerny came here one night. The convention was in August, it seems to me. He came a few weeks--it was around my birthday, which is the twelfth of August. He said, "Charlie, I've organized a big party for you. We're having some special seafood flown up from the Gulf Coast; we're having special music; we've hired"--a certain hall. I can't remember which one. "We're having all the top people of the Democratic Party." This was Adlai Stevenson's convention, when he was elected [Democratic nominee for president]. I don't believe that President Johnson was in any running position, was he? I don't think so.

G: He was a favorite son from the Texas delegation, but not in national contention.

E: Of course, Charlie and I had known Adlai Stevenson very well, and we were close friends. We had no feelings about who it would be as long as the best man was elected. I remember saying to General McInerny, "I don't see why we have to give such a big party. There must be somebody in the party that would prefer to give it rather than us." He said, "No, no. You're best suited. You're a friend of many of the people that are going to be there, including Eleanor Roosevelt, and it's

fitting for you to give it. Charlie is known for his generosity, and New Jersey is a good state to be the host for the party."

It was very hot. Put yourself in the picture of this convention. We had a crummy little room at some hotel. We walked across and went to the convention hall. There suddenly I saw we were on television. There were radios, everything hooked up. It was a big deal, and I was petrified. Charlie didn't seem to be too amused, either, because this we were not warned about. General McInerny was running around like a peacock, happy with his arrangements. We hadn't been there ten minutes, and in walks Mrs. Roosevelt. I thought I would just faint in my shoes at the idea of being the hostess to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Senator Symington came in. Senator Smathers came in, a lot of very important senators, Mansfield. And then came in President Johnson. It was the first time I ever remember seeing him. Maybe my husband had known him; I hadn't. I thought, "My goodness, isn't he good looking." I thought he looked very generous of heart, very generous of personality. He sort of was a shining person. I immediately took to him. Although I was shy, I said something kind to him. He answered, "No, I think that it is your husband who is most generous to be giving such a great party for the Democratic convention. We are all most grateful to him, and I hope we'll have a chance to meet more quietly later on." [Those were] our first words.

Later on I think, President Johnson's sister came up to me and said, "Is this the first time you've met my brother?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Well, you could have breakfast with him tomorrow morning if you wanted to." I said, "No, I don't do things like that. I'm sorry.

But I would love to see him again." And of course, God made it so that we did have many opportunities to be together. So that was my recollection of that convention.

G: What were your impressions of Adlai Stevenson?

E: Adlai Stevenson was an extremely intelligent, intellectual type. I thought him much more intelligent than he really appeared or than some people think he was. He was too sophisticated for the world that he was living in.

G: Do you recall when you met him for the first time?

E: No, I do not, but we became very close friends. There is a book written by some lady about Adlai Stevenson where she talks about our friendship at length in a whole chapter.

He lived for a long time as the representative of the United States to the UN and had the apartment above ours at the Waldorf. [He] often used Charlie and me as co-host or co-hostess to entertain some people from Africa or from France. It was there where we first met the Emperor of Iran.

G: Let's talk about Eleanor Roosevelt for a second.

E: Of course, I had read a great deal about her, and to me she was my great hero as a woman.

G: Did you get along well with her?

E: I got along very well with her. I thought she was adorable. She invited me to come see her at Hyde Park and to talk to her. She said, "I see you must be interested in politics; otherwise, you wouldn't be having such a party. You must come, my dear, and I shall give you some advice." Which I never did.

G: You met Lyndon Johnson, then, in 1956.

E: Right.

G: Did you get an indication then that he would have a larger future in politics?

E: I was sure that he, of all the people in the room, was the one that would have the greatest chance to be "it." You couldn't see the man without realizing that he had a charisma that was beyond anything else there and certainly of anybody that I had ever met abroad or any place in the world. He had a presence, and with the presence came this charm. Now you see, Adlai Stevenson had a lot of charm and he was extremely intelligent, but he had no presence. President Johnson seemed to have both. I think his height, his smile, his eager eyes and his big ears made him a big man, and I think it showed from the first moment I met him.

G: I gather that you really became good friends with the Johnsons in 1960. Perhaps there was something in 1959, but. . . .

E: I'm sure that between 1956 and 1959 my husband visited with then-Majority Leader Johnson in Washington, because I recall his telling me how intelligent he was and how eager he was to learn more about raw materials, the situation in Africa, the situation in Europe, NATO, and a lot of things that Charlie knew a great deal about which he didn't seem to be as familiar with.

(Pause in recording)

G: Let's talk about the time that you went down to Bonham to see the home of Speaker Sam Rayburn.

E: I had met Mr. Sam, as we all called him, several times in Congress and had brought some famous people from abroad to visit him in his office. Charlie and I [and Mr. Sam] had developed a very happy friendship, something very open, very warm, and we felt at home with each other. I don't think that Mr. Sam ever came to our home in New Jersey, but he did want very badly, before time went by much longer--he said, "I don't have very much time to live. I want you to come and visit me in my own home--it's very modest--and I want you to meet my sisters." This touched Charlie and me a great deal, so we took the opportunity to visit his famous library in Bonham. But we also went to his home, and there on the porch were his sisters. We got in our rocking chairs and sat and visited for a good hour and a half. It's something that I shall always cherish as a memory, because they were people that were totally unknown to me as a type of people. They were very simple but totally American. They didn't seem to mind that their home was less elegant than ours. We talked about success, and the sisters were obviously very proud of their brother. They were very proud of the great library, if I may say so.

G: Did it strike you that he came out of an earlier age? Did he seem more rustic?

E: Very rustic. Rustic, but intelligent, a very normal person. I felt he had very little complexes of any sort. He was what he was, take him or leave him. With his big hat and his big ears and his sweet smile, I will always remember him. In a way, he was not unlike Al Smith. They were men of the same type; they are what they are. Maybe Al Smith was more colorful, but Mr. Sam had a lot of presence. He was adorable, I thought. I was very sad when he passed away.

The following year, I think, in March, we went on from that visit to see the President at the Ranch, didn't we?

G: Yes, I guess in the spring or summer of 1960.

E: Was that when we broke the ground of the Library?

G: No, no, no, that was later. This was the first time you visited the Ranch, in 1960.

E: So that would be the time that our plane could not land, and we had to go and land in Austin. When we got to the Ranch, the President was very upset.

G: Tell that story in detail.

E: He said, "I can't believe my landing strip is not big enough for any of your planes. We in Texas have bigger planes than you have in the East." I said, "Well, I'm sorry. My pilots wouldn't land here."

This was on a Friday, and we visited the Ranch. By Monday morning, as we were supposed to get into our cars to go back to our plane in Austin, we noticed this enormous highway with lots of bulldozers--there were at least four astride--going up and down and making a tremendous noise. I remember Charlie saying to the President, "Mr. President, I don't understand. You've got a highway going by your home? That's not very elegant." He said, "Don't be silly, Charlie. Nobody is going to tell me my landing strip is too small to land on. Naturally I'm going to have one big enough for you to come in the next time. I'm only sorry it's not big enough for you to take off this morning." That's a story that always amused all his friends.

G: This visit was before the 1960 convention, and you went to that convention in Los Angeles.

E: Yes, and we stayed at the Beverly Wiltshire, which seemed to me miles from everything else, like everything else is in Los Angeles. I would think it was one of the high points of the Engelhard political life, because Charlie had been for a year at Princeton with President Kennedy. He had known him very well in prep school. He had gone to many dances with him, and there was a friendship between the two men. As a matter of fact, when we were on Mr. Forbes' boat--it must have been right after that--we didn't hesitate to go to the President's home in Newport and ask him if we could bring our other friends that were staying on the yacht and if we could watch the international races between the United States and Australia from his cruiser--I think it was a cruiser. He said, "Actually now, Charlie, you and I have always been friends, and you are always welcome to my home."

They were close friends. When we arrived at the convention. . . . I think President Kennedy went in as a favorite son, didn't he?

G: No, he was the leading contender at that time. Mr. Engelhard, I think, was the delegate at large from New Jersey.

E: Yes. The New Jersey delegation was not being very friendly. They were holding back, as you say. I think that President Kennedy was quite upset that somebody that he knew as well as Charlie--that his fellow delegates would hold back when it was really necessary for them to have New Jersey's vote. It was a great strain on all of us. We knew President Johnson. Then when President Kennedy got nominated, I think on the second ballot, the question was, who was the vice-presidential candidate going to be?

First of all, I must tell you a funny story. The night of President Kennedy's nomination on the second ballot, Charlie left with the delegates, and he told me he would meet me at the entrance. I knew the name of the chauffeur; I knew the car. As I went to get in the car, there was no car. There were millions of people rushing out. I went back inside, hoping that he would come looking for me. I felt somebody tap me on the back, and there was a very good-looking man called Justice White, who was then "Whizzer" White, not a justice then, yet. He said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "I'm waiting for Charlie to pick me up." He said, "Charlie left hours ago, so I'll take you home." He did take me home and saved me from a great deal of embarrassment.

Then I went to the headquarters, where I did find Charlie in President Johnson's apartment and realized then that there was a great deal of negotiations going on over who was going to be the vice president. Maybe you could refresh my memory and tell me who was President Kennedy's choice.

G: Well, there was some speculation that he would choose Symington.

E: And of course, Symington was a close friend also of ours. But I think Charlie felt very strongly it should be President Johnson.

G: Mr. Engelhard was very much pro-Lyndon Johnson at that convention.

E: Very.

G: So what happened? Did you talk with LBJ on that occasion?

E: I talked to him very briefly. Charlie went down and spoke to President Kennedy at length at his headquarters. I think that perhaps the feeling among all those who knew both headquarters and the people in it that the person that was standing in the way of any possible negotiations between

President Kennedy and President Johnson was Bobby Kennedy. This was the first time that I realized that there was a personal animosity between Bobby Kennedy and President Johnson. There is no question his name came up several times during the evening.

Finally at five-thirty or six in the morning, I went back to the Beverly Wiltshire. At eight o'clock the next morning, Morton Downey came to see us--we had had a few hours' sleep--and said, "Mr. Johnson must withdraw, because it's breaking the whole party. There is no way that they can be on the same ticket." Charlie explained his reason why he thought that President Johnson would be an extremely good candidate--he would bring all the elements we needed to be a successful ticket--and asked him not to interfere, that he thought that things would work out, which in the end they did. Charlie did spend that whole evening shuttling from one headquarters to the other, because Mr. Johnson did not want to run on the same ticket with Mr. Kennedy, in my opinion. I don't know, but I have a feeling that he thought he should be the candidate.

G: And Mr. Kennedy had doubts about putting Mr. Johnson on the ticket.

E: That's the impression I was under.

G: Well, they did end up on the ticket together. Mr. Engelhard organized the National Committee of Business and Professional Men and Women for Kennedy and Johnson that year and gave a party, I understand, or a luncheon.

E: He gave a big luncheon in Newark which was a tremendous success. I don't think that the business people or the labor people--one for one reason, one for another--were very keen on having Mr. Johnson to Newark.

Charlie had organized it and made a marvelous speech himself introducing Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson himself gave a stupendous speech which brought down the whole house, business leaders as well as labor leaders, which is a unique fate in the history of New Jersey. The Essex House was rumbling with noises, and we were all very happy that it had been such a success.

I think following that trip, we went down in the summer of 1960 to bring the Johnsons two golden retriever puppies. The President had admired them, and I was breeding them in those days. I think it was during that trip that we went then and stayed with Bob Kleberg at his ranch. I'm not sure, but I think I'm correct.

G: Tell us about the party you went to. This was the one where you went to the party right out of *Giant*.

E: It was during that trip that I went to that party? I think so. We arrived this time at the Ranch; the runway was long enough. We were taken the same evening, having just arrived, to see a friend of his who was a judge, who lived next door. We drove about one hundred miles to go there. We had a very festive evening and came back late. As we were going up to bed, to our room, he said, "I'd like you folks down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. We're going to a brunch at my friend's"-- and I don't remember the name of who it was. To me, a brunch was like a breakfast.

When we arrived, the sky around the ranch where we were visiting for this--I think it was a political brunch--was black with private planes trying to take their turn landing. There were so many cars in every direction there was no way we could approach the place. When we

arrived there, without any exaggeration, there must have been three thousand people already arrived. Neiman-Marcus were the caterers. There were enormous tents with food and drinks in every direction. The ladies were all dressed up as if they were going to a late party at the White House. I felt very out of place but fascinated by the importance of the occasion and how well it was organized, and how so many people could mill around in a private home without feeling as if you were crowded or getting claustrophobia.

There we met a lot of people that we had known. The President and Mrs. Johnson were very kind to introduce us to a lot of new people, and we had a lovely time. We drove a good hour and a half, the President driving himself, to get there, and then we had to get back home. But it seems to me that after that party we drove to Austin and saw a football game. I didn't realize that the President was such a keen sportsman. He was screaming and having a great time. Obviously his team was winning.

G: What happened after that?

E: We drove back to the Ranch. I think it was the first time we met George Rufus Brown and his dear wife, Alice. I don't think that the Krims were yet in the life of the President, but I might be mistaken.

G: I think you're right.

E: Judge Morehouse, is that his name?

G: Moursund, A. W. Moursund.

E: Moursund. He was very much there.

G: Okay. The Kennedy-Johnson ticket, of course, carried the election. I know that after that Mr. Engelhard met with Vice President-elect Johnson

in Paris two weeks after the election. You were not present at that, so perhaps with that honorable mention we want to skip over to the next topic.

E: Which would be Mrs. Johnson's visit to the Diamond Ball in New York?

G: All right.

E: I was chairman of the benefit in aid of the Institute of International Education. A lot of young people's education really depended on the money we raised at a party like that. Mrs. Kennedy very kindly had been the honorary chairman the year before, so we thought it was only right to invite the Johnsons. The Johnsons agreed to lend their name as honorary chairmen of the party. The President at the last minute could not come, but Mrs. Johnson did come. She was very impressed by the extraordinary flowers and the jewels that the ladies attending the party were wearing. A man called Austin Tobin escorted Mrs. Johnson in. I think that she was rather dazzled by the whole occasion. It gave us a great deal of publicity in New York, which of course helped the cause enormously, and it made it much easier to get honorary chairmen for the following years.

G: I think we're ready to shift gears now and talk about your work with the White House, first under Mrs. Kennedy.

E: Mrs. Kennedy called me in 1961. She called me late one night here and said that she had decided she wanted to start a fine arts committee for the White House, and would I come down the next day at four o'clock the next day and have tea; that David Finley would be there--poor Mr. Finley passed away about a month ago--and that we would try to establish a committee to collect and then preserve what we would collect of fine

American furniture for the White House. The members of the committee, if my memory serves me right, were Jane Wrightsman, Mrs. Parish, Mary Lasker. David Finley was chairman, because our committee depended on the Committee of Fine Arts, and we were an informal committee, really. Clark Clifford was very much in the picture, because he was trying to make us a commission that would have an official status, which we didn't have in those days. I explained to her that she needed a big name in American furniture and in American decorative arts that would give prestige, because in spite of herself as first lady, we needed something more; and that she must come down and meet Mr. Harry du Pont, who was a foremost connoisseur of American antiques and owned Winterthur, which he has as a private museum. She said, "Well, how am I going to meet him?" I said, "I think the best thing is the next time you are down in Florida, let me know. We will try to get du Pont to come and call on you."

As it turned out, Mr. du Pont was too old. He made some snide remarks that he was not about to serve on any committee with any Democrats, being a staunch Republican, and that he really didn't care if he met Mrs. Kennedy or not. However, Mrs. Kennedy flew over in our plane. I arranged for lunch with Mr. and Mrs. du Pont. He immediately fell under the charm of Mrs. Kennedy's personality and agreed. This brought a lot of interest in the antique world.

G: I understand he was very much an asset to that committee.

E: A great asset. He really knew what we should collect, and he knew where we could find some Dolley Madison furniture, where we could find the right paintings. He knew more than all of us put together.

We then had our first curator, Mrs. Pearce, who was loaned to us by the Smithsonian. I think Dillon Ripley must have been on that commission. Then Bill Elder came, from 1961 to 1963, and then we got James Ketchum as a registrar. Then, if my memory serves me right, President Johnson established a Committee for the Preservation of the White House--there is a letter some place in our correspondence--and appointed a curator to be sure that whatever came to the White House would remain there as part of the heritage of the American people.

G: I understand that you were responsible for the family dining room furniture under the Kennedy presidency.

E: [it was] one of the rooms that was the most used. Really, if I may say so, the White House was in a very poor state when Mrs. Kennedy took over. Mrs. Roosevelt really couldn't care less. As a matter of fact, at one point she decided that President Roosevelt's breathing was impeded by the length of the drapes, and she had eighteen inches removed from the bottom of all the drapes in the White House. By law we had to close the curtains at night, but she felt he didn't get the proper air, so she just had these curtains that had been there, some of them since the oldest time of the White House, just cut off. We never even found the pieces, so we couldn't patch them up.

There were no ashtrays. I remember the tea was served in a coffeepot with tea bag labels falling out of it, and the whole thing was a mess. Cigars were served at tea for ladies, and the White House really was very crude in those days.

Mrs. Kennedy worked very hard. One of the things we needed was the room where the President had breakfast every morning with the

[congressional] leadership, so we decided that we would go for that room first. I said, "Mrs. Kennedy, let me do that one. Mr. du Pont will help me." We bought a beautiful sideboard. We changed the mantelpiece. I think we made a superb room, and it's never been changed by anybody. As a matter of fact, it's interesting that every room has been changed, remodeled, redecorated, repainted, by every first lady that came. I don't know if it was their influence or the influence of the curators--now we have Mr. Conger--but the only one they never touched was our room.

G: Did you try to get furniture that had belonged to the presidents?

E: We tried to, and we got a lot of it. We were very successful. We have all the Lannuier chairs in the Oval Room, which were ordered by Madison in Paris and then disappeared. We found three, then two, then one, then four, and now we're missing one of the original set that was ordered. The price went from fifteen hundred dollars for the first chair we bought under Mrs. Kennedy; the last pair I think we paid fifteen thousand for an armchair.

G: Then when the Johnsons entered the White House, the Fine Arts Committee was already established.

E: Yes. I would like to take a minute of your time to tell you that we--the people that were on Mrs. Kennedy's committee--were very impressed that when Mrs. Johnson came to office through her husband's presidency, she never tried to change anything. She said, "I think the White House is beautiful. I think that the President probably would like me to change our bedroom." But the rest remained intact. She never changed a single thing. If anything, the Yellow Room upstairs, which is the

family apartment, became cozier. She put a few pillows around and made it less formal. But she never changed anything. It really upset all of us when the Nixon regime. . . . A lot of things were changed. We felt we had done a great job, a historical job. We were not so interested in things being beautiful as their being historical. They were also beautiful, and this is something that I hope I can have some influence on Mrs. Carter to put back into order.

G: You met with Mrs. Johnson and that group, I think, at the White House a number of times.

E: Mrs. Johnson did not reelect me to the Committee for the Preservation of the White House until 1964 or 1965. She wanted to keep the Committee very small, and she wanted to put some of her friends on it, which is perfectly normal. I told her that I was always at her disposal to guide her, help her, and [I] continued to donate things to the White House as if I were on the committee. Then she asked me to become a member when there was a vacancy, and I was delighted to.

G: As long as we're on the subject of the White House and the furnishings of the White House, she did give you a very special mission to find a Christmas crèche for the White House.

E: We were all appalled, and always had been, and I had discussed this with Mrs. Kennedy before, that there was no crèche in the White House. After all, we have so many visitors, and for the family itself it's nice to have a little crèche upstairs; but more important is to have one that you can share with the people who take so many hours--agonizing hours--waiting to get in to see the home of the president.

The first year I was called away on a long trip with my husband, so I was unable. . . . I'm sure it was the year President Kennedy was assassinated. We were in India when it happened. Maybe I'm wrong there. Anyway, I asked Mrs. Parish, the decorator, to please go and help me to create a temporary crèche until I would be able to find Renaissance pieces, which they should be to be authentic. It would be a valuable asset to the White House and would take time.

I visited the Boston Museum; the Brooklyn Museum, where they have beautiful pieces; and of course, the famous Howard crèche at the Metropolitan is one of the most beautiful in the world. I think Mrs. Howard told me she spent twenty-seven years collecting the pieces of it. It's a very large crèche; it's on loan to the Metropolitan. I asked her if she would lend it to the White House. She said, "Not this year." So far I have not been able to get her to lend it to us.

My ambition is to enlarge the pieces that are already there. Mrs. Johnson loved her crèche. Mrs. Nixon kept it on. Mrs. Ford told me it's one of the most beautiful things she has ever seen in her life.

G: Had you any interest in crèches before you got this assignment? Was this something that in your collecting you had focused on?

E: Never, but when I put my mind to do something--and I felt this was something that was very needed in the White House--I did read every book that you can possibly read on crèches, practically, that was available. Arthur Houghton was then president of the Metropolitan, and Tom Hoving assisted me and guided me, sending me to the right places in Austria. I spent three weeks traveling through Austria and Italy, going to the antique shops and the museums that were well versed in the subject and

who would be able to tell me where there would be pieces available to be bought.

Then when I found the pieces that I liked best, and enough of them . . . because after all, the White House is so large you need many pieces. I think we were aiming for thirty-nine and we ended up buying twenty-nine. We wanted large-scale pieces, and they are usually quite small. We wanted colorful pieces. Finding the angels and the three kings are not easy at all. As a matter of fact, I had to go back and find bigger kings, bigger horses. It was very interesting to do, and it opened a whole new field for me.

When we were able to get these pieces together, the Italian government had passed a law you couldn't get them out. I had to ask our ambassador, Mr. Reinhardt, to please interfere vis-a-vis the Italian government to give permission to bring the crèche that I had purchased out. And [he] did.

In December we started with Mr. Oenslager, the foremost scenario designer in America--who unfortunately also has passed away--to design a stage where the crèche would be housed while it was on display. Then we decided we had better bring in an Italian specialist who specialized in this. We had terrible trouble with his papers, because apparently he had been a collaborator during the war. We had all the complications that go with any project.

But we unveiled it, and the President and Mrs. Johnson very kindly invited all the Engelhards to the White House for dinner. There were four generations of Engelhards. [There was] a lovely party with the

staff of the White House and ourselves, and we were invited then to have dinner in the family quarters afterwards.

G: I'm going to stop [and change tapes].

Tape 2 of 2

G: In 1964 Mr. Engelhard was chairman of the Host Committee at the Democratic national convention. Do you remember the activities in connection with that?

E: Yes. In May of 1964 we decided to throw a large party in Atlantic City. The President kindly and, I think, because of his friendship for Charlie, agreed to be the main speaker. It was also a fund-raising party. The five hundred people were in the main hall paying one hundred dollars for the tickets to come to the dinner and hear the President speak. We decided, as it was in May and the best month at Cragwood, we would invite a few friends. The Duke of Windsor expressed his interest in wanting to go to that type of political party. Unfortunately at the time we did not know--and Cragwood is between 150 and 200 miles from Atlantic City--that the Duchess of Windsor would not drive faster than thirty-five miles per hour. Well I can assure you, it's sheer agony to drive at thirty-five miles an hour.

We arrived at the Shelburne Hotel. I think the President and Mrs. Johnson, Governor Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, and a few of the important people were having a small reception downstairs prior to the party. I greeted Mrs. Johnson and kissed her, and she whispered in my ear, "Please don't invite the President to join you at the party after the dinner." When I got to the President in the line, he said, "I can't wait to come to your party." I was at a loss to know what to do. I

said, "Mr. President, you'll always be welcome. If you want to come, do come. We have the Windsors; we have some music; we have some champagne. So do join us if you're not too tired."

G: Mrs. Johnson's reasoning was that he was tired already and she didn't want to tire him out too much.

E: Right, and she was worried that he should go straight back to the White House after his speech and not come to a party that we were giving.

G: You left during the speech, I understand. Is that right?

E: During the speech I didn't know if the Johnsons were coming or not coming at that point, because Mrs. Johnson usually had her way in many things like that. I had left orders to get everything going at a certain time, that we would be back anyway before the guests would arrive, but to be prepared, because things like that are not so easy to move around, especially when you have the Windsors, who always attract a lot of crowd.

Prior to this, President Johnson had hesitated to come to Atlantic City, I gather. My husband had asked me to call him up at the White House and ask him if he did come to relax, after the party we would have a few friends, and it would be fun, and he could relax after his speech. This is to put you in the picture of why there was this conversation between Mrs. Johnson and the President and myself before the party.

Right in the middle of dinner and right in the middle of the President's speech, a Secret Service man comes and tags me on the bottom of my skirt. He was crawling on the floor, and he said, "Get going." I said, "How can I get going when the President is speaking and the Duke of Windsor is still eating his steak?" He said, "Never mind. Get

going. The President will be at your apartment in two minutes." I sent word over to my husband and said, "We have to get going." It was very embarrassing. He was the host. We were in the front row at the main table. But we did get going. There were Secret Service men waiting for us outside. They drove us to the hotel a few minutes from there. The elevator hadn't gone up to our apartment and I hadn't had time to fix my hair and put some powder on my nose when the President was there, big as life, and Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson was not too happy, I don't think, about this little detour from going back home.

The party picked up its tempo. The Windsors loved parties, as everybody knows. The place looked festive with lovely flowers. It was a beautiful night. Our apartment was on the top floor, and there were balconies all the way around. There was music playing, and the atmosphere picked up very fast. The President said he would like to go and relax for a few minutes on the porch. Then we brought some guests over to introduce them to him, and Mrs. Johnson went and sat in the living room. I must say that it was a little bit difficult on her, because the President obviously was installed for a long evening, and Mrs. Johnson wanted to get home. But it was lots of fun. I don't think the President danced that evening. I think Mrs. Johnson danced once or twice, but they stayed until about one or two o'clock in the morning, when they took their helicopter and flew back to Washington.

I think in a way that our friendship grew closer that evening, both me and Mrs. Johnson, and the President, with the fun that we usually created when we gave parties, which he no doubt liked a lot.

The President called me up one day a little later, but I think it was during the same month. He said, "Seeing that you know everything, would you tell me--I want my portrait painted--the names of the three best portrait painters in the United States?" I said, "Well, in my opinion, they would be Mr. Peter Hurd, Mr. Aaron Shikler, and Mr. Murray." He said, "Why don't you get hold of them?" I said we would arrange that for him. He picked Mr. Hurd, and as everybody knows, this ended up in a very unpleasant situation, although I still think Mr. Hurd's portrait is very good of the President. He ended up being painted by Mrs. [Elizabeth] Shoumatoff, which is an excellent portrait of both the President and Mrs. Johnson.

G: Did the President ever chide you about your selection of Peter Hurd?

E: He said he was an impossible man.

G: But did he ever blame you for [recommending him]?

E: No, no. No, the President was not like that. He did chide me about having disagreeable friends. I said Mr. Hurd was hardly a friend of mine, but I thought he was a great portrait painter.

G: In October of 1964, you hosted a barbecue here at Cragwood for Lynda Bird Johnson.

E: At the beginning, I think the President was supposed to come, and then Mrs. Johnson was supposed to come, and in the end Lynda came. I said I would be delighted to lend my home to any party for the Johnsons as long as I did not have to organize it, because the President wanted steaks, and I wouldn't know how to organize steaks for three thousand people. I think in the end we had 2,500 or 2,700 people come. It was beautifully organized by Jane Lipsen and Walter Jetton. I had no problem at all

with the party. Sammy Davis came, and people were coming in and out. There were other very well known singers and artists. Jane Lipsen did such a great job that it didn't really interfere with the private life of the children and what was going on at home.

They arrived with big pits amongst the apple trees and the peach trees out there, and they put everything back in marvelous order. It was exhausting, but the party picked up an interesting tempo because of all the professionals that were there, especially Sammy Davis, who had such success that he had to climb on top of a car at one point to get away from his well-wishers. He also had the good manners to come and thank the people--and my staff--personally. It was a great success. I don't think the Republicans ever saw a better party, and certainly the Democrats had a great time.

The security people had little problems. The only loss I sustained was one of my beautiful eighteenth-century eagles at the gate at Cragwood. I had a pair of them, and one disappeared as the last guest left. Nobody knows how that happened, because obviously there was lots of security, and we have our own.

G: The same month, I believe, October of 1964, President Johnson appointed Mr. Engelhard as his personal representative to the independence celebration of the Republic of Zambia.

E: I must say although it was a great honor, and I'm sure the President knew and was well advised in appointing my husband, it was a very difficult mission and certainly not a very pleasant one. We had as one of the members of our delegation Mr. Mosler, who decided that he should be the head of the delegation and not Charlie, and that he was asked to

serve as the President's personal envoy, and not my husband. So this was a fight that started when we got on the plane, through Paris, until we got to Zambia. However, we did have friends in Zambia, like President Kaunda, whom we knew when he was a very simple lawyer. He greeted us personally. And then, Ralph Bunche was around, and he was very friendly. There was the French delegation and the Australian delegation with Sir Howard Beale, all the people who helped Charlie through this difficult impasse with Mr. Mosler. Mr. Mosler had a point, if I may be objective about this. The point is that Charlie did have interests all over Africa, including Northern Rhodesia, and maybe you should not be the personal envoy of a President representing [him] in a country where you have personal interests. But certainly, knowing my husband, he would not ever use a situation like this. I'm sure President Johnson did what he thought was right, that it would be a great asset to have somebody go to a country that he knew well and knew the new President of.

G: Well, the following year, in February of 1965, the President appointed Mr. Engelhard to serve as a member of the Committee on U.S. Trade Relations with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

E: Yes, that's correct. I think that we started off by going down to Washington, where this was discussed. The main discussion, I think, was the possibility of Senator Mansfield and my husband going to visit Russia. We went to the White House and visited with Mrs. Johnson and the President upstairs in their private quarters. Then we went on the ***Sequoia*** and had dinner. I think Senator Inouye and Maggie Inouye were with us, and the Mansfield daughter. My husband never did go to Russia,

because I think that he felt that he traded with the Soviet Union and it would be a mistake to have a repetition of the Zambia incident.

G: But he was an advocate of enlarging trade. . . .

E: To Eastern European countries. He always was. He said, "There's no way. The Russians have more gold and more platinum than any other country in the world. We cannot depend on South Africa for the rest of our lives, and we certainly don't have enough of any of those metals to supply what we need in this part." So it would be useful for industry and for planes and all the other things that depend on these materials to be able to buy some of their supplies.

I think it was the same year that Mrs. Johnson happened to be at a dinner party in New York. The President was there too, I remember distinctly, because we went back to the apartment at the Waldorf Towers where they were also staying, and we had a nightcap with them. Mrs. Johnson turned to me as we were leaving, about one or two o'clock in the morning, and she said, "Are you busy tomorrow morning?" I said, "No, Mrs. Johnson, I'm always free for you." She said, "Well, will you be here at eight o'clock tomorrow to have a cup of coffee with me?" I said I would be delighted to, not knowing what she wanted to talk about and to discuss. She said, "How many state congressmen and senators from New Jersey do you know?" I said, "Well now, let me think. I know Peter Frelinghuysen, and he's a Republican, so he won't be any good to us. I do know Pete Rodino," and I went on with two or three of them. She was able to name every one of the twenty-one of them. I was absolutely undone by this, because I thought, "My God, here's the First Lady of the country being able to name the twenty-one congressmen of my state and

I'm not able to." She asked me then if I would help her with her beautification bill, which we called the billboard bill. I said I was very sympathetic and that I would try and call Pete Rodino, whom I knew very well, and see if I could help. There ensued several years of battling before we got a bill passed, which we were not very happy with, but it was better than nothing.

G: Discuss your contact with Representative Rodino in this connection. You called him up, I believe, or talked with him? He was not disposed to support the bill initially.

E: He did not want to support it. He said it was nonsense, that we needed the money, we needed billboards, and who cared if we had billboards or not, and who cares about beautification? I was able to really change his mind. Although we came up with a bill which didn't please Mrs. Johnson very well, it was better than not having any bill at all.

G: How did you persuade him?

E: Well now, don't ask me a silly question. I just talked him into it, I suppose. I am all for beautification, and I thought the people of New Jersey would appreciate it that we would get the right publicity in the newspapers about how he had used his influence with his committee to change the situation, and we were most grateful to him.

I think it was March 17 when we all went down to Washington for Senator Mansfield's birthday, and the President promised to come. I was first going to give it at the Madison Hotel and then decided that a hotel is a cold place to give a party in. We wanted it to be very informal. Senator Mansfield being a very informal person and a very shy person, we didn't want a big event. So we decided to hold the party in

his daughter's basement, and when I say basement, it's literally one room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, and it was an upstairs room. The President promised he would come to it. It was during the Vietnam war and the difficulties between Senator Mansfield and the President, and we felt that this might help everything.

So I arrived on our plane with bowls of soup and dishes of chicken on my lap, the orchestra, flowers, staff, everything, because they had nothing there, and I didn't know of anybody to help me. When I arrived at the house, it was quite warm, as I remember, and nothing was prepared. I found Secret Service men installing the telephone, so I thought, "All right, there comes the President, so this will make it even better." He didn't come, but Jack Valenti did. It was a very interesting party, and Senator Mansfield had a lovely time. The men wore green bows, and the ladies had green scarves around their necks.

G: Let me get you to talk about the relationship between Lyndon Johnson and Mike Mansfield. They were two very different men, I suppose, as far as temperament and personality are concerned.

G: Well, I think that was really the basis of the whole thing. I think probably Senator Mansfield had stronger feelings against the Vietnam war than the President did. [The President] had been advised--and we will talk about it later--by his military advisers that we could win that war, and Senator Mansfield always had the feeling we never could. I think this was always the basis of their disagreement.

Charlie was often called in the middle of the night by the President, asking him to tell Mike to get off his back on this or that. It wasn't an easy position to be in, because we respected both men

immensely, and yet each one had a point of view that has its own value. It's difficult to get mixed up in things you really don't know about. There was all that information both those men had that we didn't have. You cannot use your friendship to do things like that, but we tried. My husband spent a lot of his time doing this.

G: Did you ever see them attempt to persuade each other directly on this?

E: Oh, yes. The President would put the great charm on Senator Mansfield, who would withdraw and become colder and colder, like Mike can be, and refuse to be persuaded to change his stand.

G: Senator Mansfield had quite a background in the Far East in terms of his own studies. I think he had been a professor of Asian history.

E: Yes. He had been in China, and he knew all that part of the world very well. He had been in Vietnam when the French were losing that war, and he knew the situation well. He thought it was a losing battle and there was no point in pursuing and having the young people. . . . He was really very anti-Vietnam war. I think the President was also. The only thing is that he felt we could not abandon what we had already given so many of the lives of our boys [for]. The war had lasted for so many years that we couldn't just one day walk out of it. I think that it's all very easy to blame President Johnson for the Vietnam war, but I think one can blame President Kennedy for it and also Mr. Nixon for it. I think this is something where people are very shortsighted when they discuss it. But there was no question that it was a very hard moment to go through in everybody's lives, this "Are you pro-Vietnam or are you anti-Vietnam?" Basically everybody was anti-Vietnam, but the question was *when* to get out, and it wasn't as easy.

G: Did you ever yourself take on the role of accommodating the viewpoints of Senator Mansfield to President Johnson?

E: Well, I certainly listened to them. I was usually in the room when they spoke, when they spoke with my husband. It was very sad, really, really tragic to see that two men that had had such a long career together were pulled apart at the end--I didn't know it was going to be the end--of the President's life, over the Vietnam war.

G: Did they get together ever and have this not come up?

E: Never. Maybe during meals it would not come up, but before meals they would go into a room and come out looking very pale and angry. They were always at each other on this, and I gather the situation became very tense between them.

G: Did they differ on any other policies?

E: Not that I know.

G: Well, we've got the Indira Gandhi visit. Do you want to talk about that?

E: It was really not a very important occasion as far as I'm concerned, except I think that at that dinner she made a speech, a toast to the President, saying that we had no right to be in Vietnam. Am I correct in this?

G: Could be.

E: I can't remember what the topic was, but she made a toast which was a very moving one. I remember Isaac Stern was sitting next to me, and he was very moved by it. She talked about peace in the world, and when you think of what trouble she is having today, it's quite gripping to think of it.

(Pause in recording)

G: Now in December of 1967, President Holt of Australia was drowned. Do you want to describe the circumstances that led to your going to Australia? You were old friends of the Holts.

E: I think the exact date, which will bring us back to why we went on this trip, was the sixteenth of December. Charlie and I were coming back on Route 22 from a Christmas party given by the service club of the employees of Engelhard Industries. We were driving along and put the news on to keep ourselves awake, because it was pretty late. They announced on the radio that Prime Minister Holt had disappeared under mysterious circumstances. We were both very shaken.

We arrived back here, and I called the Action Room at the White House. I explained who we were and I asked if they could give us any details. They said the only things they could tell us were that the President was aware before he went to bed that he had disappeared; that we could call back in a few hours, and if they had any news, they would give it to us; and that they would let the President know that we had called.

The next morning at eight o'clock, the President then telephoned Charlie, who explained to the President that he was going out to the funeral with me. The reason why we were going to the funeral and taking this long voyage was because in 1955, Charlie and I went to Australia, where Charlie had a lot of interests connected with his own company: mines, minerals, sales offices in all the big cities. He was going to pull the thing together and see what things were doing. There we met the Minister of Labour and Immigration, who was Sir Harold Holt, and his

wife Zara. We became very friendly because my sister then had lived in Australia for five years and knew the Holts; they were very close friends. So we went out dancing together, and we had a good time. We became friends, and they promised that when they came to the United States the following year, we would entertain them at Cragwood.

As a matter of fact, it didn't happen that way. We entertained them in New York. We gave a dinner party for them at "21," where we invited the leaders in business and banking circles. As I remember, we were then invited to the White House for a dinner party in their honor.

We introduced Mr. Holt, I think, to Mr. Johnson at a dance at this house. I can't remember the circumstances. He must have been majority leader at the time. It was before he was president--it's difficult to keep track--but I'm sure that they were here at a dance. It was a lovely party. They talked about the affairs of the world together. This was followed by the state dinner.

So when we heard on the famous night of December 16 that Mr. Holt had disappeared, and we called the White House, it was obvious that we were going. But we had no idea the President of the United States would bother to go, because it was so far and it was a few days before Christmas. He assured us that he was going to go and that he would like us to be his guests, but whatever arrangements we had made to come back, to keep them as they were, because he was going on.

We made our arrangements to leave on the morning of the nineteenth. There was still no news of Mr. Holt's body being found. There were] lots of cables going back and forth with his widow. We flew out of Newark on our plane and arrived in Washington to be met by Mrs.

Johnson, who said she was not going. We left that afternoon by helicopter for Andrews Air Force Base and started the longest voyage of my life in the shortest time: Twenty-five thousand miles with no sleep, practically. But it was absolutely fascinating, and I would never not have made that trip. First of all, I got to know the President and admire him more than one can say. There are no words for it, because this man worked incessantly the whole way over. At these long stops that we made in these different places--if you want to, we'll go through them later--he always had to make a long speech, a speech that lasted ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. We were in Travis [Air Force] Base first, then in Hawaii, then in Samoa, then we arrived in Perth. He was always "on." The rest of us had no sleep, either, but at least we didn't have to make a speech and be careful what we were saying, also news from home, and so forth and so on. It was a memorable trip for all of us, but it was very taxing. I think it was a historical trip, and I was very happy to be part of it.

G: The first stop, I guess, was Travis Air Force Base in California.

E: Yes, where he was greeted by thousands of U.S. Army. . . . I think it was an army base. I would say we stopped there about an hour and then went on. In the cabin of the plane, the people that were the most there were Mr. Bill Bundy, Mr. Rostow, Charlie and myself, Jack Valenti, and Marvin Watson. Of course, there were many others, like Charles McGuire, Harry McPherson. You have all the log of the trip, so you could give it yourself better than I can.

In the cabin usually we just sat, Charlie, myself, and the President, and then he would call in people and invite them. That's how

we had our meals. To go to Canberra we had as a passenger the Australian ambassador to Washington, Mr. Keith Waller. He was a very nice gentleman. I think he thought he was going back with the President and then was not taken back, but I don't know what happened there.

After very short stops we arrived, totally exhausted, in Canberra. We went to the Rex Hotel. We got into our rooms, slept a few hours. The President, as I remember it to the best of my knowledge, called Charlie and me the same night we arrived to his room and said, "We're going on, and I'd like you to come with me. I need your company. We'll cancel your tickets for you." I said, "Mr. President, how long are we going on?" There was no mention of where we going on. He said, "I promise you'll be home for Christmas." I explained to him that one of my daughters' birthday is on the twenty-fourth, that Christmas meant a great deal to the family, and that I really wanted to be back, so maybe Charlie should go and I should not. "No, no," he said, "I need you."

This brings us to the story of the cream for his hands, which everybody discussed. It became quite a joke at the White House. He was so tired when we arrived in Canberra, his hands were so swollen from shaking thousands of hands of people, well-wishers. But they were tiring and his hands were swollen, and he kept thinking of what the next day would be. I said, "Mr. President, if you will allow me, and Admiral Burkley will allow you, may I put some of my cream on your hands? It will take the swelling away, it cannot harm you, and it's going to soothe you." The next thing I knew, a few months later there was a planeload of this cream coming over from Switzerland, but it was a joke among us. I was a marvelous nurse.

G: You also gave him--was it a dressing gown?

E: You see, of course we were all in the spirit of Christmas. We had all been Christmas shopping. We got on the plane to break the atmosphere and make everything more festive, feeling that there was a little bit of joy, because we were gloomy; we were sad. I was even sadder from the fact that I was in an old white sweater and an old black wool skirt and a coat. When I got on the plane, I thought I was going--I had a little black silk dress for the funeral, with a mantilla--and then I was coming home the next day, so I was prepared for any occasion. I always hate to take extra luggage. The President loved gifts, and I thought it would be nice to have a little package for him. I bought a silk paisley dressing gown, which he loved. I think he went back and showed it to everybody. He was like a little boy with his first toy. He wore it for most of the trip.

The atmosphere in the compartment with the President was one of, I would say, hard work, the atmosphere of a man that had a job to do. There was little time for fun. We didn't joke very much. Very few funny stories were told. The laughter mainly came from the President kidding Jack Valenti about his outfits and his Italian taste. Or how much Coca-Cola my husband drank. The President was on a very strict diet. He had nothing but buttermilk, water, Sanka, and the famous chili con carne which he couldn't do without. He got very little sleep. I was amazed.

When we arrived in Canberra, he was taken into hand by the Ambassador and Mrs. Edward Clark. Ambassador Clark always wore a yellow rose from Texas on his lapel, which always fascinated me. They gave a

dinner party for the President, and we were not invited. Apparently it was a working session that night. We went to bed, delighted.

But by the time we called Mrs. Holt and organized her. . . . We arrived at eight o'clock in the morning there, so we must have left Canberra at six-thirty or seven. We left very early, because we got there before Mrs. Holt had gotten up. The President arranged a car to take us directly to her house. I remember her dressing and [my] telling her she had better hurry, because I knew the President was on his way to visit her.

G: You went upstairs, is that right, and helped her dress?

E: I went upstairs and helped her to get dressed. She explained there were other heads of nations coming to call on her. I don't know what countries, though. Usually people of the eastern countries were paying their respects to her.

The President arrived, and it was a very moving occasion. He gave her a present. She gave him a picture of her late husband. There were lots of tears, but we did pull ourselves together, because she had to face the ordeal of the funeral, where everybody from all over the world--once they heard that President Johnson was going to make the effort--were coming. Prince Charles was there. It was really one of the most beautiful funerals, at St. Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne, that I have ever seen in my life. It lasted over an hour, and Madame Marcos looked superb. It was the first time I had ever laid my eyes on her, and I couldn't believe how beautiful she was.

We still didn't believe that we were going on the trip and [thought that] this was just a little chitchat the night before. As we

went in, the President said to Charlie, "Skip the lunch"--we were given a card to go to the buffet luncheon at the--state capitol? Where was the lunch? I don't remember--"and go straight to ***Air Force One***." We were dumbfounded that we really were going on. We thought it was not reality. The President was very prompt in getting back on the plane at two o'clock, I think it was, or two-fifteen. We took off, and we landed in Darwin. I remember it was the first time that the word Vietnam came into the conversation in the cabin, when somebody said, "We must be going north, because otherwise we would be going to Perth." Darwin is in the north and Perth is in the south, and we were right in the middle.

It was very hot. Our heels got stuck in the tarmac. As we got back in the cabin, the President said, "We're going to Thailand," and I nearly died with the idea of going so close to the war in Vietnam.

G: Did he give you a reason for going to Thailand?

E: No, and everybody told me, the people like Bill Bundy and the friends that were aboard who would talk from time to time with me, "You wouldn't dare ask the President a question like that. Anyway, I wouldn't." But it was never discussed. I said, "Where are we going?" He said, "We're going to Japan, but I have a sneaky feeling we might stop in Vietnam." I said, "You must be crazy. The President of the United States wouldn't be allowed, for security reasons, into Vietnam." He said, "Nothing would surprise me of Lyndon Johnson."

G: Now who was this? Bill Bundy said that?

E: Bill Bundy. Eventually we arrived at Korat Base that night. There were all these little trailers. It was very spooky. As I remember it was nearly eleven o'clock at night. It had been a long day for all of us.

We were in the trailer of a colonel who was missing in action. It was very sad, because before he left for this mission, he had set up a little Christmas tree for himself to give a party. He had put a few presents underneath. The Christmas tree consisted of a cactus plant with red ribbons. We slept in his bed. Before we had even gotten to bed, the Secret Service came to tell us that our suitcases were supposed to be ready at two o'clock, because we were taking off again. We had no idea where we were going, except for gossip.

We landed in Cam Ranh Bay. There we were met--I think I'm correct--by General Westmoreland and Ellsworth Bunker. It was the most exciting moment, I think, of the whole trip. The funeral was grandiose and moving, but this was unbelievably exciting to see these troops that had been giving their lives to fight this cause, there in the bright daylight, screaming with excitement to see their President; saying, "I touched him!" "He shook hands with me." "He's here! He's come to see us." It was really unbelievably moving.

G: Was the President moved by this reception?

E: Very. Very. He was in his fatigue clothes as Commander-in-Chief. [Inaudible] He cried. Except for General Westmoreland, there were tears in everybody's eyes.

Then he went to visit a hospital with a lot of wounded people, which I think must have upset him terribly. Then he went on the stand and distributed the Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor. He gave a medal to Westmoreland. He gave a lot of medals out, and every time, the men saluted with such respect. Then the general in charge of the place said that they could break ranks and come close to the President, and

that was not to be believed. It's only in America you would see a thing like that. I can't imagine that happening in any other country. They were so respectful and loving and happy, and it was two days before Christmas. You can imagine being there how happy one must be. But they didn't seem to resent the fact that he put them there or the army had put them there. They were just in awe of being so close to such greatness. It really was a moment that one could never forget, and everybody was moved.

The heat was unbelievable. As we said goodbye, we hated to leave those boys, and somehow it haunted us for a long time afterwards. Then we got back into the plane, and there ensued a discussion that I'll never forget in my life. For some reason, there was a great disagreement among the President's close advisers of how we should go back home.

G: Before we get to this, describe what he said about that stop in Vietnam. He must have been elated at the response of the troops.

E: He was. Charlie, I think, was the one who put the question to him: "Mr. President, isn't it dangerous that you came to Vietnam? Isn't your presence here dangerous? Something could happen to you, and you are too precious to the world." He said, "Charlie, I couldn't be so close to them and not go and thank them for what they are doing for the American people." I thought that was a very lovely statement.

G: When did you find out you were going to Vietnam for sure?

E: After we got on the plane, somehow somebody said, "We're going to Pakistan." Somebody said, "No, we're not. We're going to Japan." This discussion went back and forth. We were all tired, and everybody's feathers were a little ruffled, I think. Somehow, there was a disagree-

ment between Jack Valenti and the hierarchy. There was a question of who was in command, I think. I think the President was having a nap, or certainly he was not listening and was oblivious to what was going on. I would think that those who wanted the President to go back through Japan were about to win, when Jack Valenti said, "Mr. President, I can't believe that we're not going to go and visit the Holy Father the day before Christmas. Think what that would do to the press of the United States, a picture of you with the Holy Father." I can't remember what the President said, but something terribly funny about the Italian Mafia. I said, "Mr. President, I have never said a word since I've been in this compartment without your permission. Do I have your permission to say something?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Mr. President, don't you think Bobby Kennedy is going to be very upset if he hears that you are in Rome the day before Christmas and he isn't?" Somehow everybody burst out laughing. There were consultations.

G: How did you know that this argument would appeal to him, though?

E: Because I knew that Bobby Kennedy was somebody that he had never agreed with, that had been very unfriendly to President Johnson when he could.

G: Had he been preoccupied with Bobby Kennedy before the discussion of Rome came up on the trip?

E: I had a feeling from different conversations in the compartment, as we called it, that Bobby Kennedy was someone that sort of haunted him, and that he thought that Bobby Kennedy was pursuing a vendetta against him, and that this was something that upset him terribly. And I think because of Luci the President always had a strong respect for the Catholic religion, for their dedication, for their love. Having come

from Vietnam, we had seen death so close at hand that really he was moved beyond any words, and to be with the Holy Father. . . . I think the argument of annoying Bobby Kennedy is a very small one compared to his own desire to go to Rome.

E: But then after you phrased it as such, then did he talk about the implications of the trip to Rome vis-a-vis Bobby Kennedy?

E: No.

G: What was his reaction to your statement?

E: He laughed.

G: And then what transpired after that? When could you tell that the decision was made to go to Rome?

E: Then there was a great situation that evolved. The military people came back and forth saying that the Indian government had not given permission for us to fly over their territory, which made a tremendous detour. This was in favor of those who wanted to go to Japan, because we were going north then instead of going that way. Somehow we got two planes to escort us. I think they came from Pakistan. I don't know where they came from, but only two planes came, and they escorted the President's plane to Pakistan. We arrived in Karachi, and President Ayub waited for us. All of this seems to have taken a very short time, and yet it must have been . . . I don't know according to reality what it was, but it certainly was a whole night and half an afternoon before I knew we were going to Rome. The word Rome never came into [the conversation] until long after we left Karachi.

G: So you were headed for Rome.

E: We were headed for Rome after a hot stop in Karachi. I must say, the Rome part was not to be believed. It's like a comedy.

G: You must have been tired by this time.

E: Tired is not the word; you're totally exhausted.

G: Did you ever sleep for any period longer than three or four hours?

E: Yes, we did sleep. Actually, we all became conscious that we were not getting enough sleep, and there was a lot of criticism from the press plane that was following us on the fact that one man had had a heart attack and another man was about to have one, that everybody was exhausted, that the whole thing had become a carnival, and the President was taking advantage of his position to create an atmosphere of exhaustion, and nobody knew--there was indecision. There was a lot of criticism of this. That's when we decided to take in a few people from the press.

G: Garnett Horner was one, of the [***Washington***] ***Star***.

E: I'm trying to think who they were. I think Mr. Sidey was one.

G: Hugh Sidey and Jack Horner, Garnett Horner.

E: There were four of them, I know, one from the ***Washington Post***. The reason I remember these gentlemen, although they must have been charming, is that they never spoke to me. But when we stopped in any place, they would come and talk to me to try to get information out of me on what was going on inside ***Air Force One***. I would never give, obviously, any information. (Looking through papers) Here we are: Merriman Smith, UPI; Frank Reynolds, ABC; Hugh Sidey, Time-Life; and Garnett Horner, ***Washington Evening Star***; and Pat Heffernan of Reuters.

When I had gone back for an hour's sleep on a bunk that was supposed to be mine, but then I realized that some of the secretaries had no bunks, I said, "Consider this yours. When I have a minute, I'll come and lie down if there's nobody in it. Otherwise you use it. Can't see to have it empty."

While I was in it I saw one of our friendly press people with his feet dangling from the top of his bed with his hands in the wastepaper basket of Walt Rostow's secretary, trying to get torn-up memos out of it, which I didn't think was very noble, to say the least.

G: What did you do?

E: I threw my shoe across to him. I said, "What the hell are you doing?" Forgive my language.

G: Do you want to talk about the approach to Rome and what happened after you landed?

E: That's a story in its own, and I think that's going to take a little time. Do think we can have a little break?

G: Sure.

(Pause in recording)

G: Okay. You arrived in Rome.

E: We arrived in Rome, and the President told me that we would be going to see the Holy Father and that the Catholics would get to see him, which brings the name of Marie Fehmer to my mind, because she was such a lovely person and such a superb secretary. Mary Beck was also around, very charming, but Marie Fehmer really was unreal, how she worked twenty-four hours keeping the President's log and everything.

When we arrived in Rome, we went to Ciampino Airport rather than the main one, because there were demonstrations against the President, who was incensed at the fact that the information had leaked to the people of Rome that he was about to arrive. He was rightly so, because I gather he had cabled the Ambassador himself through a secret coded message, and there was no way for anybody else to know what we were doing. But anyway, there we were.

I was handed a piece of paper saying that the Engelhards were going in the helicopter, too, and for us to wait there. The President was going to see the President, Mr. Saragat, of Italy, or the Prime Minister, I'm sorry, and meet with some dignitaries. He was off in his helicopter. He would be back to pick us up to go to the Vatican.

In the meantime, the following conversation ensued. There were no helicopters available, we were told when we got there. Nobody knew the President was coming; nobody knew that he wanted helicopters. So two were dispatched at the last minute from Milano. So the pilot that we had, who we were introduced to, on Helicopter Two was a young American boy who had been going backwards and forwards, I gather, in his helicopter between Spain and the northern part of Italy. He had not had his breakfast, nor had he had his lunch, and he had flown all day from Milano to Rome to get there to take the President and his party to the Vatican. He was not very happy. He was not in a very good humor, and he was rather complaining. There was no way to find any food to give him, and there was no time, because it wasn't long before the President's helicopter came back.

In the meantime, my husband, who was much more realistic than anybody else, including the people at the Embassy, wanted to know what instructions our pilot had to get to the back part of the Vatican at night, because it was then about six-thirty or seven o'clock. It was dark, anyway, being in the middle of the winter. The colonel of the United States Embassy came up to us. With us were Mr. Walt Rostow, who had come back, Jack Valenti, Marie Fehmer, the photographer--I forget his name. We were supposed to be the second helicopter. My husband said, "Well, if we don't know where we are going, and we have no map, I don't see why the poor pilot knows how he is going to proceed on this thing. Anyway," said my husband, "I feel very strongly that the President's helicopter should not be the first helicopter, and that we should go first and the other one can follow us. If we catch a wire on the way, that's too bad for us, but at least the President of the United States will be safe," which I thought was very noble of him.

Let me go back to the story of the colonel, because I thought it was unbelievable. In my hands right now as I am talking to you, I have a postcard which is well known to all the people that were on the presidential trip to Australia, the postcard which was the only document that the poor pilots--taking the President of the United States to see the Holy Father and dropping the helicopters in back of the Vatican--had as a way to get there.

G: It's an overview postcard that served in lieu of a map, really, isn't it?

E: No map. So we all complained, especially my husband, who was a pilot during the war, that this was no way to conduct a presidential trip,

that there must be something better. [The embassy colonel] said, "Are you complaining? I paid one thousand lire for this damn postcard." I was so incensed--and so were we all--by this lack of organization, by the attitude of these people, that I said, "If I pay you your one thousand lire for this postcard, would you mind giving it to me?" He said, "No, you're more than welcome," whereupon he threw it at me, and I threw him his one thousand lire. So that was as much as was said of the thing. It's unbelievable. There's no way to see anything in between. It's probably a very old postcard, anyway.

So we took off. In between laundry lines--which were very welcome because the white would show at night, and telephone lines, and all sorts of other things in the way of the helicopter--it was very windy that night, on top of it all--we dropped into St. Damascus, I think. It's a little courtyard, anyway, lovely, a jewel, but very, very small. There in the wind was Monsignor Paul Marcinkus to greet us. Our helicopter took off immediately, and the President's dropped in. The President was escorted upstairs to see the Holy Father.

G: Did you go, too?

E: We waited in a very warm reception room, most of us. I think Bill Bundy had left us at that point. We lost him some place en route. Mr. Rostow went with the President, and maybe Jack Valenti, would be my recollection, and we waited.

Finally one of the carabinieri came out and got Charlie and me and Marie Fehmer, and we went in to meet the Holy Father; Cardinal Cicognani, who was foreign adviser; and Monsignor Marcinkus. Then the Holy Father and the President had their pictures taken with us.

G: Did you get any feel for how the two men got along together?

E: I had a feeling they had got along very well. The President looked much more relaxed when he came out than when he went in. They smiled at each other. In a funny way, they had very much the same face. They had warm eyes, intelligent eyes, the long nose, large ears, a warmth, a graciousness, making you feel at home, at ease, which very few men of that position ever have the ability to give you.

G: Did you speak to the Pope in Italian?

E: We had a very funny discussion on how you address the Holy Father and what you do when you see him. I said, "I've been to the Vatican. This is my fourth or fifth pope. You go down on both your knees and you kiss his ring, and then when he asks your permission and taps your head, you get up." The President said, "No way I'm going down on my knees, because I'd never get up again." I said, "Well, Mr. President, you asked me, so I'm telling you."

When we got there, we were briefed what we had to do when we saw His Holiness, and we were told we had to get down on both our knees and wait to be tapped, and get up. When we got back on ***Air Force One***, the President was elated and happy, and he screamed, "Our princess here is the only one who knows how to behave in front of a Holiness." He was very proud of me, that I knew how to behave in front of the Holy Father. We were with the President till the end. As he said goodbye to the Holy Father, he said, "Your Holiness, I'll be hearing from you very soon." So they must have made a commitment to each other about peace. There is no question that the President had gained a lot from this visit, gained in the feeling that he had been to Vietnam; he had taken the trouble to

go; he had risked his life; and that he had come to pay respects to a very holy man; and that he had promised to bring peace to the world, which I'm sure was very much on his mind the rest of his life.

G: He must have sought your opinion of the meeting after it ended.

E: No, he never did. He kept telling us what the Holy Father had said, which was, "Peace. Peace. We need peace in the world, and you're the only one that can bring it." He said this to Mr. Johnson.

G: How did he interpret this?

E: He had an interpreter.

G: How did the President interpret the Holy Father's remarks? Did he interpret it as an encouragement or a disagreement with his policy in Vietnam?

E: I think the President thought that it was an encouragement with a little bit of a lesson in back of it. I know the President was very encouraged that he would go back and. . . .

G: Did he feel that the stop was a success?

E: Yes, he really did. He had forgotten his anger over the behavior of the United States Embassy and all the "commies," as he called them, that were in there that had given away the story.

The atmosphere certainly changed a great deal when we got back from the Vatican, back on ***Air Force One***, and took over, because it was the first time we saw the President very relaxed. A lot of people said, "It's because he has finished his trip. It's all over, and now he's going home." I don't get that impression at all. I have the impression that he thought that his visit to the Holy Father was far more impressive than he thought it was going to be, that the Holy Father was much

warmer and more understanding of the problems that he had. I mean, it's very easy to say, "Stop the war in Vietnam," but it's not so easily done. I think he got words of encouragement towards patience to bring this end, if possible, as soon as possible, but not necessarily tomorrow.

G: How did President Johnson characterize the Pope?

E: He kept saying what a lovely man he was.

G: Did he think of him as a political leader, do you think? Did he ever refer to him that way?

E: No. No. Only his sanctity, which really came through, and which he admired. It was a beautiful atmosphere. The Vatican at night was so gorgeous and so serene. There was no noise. There was nothing. It really was some experience.

G: You stopped for a little Christmas shopping on the way back.

E: That was a riot, because the President said he wanted to get on the plane and rest. He was going to have a nap and didn't want to be disturbed by anybody. But we did have dinner, and I think we did have a drink and cheers, the first drink the President had on the whole trip. We were getting awfully close to Christmas, because we had gained a day by then, so we were at the twenty-fourth, I think, or very late on the twenty-third. He thanked us all. He went around shaking hands with everybody on the plane. He thanked everybody, and drank a toast to everybody. He was very friendly and very warm. Instead of going to bed immediately, he took about another hour before he went to bed.

G: Was he expansive?

E: He was very expansive. He looked at the toys we had to bring Lyn and the daughters and Mrs. Johnson. He wanted to be sure Mrs. Johnson had gotten his telegram or his cable or whatever it was. I think it was from Cam Ranh Bay, or maybe it was in Pakistan he sent her one to be sure she got it in time. He wanted to know what presents she was getting, and he scolded me because I didn't buy enough things in Australia. I explained to him that in two hours in Australia, you can't buy very many things.

We looked at the opal cuff links that he was bringing back for Pat, I think.

G: And Chuck, too, I think. Both of them.

E: And Chuck. And a little box for Mrs. Johnson. He was very expansive for the first time on the trip.

So then he went to bed. He had said he didn't want to be disturbed till we got to Andrews Base. We stopped, and we decided that we would go and have a little walk and see the PX, which at the last minute was opened for us. When we arrived there, there were very few people to wait on everybody. I went in back of a counter, and I was putting out perfume and telling people what they should buy. It was quite a happy occasion. We were all greatly relieved that we were on the way back, too, if I may say so. We'd had a lovely time at the Vatican, everything had gone well, and there we were practically on the last stretch before home and being with our own families.

Suddenly the door opened and here comes in the President. He starts screaming at us, saying, "How dare you get off the plane without telling me you are getting off? Why should you be buying all of this

and I'm not buying anything?" He turned to me, and he said, "You're a fine friend. Now what have you seen that's good? I want to buy"-- this and that. So he bought two or three trays made in Morocco, which I didn't think Lady Bird would appreciate at all, and some terrible pieces of lace, and a few other souvenirs--some silver bracelets, it seems to me, he bought. He saw some faces looking through windows and went and shook hands with everybody. The Secret Service was having a fit. Everybody was also in the mood of the twenty-fourth of December, and they were very happy to be able to meet the President of the United States in such a happy mood.

We flew on to Andrews Base, where Mrs. Johnson, and Luci--was Lynda there, too? I don't know.

G: Lynda had just returned from her honeymoon, I think, but I think it was just Luci.

E: Luci and Pat and Mrs. Johnson. It must have been four o'clock in the morning. Charlie and I got into a jet, and we flew to Boca Grande, where an orchestra and my children were waiting for us for a big celebration that night for Annette's birthday party. Senator Mansfield decided, bless his soul, to come and meet us. He got a ticket on the way to the airport, so he was detained, so we got home before he did. We never saw him on the way.

(Break in recording. Following portion is Feb. 20, 1977--Sunday afternoon.)

E: I think that you wish me to discuss [this]. On March 31, in the evening, Charlie Engelhard and I were in Boca Grande cruising on our boat. We were out spending a lovely evening in the sunset. We decided to go further and see some birds go to roost when the intercom telephone

signaled that there was an important call coming through for my husband and that the White House was calling. We first decided to ignore it, because my husband was tired and we had been on the phone a great deal that day. Then finally the message came back again that the White House had called a second time. We decided that as the telephone system was not the best, that we would head home.

We arrived back at Pamplemousse. I would say it was around ten o'clock at night. We called the Action Room of the White House. I do not recall if it was Marvin Watson himself, but some person had been instructed by the President to tell us that he had made, if we hadn't heard, an address that day that would announce that he would not run for reelection. I will never forget the sadness that overcame my husband. It was a tragic sight to see a man who was so strong and so in command of himself just fall apart. He was deeply involved with the President's projects; he was deeply involved with President Johnson's life. To see that this man, whom he called a giant, had decided not to run really was an extraordinary shock.

He tried to reach the President. To the best of my recollection, he did not that night, but did the next morning. In my own humble opinion, this was probably the decline of Charlie Engelhard. President Johnson gave him many reasons to want to live. They were often communicating with each other on different projects, or inquiring of each other what could be done about this problem or the other. To think that this man had decided that he could not take it any longer. . . . I think there is a word I could use for this situation. It's a very good expression of what Charlie felt when he got the sad news. Certainly

gloom fell over Pamplemousse, and we went to bed early, [waiting] for another day to face reality. That is my recollection of this incident.

G: Did you write him after that? I think you both--

E: We both wrote him and both asked him to reconsider his decision. We got very nice letters, but of course to no avail.

G: Did you have any idea before this that he would not run again?

E: My husband might have, but I never did.

G: Shortly after that, I guess two weeks or so after that, you were guests at the LBJ Ranch for the weekend, in April.

E: Shortly after that, we received a letter from Mrs. Johnson. First of all, a telephone call came asking us if we were available. Naturally we were. And then [came] a very nice letter from Mrs. Johnson of April 4, asking us to come and telling us what our schedule would be. We would visit the new site of the Library and be also the guests at lunch of Chancellor Harry Ransom of the University of Texas. During that weekend, the houseguests of the Johnsons were the Laurance Rockefellers, Mary and Larry; Mr. André Meyer; John and Peter Loeb; Mary Lasker; Matilde and Arthur Krim; and the Secretary of Commerce, C. R. Smith. We had an informal evening on Friday at the Ranch, and on Saturday, as I recall, we visited the site [of the LBJ Library]. Some of us in a more adventurous mood put on our hard hats and climbed to the top in the elevator of the new site of the Library itself. We then went on to visit John Connally's remodeled mansion. Nellie Connally took us around, and we visited her new gardens, all of which was very festive. It was a beautiful day, in spite of the rain we had had before, and we had a very lovely day.

I must at this point mention that there had been quite a lot of disturbance at the university with the students. We must not forget it was 1968, when all over the country the students were rioting about Vietnam. This was particularly upsetting to the President, because he always took it in a very personal way, although every person in the public arena had the same problem. I remember that when we went for lunch at the university, we had to go through the back door, and this was disturbing to the President. Although he was not present he knew this was happening. Mrs. Johnson was there, and she also was distressed. We had no trouble, and I can't say that the students were as violent as I had seen them, either in Paris or in New York, beforehand.

Then in mid-afternoon, we went back to the Ranch and had a swim. Mrs. Johnson called a nap, but usually the President gathered his forces around him, and we went around in the car with him--several cars following each other--and saw the sunset and saw the beautiful Ranch and all the extraordinary fauna that he had accumulated through the years. They were so beautiful to see in the sunset.

G: Did he drive on that occasion?

E: He always drove. Sometimes everybody was amazed, because he seemed to know every road, every path, where the animals were. He knew where the different configurations of animals would be. It was always an occasion when he seemed to become his old self, as Charlie used to say. There were jokes and intimate conversations that never took place when he was President, in his home or at the White House. We were always late to return to Mrs. Johnson. She was often upset, but she was the best-humored hostess that I ever knew. The steaks were always delicious, and

the President always had a lovely time. We had little time to change, but when we did meet again, it was always in good humor and the President in very great form.

G: You visited the Ranch again in May 1969. Do you remember that occasion?

E: As I recall that weekend, and I have done no research on it, it was the weekend, I think that Henry Ford was there, bringing his father's Model T Ford.

G: I think it was a 1917 Model T touring car similar to one that LBJ had had as a youth.

E: It was a car that was an extraordinary-looking affair that should be in a museum, which I think it is now, at your Library, isn't it?

G: Exactly.

E: The President was very impressed. He took a trip on his rounds with it, with Henry and Cristina.

G: Could he drive it?

E: He could drive it. He drove without any Secret Service men in the car, with Lady Bird and Henry and Cristina. After that, as I remember, one of the girls--I think it was Lynda--went with him, and then Charlie and I. Every time, he insisted on driving and absolutely adored this experience, and was obviously like a little child with his new toy.

Cristina Ford was a very amusing woman, a very witty person, a very charming lady. That evening she amused the President, and we had a very nice evening. I think the Krims were there, and I think Mary Lasker was at that party. Anyway, it was as usual the best, and everything was perfect in the house, and Lady Bird was a most charming hostess. The President was no doubt excited about his new toy.

I think that was the end of the big weekends that we spent with the President at the Ranch, which in a way. . . . After my husband passed away, I visited only once. The big, glamorous atmosphere--the days of everybody running around, coming from all parts of the world, especially from New York in their jets and all your people from Texas in their jets--had passed. The President had accepted his--seclusion, if you can call it a seclusion. Lady Bird remained as active as she always was, but he had become a more pensive person. It was sad to see him that way, because he was still very vital, and I think the country needed him very badly.

G: Then in February, 1970 they visited Florida.

E: It had become a sort of tradition that Charlie's birthday was the right time for the Johnsons to come to Florida. The weather was good, and Charlie loved to make a big thing of his birthday. I think they had been there at least once or maybe twice previously, but they did come in 1970. I remember President Johnson arrived in Florida ahead of Charlie and Mrs. Johnson. I happened to be with the President and Senator Mansfield. It was on Ash Wednesday. I'll never forget that, because the Senator and I had been to receive our ashes, and when we came into the room to greet the President, who had changed and was there waiting to welcome us, he said, "My goodness, you both look awfully dirty." We explained to him we had received our ashes, and he said, "Why can't I get any, too?" We explained to him that it was only for Catholics. That's one of the many times that I had the feeling the President would have been happy to be a Catholic. He never told me so, but it's a

feeling that I always had that he did not like to be left out of something that he felt was very important.

G: Did he ever talk about Catholicism or Luci's Catholicism?

E: He was obviously, in my opinion, very happy when Luci embraced the Catholic religion and married Pat. He always told me he admired me for my faith and getting up no matter where I was in the wee hours of the morning to go to church. I think he was extremely happy when Charlie became a convert. He always said, "If I wasn't President of the United States, I think I would become a Catholic, too."

As you know, he loved Father Schneider, who lived near his home in the little parish in Stonewall, I think it is. He and Father Schneider used to exchange long jokes in German, or whatever language they were talking; I think it was German. I was sad to hear this year that Father Schneider has retired, because he was very much part of our whole life at the Ranch.

G: I think there was one last visit to Florida.

E: The following year--it was, I think, later in February--the Johnsons arrived. As I remember, they were very late. Something happened to our plane taking off from Texas. I was already there, and I was giving a small party on that Friday night. Leo Walsh and Concy Vanderbilt Earl were there waiting with us for dinner. We had hoped the President's party, including Charlie, would arrive around six. By eight, they had not arrived, so we told the kitchen to serve the dinner. As we were about to sit down, they told us that they had landed and they would be here at the house in twenty minutes. So we got up from the table, we re-set the table, and there we were, all of us. Leo Walsh was then the

head of Amtrak, a very brilliant businessman who knew the President and was eager to be there to welcome him without having had dinner.

So we all sat around, and we thought, "Well, at least the President will be tired, and we're tired, and we'll all go to bed early." As I recall, we went to bed at three o'clock in the morning. After dinner, the President--so did Charlie--had what I call a second wind and started to tell stories. He was sitting out on the porch, facing the Gulf. The President was in very good humor. He seemed extremely well, and he entertained all of us into the wee hours of the morning. It was a very enjoyable evening which I shall never forget.

G: You mentioned earlier, I think, that this was an occasion where both the President and Mr. Engelhard complained of chest pains.

E: We were talking of Friday night, and on the Saturday morning I was supposed to meet with the President at my Moroccan house, which is off the grounds of the main house, where we could have a little time to discuss the inside furniture of the new Oval Room at the Library, plus the other places. The architect, a man called Davis Allen from the Bunshaft group, was there. We all went over there to discuss the color and the materials we were putting on the furniture. Mrs. Johnson, I don't think, was invited to this, but the President was very much in the picture and eager to make the necessary decisions, because at that point, we had to go ahead and get everything in order for the groundbreaking.

He came in and decided that every chair was too low, that every table was too low, so we had to change the dimensions of all the

furniture. All this was a shock to all those who were involved in this project, but as usual, he was full of humor.

G: What did he say?

E: He said, "There's no way I'm sitting in that stupid chair. You have to make it wider and bigger and more comfortable for my back." He tried everything, and he was very interested. He didn't like his knees touching the tables he was sitting at, so everything had to be redone.

G: Was this in the suite as opposed to the Oval Office reproduction?

E: The Oval Office and the suite. We discussed both things. I didn't dare discuss the Red Room, because I was afraid he would take my head off. We did discuss the main suite. We discussed the length of his day bed, and we discussed his bathroom, and we discussed every little fixture in the most minute detail. I marveled at his memory, because from the blueprint, for a layman it's difficult to know what's going to really happen. But he did, and we decided we had to change everything.

Then we took off. As I recall, I met Mrs. Johnson at the house and we went on to a social luncheon and played bridge. The President and Charlie took off in the boat. I think Miss Bissell, my secretary, was dispatched to be the governess or the nanny or the person to be sure that they didn't eat too much, because they were both on diets because of their health.

That afternoon when the President came back, I reminded him that we were supposed to go to a party given by neighbors of ours who were members of the du Pont clan. They were giving a party in his honor, but he didn't need to go. Mrs. Johnson and I would go, and it would be nice if Charlie appeared. To everybody's amazement, at the peak of the

party, we saw a swarm of security people coming in, and there arrived the President, all of which was totally unnecessary but very welcomed of course, by the local people, who were delighted to have the President in their home. He was in very good humor.

We went back to my house, where we had dinner outside in a little patio. It was a very charming evening. After dinner there was music and dancing, and there was also a movie. Both Charlie and the President, at a different time during the late afternoon and evening, complained that they were not feeling their best. The President especially was complaining about chest pains. I think Mike, his valet, told me about it--or maybe it was his security man--and told me to please not tell the President, but that he had complained two or three times that afternoon that he was having pains.

So I got the local doctor out of his bed at eleven o'clock. He came over and first looked at Charlie, because he was more accessible. He said that Charlie's blood pressure was high, that he didn't like his breathing, and that he would like very much for me to persuade him to go to the hospital the next day. He said, "Where's my other patient?" We got the President to go back to his room, where he looked at him. The doctor came back to see me and said, "Mrs. Engelhard, I must call Mayo Clinic tomorrow morning. I'm not pleased with the President's heart. His blood pressure's all right, but there's not enough difference in his diastolic, and I feel that he should rest or be seen by a heart specialist, which I am not."

I warned both the President and Charlie that the doctor was not happy with them. He wanted them to go to bed and for me to call him

early in the morning, and for more drastic steps to be taken toward their health. I obviously met with no success at all. They continued to see the movie and after kept us all up for hours with stories. The guests were all enchanted to see two gentlemen so happy and enjoying themselves. Of course the guests were not at all aware of what was going on.

The following day I think there was another boat trip. The President was supposed to leave at two o'clock to go to Shelby Island to meet the Busches on their boat. Our plane was supposed to fly them from Venice to, I think, Port Everglades. Instead of leaving at the time they were supposed to, they left at four in the afternoon. The Busches were not very happy, but one always forgives the President of the United States. Mrs. Johnson, I think, was the more irate one of the whole group, because she was always a very exact lady. Charlie accompanied them to Venice. I stayed back, because I had ten other house guests.

When Charlie returned about six o'clock that night, he said he wanted to go and see the birds return to their little island, what we call Bird Island. We had supper on the boat. As we came home around eleven o'clock, we were hoping desperately, all of us, to go to bed. Charlie said, "Oh no, there is another movie which I am dying to see which is called 'The McKenzie Break'." We went to bed late, and at seven o'clock the next morning when I went in to get the dogs out of Charlie's room, I found Charlie dead. It was a tremendous shock, naturally.

The first message I got, in an extraordinary way, because they were on a ship, was from President Johnson. He said, "I am returning

immediately." I begged him not to come back. I said, "There is nothing you can do. He's gone now. You gave him the best years of his life, and certainly the last few days were the happiest days of his life. Please, Mr. President, take care of yourself now, because otherwise the same thing will happen to you. Do not." He said, "No," naturally. He cried, and he was very emotional about it.

When I returned to Cragwood for the funeral, the first people that were here to greet me were the four Johnsons; the President, Lady Bird, and the two girls, which is something I shall never forget.

G: When was the last time you saw President Johnson?

E: If I'm not mistaken, it was that weekend I went and stayed with him. I would say it was in the fall of 1972. It would have to be. He was in a totally different mood. I spent the weekend. I begged them; I said, "If I come down, one condition is that we do not have a lot of people. I'd love to see the George Rufus Browns. I'd love to see a few Texan friends, like the Steves. But I really don't want a party, and I would like just to be with you."

I didn't know that he had been sick, although I always kept in very close touch with Mrs. Johnson. The President used to call me from time to time, like Thanksgiving, Christmas, and to inquire over a marriage or the birth of a new grandchild. But really, I didn't go to Washington too much; I didn't go to Texas too much, and so there was the end of the great rapport, although Mrs. Johnson and I, as you know, have remained great friends ever since.

I was at the Paleys' in Nassau when I received the message that the President had passed away. The Paleys, thinking they were doing the

right thing, did not tell me right away. When they did tell me, it was about three hours later, and it was impossible for me to get the plane down to take me back to the funeral; and their plane was not available. So I am sad to end this interview by saying that I did not pay my last respects to the man I admired and loved so much, as I would have liked to. It was just not possible.

G: Let me get to the fun part now, before we close, and just get some of your general, spontaneous impressions about Lyndon Johnson. What was he like? What kind of man was he?

E: Well, Lyndon Johnson was a unique person. There's no question there were never two alike of those.

G: You mentioned one thing that is the sort of thing that I'm searching for: His ability to grasp details, which other people have talked about. What other characteristics would you identify with him?

E: He was very sharp. He was very keen to learn. He would have liked to have had more knowledge about everything that he was in contact with and know more about it than anybody else. He was very ambitious. I cannot discuss it from a political view, but I can discuss it in that he wanted the best furniture available; he wanted the best fabrics on the furniture that was available; he wanted his suits to be the best available. He liked women that were well dressed. He was absolutely fastidious about his tidiness. I'll always remember that it impressed me when we were on ***Air Force One*** going to the Holt funeral, that our heels used to get vacuum cleaned every few minutes, because he didn't like any of the carpet fuzz, or whatever you call it, dust, to get on it. He didn't like rings on tables, and when he put a drink down or anybody else did,

he always was sure there was something underneath it. He liked ladies to look tidy, their hair well done. He was a very fastidious man, and you could tell it by the way he dressed.

This is a very mundane way of looking at a man. I think that he had a greater sense of humor than the world knows him to have had. I think when he told a story, and he was in good humor, and he didn't have something pressing--

Tape 3 of 3

G: Anything else about LBJ's humor? Was it often personal, kidding another person? Kidding you, for example?

E: No. I think he did kid my husband. The President and Senator Inouye spent a lot of time trying to get Charlie to lose weight. As you know, the President was always on a diet. We were all talking about calories, and how many calories were this and how many calories were that. They used to make tremendous bets. They used to bet ten steers against ten pounds, or fifty pounds, or whatever it was, horrendous bets. Mrs. Johnson and I used to be quite shocked about it, because we didn't think it was very [inaudible].

G: Did anyone ever collect on those bets?

E: Nobody ever collected on them, and Charlie was always the loser, so I'm just as glad they didn't.

The President was much more disciplined than the world, I think, has given him credit for being, because when he made up his mind to lose weight, he did lose weight. He was very proud when he did, and he was always shouting that his clothes were too wide, and so forth and so on. In this battle, my husband was the loser.

G: I gather that one of the facets of his humor was his ability to exaggerate things in a humorous way--hyperbole, to overstate something in a humorous way.

E: I don't know about that, but what I do know is that he did like to kid people--you were quite right--especially the people that worked for him. But he always did it in a nice way. I never thought he was being mean to anybody. He often talked about Lady Bird being too strict to him.

G: How so? With his diet?

E: With his diet, or with his late nights. She would take it very nicely, but I do think that in a way she resented it more than he realized that she did. The girls were never kidded; they were only loved. I think he spoiled the girls a great deal, certainly more than we ever spoiled ours.

I never felt there was any meanness when he was kidding someone. He did kid Senator Mansfield. Senator Mansfield doesn't laugh too often, but when he does--I must say the times I saw him having the best time, it was always in the presence of President Johnson. The President was known for his stories about his youth, especially football stories, it seems to me. "Hardhat" was one of them, who had been hit too often by a football and lost part of his intelligence. Senator Mansfield used to absolutely lose control, he was so amused. The story was told to us quite often--as a matter of fact, every time he came to Boca Grande--and we never tired of it. He told other stories, German stories, that people were amused by. I don't remember any of them, but I do remember that Charlie particularly liked those.

G: They were Crider boys stories.

E: Crider boys stories, and they were very amusing.

G: Did the President's moods change rapidly? Did he seem somber one minute and then later on lighthearted?

E: Not in my opinion. If you said something that would upset him, especially if you reminded him of the Vietnam war or demonstrations against him, then he would change rapidly. But I think that's perfectly normal, and any man who has any form of intelligence would be that way. This Vietnam war was something that really persecuted him--that's the only word I can think of--to a point that I often said to him, "Mr. President, let's not be oversensitive about it. You didn't start it, and I'm afraid you're not going to end it, so why should it have such a tremendous impact on you personally? For God's sake, we need you to live, and we can't afford for it to kill you."

G: When did you say this? Was this while he was president?

E: While he was president. And I said it during the trip, and I said it after the trip, and I continued to say it to him every time I would see him become depressed. But if you knew him and you could talk about something that would amuse him or interest him, he would come out of his depressions quite rapidly. As I said earlier in the interview, I saw a serious LBJ on our trip during the Holt voyage, but I rarely ever saw an angry President or friend. He was a very loving man. He was very patient in a funny way, which a lot of people don't see in him. I know he would scream, and everybody would come running out of my compound of houses in Florida when he did scream because he couldn't find the right color trousers or the tie. But on the other hand, if you would ask him in a nice way to stand and wait for the staff to surround him and have

his picture taken with them to give them pleasure, he would do it in the nicest possible way. He would always grab the youngest child around of one of the people that works for us. He always was inquiring about somebody he had known on our staff before. He was a very loving man. He was very concerned with poverty and the people that worked who were not well off.

G: Did he relate this to his own youthful experiences?

E: Probably. There was in Charlie's life a priest called Father Christopher who used to come often when the President was there. He used to spend hours talking to the President.

G: What did they talk about?

E: I don't know. They would go off in a corner and talk about religion, I suppose. I think the President really, as I said before, would have liked to have become a Catholic. He often came to Father Schneider's church with Charlie and me, or with me alone.

G: Do you think the President's perceptions of communism were exaggerated or somewhat distorted?

E: This is something that I still today am searching for myself. You have some people that think that it's around every corner, and often you see signs of it yourself. On the other hand, I don't think that it should ruin your life. Of course, it's different being president. There's something you can do about it. Mr. Sokolsky, who I mentioned was a great friend of my father's in China in the early 1920s, predicted it forty years ago that the communists would take over the world, and every sign and everything he predicted is happening today. Now I don't know

if he just was a very intelligent man, but we can't all become Joe McCarthys.

G: Did he talk much about communism?

E: Yes.

G: In what terms?

E: Well, when he used to get mad about somebody's point of view or somebody's vote in Congress or the Senate, he would say, "He's a bloody communist."

G: Did you argue with him on these scores?

E: With some people that I knew personally, I did; the ones that I didn't know, I wouldn't.

G: I suppose he was not an easy man to disagree with. He was very persuasive.

E: The office itself puts you in awe of the person. I think that you have to be more careful than you would be with somebody else. You can't say, "Mr. President, you're just being silly or personal."

G: What did you do?

E: I would say very calmly, "Mr. President, I don't agree with you, but let's not argue about it. Let's have a pleasant time." And that would end the conversation. From time to time he would say, "You could have influence with this person, so why don't you go ahead and do something about it?" I would say, "You have given me more power than I have, Mr. President."

G: Is there someone in particular that you're referring to?

E: No, many of them.

G: Anything else about him that impressed you or left an impression on you?

E: I think he was one of the most thoughtful people that I have ever met in my life, and I have known many statesmen. He seemed to care about human beings. Even at the peak of his greatness in Washington when he was President, he never forgot those who he believed, and with great reason, loved him. If it was his gymnastic teacher or it was the little friends in Far Hills, New Jersey, called the Pynes, he remembered them and gave them a call from time to time. He was always willing to help. The humane side of the President was something which was very touching. I must say that in this house--and we have had the honor of knowing several presidents and having them here--we have never known anybody that the whole Engelhard group loved as much.

(Pause in recording)

E: Of all the presidents--and we've had the pleasure of having several of them in this home--I don't think any president left as great an impact on the people that worked for the Engelhards or with the Engelhards as President Johnson did. If you went in the room of any of the people that were connected with any of his trips, you would see his picture in a place of honor.

G: I get the impression that he admired your expertise in art of all types; furnishings--

E: I think, to be honest, he admired the expertise that one had in anything. He always admired my expertise at running a house and not getting flustered if we were two hours late for dinner or not. He admired my knowledge of art, of history.

G: Did he try to tap this knowledge?

E: Oh, yes. Once, for instance, I gave him a bust of Remington for Christmas. He wanted to know where I had found it and why I had given him a Remington. I said, "This is very simple. Obviously it's art of the West and you would be interested in it." This interested him. He wanted to know the best artists of that time, and that was easy. He tried to accumulate some of the art in the White House, and I helped him do this.

He had a very inquisitive mind. Like all great men, he was interested in the best of what you can get of any culture.

G: Did you ever get the impression that he was in a hurry, that he wanted to do more things in a day than he really had time to do?

E: Certainly.

G: What do you think drove him?

E: I think you are born with that. I think a lot of men have that, and I think that it's part of greatness. My husband certainly had it, and he was going nowhere; he never sought any big office. The only thing he ever did was to run for the state congress in New Jersey, and he was defeated by Malcolm Forbes. He achieved greatness in business, but still he had to do ten things in the morning which maybe one person could do in a month. I think all people who are very intelligent and who have an eager mind fear that time is short to do all the things they want to do. The more you learn, the more you have to learn and the more you realize you don't know, and the more you have to meet people, read more, and do all the things necessary to become an expert in the field. And the time is very short. The only thing you cannot buy is time, as we all know.

G: I get the impression also that President Johnson to a certain extent envied your husband's success in business.

E: I think so. He used to say, "Charlie, I don't understand why you know so much about things that I don't know anything about." And Charlie would say, "Well, Mr. President, I was brought up in the business that my father grew up in and developed." The President was extremely interested in Charlie's grasp and expertise in precious metals, especially in gold.

During our whole trip to Australia and back, there were long messages coming backwards and forwards on the gold situation, our gold reserves. My husband always had a feeling that the United States government sold much too much of their reserves to back our currency, and that this was a great mistake, because we would run short of precious metals. I remember one night at a dinner party at the Harrimans' when Joe Califano said to me, "I never knew who was with the President when he went to Australia until I heard when he came back that he had Charlie Engelhard, and then I knew we had a gold expert."

G: Did they ever talk about the fate of white Africa?

E: Not to my knowledge.

G: Were there any other business matters, say related to international business, that your husband advised President Johnson on?

E: He was one of his advisers to NATO.

G: Right. I think we talked about that.

Let's devote a moment or so to Mrs. Johnson's contribution here. What role did she play in the life of LBJ?

E: I will start answering you by saying that my husband said that in the twenty-five years he was married to me, before he died, that she was the only person he never heard me say anything that was not kind about. There is nothing unkind to say about Mrs. Johnson. She is the most lovable woman in the world, and I wish her well and hope that she enjoys the rest of her life, because she sure deserves it.

G: Did she make an important contribution to his presidency?

E: Oh! I think enormous!

G: How so?

E: I think her presence was very important to him, and although one can believe stories or not believe them, I think that there was a very close relationship between them and that he depended enormously on her being there. She had greatness. She was also a very modest lady. I always remember she said something to me that really shook me one day. I said, "So-and-so spoke so well of the President." She said, "You know, Jane, I don't care what compliments people pay me, but I care what they say about my husband." In an extraordinary way when I questioned this remark, she said, "When people say that I am a great lady, and I have such great taste, and I have this and this and that, they are really taking away from the President." She felt this very strongly, and I know she meant it.

G: Do you think she helped soothe the feathers that he ruffled?

E: That's difficult for me to judge. I do know that she is a woman of infinite patience, and her patience unruffled a lot of feathers that were turned the wrong way. She helped situations which were tense by changing the conversation, by changing the mood of the evening. I think

the love of many people in Congress for her did help the President to deteriorate the ill feelings that people had toward him. Often people would say they were going to a dinner because they liked Mrs. Johnson and not the President. She's a very loved lady, as people all know.

G: Is there anything you want to talk about?

E: Well, I can't think about it now, but if I do, I'll let you know later.

G: Okay. Thank you.

E: You're welcome.

End of Tape 3 of 3 and Interview I.

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