

INTERVIEW VI

DATE: July 13, 1976

INTERVIEWEE: SAM HOUSTON JOHNSON

INTERVIEWER: Michael L. Gillette

PLACE: Mr. Johnson's residence, Johnson City, Texas

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J: Now, this is going to be something repetitious, but I was trying to think of some of the things that I hadn't said that I thought would be good, important, for the record. I don't know when I'll release it.

G: You mentioned that you would probably want to restrict these things [you say] today.

J: Now, you see, you're not familiar with the feud between Ed Clark and John Connally, but you probably have read that they had been bitter enemies for some time.

G: No.

J: Never heard about it? They were. Ed Clark, to go back into his history, he comes from East Texas, and when Jimmie Allred was attorney general, Ed Clark and Everett Looney were assistant attorney generals. You have dozens of them. Then Ed Clark became secretary of state under Allred. And he was a lobbyist, not a lawyer. Everett Looney was the lawyer of the firm, and [Dean] Moorhead. Looney, Clark, and Moorhead. Clark was the politician of the family, and of course most of the cases and things were representing people that had legislation pending in the state. Of course, they got along very

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muchly with Allred. They were Allred men, and Lyndon was, too, very close to Allred. But then Ed played both sides.

G: What do you mean? He was--

J: If you're kind of a lobbyist, you go for who is in office, you see what I mean? This thing happens lots of times with law firms. One of the members will contribute to one candidate for governor, and the other one will [contribute to the other candidate], too. He'd buy protection, just like you do in the county. You find a law firm there, and I can name them, that will support [one candidate for] sheriff, and the other one will support another. That's customary.

Now, Ed Clark, his firm--it was Looney, Clark, and Moorhead--well, Charlie Herring was lent to us in the campaign of 1948 to help, and he'd served in Washington for a short time when Lyndon was congressman. Well, I was there; I guess I was as close as anybody to Lyndon, because when he'd get off his helicopter flight I'd be at his apartment the next morning at seven o'clock, bringing him the paper, talking. So John and I would talk quite a bit--I was pretty close to John--and he would say, "Well, Sam, I have just received some information that Ed Clark is coming out of Coke Stevenson's headquarters. He's been in there an hour, talking to Governor Stevenson." Because Ed Clark had been for Stevenson when Stevenson was governor, and then he was going to be for [Beauford] Jester when he was governor. That was his deal. He said, "You ought to tell Lyndon about it." So I figured that Lyndon had known Ed Clark a hell of a lot longer than I had, or than John had, and that he knew him. So I didn't care to be a

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go-between [for] he and Ed Clark, although I don't like him. He's not my type of man, but I didn't know him very well. But while watching him--like Booth Mooney says in his book [LBJ: An Irreverent Chronicle], I watched everybody.

So I was at Lyndon's apartment one Sunday morning early, and Ed Clark called on the phone. I heard Lyndon say, "Well, Ed, you're up at Longview [inaudible]. Did it work up there?" That meant to me, without going into further details, that he went up there into Coke's headquarters, claiming to be a Coke Stevenson man, and getting information, you see, but only giving it to him over the phone [?]. And John Connally didn't know about it.

G: I see.

J: I only happened to know about it because Lyndon talked pretty freely on the telephone. He didn't say, "Get out, Sam Houston." So that's what you call--well, it'd be called nothing but a double agent. Coke Stevenson is thinking Ed was supporting him and actually he was for us. I didn't go back and tell John what I heard, or anything else, because it's nothing, as long as Lyndon knew what he was doing, and I knew what he was doing, too.

G: Well. were you sure that this was the case? I mean, did he ever supply you with any good information from the Stevenson camp?

J: I don't know what better proof you would want than to hear Lyndon talking to Ed Clark over the phone, "Did it work up there like it worked down here at the Driskill Hotel?" You wouldn't want any more information than that.

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G: Now, on another matter did he supply valuable information that you know of?

J: Well, I would put it this way, that he was telling us--not us, I mean Lyndon--what they were thinking, what move they were going to make, and things, or he wouldn't be going up there. That's reasonable to assume that.

Now, as to what information he went and told Coke, you see, I imagine that Lyndon would tell him to tell Coke, to throw him off. See, that's the way I would work it. John was so bitter at Ed, because people that were John's friends and things like that would come and report to us, "Ed is coming out of Coke's office," and doing this and doing that. That's part of the game, and that would be that we had others, as far as that's concerned. The main thing intended is to find out what your opponent is going to do before he does it, and offset it, you see.

Now, I had a double agent in the [Dudley] Dougherty campaign. What happened, there was a big old fellow named Gooch [?] was his name. He used to work in the House of Representatives with a young fellow named Harry McAdams [?]. Incidentally, Harry McAdams used to work for John Young, and now he's head of the governors' conferences, for all the governors, in Washington, that's a forty-thousand, forty-five thousand-[dollar] job. But he was working in my position. He came to Washington as a young boy and he wanted a job, and Walter Jenkins didn't have a place for him. Then he put his application in with Congressman Clark Thompson and then with Price Daniel, and Harry

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came to me and said, "Which one would you go to work for?" It was a secretarial position. And I said, "Well, I think I'd take it with Price Daniel."

So this fellow Gooch came up; he was staying at the Carroll Arms [?] Hotel, which is directly across from the Senate Office Building, and so he ran into Harry McAdams. They both had worked in the state legislature together. So Gooch said, "Well, Harry, how's things going?" He assumed that because Price Daniel had supported Eisenhower in 1952 that Lyndon and Price weren't very close, you see. So he [Gooch] told him he came up to get information, mainly on me at the time, but just that something was wrong. "Dougherty sent me up here. It seems to be that Johnson knows what we're going to do before we do it." And he suspected me. So then Harry McAdams told him, "I'll check with him. I know Sam, and I don't like the son of a bitch anyhow," you see, like that. And he ran to me and he told me about it. He said, "Now, I'm in with him. What do you want me to do?" I said, "Well, the first thing, you get drunk with him. Go on up to his room, let him spill everything he knows. And go through his briefcase, see what he's got in there." He didn't have anything but a couple of dirty shirts and a Human Events. That's an old conservative thing, you know, always against Johnson.

So he said, "Well, all right, what next do you want?" Well, I went to Jake Jacobsen, who was Price's top assistant, and I told him that I wanted to use Harry but I didn't want to do it without Jake knowing it. He said, "Hell, use him any way you want to." So Harry

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goes back and says, "I've got some information, but I can't give it to you, Mr. Gooch. I'll only give it to Dudley Dougherty because, as you know, Lyndon Johnson is the leader, and if Price Daniel finds out that I'm peddling information to you, I can be fired."

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J: Now, the only thing about this is that this boy McAdams assured Gooch that if he found out something that he would only talk to Dudley Dougherty himself, he wouldn't go through a third person. He would only talk on Dudley's private telephone where no one could hear it, because he was subject to being fired.

Actually, I did talk to Lyndon about it. He laughed about it. I said, "Now what'll I do? We can always go ahead and do what you think is best." He said, "You know, Harry Bengé Crozier used to write the speeches for Coke against me, and he's the only one that's got any sense down there working for Dougherty. The speeches he writes for Dougherty, they hurt." Lyndon never spelled things out one, two, three, four. But then I decided it would be best to--our campaign was to get rid of the one that was hurting us. Not a hell of a lot, we had it won, regardless of the millions that Dudley had.

So I got with Harry [McAdams] and we went out to his cousin's to use the telephone, [inaudible] to Dougherty. And Harry Bengé Crozier had the reputation of drinking--[he was] a newspaperman--and women. So Harry talked to Dougherty and said what happened is that Harry [Crozier] goes with one of the girls in Lyndon Johnson's office. I won't tell you who I selected as the one that would do it, because I

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didn't like her in the first place, so I used to [inaudible]. And [McAdams said that] Crozier was feeding her everything. So Dudley said, "By God, I suspected something," and fired him. And so that just blew the thing. I told Dudley about it later.

G: What did he say?

C: He was nice. He said, "Well"--oh, I had a lot of fun out of Dudley after that. His father was a very good friend of mine when I was secretary to Dick Kleberg. Judge [Dudley] Tarlton's sister married Dudley's father, Jim Dougherty, and Judge Tarlton was a very good friend of mine. And Jim Dougherty was, too, but he was dead, and this young boy had these millions of dollars, you know.

So, anyhow, that worked. [Then] Dudley opened up his talkathon deal in Houston and so having been close to his uncle and to his father, they gave me credit for being kind of the brains behind Lyndon and working on it. Although Judge Tarlton said he tried to talk the boy out of it, and he did. But the boy was named after him; [he was] the godfather, you know. But Dudley Tarlton didn't take any after that boy.

So the next thing was the talkathon. Senator [George] Smathers had used it to defeat Senator Claude Pepper way back there, so Dudley had hired the same firm. I flew into Houston with John Connally and I stayed in the private plane. John got out; Dudley had a couple of men there, said, "Well, we heard you left Washington with Sam Houston." John said, "I don't know what the hell you're talking about." They didn't see me get off. They left and then a friend picked me up in a

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cab. I set up headquarters at the Shamrock [Hotel] and got prepared for the talkathon. So I needed a cutthroat man. I could think of none other better than Dub Wakefield, so I sent for him to come up. Jake Pickle had Johnson campaign headquarters, so-called, we didn't have a campaign, but he was over at the Lamar [Hotel], and I talked to Jake, and he was going to have a couple of girls to take it down, just see what response that Dudley was getting.

Well, I called up and had a recording company to record everything. Then I had this man from Corpus [Christi] to come up and then I planted five questions. I did this in the Sheriff's campaign when he opened it a few months ago.

G: In which campaign?

J: Sheriff [Raymond] Frank. He's a good friend of mine. He had a press conference so I had some students to ask him some questions that he already had the answers to. I supplied the questions and the answers when the Sheriff announced for re-election. I was just, you know, having fun, but it was very effective.

So they asked him [Dougherty] questions on big business. I forget what they were, but it was questions that--"Have you quit beating your wife?"--any way you answered would be bad. So I gave Dub, oh, a hundred dollars, fifty dollars, to go among the crowd and give them these questions to ask, only after he got tired, you know. And then I had it all recorded. Came on in, Willie Day Taylor typed it up, and I had it. He called Truman nothing but a nigger-lover; he cussed out business and labor. I took that part that said he was

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against business and I showed it to them, and that part that he said about the niggers, I showed it to them. And that was all. Lyndon cussed me out about it.

G: Why?

C: Well, in this way. Lyndon didn't want it to show that he had spent a dime, so he had to report this eighty dollars that I'd spent on the recording.

G: I see.

J: He told me--I say he cussed me out; he wasn't--"I told you not to spend [any money]." In other words, do it without having to report it. Something like that. [Inaudible] "Well, Lyndon, I wanted to report it. I wanted some of these wild statements that Dudley was making about us. He'll kind of go a little easy now. I've got him where I want him."

So then, of course, I found out that the sheriff back there, 1954--that would be twenty-two years ago--destroyed the record that he'd [Dougherty] been arrested in a whorehouse. It happened when he was a member of the legislature. So all records of his arrest had been bought off; you couldn't get it from the district attorney, the county attorney, although they were our friends. But Dudley slipped them a few thousand dollars. But the thing is, when you run a bawdy-house, it becomes a federal crime; it's the Mann Act. So then you have to get it from the FBI file. That was a city government file. Then when I got it, I called up his uncle, a good friend of mine. I said, "I don't want to use this, because it will reflect upon your

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sister, Mrs. Dougherty, you see, Judge Tarlton, and it will reflect upon the family. But I do know that up in Minnesota that Dougherty has hired a printing firm. The last week [of the campaign] he's going to come out with a malicious letter to be mailed all over Texas against Lyndon. Now, Judge, I want that stopped." The Judge said, "Yes." "Lyndon has had me under quite a bit of pressure to release what I have on your nephew, but I haven't done it yet. But if that paper comes out, of course I will release it, put it in the hands of every newspaperman, and it would show what type of man Dudley is. So I wanted to tell you about it first."

Well, he went over to Beeville and talked to his sister, Mrs. Dougherty, and they sent a lawyer--Hubert Humphrey had a man in Minnesota checking it, watching it day and night. So then they sent a lawyer up there and paid them off. Then I never used this against Dudley in the campaign.

Then another thing was that TV firm. They were making big money out of it, but then they didn't particularly care about Dudley. It was just a photo [inaudible] job with them, just a professional [job]. Then my brother being chairman of the Senate Re-election Committee, we hired the firm to go into a certain state and help a Democratic senator that we wanted.

Well, that's just about all that I know of, but the reason I'm saying it is, that's part of politics that I indulged in, but it was all undercover more or less. But we won the campaign without anybody ever

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coming to Texas except me, and I made one trip. And of course we won by two to one.

I think I told you about getting a Republican out if he was going to run against us and then having to get him back in. Herman Brown.

G: No, I don't know--

J: Well, it was just the funniest damn thing you ever saw in your life. Herman Brown was--you know them, Herman and George--but Herman was a Republican, and he came out to the house one night.

G: In Washington?

J: Yes. And he said to my brother, "We're meeting in Houston, and it won't be anybody strong, but we're going to bring someone out against you, against everybody, even against [Allan] Shivers," who was Herman's friend. Against Ernest Thompson, who was railroad commissioner. So the next morning, why, Lyndon and I were walking. Sometimes we walked up to the corner, about a half a mile, to meet the chauffeur, you see. I was walking up there with him. I said, "Lyndon, I'd like to fly down there and whoever Herman Brown's going to get, get him out of the race, if that's what you want." He said, "Well, naturally I don't want any opponent. Here I'm busy all the time." So I said, "Well, I wish you'd call Mr. Brown--he's leaving today about eleven--and tell him I'd like to go down with him." He said, "All right. If you want to, go ahead." I didn't tell him what I was going to do, because I didn't know what I was going to do.

So we got on the plane, and there were always a bunch of state senators up there in Washington, and usually these people were lawyers

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and they'd get a free ride back on Herman's plane. I sat up there in the front of the plane with Jimmy Phillips, a senator from Galveston, and then about thirty minutes before we landed, why, I went back to the bathroom, and Herman Brown--he used oxygen, you know--he asked me to sit down. Lyndon had called him and said, "Herman, Sam Houston's got a wild hair in his ass. He's got a girl down there in Austin who he's got to go see. Can he ride down with you?" That's the way he put it to him. "Oh, yes." I sat down there with Herman Brown about thirty minutes before we landed. And he asked me to, "Sit down here, Sam." I said, "Mr. Brown, you know what? Lyndon voted along with Eisenhower pretty much. He can't stand any opposition." Which was true, you see, Lyndon didn't want anybody running. "But," I said, "I do. You've got to have a Republican to carry Texas for Eisenhower, and I want you to get a man to run against us, and we'll beat your ass and destroy your party. That's what I would say. But oh, no, Lyndon doesn't want anybody." "Well, by God, if Lyndon doesn't want anybody, he just won't get anybody."

I never will forget arriving at Herman Brown's hotel, which is the Lamar Hotel. Walked in, I could see all those oil men, about half drunk, and they were looking at the TV about Joe McCarthy in his hey-day, you know. So Bill Smith, an oil man in Houston, [said], "Oh, Herman, today we met and we've got opponents against everybody, Allan, Lyndon, and all." He said, "Well, you'd better think that over now about getting one against Lyndon. I want to talk to you all about that." So then he designated Bill Francis, who was chairman of the

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Republican Party in Texas at that time. So I told Bill I'd see him in his office, and we met over at his hotel. And these Republican friends of ours, but I mean they were still laughing [?]. So I put it up to him that Lyndon didn't want any opposition, but that I did, then [we would] beat their ass and, by God, it'll kill the Republican Party in Texas. "Just because you won in 1952 with Eisenhower doesn't mean you're going to turn this state Republican and turn it over to big business."

Well, they decided to stick with Lyndon. They'd had this fellow from Brownsville. You know, it's funny I can't think of his name right now, because he was inconsequential, but I'll think of it in a minute. So then they wired him and took his name off. And I came on back in to the Commodore Perry Hotel, and Lyndon called me. I said, "You're safe. You don't have any Republican opposition. They've already wired him"--a fellow from Brownsville, I'll think of his name in a minute--"so you don't have any." "Well, how'd you work it?" And I told him. And he said, "You know, that's a pretty goddamn good idea. Put him back in the race. That sounds smart to me." I said, "Lyndon, goddamn, I don't know how I'm going to do it. I said that you didn't want any opposition, and I can't go back and do that." "Well, you figure out a way." So I turn right around and fly back there to Houston. Went back to him, and I said, "I just talked to Lyndon this morning, and he thanked all of you for what you did for him. But he said since you had brought out a man against Shivers, against everybody, even though you're friendly to them, he didn't want you to do

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any special favors for him. That wouldn't look right." "Old Lyndon, by God, he thinks of everything, bless his heart. It would put us on the spot not to have any opposition against him and then have it against Allan." So they put the man back in the race. And we won by four to one without conducting a campaign. But that was Lyndon.

Now, I'm prepared now; you've looked at my transcript and things and heard me, and I'd like for you to kind of--in other words, I yield to you now, so we can finish up these things.

G: Let me ask you if you have any more--that's a marvelous anecdote--stories about the Browns in those early campaigns?

J: Well, I told you about their getting the contract.

G: Yes.

J: When [James] Buchanan was alive. And it used to be A. J. McKenzie: McKenzie and Brown Brothers. I told you that. And I told you about McKenzie, who was my friend, saying, "Well, Sam, I don't need you anymore because we just elected a new congressman and we're going to hire his campaign manager." He didn't know Lyndon and I were brothers. And the girl friend I was with started dying laughing. Then he said that Herman and George Brown had decided to hire Ray Lee, Lyndon's campaign manager at that congressional race. And after this girl got to laughing, I smiled. She said, "Don't you know that Lyndon is Sam Houston's brother?" He said, "Well, hell, I've already said it. Now there's nothing much I can do about it." This is Mr. McKenzie. Then Herman and George to my knowledge were small contractors at the time. I don't think they supported us in 1937, because they were for [C. N.]

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Avery, and he was campaign manager for Buchanan. They were the ones that got the original contract, but they couldn't make bond, and that's the reason they brought in the big contractor that could make bond for them. Well, the only thing about that, McKenzie was a big businessman, president of the chamber of commerce in San Antonio, and he didn't get along with Maury Maverick very well. Most of the money for the dams came from the allotment of the Public Works Administration, and I had introduced him to these people that do it, you see.

So McKenzie gave a big party out at the Shoreham [Hotel] in which he, of course, invited me and my sister and my date and Lyndon and Lady Bird--they hadn't been up there but just a few months--and Senator Welly Hopkins, who was working in Washington in the Justice Department at that time. So they sat over at Lyndon's table and they kept talking politics. Whether Uncle Mac had his share of the corporate budget [?], and since he was footing the bill, [he said], "You all quit talking politics. Let's all have a good time and dance." Lyndon didn't pay any attention to him, he just went on talking to Welly Hopkins. So old Uncle Mac repeated it. And Lyndon considered that an insult. In other words, he didn't go along with protocol; he wanted to talk politics, whoever it was, and if it was the host, it didn't make any difference to Lyndon. So Lyndon just said, "Well, hell, goodbye." He just got up and walked off. I said, "Uncle Mac, you were just wrong there." It was the worst thing he could have done. Lyndon was very sensitive about things like that. "You were just telling him to shut up and listen to you and all that, and quit

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politicking [?], and he got up and walked out." I heard Lyndon tell George Brown, "Don't ever send that son of a bitch up here anymore; I won't get him anything, appropriations."

So that busted up the company. McKenzie got out and Brown came in, and McKenzie was glad he was [inaudible]. So, as far as that's concerned, that's when they got George Brown. Then [he] came to Washington and really that was the beginning of the closeness between Lyndon and George Brown.

G: He was closer to George Brown than he was to Herman Brown, is that right?

J: Well, yes. Herman is tight-fisted and conservative, and George is more of a politician and a diplomat than Herman is. He would think, "God-damn it, I've got the money. I'll tell you what to do." So Lyndon was close to Herman, of course, but closer to George. And I never saw--Herman wouldn't come to Washington much on anything. Of course, they ended up with the Big Inch Pipeline, and they ended up with the construction of the naval base at Corpus, and I guess it started the construction company [inaudible].

I would say that after Lyndon's death, I've noticed that when they have a thing in honor of Lyndon, of his birthday or something else, George is one of the ones that's always there. And he had great friendships with several oil people, Lyndon did, but--

G: Who were the others?

J: Well, Wesley West and some of the others, I don't know who all they were. But what I'm saying is, I'm sure that when Lyndon was alive

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that they all promised to put up plenty of money for that [LBJ Memorial] Grove up there in Washington and other things. But I understand that that hasn't been coming through after Lyndon's death like it was promised before. Except that the reason I say that is whatever George promised to put up, he put it up and more, even now, after Lyndon's death.

Dr. [Joe] Frantz or someone called Donald Thomas one time way back there, I think, when Lyndon was alive, wanting to make a recording. Donald told him no, he didn't want to upset Lyndon. But since Donald handled all Lyndon's financial business, as well as coming to Washington quite a bit when Lyndon was president and all, why, I was talking to him about you interviewing me, and I said, "It's for the record, when you want to release it. And Donald, I know you know more than any goddamn person, because you were with him every damn day until he died down there." And I guess he was considered his closest confidant in business. And Donald, too, wanted it [?]. He knows lots more about Lyndon when he was retired than I do, because I didn't see him. "I think you can feel free now to tell the [LBJ] Library some of the things that you know, and I know that they won't violate their word, but it ought to be--I know you know the difference between the falling out of Lyndon and John Connally, and I know you know the difference between Lyndon's falling out with A. W. Moursund, and I know it, Donald. So you can give them that, and then have them release it after your death, or something, because they've got the files [?]. That could clear up a lot of things that I can't clear up

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on it. I can up until 1968 but I can't do it after that." But he's willing to see you when you can see him.

G: Good. Great. Well, we certainly will.

J: And he'd be a--I always considered him Lyndon's closest friend.

G: Right. The other one I want you to help me with is your sister Rebekah.

J: Well, I'd like for you to help me with us, too.

(Laughter)

I was going back to the hotel a while ago; I had to run an errand and I was running a little late, and the maid said my sister called me and said for me to call her back. I didn't call her back, though.

G: Do you think she'll give an interview?

J: I think she will.

G: How do you think the best way to approach her is? What would you do?

J: Well, Mrs. Bobbitt, you"--I understand it, although they were never close. I mean, they weren't. Lyndon and Rebekah were never close. But, you know, I [inaudible].

G: Do you think that because they were alike?

J: No, they had arguments all the time. And she visited the White House several times, and things, and if you can build up her ego enough that you--[she is] the second-born, you see: Lyndon; Rebekah; Josefa, who's dead; then me; then Lucia. Maybe you can analyze some things and tell her like it is and it won't be [inaudible].

G: Do you think Rebekah is more like your mother than your father?

J: She's not like any one of them.

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G: Really?

J: And she's sweet as can be to me. She's more sociably inclined; she wanted to go to New York to see the King of Spain when he came over, you know. More social life. And when I lived with her I had to put up with that. I was going to have to go to every damned thing that she goes to now.

I think, in a way, telling her that from the childhood days that you understand that she was very close to my mother, which she wasn't, and Daddy, which she wasn't, and to Lyndon, which she wasn't, that by working it that way, you'd--well, like this dedication of the Boyhood Home here. Charlie Boatner asked me to make the arrangements for her. At first she didn't want to have anything to do with it. So I decided to skip it, and then she called back and said, "Well, I will. You go ahead." Then I got my mother's picture with Dr. Leighton Smith [?]. But he died before they opened, a couple of days before, of a heart attack. So then I got my own minister, Calvin Cook [?], to officiate. Rebekah thought Brother Cook was going to devote the whole damn thing to me, you know, and not any to her. She didn't want to show up. She'd called Pat Dougherty [?] and asked her to come, because she told Pat, "I'm not going, so you needn't count on me." She [Dougherty] said, "Well, I'll call Sam Houston. He invited me, and I'm coming and bringing my mother to go there." So then they went by the Headliners Club and had a few drinks.

She [Rebekah] showed up, but she showed up an hour late. I knew what she was thinking. So Brother Cook called me and I said, "I'd

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like to ride up with you since you are going to make the principal speech." See, I gave him the family background, the book, A Family Album, and he'd studied it and all. And they decided to have it on my mother's birthday. So I told him the problem. I said, "Leave me out. Just brag on Rebekah, that she inherited the humaneness of my father and the culture of my mother. And that my sister Josefa was inclined politically and very close to Lyndon, but Lucia was the closest and the pet of the family, you know, and leave me out."

We waited one hour. Charlie Boatner kept coming to me, "Is she coming? She's supposed to be here at four o'clock." So she went always and put flowers on Mother's grave and Daddy's grave on Easter or Father's Day and Mother's Day. But she got up there at the graveyard and decided to stay until the party was over with. So we waited one hour. Finally this girl, Pat Dougherty, said, "Well, we're going down there." "Yes, well, it's too late now; it's over with." She didn't know that I'd held it up an hour. So then Charlie Boatner came around to me and said, "Sam, I can't help what you say. These people here have got other things to do. I'm going on with it." After an hour. About that time she drove up. Then Brother Cook gave a talk [?]. Then Pat Dougherty, who she was with, said, "Sam, I hope that you'll forgive her, the way she's acting. I couldn't do anything with her. Finally my mother, [who had] came up from Goliad, said she was going regardless; it was what she came up for." Finally she [Rebekah] came, thinking the party was over with, came just at the time it started.

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So instead of Brother Cook bragging on me, he bragged on her, which shocked her.

I'm just saying some of the things that I--

G: Well, If you'll talk to her about the interviews and explain them to her, I think that would help.

J: Well, I don't want her telling a bunch of damn lies about Lyndon. She could tell it both ways, just like that interview there about this schoolteacher who [was asked] if the world was flat or round. He said, "I can teach it either way you want it." It's just according to how he was [inaudible]. She would sit there at home and cuss Lyndon out when he was president and say, "This is my favorite brother." Well, hell, there's only two of us. And saying "Lyndon is a son of a bitch, but he's my favorite," that's no compliment to me.

G: Did you get the feeling, looking back on your youth, that the boys were favored over the girls in your family?

J: What caused you to bring that up?

G: I just--

J: I've never mentioned it.

G: No, I know; just the way you describe--you were obviously close to both your mother and your father, and your brother was obviously close to your mother and took up the profession of your father, and I get the impression that perhaps your sisters weren't that close to the parents.

J: Well, that's one way of putting it. I'd say that they had enough to do to take care of me and Lyndon in that time.

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G: Really?

J: See, I went to law school and finished and then I was in politics at twenty-one. I took Lyndon's place [as secretary to Kleberg], you see. We were both active, doing things more, and in the limelight more. And my sister Josefa, she could get along without anybody. She sold real estate, her husband was a colonel, and she got along with everybody. She was my favorite, and I think next to me she was Mother's favorite. Or probably [inaudible], because Mother never wanted anything that Josefa [inaudible]. But Rebekah was kind of telling Mother what she should do, you know: "I would no more put that piece of furniture out there in my apartment"--when Mother had a duplex. Then Mother would ask me, "What do you think about it?" I said, "I think if you like it, it's all right." That's the reason she left it to me. She [Rebekah] was a bossy woman, one that really would just drive--she won't do it, because she's [inaudible].

The one that knows--now, I'm not going to leave her out--is her maid.

G: Which one?

J: Maudie [?]. She worked for Mother twenty years.

G: Is she still living?

J: Yes.

G: What is her name?

J: I'm not going to tell you. You can find out.

G: Does she live in Johnson City or is she--?

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J: No, she's living in Austin, but she worked. She can tell you all about me and all about Josefa and Rebekah and Lyndon and Mama. And really the relationship between Mother and Lyndon, the impression that you have there, I'd like to leave it like it was, but that didn't exist. And Maudie knows it didn't. Mother used to tremble when Lyndon would say he was coming down.

G: Why was that?

J: Because Lyndon would take over: "You didn't do this right; you didn't do that right." See what I mean? "You pet Sam Houston too much," or "You pet so-and-so too much." Mother couldn't do anything right.

G: He was too much of a perfectionist?

J: No, too much of a goddamn dictator. That's a better way to put it, as far as that's concerned. Of course, he'd scare the hell out of Maudie, but she didn't talk. But she talks to the people she's working for now, because they're very close friends of ours, mine. I can get you an interview with her.

G: Good. Well, I'd like to talk to her.

J: But I'd have to be present.

G: That's fine. That would be even better.

J: I don't think she'd talk to you alone. She'd be afraid to; she's be afraid to repeat something.

G: Perhaps you could trigger memories that she's forgotten, too.

J: She hasn't forgotten a damn thing. She's just wanting to be sure that you ain't going to get her in trouble.

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You see, what happened, through 1972, I believe it was, Christmas, it would be 1972, some nigger woman wrote Lyndon a letter in Austin and said she'd been Mother's maid and had worked for me. Who she was--I didn't know who she was. I saw her picture on the front page of the paper. She said she used to take care of Lynda Bird. Well, anyhow, what happened, when Lyndon got the letter, he didn't know Maudie's last name or anything. He figured it was Maudie, Mother's maid. So then he sent Secret Service to find this woman and give her a big box of pralines and a bunch of Christmas presents, thinking it was Maudie, you see.

Well, Rebekah saw this nigger woman's picture in the paper, and [she'd] said that she rolled Mother in a wheelchair. Mother was never in a wheelchair. [Inaudible] And Rebekah called me and said, "Do you know her?" I said, "No, I don't." Finally I talked to Maudie and I said, "Who is she?" She said, "Well, Mr. Johnson, she worked for you, but you weren't there. When your boy was born and you went to Washington, your wife hired her to help around the house, and then she might have come by [your] mother's once, but I was always there all the time." "You give me her name." She gave me the name of the woman and said, "I think you met her once." Maudie was embarrassed, because she works for Senator Patman now--you know Senator Wright [Bill] Patman, state senator--and she works for the state. So in order to make up for it, at the dedication of the Boyhood Home, I had her on the platform as the first one I introduced, as Mother's closest friend outside of the family. And her picture appeared in the paper.

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Lyndon thought, when he sent these pralines, he was doing it for Maudie, and in order to make up for it, why, then I decided I'd just have her as the honored guest. And I told the story about how the Secret Service had located someone that nobody ever heard of them. I got a story.

G: She sounds like a good source. Well, maybe we can--

J: I think she can describe Mother's background, because she was closest to Mama. And she wouldn't show up maybe one day, or Monday or Tuesday or something--a little old girl, Mother raised her--and Rebekah would say, "You ought to fire Maudie," you know, this and that. But it never did work with Mother. But then she'd cook Christmas dinner; she was there when Lyndon was company. Mother talked a lot to Maudie about each one of the children, [how they] got along [?]. She trusted Maudie more than any member of the family. Well, I say member of the family, more than anybody, as far as that goes.

I thought about setting up an interview with her, but I didn't know whether Maudie would [do it]. I think she'd do it if--I think the two people that you've overlooked, that would know more [are Maudie and Donald Thomas]. Donald Thomas would know more of his later life, as well--I don't think there was a federal judge named in Texas that Donald didn't have something to do with. It was offered to him; he wouldn't have it. He was making too much money. He was president of one bank, [on the] board of directors of another bank, and he was the one that came down and told me if I ever wanted anything, just let him know. My brother told him to look after me. It wasn't less than

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thirty days that I said, "Yes, I want something. I want a house in Johnson City." And I got it. He said, "He told me to see if you didn't want something," or words to that effect.

So he came by. I do business with the University State Bank, there's a fellow named Johnson that's the chairman of the board--

G: Reuben?

J: Reuben Johnson. Reuben and Donald came by here and picked me up when we had the christening at the Ranch and all that. Reuben charged me pretty damn good interest and I'd keep trying to make him come down on it. Don owns another bank, the Chase bank, and of course the Capital National [inaudible]. And then he owns an art deal, something to keep his wife busy, there on 18th and Guadalupe. I imagine he has a hell of a lot to do with that damn Library up there, or anything else connected with the Johnson estate. I think he was the last man that-- I think he was the man that Lady Bird has to see. She works the hell out of him. I think he has the final say, I don't know. I don't think it's [Jesse] Kellam that has it, in charge of it, one million or whatever it was, five, about two point three, four million, I don't know. I think I know who it is. He would be--

G: He's a good source, I guess.

J: Well, he's scared of me. He used to be, because he thought I wanted Charlie Herring to be federal judge, and he wanted Jack Roberts to be federal judge, and of course I was living at the White House. He said, "I figured you were going to win out. You're the only one I was scared of, on the judgeship." I said, "No, I advised Charlie"--

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Charlie and I were very close friends--"but Charlie tried to pressure Lyndon and it reacted the other way, and I told Charlie not to do it." See, the way it--

G: But he did it anyway?

J: Well, yes, he thought he knew more than--he had a good case, you see. You know, a federal judge is named for life. Well, Judge [Ben H., Jr.] Rice was up in years. He wasn't named by Lyndon; he was named by Senator Tom Connally [inaudible]. But Judge Rice said, "I'll resign if you succeed me. Otherwise, I'll stay on." So Charlie came to me and said, "Are you going to say that [inaudible]?" I didn't see anything wrong with it. I said, "Well, Judge Rice isn't going to live forever, Charlie, anyhow. You say he would retire if you got the job. That means he would like to retire anyhow. And Lyndon is just waiting, by God, to name his own man." So he named Homer Thornberry one, then transferred him to the circuit court and he named Jack Roberts. [Inaudible] But if he had just left Lyndon alone and let the word get around to him through another source, that, you know--and Herring used to be a member of the firm of Clark and Thomas, too, before he became state senator.

G: I've heard that if you worked for your brother it was best not to ask him for a favor, because you were more likely to get it if you just waited, and that he knew what your needs were and he would take care of it. Is that accurate?

J: Two or three things. If you do something kind of out of the usual for him, don't go around and brag about it: "Look what I did." He'd find

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out about it and you'd be more rewarded. That's one thing. Just go ahead and do it; he'd find out. That's a peculiarity--

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J: --or a senator's office because I had spent forty years in the Senate. I had an unusual position, because I was a senator's brother, and then when I was secretary to Dick Kleberg, I was what you'd call congressman. But the thing of it is, say you are president of the Republic National Bank in Dallas during the Korean War. You want to get some copper, or steel, or permission to construct a bank. You come up there, and Lyndon doesn't have time to handle it. He's majority leader, you know, things like that. One, we'd go down with the president of the Republic National Bank and get that lobbyist. Don't think that the National--the NPA was what it was called then, the National Production Authority--did it on account of Warren Woodward. They did it because of Lyndon Johnson. But they've attacked Warren for it, and if you don't watch it, [inaudible] you're going to think it was for Warren [?]. You don't know that Warren Woodward didn't realize that he couldn't have gotten a damn thing through. It wasn't his brilliance that got it through, it was the fact that Lyndon Johnson wanted it through, and got it through. And that's something that you saw, you're liable to get very vain. These people brag on you, you know; they could only see Warren's actions and maneuvering and that, [inaudible]. "If you ever want anything, let me know," that kind of a deal.

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So right after he had fired Warren and I had put him back to work, Lyndon made a speech in Dallas at a breakfast there at the bankers. Then he called Jesse and me to meet him at the airport when he came back. Then he told us, "The reason why I was up there"--I forget the name of the president of the Republic National Bank, I'll think if it, Florence, Fred Florence [?]"--and he came up and asked how Warren was, and I said, 'You can have him, by God, he ain't worth a damn to me.'" That's what, Lyndon just whacked him. But he told that in front of Kellam and me, therefore letting Kellam know, "Regardless, even though Warren's working for me, I'll cut his throat [inaudible] for this one [?]." And don't think I didn't cut his mouth off [?]. That was a month just before I gave him a job. [Inaudible] He's still mad about what he did. I think he was putting on a little show for Kellam, very frankly.

So finally, he [Woodward] went in and he quit, and he went into the public relations business and he was a failure. Then he went in the insurance business, in Houston. Then finally, after a year or two, they had moved him into KTBC, big office, put him over everybody but Kellam. Let them work together and all that. I don't know-- Warren, of course, had a lot to do in the campaign for president and things, but then he had an offer from C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, while he was working for KTBC. And then Lyndon said, "Oh, well, that's all right. Go ahead." Warren was named vice president in charge of American Airlines in Dallas, and I think he was

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made it [inaudible] for all the Southwest. I think he retired the other day. Someone told me he did, I don't know.

G: That's what I heard.

J: The thing of it is, about my brother, if you want something [and] he finds out about it, you think it over, it's good for you. If you really want it, don't ask him for it. There's ways of letting him know that you have been.

G: How was that? Was there a regular procedure that the staff followed?

J: The staff didn't follow it; I had my own. But anyhow, what you would do was, the smart way to do it was just like I did with Booth Mooney. Old man [H. L.] Hunt, I'd helped him out on [inaudible]. And he came and offered me a job. Well, hell, I knew I couldn't ever work for him because Lyndon was running for president; he was senator then. And I didn't want to, anyhow, because I'd like to see my brother president, you see. This was before I broke my leg, you know. So I told him, "There's a man over there named Booth Mooney." Well, Booth had worked for Coke Stevenson. So I told Mr. Hunt, "The best thing to do is clear it with Lyndon first." Well, Booth was one of these eight o'clock-five o'clock men, and he bragged about it in his book, that he was the only man that wasn't scared of Lyndon Johnson. Well, there's a certain amount of truth in that. His wife was sick and he had a baby, you know. And he would quit at five o'clock. But between the eight to five, though, Lyndon was boss. Booth, scared or no scared, if he didn't perform the job, by God, he wasn't that independent. There was no one. If Lyndon told him something to do at three o'clock

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and if you were going to leave at five, you'd better get it done before five. That's Lyndon Johnson [?].

Lyndon accepted the fact that Booth had worked for Coke. Booth found out that I lied, that I tried to keep Lyndon from hiring him. And Mooney said after he arrived there, "Oh, I don't have any trouble with [inaudible]."

G: Glad to have you aboard or something?

J: What?

G: You said that you were glad to have him aboard, and he said that he later found out that you had tried to discourage your brother from hiring him because he had worked for Coke?

J: That I lied to him, that I wasn't glad to have him aboard. Well, that's partly true, I don't have any damn apology to offer for it. Why go into Coke Stevenson's camp and get a man until he proves himself to you? Put him in a sensitive position, you see what I mean? A man who was strictly against us, and then he moves in there and starts publicity for Texas, and writing some sensitive letters. But that wasn't--Walter Jenkins is the one that made that maneuver of getting him in there, because when Walter ran for Congress, Booth Mooney had a public relations firm and helped Walter in his campaign. That's what did it.

G: I see.

J: And Walter is the one that hired Booth. And I think that I said, "I don't believe in it. I don't have any damn apology to offer for it." As a matter of fact, I don't have many apologies to offer for many

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goddamn things I did, because the fact of it is I did keep my eye on him: "Glad to have you aboard, but I'm watching you." That's pretty clear. But then after he proved himself, after I watched him, you see, then I did know this, that Booth was not happy where he was. He was a sick man, ulcers. He had to leave at five, and it wasn't that-- and he could do Mr. Hunt a good job. But he could do [a good job for] me, and [for] Lyndon. You read on in that book, you'll find out that Mr. Hunt picked up several of the tabs in 1960. I put him in there to get him in with Mr. Hunt, not because of my great love for a good friend, but to get him in there and convince Mr. Hunt not to fight us. You can call it any way you want it.

G: Well, he did support the ticket in 1960, didn't he?

J: Yes, the first time Hunt had ever supported it in his life. But you see what happened, I called up Lyndon and told him that Mr. Hunt wanted to talk to him. You know, [it was] the first time I guess Lyndon had ever seen him, and he had a new wife, too. So then he [Hunt] wanted Booth with him. "Well, what do you know about Booth?" he asked Lyndon [inaudible]. Lyndon said, "Well, I'm not going to stand in your way," you know. And he came on me that afternoon at the goddamn airport, and you talk about eating a man's ass out, he did, good and proper. "Since when, by God, are you trying to train a man and then, by God, you turn him over to old man Hunt? All right, I let the son of a bitch go to work." I got a good ass-eating-out, but it was usually when he was on a plane and he couldn't kill me and couldn't talk back much, and so on the plane he just [inaudible],

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"You're a son of a bitch for double-crossing me, and now I'm leaving, and you suffer for a week until I get back, and then we'll make it up," you know. Hell.

Then in the meantime, of course, old man Hunt called Booth down to the Mayflower Hotel. Booth came back, you know, with a couple of martinis, eyes bright and shiny, told me about the job, as if I didn't know. He said, "I was wondering how the Senator is going to take it." Humph. He just had gotten through eating my ass out good and proper and he was of no value to Hunt if Lyndon Johnson didn't approve of it, you see. It makes sense, doesn't it? Well, it made sense to me that the fellow, Booth, wasn't satisfied. He had ulcers, he did a good job, I'm not criticizing him for it. He never double-crossed us. I'd have said, "I can use him in Mr. Hunt's office." I made him promise that whenever I needed him that he would do it, come up there. He came up there; he was in and out several times. So I told Booth; he'd swear to it right now across a Bible, I guess--I don't know if he's gotten too big for it or not, I don't know.

But anyhow, Booth said, "I wonder what the Senator's going to think about it?" I told him he was mad, mad as hell. "But we can overcome that." "What's the deal?" "Call him at the Ranch. Tell him Mr. Hunt's offered you a job for twenty thousand dollars. You're not making but twelve with us. Tell him that you'd rather work for him for five thousand dollars and have his friendship than work for Hunt for fifty thousand dollars and not have his friendship. Throw that at him."

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I listened in, and Lyndon said, "Well, how much is he going to pay you?" "Well, that's not enough. Tell him I won't release you unless he gives you twenty thousand, instead of fifteen, whatever it is, and five thousand dollars expenses. Then I'll release you." I listened. Poor Booth said, "Goddamn. Sam, I'll always be grateful to you." I said, "Well, call up Hunt." "Oh, I'm afraid to call him; he won't go that high. I'm afraid to." I said, "Booth, we've cleared it with Lyndon. He thinks that you're the most loyal son of a bitch in the world; you said you'd rather work for him for five thousand than for Mr. Hunt for fifty thousand dollars. So that's proven that you went to him before you did that. Now call Hunt and tell him that, and if Hunt won't do it, then you can't accept it. First of all, Booth [?], because I think too much of you, that you followed Lyndon Johnson's instructions. And if Hunt won't do it, well then, you can stay on here."

He picked up the phone. "Mr. Hunt, I can't tell whether I'm going to work for you or not. I just talked to the Senator, the Majority Leader, and he said that he'd release me if you'd give me-- I'm telling you, I didn't ask him for it, I'm not asking you for it-- but he told me that he wouldn't release me unless you paid me five thousand dollars more and five thousand [for] expenses. Now, that's not my idea." Hunt said, "Well, I don't see any reason why it can't be worked out." That's just plain simple. And of course Lyndon, when he got back, "Did you get the tab? Take your vacation. Take your wife to"--I don't know whether they went to Puerto Rico or Bermuda.

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But Booth remained loyal to Mr. Hunt, and then Mr. Hunt, there he was. There's no need of saying I'm the man that did it, but I don't care about any of this being repeated. I'm not putting this in the Library, but I'm just telling you how it is, and that's what I call politics, to have a man in Mr. Hunt's organization that can plead the case of Lyndon Johnson with all the oil people at any time and be able to call on him at any time he wanted it.

G: That was a coup, just getting Hunt to contribute in 1960.

J: Well, hell, yes. He worked for us more than he did Hunt. And whatever he got for Hunt, I don't know. Well, I do know what he got, but I don't know how much he got--well, Booth didn't spread it around, but the fact was that he was in the circle with the oil people, which he originally was with, with Coke Stevenson. He worked for us; I put him back with the people that he worked for before, the Coke Stevenson bunch, to work for us. And goddamn it, [inaudible] think it over, and maybe I did right or wrong. I think I did pretty good. And I reminded Booth of it and I told him that many times at the White House during the campaign. Lyndon wouldn't try to [inaudible]. I didn't even have me an office down there at the Democratic [National] Committee just because he [inaudible]. Hell, he was running it.

Now, Booth would call me there at the White House every day. George Reedy had quit; Bill Moyers had taken over. Then Bill Moyers quit and George Christian had taken over. And George [Reedy] had to get off [inaudible]. He was working for some eastern firm in the Far East; I forget what it was. I went down and talked to Lyndon one

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morning, and he said, "What in the hell have you been doing?" I said, "I've been nursing George. He's been calling me up every day, wanting to know what's going on and everything." He said, "Do you think we need him?" I said, "Yes." "Do you think he'll come?" I said, "Yes, if you call him yourself." "I had Marvin Watson do it."

G: This was before he came to Washington, or was this after he was up there?

J: Lyndon was president.

G: Yes, but where was George Christian at this time?

J: He was there, in Washington.

G: Oh, I see. But he was getting an offer from--?

J: George Christian?

G: Yes.

J: Oh, no, George Reedy had already--

G: Oh, I see.

J: --and had an office, and Walter Jenkins was going to have an office with him there. So George called me up this time: "Sam Houston"--have you ever met him? George Reedy?

G: Oh, yes.

J: Smokes a pipe [?]. "I'd like to talk to you." I said, "George, I'll send a car for you." "No, I'd like to see you in my office. I have something I want to tell you." George reared back, you know, "I had a call from Marvin Watson, and he wanted to name me"--I forget the title of it--"director of research at a hundred dollars a day per diem. And I have to sell my stock. I've got this and--" He went on. "I

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know, George. Cut the crap. You want to work for us?" He said, "Yes." Then he began to figure out how to issue the press release saying he was going back. I said, "Listen, George. You're not. I'll handle it. This is very ticklish. I get along fairly well with George Christian, but not the best in the whole world because he knows I'm a great fan of yours and he doesn't know what side I'm on or where. I have very little to do with him." I said, "Bringing you back has to be handled very slow and [inaudible]."

G: Why was he brought back?

J: I brought him back to put him in there so I could find out every goddamn thing George Christian and Marvin Watson were doing, if you want to know the goddamn truth.

G: I see. Well, did it work?

J: Yes. Then he came back, and I said, "But you can't give a press release, because that would make Marvin Watson mad. You don't want to have any of that. It will make George Christian mad. We'll have nothing but trouble on our hands. You come back, but by God, insist on being in the West Wing of the White House, not over at the Executive Office Building." He did. He got [inaudible] by an expert. I knew every goddamn thing that Marvin Watson and George Christian were doing, and I didn't know it before I got George back.

G: Well, what were they doing that--?

J: Oh, nothing.

(Laughter)

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I never saw either one of them come up with any goddamn idea; I never heard them say anything but "Stand at attention. Mr. President." And they haven't done anything against me. They'd both come in there about eight-thirty or nine o'clock in Lyndon's bedroom and [say], "Good morning, Mr. President." Did they have any ideas? No. They had their little notebooks George Christian would read off, and Marvin Watson made appointments, and [they'd] say, "Yes, sir." And Lyndon would say, "Marvin, that goddamn suit of yours looks like a gambler's suit. Where are you going to, the Laurel race track?" He had one of those striped suits on, you know. "No, sir, Mr. President." And he'd usually make some joke either on Marvin or George Christian. "Yes, sir, Mr. President." I know Marvin Watson bought ten different goddamn suits. The next day he'd come in with a sort of black [one], Lyndon said, "What are you going to do, preach or, by God, are you going to work for me?" It's funny, but it's true.

(Laughter)

They were right there on the spot at about eight-thirty; I was down there at seven, of course, with him. And here they'd come: "Mr. President, you have an appointment today with this and that." "Well, all right, what do they want? By the way, Marvin, goddamn, that thing looks awful." "Yes, Mr. President, I'll exchange it." "George, where in the hell did you get that tie? What is it? I've got a whole load of them. Go in there and get one and change right now. I don't like it." "Yes, sir, Mr. President." Well, Lyndon did that, I think, for my benefit, because I would just about bust laughing, because I

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was with them when they came in. They were sitting over there and saying that I always got my--

What I did, I wake up at four o'clock in the morning. I'd analyze Walter Cronkite, [Chet] Huntley-[David] Brinkley, and then the other one on ABC; they all come on at the same time, six-thirty. Well, I couldn't listen to all three of them at the same time, but the White House would make tapes, you know, of them, and I had a video tape thing where when I'd come in I could turn it on and see what each one of them said and what line of thought, war [inaudible], "Seven more men shot down today!" Well, there was that many shot down, by God, in Washington, D.C. That Old Sir Walter Von Cronkite, he made a big deal out of Vietnam. He'd go through this [?], "Another helicopter!" Well, what the hell was a goddamn helicopter? We had a million of them over there. He was exciting the people, you know, getting them all riled up. He'd go, "And that's the way it is," then turn to Sir Eric Sevareid, "(Mumbling sounds)." I heard him make an analysis yesterday that was the poorest goddamn thing; it wasn't based on facts at all, because he didn't know them. I forget what it was. But they're making a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year, that much, so I don't give a damn, I'm happy.

But I never did forgive Walter Cronkite. I used to like him, but he blew everything out of proportion. Who in the hell--one helicopter and seven soldiers getting killed, when there's more than that [killed] on the streets of Washington. But he was feeding and propagandizing the people, television--you know, the paper doesn't have any influence

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anymore, it's the goddamn three morning shows: "Today," "Good Morning, America," and, by God, the other one. You get two hours of broadcasts in the morning on those three morning shows, and then in the afternoon you've got Sir Walter--that's what I call him--John Chancellor, and then Harry Reasoner, over there. Now, that's all the people. They control the media. Now, what the old shitass sounds like--see here, honey, when you type that up, I didn't mean that.

What's the editor, that fellow's name down there at the Austin paper? Sam Wood? "Well," he said, "he didn't mean a damn thing. He didn't know anything." Of course, Cox has bought out the chain now, a man from San Antonio [?]. I don't know whether Sam Wood is down there or not.

But this is the country [?]. And I've made speeches over the country that television is the most dangerous damn thing in the world, as far as the media [?]. These correspondents, they're not responsible to anybody but themselves. There's little prissy Barbara Walters; she was all right, but then she got--I've been on her show, or his show, or rather Hugh Downs'. I like Hugh. But she got to where she thinks she knew more than who she was interviewing. But she got a hundred thousand dollars out of it, by changing over to ABC. A million-dollar lady [?].

G: Let me ask you, getting back to the campaigns, is there anything else about the 1948 campaign that we've left out, that you haven't talked about that you recall?

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J: Do like this old boy up at the university. I was up making a speech, turned it over to question and answer. This little fellow, about twenty years old, said, "Mr. Johnson, can you explain how you stole 87 votes down in Duval County?" I said, "Where were you then? You weren't even born. What did you do, did your daddy and mama tell you to ask me that question? Tell them we didn't steal his damn votes, we kept them from stealing them." [Inaudible]

G: The impression I get on George Parr in that election is not that your brother did anything to get his votes, but rather that Coke Stevenson had lost the votes by not doing something for him while he was governor, not building roads or something.

J: You know, it's a funny thing about that. With the exception of the night that Lyndon took the nomination at the convention, I don't think Lyndon Johnson had ever talked personally to George Parr. Now, here--

G: Did you think you were going to get Parr's votes in that election?

J: Of course.

G: Who found out about that? I mean, how did you know that he was going to go with you on that?

J: Well, hell, we knew he didn't like Coke.

G: Really?

J: And we knew he went with us in 1941, and his daddy, old Senator Parr, Archer, the Duke of Duval, the old man, was a good friend of Daddy's, and so forth. But the point of it is--here I had a go-between between George at the time. See, in 1941, Lyndon kept sending word to get the votes in. "George, get the votes in." George didn't want to, but

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then he yielded and put them in, and then Jim Ferguson knew how many to steal. But in 1948 he said, "I'll get them in when I get ready and not--"

G: Whose strategy was it in the 1941 election to flush all those votes out? Do you know who was responsible for that?

J: Responsible for--?

G: For the strategy of getting the strong pockets of Johnson support in early.

J: Lyndon.

G: Really? It was his idea?

J: His idea. That's just like him; he tried to do the same damn thing in 1948.

G: Really?

J: But he didn't get anywhere.

(Laughter)

He wanted to get ahead. He wanted to get ahead, goddamn it, even if it be for ten minutes.

(Laughter)

He couldn't stand to be behind. But his strategy didn't work, and I countered his strategy very nicely, and I'm not bragging about it.

G: Well, who was the go-between with Parr?

J: Well, I had two: Ed Linkenhoger and Dub Wakefield. Lyndon fired Dub. Dub was working for Ed Linkenhoger. Dub got drunk down there in Houston when Lyndon was speaking, and he staggered on the stage to shake hands with him. He was on Ed's payroll, you know. So Lyndon

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told John Connally, "I don't want him working anywhere anymore." So then John told Dub, "Just stay where you are, at the Stephen F. Austin [Hotel], don't pay any attention to him. Just forget it. You're on Ed's payroll. Forget it. I'll tell you what to do." Dub will tell you this; he's still alive, I think. I had a letter the other day that relayed that he had cancer.

See, I listened in on Lyndon's telephone calls. Now, you can call that tapping his wires if you want to, but we had a switchboard operator, Sarah Wade. I kept eight-to-five hours. My sister up there offered to buy me an air conditioner for my room, but, no, it couldn't be done, so what I would do was to go down there at eight o'clock till five and then come back to her house. I had a phone there that worked the switchboard and then I could talk there in the air-conditioned room, all over the state. Then if Lyndon was talking to someone that she thought I might be interested in being more knowledgeable about, she'd put me on first. And then I'd see Lyndon the next morning.

Well, I'll tell you a little story, I don't care. It was funny. Galveston County in 1948--every county was supposed to meet every Saturday after the election to canvass the votes and report them. Galveston County, operated by the Macio [?] brothers, the gambling interests, which Coke had kept open, you know, didn't let the [Texas] Rangers do any raiding or anything. He was going to wait till they called on him to do it [?]. Have I told you this?

G: No.

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J: Well, Maco Stewart, you know, is from Galveston, [inaudible]. Lyndon told Maco, "You have everything lined up down there that they're not going to steal any votes?" "Yes, everything's all right." But he was up here in Austin at the time. He was head of Stewart Title and Guaranty, you know. Who in the hell is he to try keep Sam Macio? He's got money, sure. He had two or three people watching Macio, but that's not going to keep them from it if they want to. Because they were obligated to Governor Stevenson because they operated the gambling and the Mafia, whatever you want to call it.

I went--after listening to what Lyndon had told Maco, "Is everything all right down there?" "Yes." I was in his apartment the next morning. I said, "Lyndon, what about Galveston County?" "I've got that fixed up. Maco Stewart's got that; we don't have to worry. I'm having Roy Hofheinz to be down there, too, and Jimmie Allred to be down there to watch it." I said, "Lyndon, Macio doesn't understand that." He didn't operate on the rules. He was in with the Mafia. He was a gambler, and Coke had let him operate freely down there. "And there isn't a man you've got down there that can stop Macio. He's a gangster, and it can be done without anybody knowing it. But I'll tell you what. If you send Macio a message by Maco Stewart"--I knew Maco was still in Austin--"that you might lose the election, but you are going to see that the son of a bitch goes to the penitentiary on income tax evasion. That you'll see to it to your dying day that he goes to the penitentiary if he changes one goddamn vote. That's the only way to deal with Sam Macio. You'll see he is going, if you have

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to, by God, move every agent, every tax man in there. You're still a congressman [?]; you've still got friends in Washington. You're going to see that that son of a bitch goes to the penitentiary if he steals any. Now that is language that he understands, and that only."

Lyndon picked up the phone and told him [Stewart] exactly what I said. He said, "Don't mess with it except you're supposed to tell him [Macio] exactly what I'm saying." And he did. They didn't bring in any extra votes. They would have picked up about. . . . But, Mr. Gillette, that's the way you have to operate.

G: Sure.

J: And I mean, don't bluff. If you do, by God, see that the son of a bitch goes to the penitentiary.

I had a very unusual case to come up; it didn't have anything to do with Lyndon, but it had to do with Roy Miller, the biggest lobbyist in America. Well, of course, when you're representing Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, Intracoastal Canal, making a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, plus expenses of a hundred and fifty, you're a pretty big man. But you're going to have enemies, you know. So there were people in Wharton County but [inaudible] from Houston. They bought up the county paper, which I'd tried to buy this one up and, by God, when they found out I had, they sold it to somebody else so damn quick you didn't know what happened. I called Mrs. Goodman [?] that owned it, told her I wanted it. She said that I'll have to talk to Mr. Art Kowert in Fredericksburg. And I went up there to see Colonel [Alfred] Petsch, who owned the Fredericksburg paper. He said, "Well,

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Sam, I think we can sell it to you." He called his partner, Kowert, up, and Kowert said, "Oh, we sold it the other day to this man from [inaudible]." If you think I wasn't going to have fun with that paper, you're crazy. [Inaudible]

But here's the thing that happened. He put out a scandal sheet, you see. Buy the county paper and make [inaudible], print your own paper. Hell, you can call it the Johnson City News if you want to, [inaudible]. All right, they put out a paper and--see, Roy Miller was powerful with [John Nance] Garner and [Sam] Rayburn and everybody on the Ways and Means Committee. Did you know that all taxation originates in that committee, in there? And they sent out the dirtiest sheet about Roy Miller buying up things, bribing, you know, everything like that, every congressman nearly.

So I got a copy of it to Dick Kleberg over in Corpus there and called Congressman [Wright] Patman to see if he got a copy, took it down to the FBI; it was printed on the same typewriter. Then I talked to Mr. Miller about it. I said, "Well, it's slander. The next thing to do is call the chief postal inspector, Jim Bishop [?]." Mr. Miller said, "Well, all right, Sam, what's your theory?" "To scare them to keep them from Washington [?]." He said, "Well, if you have any trouble with Mr. [Kildroy] Aldrich"--that's his name, the postal inspector--"tell him to talk to Karl Crowley, the solicitor general [of the Post Office]. He'll make a ruling on it. I gave him his job." See, Garner was national committeeman; he was in charge of all appointments in Texas for a long time--to be speaker and vice

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president, but he turned it over to Roy Miller, who had been executive director of the State Democratic [Executive] Committee of Texas.

So here comes this fellow in my office, chief postal inspector, and he said, "Mr. Johnson, I want to explain to you that this is pretty hot politically. It could hurt your congressman." Kleberg. I said, "We don't give a damn. That's not our idea. Roy Miller used to be our campaign manager, the first campaign manager for Mr. Kleberg. He used to work for the King Ranch. He used to be up at the Corpus Christi Caller; he used to be mayor of Corpus Christi. He's our man. So it won't hurt us." "Not good in politics." I said, "I'll be the judge of whether it's good politics or not. I made the decision on that. But if you seem to be worried about it, call Mr. Crowley and get a ruling on that." He said, "I just talked to him this morning, and he was the one that told me to tell you." That was the man that Roy Miller had named solicitor general, double-crossing him.

Mr. Miller came back from John Garner's office after about four or five drinks [inaudible]. But first he came in my office. I told him. [He] picked the phone up off my desk: "Give me the Post Office Department." I don't know whether he was going to call Karl Crowley or Jim Farley. And he put it down like this, [inaudible]. "Sam, don't do anything when you're mad. There's other ways to skin a cat."

Anyhow, how he did it, I don't altogether know, but we had the location of the office in Houston where it was being typed and printed, and [there] came a couple of Post Office inspectors and [they] sat down and checked those typewriters, and that closed them, put them out

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of business. Then I called Bob McCracken [?] of the Corpus Christi Caller, who writes "The Crow's Nest." I think Bob's dead now. Then he wrote a big spread about what a great man Roy Miller was and then at my direction sent that to every congressman.

So politics, my friend, is a hard game. It is.

G: I believe it.

J: And you've got to watch everything. And Carter, so help me, he's going to get the nomination. He's already gotten it. But he's going to get hurt. How is he going to get hurt? I was out at the [Alfred] Staehelys--oh, we went out and ate Saturday, and they said, "Sam, you're tired, why don't you spend the night with us?" So I did, and woke up early, and I sat down [and watched] "Face the Nation."

G: Where was this?

J: At a friend of mine's, the Staehelys, here in Austin. I'm the one that [inaudible].

G: Oh, sure.

J: So I heard Barbara Jordan on "Face the Nation." She talks, you know, like a Supreme Court justice. And [they] said, "Mr. Carter, he originally wanted to consider a woman or a black." She said, "Yes, he said that at first. But what he thought was that I would be satisfied to go back in to Houston and say, 'I am being considered for [vice] president,' and that would mean something to me. But he didn't mean a thing he said. He hasn't contacted me at all." That was Sunday. I said, "Boy, boy, boy. Whew! I can't miss the keynote speech [at the

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Democratic National Convention]. What's she liable to do?" The first thing, if you listened to the convention, if you haven't, is not a damned soul applauded Bob Strauss. Not a damn soul [inaudible]. I felt sorry for him. If you looked up there at the TV, half the delegates were already gone. But then Barbara Jordan came on and her speech [?]-oh, Alfred couldn't tell you; hell, he went to bed. But I recorded it.

She blew the convention wide open. She didn't hit Carter yet, you see. You don't get anywhere when you hit them, and you know it. But I'll bet you she is the most popular woman at the convention today. They're running up and kissing her hand [inaudible]. They've started a little boom for her. But she is smart. Carter will get the nomination, but I wouldn't bet too much on it. [Gerald] Brown is going to have his name put in, [Morris] Udall is going to have his name, just to get him time on TV, you know. Carter already has the number of delegates, you see what I mean? But I don't know what she's doing now, but I would think that she is planning something right today, that when Brown's name is put in nomination, and Udall, or something, that she might be seconding one of them or something [inaudible]. Carter didn't think, man. He's just a peanut politician. I've been trained in where politics is politics. You don't get it picking peanuts, you get it picking pecans down on the Pedernales.

But that's it. One other question. I just wanted to let you know that it's going to be more lively than you think. I think.

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