

INTERVIEW I

DATE: October 15, 1990
INTERVIEWEE: HAROLD C. PACHIOS
INTERVIEWER: Michael L. Gillette
PLACE: Mr. Pachios' office, Portland, Maine

Tape 1 of 2, Side 1

G: I think we ought to begin with you telling me how you went to work for the Peace Corps.

P: I went to Georgetown Law School at night. I started in 1961 and I had just gotten out of the navy. I didn't know anybody in Washington. One night at the law school after about three weeks, a fellow who always sat behind me in the contracts class, who was all duded up and dressed in fancy clothes, asked me where I went to school and I told him I went to Princeton. He said well, so did he. He said, "What do you do?" I said, "I'm a waiter at a restaurant down the street. What do you do?" He said, "I work for the President's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, who has just started this new thing called the Peace Corps." I said I had read about it. He said, "Do you want a job?" I said, "I think I do." So he wrote on a piece of paper in his notebook the name "Bill Moyers" and the address, 806 Connecticut Avenue, and he said, "You go down and see this fellow tomorrow. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll get you a job."

So I did. I went the very next afternoon and I asked where Mr. Moyers' office was, and I was shown to his secretary and I said, "A man named Dick Nelson told me that he was going to talk to Mr. Moyers." I didn't know who the hell Moyers was. So Moyers came out, invited me

Pachios -- I -- 2

into his office. I discovered he was about my age and he said, "Well, we'll get you a job. Dick says we ought to hire you. We'll get you a job."

So he did, and then after a few months there they decided to start up a congressional relations department. There was a fellow named Wilson McCarthy who headed it up and I was Wilson's deputy, and the two of us did this. Of course, Wilson later on had an affiliation with Johnson as well, had had before, I guess. I stayed there until 1964.

And then in the spring of 1964 Bill Moyers, I guess, had asked Wilson to head up the advance team for the 1964 campaign. And so Wilson had offered six people full-time jobs at the Democratic National Committee as full-time advance men. That was the first time, really, that there had been full-time advance men; in the past it had been a part-time deal. So I was one of them. Pat Kennedy, who was later to head up VISTA and who is now the city manager of Columbia, Maryland, was another. Jerry Bruno was the third one, and you know who Jerry is. Mel Cottone, who was also a Kennedy advance man and a good friend of Jerry's, was one of them, John (Jeb) Byrne was one, and Marty Underwood was the other one. So we all moved actually in the early part of the summer to the DNC in 1964.

Prior to that time, [I had] occasion to call Bill and get a ride out to Palm Springs so I could see a girlfriend, but the best part of the story is that Frank Mankiewicz worked at the Peace Corps too, on the floor below me. So I was down shooting the bull with Frank a few days after Moyers told me I could go, and I said, "Frank, I'm going to go out

Pachios -- I -- 3

to Palm Springs on *Air Force One*." Of course, Frank said, "You are?" I said, "Yes."

Jimmy Roosevelt had announced he was retiring from the Congress and Frank was thinking about running. So Frank said, "I'm going to call Bill and ask him if I can go, too." Bill told him all right, and he told us both--we were going on the back-up plane, which was identical to *Air Force One*--"I want you guys to sit in the back of the plane and keep a low profile. I'm putting you on here, and you just be quiet about it."

So we get to Palm Springs and we were about ten or fifteen minutes ahead of the President's plane, but when we landed all the klieg lights went on and everything, because it looked the same as the President's plane. And so they rolled the gangway up and the lights were on and I said, "Frank, now we'd better just stay in the back of this plane and lay low." "Like hell," he said. He saw his opportunity to get some attention and he went right up to the front, and he was the first one off the airplane, waving to the television cameras and so forth.

G: Did you have any association with LBJ while you were at the Peace Corps?

P: None. In fact, the first time I was ever in the White House was on November 22, 1963. I was working at the Peace Corps then, of course, and after going to the drugstore to buy some cigars and finding out the President had been shot, I rushed back to the Peace Corps. I saw Sarg and Eunice coming down on the elevator, obviously going to the White House, and I just hung around in Doug Kiker's office--he was the director of press for the Peace Corps--watching TV.

Pachios -- I -- 4

In mid-afternoon, probably around three o'clock, Shriver's secretary, knowing that I lived nearby in Georgetown, said, "Do you have a black tie?" I said yes. She said, "Well look, go home and get it and bring it to Sarg." Strange request; you could have gotten a black tie anywhere. "Bring it to Sarg over at the White House. We'll have you cleared at the northwest gate."

Mind you, I'd never been in the place before. I went home, got the tie, was cleared through the northwest gate. I was shown into Ralph Dungan's office in the West Wing, where Shriver was holding forth with Angier Biddle Duke, chief of protocol, some colonel from the Military District of Washington, some army people--I believe Dungan was there and one or two other people.

I gave the tie to Shriver and he said, "Sit down, I may need you to run an errand." And I sat there, in that room, for the rest of the afternoon listening to them--at that point, and the President has only been dead a few hours--begin to make plans for his funeral. I remember saying to myself, "Be as inconspicuous as possible, because they might throw you out after a while; and two, remember this." I remember very little of what was discussed, in fact, except they were talking about how Washington would be filled with heads of state and somebody suggested that either when the caisson was taken from the White House to the Capitol, or from the White House to the church, that all of the great men of the world should walk behind the caisson, which is eventually what did happen. But at that point I remember Shriver saying, "No, no. We can't do that. If they can get Jack the way they did today, they could get Buffalo Bill walking down the street. We can't do that." Of

Pachios -- I -- 5

course that's striking now, because "they" meant that no one knew who shot Kennedy, and the thinking then was it was probably some kind of conspiracy. But anyway, that was the first time I was in the White House.

Then of course I went on that trip out there to Palm Springs. Then I see that Eric Goldman was appointed shortly before that, in February of 1964. I remember Nelson telling--Eric Goldman was a professor of mine, too; had the same course, History 307, [where] Dick got intrigued with him. And Dick, I'm sure, convinced Walter Jenkins that Johnson ought to have his own intellectual. So, you know--is it all right if my mind wanders a little here to talk about own intellectual?

G: Sure.

P: I remembered Johnson doing things that would emphasize sometimes the distinction between him and Kennedy, that Kennedy was an easterner, a sophisticate, the son of a rich man. So Johnson would emphasize that he was rough-hewn; he was a rural man, a farm boy, and didn't have any of those graces. And one time Hugh Sidey, who knew Johnson very, very, well and covered him in the Senate, said, "He's faking, of course. Lyndon Johnson, you have to understand, has spent most of his adult life in Washington, D.C., eating at the finest tables with the smartest people in the country, and he has reverted to this now so that he will not be unfairly compared with John Kennedy." And the whole business of getting Eric Goldman in there was part of it: "I can have my intellectual, too; my ivy-league professor, my very own, not one of Kennedy's."

Pachios -- I -- 6

And I think there was Eric Goldman as an example of wanting to have [his] own, but then too, not wanting to do it Kennedy's way.

I remember when he fired the White House chef. I think it was a Saturday morning that the *Washington Post* had reported that Jackie's French chef had been let go. The reaction seemed to be, "Here's this guy that eats steak and mashed potatoes, and what does he know about good food?" That offended him greatly, and I was sitting in Bill's office and Lyndon Johnson came, just the two of us were sitting there, and he went on a monologue about this chef.

G: What did he say?

P: Well, I don't--I can't say. It's a very bad word, but he said in as graphic terms as one could, that the man was a homosexual and he didn't want him in the White House anymore. He said it in very graphic terms. He was real sore, I'll tell you.

G: Do you think that's really the reason he fired him, or was it--?

P: I don't have the slightest idea.

(Interruption)

Anyway, so--

G: Is that the reason he fired him?

P: He claimed it was the reason he fired him. He said words to the effect that, "I'm protecting this guy. That's why I fired him and now they're saying I fired him because I don't know good food and so forth." Who knows why he fired him? He might have fired him because he was Jackie's chef, I don't know.

But anyway, back to Eric Goldman, just to finish that off. I don't think Goldman saw--you would know better than I, but I don't think

Pachios -- I -- 7

Goldman was around very much. That was just something that Dick Nelson convinced Walter Jenkins that Johnson ought to do.

G: Tell me about your work on the advance team in 1964.

P: When we went over there at the beginning of July, Wilson and Bill Moyers and I were the best of friends. Wilson was a very close friend of Bill's, too. Wilson said the first thing that we were going to do, he and I were going to go to advance the President at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. So we went for a week before the convention and made arrangements for what the President was going to do while he was there. That was the first trip; we stayed there at the Pageant Motel, right next to the--of course, Wilson liked to go stylishly, we had the best of everything. The President stayed at somebody's home down at the end of a street right on the beach, not too far from the convention hall. Marvin [Watson] was in charge of the convention arrangements, and that was the first time I had met Marvin. Actually Wilson and I had made a trip up there three weeks before the convention--four weeks before the convention--to talk to Marvin, and the day we got there--this was in mid-July--there was a big controversy and some of the people from the Democratic National Committee had told us about it, friends of ours. Marvin had issued an edict that women were not to wear half slips, that they were to wear full slips; they were not to have tops, blouses, without a slip underneath the blouse. And that was an edict which he had sent out and all of the people from the DNC were up in arms, some tittering and some angry.

Anyway, I have this vague memory of concern about the juxtaposition of events at that convention and how the President's appearances or

Pachios -- I -- 8

the films about the President, or whatever, shouldn't be matched up before or after something about Kennedy, and the real crucial question was on what night to show the Guggenheim film on Kennedy. That was, as I recall, the biggest problem. And I can't remember when it was shown, but it was shown at a time when it couldn't do any damage to Johnson's image.

Then immediately after that---just before that actually, I see that in August of 1964 the President went to Syracuse to dedicate the Newhouse Communications Center, and I went up there too, with him that day.

G: Anything on the vice-presidential selection?

P: I just remember him dangling it around in front of everybody. Poor old Tom Dodd thought it was his; [Eugene] McCarthy thought it was his--and McCarthy really thought it was his. In fact, at that time Ed Muskie was a good friend of Gene McCarthy's. I remember seeing Muskie at the convention and Muskie wished that he would get picked. He thought Gene McCarthy was going to get picked and most of McCarthy's friends thought he was going to get picked. Of course there was never any chance of that. But I just observed all of those things; I just observed most of that.

(Interruption)

It was the first time, incidentally, that I observed how the arrangements that had to be made for the President in the house where he was going to stay, the things that he liked. Those people who had been around Johnson a long time could tell you exactly what kind of scotch he wanted there and what bottle of this and a bottle of that, and how high

Pachios -- I -- 9

the mirror should be. He liked these shaving mirrors that had the enlargement. He liked those things so he could see his whiskers, and it had to be the right size and so forth.

Then, very shortly after that convention, maybe a week later, I left to go to Seattle, the President's first trip, or pretty close to the first trip out to the Northwest, and I did that stop. We spent the night at the Olympic Hotel, and it was the first time that I had really gotten to see Johnson at first hand, up close, because I was in and out of his suite that afternoon and night.

Then I went to Indianapolis. Now there would be a trip--did I go to Indianapolis? No, I guess I went to Indianapolis later. The next thing I wanted to do, after I left the Northwest--Johnson was going to come up and do New England, and I said I'd love to go up to Maine and do Portland. So in late September he made that famous trip with huge crowds throughout New England. George Mitchell was the Democratic state chairman here in Maine and he and I actually planned this thing, and bused people in from way up in northern Maine. It's the largest crowd of people they ever had in the city. [He] came right down this street and it took probably an hour and a half--he was very, very late--to get down here. The crowds were so thick the motorcade couldn't move.

But the best part of that stop was, we had in Maine a Republican governor named John Reed, a nice fellow who Johnson ultimately used for other purposes as well, because he ultimately became chairman of the Governors Conference and would make every statement about Vietnam that Johnson asked him to make. And Johnson used to bring him down to the Ranch and so forth. But this was the first time he'd ever met him. He

Pachios -- I -- 10

didn't know who John Reed was, but Reed had [gotten] considerable criticism a couple of years before, [when] John Kennedy had come to Maine to speak at the University of Maine. Reed, not knowing how to handle it politically, had made the wrong judgment and didn't show up, said he had to go to some gun club to make a speech. So he didn't greet the President at the airport.

So now, here was the second time a president was coming, and he made the wrong judgment again. He decided this time that he should go and greet the President on behalf of the people of Maine, and then leave. So he had his limousine bring him out to where the plane was going to land at the Portland airport, and we stationed him right at the bottom of the gangway. He shook hands with the President and welcomed him to Maine, and then he made a beeline for his limo. Johnson went directly to the Lincoln Continental he was riding in, with Muskie and two or three other politicians--the Lincoln was crowded. As the door shut--and I was standing nearby--Johnson motioned to me, rolled down the window, and said, "Get that goddamned Governor over here." And by that time he knew he was a Republican governor. So I went over to Reed's car and just before the driver pulled away I said, "Governor, the President wants to see you." "Me?," he said. I said, "You." So he walked over to Johnson's car and the motorcade was ready to roll, but delayed while Johnson waited. Reed walked over, the back door opened, and this big Texas hand reached out and pulled that governor right into the car and slammed the door.

Pachios -- I -- 11

Now Reed was sitting half on Johnson's knee and half on somebody else's knee; there were three people in the back seat already. And off they went. So he captured him.

He made seven or eight stops at intersections from the airport before he got to the downtown section. At each occasion he would get out with his bullhorn and tell the people how much he loved them, how much he was for them and they were for him, and so forth. And then he got into Congress Square, which is two blocks up here, where the museum is, and there must have been fifteen thousand people in the square alone, and that's when the going got rough. The motorcade couldn't move very well, so Johnson got out. He saw this huge crowd, and he had Rufus Youngblood and two other agents boost him to the roof of the Lincoln Continental, and he stood on the roof of the Lincoln Continental with his bullhorn, telling the people how much he loved them. And then again he looked down and said to Rufus, "Get that goddamned Governor up here." So they pulled poor John Reed out of the car and they boosted him to the roof of the Lincoln, and then Johnson took Reed's hand in one of those typical political victory salutes and held it aloft. And the next morning in the *Portland Press-Herald* was this beautiful picture of Lyndon Johnson and the Republican governor in a victory salute surrounded by this huge crowd. Isn't that a great story?

Well, by the time we get down to the city hall steps where Johnson was to speak, Reed was a basket case. He just never knew what hit him. Anyway, that was a real Johnson maneuver.

G: Was this the time that he went to Campobello?

P: No, no, that was long after the campaign.

Pachios -- I -- 12

But anyway, after that I went to Indianapolis, and the reason for the Indianapolis thing was kind of interesting. Eugene Pulliam, Vice President Quayle's grandfather, who was from Arizona, also owned the Indianapolis newspaper and he lived part-time in Indianapolis. He lived at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. Johnson had heard that Eugene Pulliam liked him, even though he was a right-winger and he was from Barry Goldwater's home state. As it turned out, Eugene Pulliam disliked Barry Goldwater more than he liked Lyndon Johnson, but it served the same purpose.

So I was dispatched to Indianapolis and I went. George Mitchell introduced me to Quayle six months ago, and I told Quayle this story and he remembered it. I went to see the old man and I said, "The President is coming to Indianapolis on a campaign trip and he would very much like to have lunch with you. He has apparently, Mr. Pulliam, been a fan of yours for a long time and he'd like to have lunch with you," and so forth. So that was the--

G: How did Pulliam react to that?

P: Oh, he wanted to have lunch with him. He said, "That's a good idea. We can do it right here at the athletic club. I'll entertain him for lunch, but I don't want a lot of people." I said, "I don't think the President wants a lot of people, either." So we did that, and Pulliam was just delighted that the President had this luncheon with him. And then of course, one-on-one even a smart guy like Pulliam couldn't escape, and so he endorsed Johnson. His newspapers endorsed Johnson not long after that. But the pretext for the Indianapolis [trip] was a

Pachios -- I -- 13

campaign thing, but that's really why he wanted to go, and I thought it was a brilliant maneuver on Johnson's part.

Then I left Indianapolis and got out to Long Beach two days before Johnson was to get there. Johnson was to land at the Long Beach airport --I believe it was a Sunday afternoon--and go to Lynwood, California, which is one of those blue-collar suburbs south of Los Angeles, between Long Beach and Los Angeles. It was a long motorcade from the Long Beach airport, and it was a Sunday afternoon. It was a lovely afternoon and people came out. It was the thing to do in that area, and there was just huge crowds. We got in to Lynwood and I was in the backup car behind the Secret Service convertible and I heard voices crackle, "He's up there on the roof," and they thought somebody was up there with a gun; it was reported somebody with a gun. That was the first time I saw a guy come up out of the convertible with an automatic weapon, searching the rooftops. Anyway, then it was back to the Long Beach airport. But I remember that Sunday afternoon, huge crowds, unbelievable crowds.

I stayed in California for the rest of the campaign.

G: Why did you stay?

P: I stayed there actually because he was then going to do another trip through California, and I did all the southern California stops. I see that it occurred here on the twenty-eighth of October: Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, San Diego, and I did all those stops. It took time to do all four of those cities, so I stayed there for three weeks, and actually stayed in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, if I'm not mistaken, is where he stood in front of the city hall--it was about midday--and said, "We are not a nation of

Pachios -- I -- 14

fighters, we're a nation of lovers." Check that quote for me someday; I do think that is where he said that. And they loved it. And then to Riverside, and there was a huge crowd at Riverside.

Somebody gave me a copy of Barry Goldwater's autobiography that was published this last year, called *Goldwater*, because he saw my name in it. And sure enough I looked in the index and there was my name. It said that I had reported that Marvin had ordered me to tell the locals to use itching powder at the Riverside Court House; there were these huge crowds and a lot of Goldwater signs. Marvin said, "We want you"--he had said this before, but this time we actually did have itching powder, and the fact is that most of the signs came down. These guys went into the crowd and put itching powder down people's necks. It's true. And a lot of these Goldwater signs had come down.

But an interesting thing happened at Riverside. Johnson was in a frenzy; the crowd was frenzied and he was kind of frenzied, and he was touching everyone. He knew enough not to really shake, but he'd touch and people were squeezing his fingers and everything. He was to make his speech in front of the Riverside County Courthouse, and it had a holding room there. It was a judge's chambers, with a black leather couch as you'd see in a judge's chambers, and I went in. The President was resting and Doctor [George] Burkley was there, and Sergeant [Paul] Glynn, the valet, was there and they were working on his hands. They were all bloody; people's finger nails had dug into them. They were patching up his hands, both hands were bloodied. Then he went out and made his speech and then we went from there by motorcade to San Bernar-

Pachios -- I -- 15

dino, where he went to ride in the elevator that he had run when he was a kid. That was a big thing.

G: What was it, the Platt Building?

P: Something like that, the Platt Building, I think. Because I was the advance man, I got to go with him on the elevator with these guys, and then he told the story, I'm sure embellished. That was a big thrill for me, hearing him talk about his youth and running that elevator.

G: How did they decide to put that on the trip, visiting the building?

P: I think I decided.

G: Really.

P: I think I decided.

G: Some guy did a column with the San Bernardino newspaper, Earl Bowie, or whatever his name is, did a piece on that. I wonder if that influenced it.

P: It might have, but I think in terms of--maybe somebody in San Bernardino suggested it, but that is the kind of thing that would appeal to me, to do that kind of thing, and I think he was real pleased with it.

(Interruption)

So we did California, Riverside, San Bernardino, and then we ended up that night in San Diego late at night inside the airplane hanger at the San Diego airport.

Then I went to Austin to arrange for the homecoming the night before the election, and I was the advance man for that. I remember a guy named Earl Deathe picked me up. He's probably dead now, I don't know? He's not? Does he work for the Johnsons?

(Interruption)

Pachios -- I -- 16

So I get down there, and then I remember that Saturday Earl Deathe took me to the football game, the Longhorn game and I'd never been to a big Southwest Conference game.

Anyway, Jake Pickle was the guy that was in charge of the arrangements, of what we were going to do, and I was the advance man and I'd make the final choices. So the biggest problem we had is the way--they were going to come in from Bergstrom Air Force Base, and then go up Congress Avenue to the capitol and have this speaking up there. The question was, who was Johnson going to ride with? Was he going ride with [Ralph] Yarborough? Was he going to ride with [John] Connally? Of course those two wouldn't ride with each other, and there was a big fight over that. And I can't remember the result, but I remember worrying about it a lot.

Jake had an office in the back of the Driskill Hotel, on the back street, the one that runs parallel to Congress Avenue. So he says,

All right, we've been going back and forth for days on what we're going to do. Here it is, we're agreed now. We're coming in up Congress Avenue. Hoss Cartwright [Dan Blocker] will be on a white horse, leading the motorcade up Congress Avenue. We're gonna have the Dukes of Dixieland up there in front of the capitol; they'll be warming up the crowd. Cactus Pryor will be warming up the crowd, and then the motorcade will go up there. Then the Longhorn Band will play, and then we'll go to the podium and the Reverend So-and-so will lead us in the prayin'.

I said, "No, he won't, Jake."

"What do you mean, he won't?"

I said,

Jake, here you're gonna have Hoss Cartwright on a big white horse, leadin' 'em up Congress Avenue to the capitol, and the Longhorn

Pachios -- I -- 17

Band is gonna strike up the "Eyes of Texas" and the crowd is gonna go wild. And they're gonna be screaming and the President will move toward the podium and the crowd will be out of control and then suddenly you're gonna say, "Let us pray?" You can't do that!

He said, "We pray when we have speakin's down here."

I said, "You can't pray at this speakin'."

So he thought about it and he fidgeted and he walked around, and it took about two minutes of silence as he paced. Finally, he looked at me and he said, "Okay, they'll be no praying at this speakin'."

Then the next night, election day--there is some big hall across the river there, the auditorium, and that is where he was going to come. We had a holding room there for him in the back, a comfortable room in the back where the family could sit and so forth. And I remember it was pouring rain, absolutely pouring rain, a downpour.

That night is the first night I went to the LBJ Ranch. And what happened was--don't tell Vicky [McCammon?] this, but Vicky and Wilson McCarthy were friends, and he said, "Let's take Vicky back out to the Ranch," that night, at 11:00 p.m. at night, pouring rain. Wilson and I and Warren O'Donnell, Kenny O'Donnell's brother, who was a friend of mine, a friend of Wilson's too, was down there with us. The four of us drove out, across that river to get into the Ranch--the Pedernales--in this rainstorm about twelve-thirty or one o'clock in the morning; I'll never forget it as long I live. Some Secret Service agents were standing under the trees in the pouring rain. Anyway, that was that.

G: So you stayed at the Ranch?

P: No, I didn't. We turned around and drove all the way--Vicky stayed at the Ranch. The rest of us, Warren Wilson and I drove back.

Pachios -- I -- 18

Anyway, whenever it was that Johnson asked Bill to be press secretary was when Bill said to me, "Will you come over and work with me if I agree to be press secretary?"

G: You were back at the Peace Corps?

P: What I was doing then was, I was a consultant for the OEO [Office of Economic Opportunity], putting it together, working on putting together various pieces of the OEO.

G: Was this during the task force?

P: The task force, exactly. So I said yes, and then--this must have been in April or so of 1965--I went for an interview with the President. Bill said, "He wants to talk to you." So I went for the interview and the interview lasted about forty-five minutes, maybe a half hour, at which I was asked no questions and Johnson spoke to Bill in my presence. Then at the end of the half hour, he was sitting there and he turned to me and he said, "Well, Bill says he wants ya. So if he wants ya, he can have ya." And that was it and then I started.

We were doing over the press office complex in the West Wing. It was a new office for Bill, office for me, office for--I guess Joe Laitin hadn't come there yet, but was about to come, or whatever. So I stayed in the EOB [Executive Office Building] for about three or four weeks, and then we moved over there and I went to work.

G: Before we get into this, I had one other question about the campaign. When you were doing the advance, you mentioned that he had some specific requirements about what scotch to drink, and all of this. Do you remember any problems with the height of the podium?

Pachios -- I -- 19

P: Oh, we always had to worry about the height of the podium, always had to worry about--yes, the podium had to be high enough; the cameras had to be on the right-hand side because that was the side he took the best picture on, and God help any photographer who didn't get on the right-hand side. No clicking of the cameras during the speech, that distracted him and he didn't want any clicking. So the rule was that you could take pictures for the first fifteen or twenty seconds that he was speaking, then they had to stop. It was amazing, you could walk around and tell them to stop and they would. Very, very, finicky about the arrangements.

Should I do this chronologically or should I skip ahead to tell you something about arrangements?

G: Go ahead, while you are thinking about it.

P: Let me tell you this story about Campobello. He was to meet with Lester Pearson, the prime minister of Canada, and he thought it was a good idea. Muskie had suggested to him at some point that he ought to come to the Roosevelt home at Campobello, which was then a Canadian-U.S. museum. Muskie had told him that several times, invited him several times, so Johnson remembered this and he said, "Well, let's do it. Let's meet Lester Pearson right at the Roosevelt home, the U.S.-Canadian border in Campobello."

So we went on what's called a survey trip--it's supposed to be one or two days in the airplane--to look over the situation. Clint Hill; myself; Jack Albright, the communications guy; and Marty Underwood, the four of us, in an Air Force Kingair, because Johnson---they bought that Kingair because he liked Kingairs; he had one down at the Ranch and he

Pachios -- I -- 20

wanted them to have a Kingair. So we took that Kingair and went up to Eastport, Maine, which is the closest place to Campobello Island, and we went to look at the Roosevelt home. Clint said, "He can't stay here. Look at the size of this bathroom." It was an old 1920s cottage, and they said, "This will never do. Johnson will get very upset if he has to stay in this old creaky place." I said, "What are we going to do? Where else can you stay in Lubec or Eastport, Maine? There is no other place." No hotels there, anything.

We went to a little ten-unit motel in Lubec, Maine, where there was an outdoor phone booth, and I called Muskie at his summer home in China Lake, Maine. His wife said, "He's asleep." I said, "You'd better wake him up; we've got a problem." So he got on, awakened out of his sleep, and I said, "Look, Senator, we've got a problem. We can't stay there at Campobello."

He said, "Why not?"

I said, "Well, for one thing, the bathroom isn't good enough." There was this long pause and Muskie shouted, and I mean shouted, over the phone so that earpiece just about shook my ear off. He said, "Goddammit, it was good enough for Franklin Delano Roosevelt!"

"Well," I said, "it's not good enough now. We can't stay there. What are we going to do?"

He said, "Look, Bar Harbor is just a short distance away, not very far away. You've got some of the biggest mansions in the world at Bar Harbor."

"Well," I said, "we don't know any of those people."

Pachios -- I -- 21

He said, "There's the Democratic county chairman of that county, Hancock County, a guy named Roland Guité, and he is the former postmaster in Ellsworth. You call him up." To make a long story short, we did it. He picked us up at the airport there in Bar Harbor and we went all over the place. He actually went to maybe ten different places--by this time it's five or six at night--knocking on the doors of people. Roland knew these people because he had been postmaster. "We're looking for a place for the President to stay." Couldn't get anybody to permit it.

Tape 1 of 2, Side 2

G: Why didn't they want him to stay?

P: They were all Republicans. They couldn't care less about Lyndon Johnson. They were rich Republicans and they didn't need this kind of disturbance. Finally, at eleven o'clock at night we're at the Bar Harbor Motor Inn; Albright, Clint Hill, myself and Marty Underwood, and this Roland Guité. And he sees a real estate broker; he referred to him as a well-known Republican. His name was Tubby Collier [?]. He said, "Tubby, come over here," and he introduced us. He said, "These guys are from the White House; they want to find a place for the President to stay," and so forth. Tubby said, "The old Atwater Kemp place, down by the ferry tunnel. Those people are in Philadelphia; they're not here this summer. And I know Mrs. Fischer, the caretaker. I'll arrange for you to see her in the morning."

We went through [the house] and everything, and Jack Albright is looking at where he's going to lay the wires and so forth. [We] go through all of this and she said, "Look, I'm going to call the Mrs. down in Philadelphia," says the caretaker, this old lady. "You go to Tubby

Pachios -- I -- 22

Collier's house and I'll call you." So we went to Tubby's and she called back and she said, "Look, I've talked to the Mrs. about having the Prime Minister"--the Prime Minister was going to stay there, too, and we'd told her it would be an historic event--"and she said it would be a great honor; the Mrs. and I agreed it would be a great honor, but we feel that we couldn't have two perfect strangers in the house overnight." So with that I called---I forget who I called, Bill or somebody---and then they decided to bring this navy cruiser up so that the President would have a place to sleep.

Anyway, that's because the bathroom wasn't good enough.

G: You were talking about the press office and the fact that they were remodeling it when you went to work for the White House.

P: Yes, that's right. The press office was being redone and it's exactly the same now as it was when it got fixed up in 1965. No changes in the last twenty-five years.

I remember when Adlai Stevenson died, there wasn't much time between the time we got word that he died and Lyndon Johnson saying, "I want to go on television, live, with a statement about Adlai Stevenson." And I remember Dick Goodwin wrote that statement very, very fast, like in a half hour, because the President felt it was very, very important to go on live and to acknowledge that he thought Stevenson was a great man; whether he did or not, I don't know, but he wanted to acknowledge that.

I told you that he wanted so much to sign the Medicare Bill in Independence, went out there, and how pleased Truman---boy, he paid a lot of attention to Truman. I don't know if anyone ever asked Truman

Pachios -- I -- 23

this before, but I would think that Truman really thought the world of Lyndon Johnson, because Johnson paid so much attention to him.

Do you remember when the Pope came--?

G: To New York?

P: Yes, what year was that? I didn't see that in here. Was that in 1965?

G: Let's see.

P: Some of the things that get triggered here--yes, it was the end of 1965, in the fall of 1965 when he had the gall bladder operation, October of 1965. I remember we had spent the night out at the hospital. It was a big thing. You know, Eisenhower had had a heart attack and been in the hospital, but it was unusual for presidents to spend a long time in the hospital. We moved the whole press operation out there, and it was a monumental thing.

Now this is second hand, but I remember that night, Tom Johnson and I had to spend the night on cots out there. But that night before the President went to bed--the operation was to be the next morning--Bill was in there--

(Interruption)

"And," he said, "you should have seen this. There were a couple of doctors and a nurse in the room and so forth, and we're getting ready to say good night to the President and suddenly he jumped out of bed and he got down on his hands and knees at the side of the bed just like a kid would do, and started saying his prayers." Now, that is bigger-than-life stuff. Here's this big, huge guy, six foot three inches, or whatever, boom, out of bed and on his hands and knees. Designed to

Pachios -- I -- 24

shock, but I think he really meant it, you know; he wanted to say his prayers, he was worried.

"Larry O'Brien Sworn in as Postmaster General at the Hye Post Office"--there's a great story about that.

G: Tell me about that.

P: Joe Laitin is actually the center of the story. But Joe and I were down in Texas and Joe was going to do the afternoon briefing. We had a press office in a suite at the Driskill Hotel. We briefed at 10:00 a.m. in the morning and 4:00 p.m. in the afternoon, or whatever. Anyway, about 3:30 p.m., the President calls and Joe answers, and the President says, "What are you going to tell them this afternoon?" He always referred to the press as "them." And Joe says, "Geez, I don't have much; I've got a couple of releases here from the Interior Department," or whatever. "I don't have much to tell them." Incidentally, we also had a tape machine on the phone in this suite and the reason that it was taped is, that these conversations with the President would take place about what information would be put out at a briefing, and oftentimes Bill would say something the President told him he could say and then [the President would] call him up and say, "Why did you say such-and-such? Who told you to say that?"

G: And so then Bill would say, "You told me?"

P: He'd say, "You told me," and he'd say, "No, I didn't," and so forth. So Bill got a tape machine, got a walker that connected a tape machine to the telephone. Anyway, so this was on a tape and God knows whatever happened to those tapes.

Pachios -- I -- 25

Anyway, it went back and forth to the President and Joe said, "Well, I suppose we could also tell them about your swearing in Larry O'Brien next week at the Hye Post Office."

"Who told you that?"

"Well, Bill told me."

"Goddammit, I told him not to tell a soul. I told him I would fire him if he told anybody about that. I get these leakers all over the place."

So Joe said, "Wait a minute, Mr. President. He told me that this was absolutely confidential and for me not to tell a soul; he insisted that I not tell anybody." A long pause, and Johnson said, "Well, you're telling *me*!" And Joe, who is very quick as you know, said, "I would never keep anything from you, Mr. President." That was a good story.

His relations with the press, you know--he was great, as you can imagine, one-on-one. As a group, he couldn't stand them. He got offended with them for all kinds of reasons. One time, Cassy [Catherine] Mackin, who was a very, very good friend of mine, who was the Hearst reporter at the White House, was down doing what we usually did on Sunday morning with the press: standing outside the church. This was the church in Johnson City, the First Christian Church, or whatever it was, in Johnson City. It was a lovely, sunny day and he came out and got in his Lincoln convertible, and it was clear that he was going to do what he did every Sunday afternoon, which was go to the lake and the boat. And Cassy is a very attractive woman, and he said to Cassy--she was a very attractive woman and a devout Catholic--and he said to her, "Come on, Cassy, why don't you come out and go on the boat with us?"

Pachios -- I -- 26

Now he knew that reporters jumped at the chance to spend that kind of time with the President. But Cassy, because her religion came first, said, "Mr. President, I had to come out here early and I haven't gone to mass yet, so I have to go back to Austin and go to mass." And he was infuriated. I was standing right there and she is a very good friend of mine. I was standing a foot behind her, two feet behind her. And his face just changed and he drove off. And I know it was the custom to send letters of condolence when somebody, a member of the press, had a parent die or something. Cassy's father died about a year later and he did not send a letter to Cassy. From that day on he felt insulted. Here's a very sensitive guy and he felt insulted and rejected by Cassy, and she was in deep soup after that.

G: But she did go out on the boat a number of times.

P: She went out on the boat, but I think that was before this occurred. I know he didn't send a letter to her about her father.

G: Do you think he was aware of it and just elected not to--?

P: I know he was aware of it. I know he was aware of it. The person who put the letter there told me that, for him to sign it.

And you know, Sidey was an interesting case. Because Sidey had been identified as a Kennedy confidante, Johnson had this view of Sidey as something he wasn't, kind of an eastern, sophisticated columnist and writer and so forth. And it always bothered me that he didn't like Sidey. I liked Sidey a lot and he was a friend of mine, and Sidey had known him up in the Senate and had known him very, very well, very well, had gone in many times, early in the evening after everything had closed

Pachios -- I -- 27

down in the Senate, and had a scotch with Johnson and shot the bull with him.

So one night we're up at Ellenville, New York, up in the Catskills, spending the night there on a trip Johnson took. Somebody called down and said, "The President would like to see you in his suite." And I knew what he wanted; he knew I was friendly with the press and he wanted to know what they were writing about his speech, to dedicate a hospital that day and talk about health care. So I went up and he and Mrs. Johnson were having dessert, and I sat down and he asked me if I wanted dessert. So we got to talking about what the press was writing and everything, and he made some crack about Sidey. And I said, "You know, I think you've got him wrong. He shares most of your values. It's interesting that you've known him much longer than I have, Mr. President, but you've forgotten this guy is from a small town in the Midwest. His father ran a little country newspaper out there and he understands you. I hear all these guys talking all of the time, Mr. President; he understands you better than 90 per cent of them. And I think you've got it all wrong."

Well, as I talked, defending Sidey, he had just put his elbow on the table and his hand underneath his chin and stared at me. And the more I talked and the more aware I became that he was not responding and staring at me, the more nervous I became, that caused me to defend Sidey even more with greater vehemence and spirit. And then he started just kind of pulling his cheek and looking at me and I had never been so uncomfortable in all my life, and he never said a word to me about that. He never said, "I disagree with you," or anything, he just stared at me.

Pachios -- I -- 28

So after an uncomfortable three or four minutes we changed the subject and talked about something else.

But he had spent a lifetime with Washington reporters, an absolute lifetime, and he had come to view them as the enemy and the only ones he really liked were the ones that kind of kissed his ass. A guy from the *Washington Star*, Jack Horner; he liked to have Horner around; a good friend of mine who I thought was a very good reporter, Sid Davis, because Sid was the Westinghouse reporter and he never--he wasn't really going after Johnson. So he kind of liked Sid, but he particularly liked Jack Horner.

Bob Pierpoint was up here a few weeks ago; we took him on a ride in the boat and so forth. He wrote a book about his times with presidents a couple of years ago, in which he told an anecdote that was absolutely true. He and I were out with some reporters in Austin one night. Actually, he and I went to dinner and we came back to the Crest Hotel where he was staying and there was a message, the White House Operator was trying to find me. It was Johnson calling from the Ranch, and so they put him through, and I'm standing there at the desk of this motel. And he said, "What are you doing?" And I said, "Well, just out having dinner with Bob Pierpoint," and so forth. And Pierpoint then got the idea I was talking to Johnson. And he [Johnson] said, "Is Kiker there?"

I said, "We were with Kiker a little earlier."

And he said, "Were there women there?"

I said, "Yes, there were a couple of women there."

He said, "With Kiker?"

Pachios -- I -- 29

I said, "I think one of them was with Kiker."

"A whore," he said, "was it a whore?"

I said, "I don't think so, Mr. President."

But he wanted to think the worst of them. And because I was friendly with them, he regarded me as a leaker and a spy and as a no-good. He was constantly suspicious of me.

G: He was also suspicious of Bill, I gather?

P: He was suspicious of Bill, and we'll get to this because when Bill left, then I was in real trouble. I was in real trouble.

But there were certain things about him which meant that he couldn't relate to me very well. First of all, he really was impressed with neatness in people, not that I ever thought he was the neatest guy in the world, but he really loved neatness and precision in people. And I wasn't quite precise enough for him, neat enough for him, although I thought I was fairly neat. I remember one time at some kind of a ceremony in the East Room, a signing ceremony, he motioned to me with his finger. I walked over and he whispered to me in a low voice, "Can't you change that goddamn tie? You wear the worst goddamn ties of anybody I've ever seen."

Another time he came into my office, probably 7:00 or 8:00 p.m. at night. He'd been meeting with George Meany; they were taking a walk around the White House after the meeting. Walked into my office and he said to me--he didn't come to introduce George Meany to me, they were just walking around and boom, there I was sitting in that office. And so he introduced me to Meany and then he said, "How often are they cleaning the carpet in this place?"

Pachios -- I -- 30

I said, "I think every night, Mr. President."

He said, "Well, goddammit, you'd better get somebody in here to clean this up. How the hell can you stand working a place like this where the carpet isn't clean?"

He really did like precision, and I can see why Lyndon Johnson would react well to General Westmoreland. Here was General Westmoreland with a crease on his pants that you could cut your finger on and a straight, carved jaw jutting out and every hair in place and medals gleaming, and I think that kind of stuff appealed to Johnson. And I think that Tom Johnson is a very precise guy. Bill Moyers is a very precise guy. And Lyndon Johnson liked that and I could never figure out what it was about me that didn't appeal to him greatly. In retrospect, I remember an incident which I think was very revealing of why.

We were having a press conference at the Ranch one time and the press conference was to begin at ten-thirty. The press was to come by bus and arrive there at a certain time. I was out there early, of course, and he came out of the door of the Ranch house. Did I tell you this story?

He came out of his office there, adjoining the Ranch house. He said to me, "What time are they coming?" I knew that the press conference was at ten-thirty; I didn't know that the bus was going to get there at ten or ten-fifteen. So I said, "I think about ten o'clock, Mr. President. And he blew up. He said, "Goddammit, you're always thinking, wondering, guessing;, don't you know anything? Don't you ever know anything, or do you always have to guess and wonder and think?" I didn't respond, and I thought he was through with me; there was nothing

Pachios -- I -- 31

I could say. I thought he was through with me. So he kind of just stood there and stared off in space. I figured well, he's through with me, and I'm going to get the hell out of here and walk around the corner of the building. I get around the side, walking out toward the back--I was then out of his sight--and he started up again. "He's always thinking, he's always wondering; he never knows a goddamn thing." So I think that people who would stand there with their note cards or whatever, and when Johnson would say "What time are they coming?" they would say, "They left the Driskill Hotel at 9:30 a.m. and they're expected to arrive here at 10:20, Mr. President," were people that appealed to him.

He also liked--and again, these are my observations--he liked experts. He liked people that were filled with information. He wasn't so much a guy that related to people because he liked them, he related to people because they offered something. It wasn't simply, "This is a good guy and I think I'll go shoot the bull with this guy." It was Abe Fortas who had answers, who was smart, who could figure out the solutions to your problems. It was Bob McNamara, who was very smart and precise, computerized in his approach. It was Tom, who could reach into his pocket and pull out the note and say, "Yes sir, yesterday afternoon at 5:00 p.m. I called him." So I just wasn't his type in that respect.

I'll tell you one great story about the press. Bill said to him, "Look, you don't do good in these big crowds for some reason, but one-on-one, who can resist you, Mr. President? Why don't we start a little program here of bringing in reporters one at a time for a little session with you, next to the Oval Office, the little anteroom there;

Pachios -- I -- 32

have a drink, let them talk to you." He thought that would be a good idea.

It's my recollection that Peter Lisagor was the first one. That may be an inaccurate recollection, but I think that's the case. But what I do recollect is Peter Lisagor's turn. Lisagor was a very good friend of mine. By saying that I suppose I confirm Lyndon Johnson's worst suspicions and I suspect he is up there saying, "I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!" But I said to Peter, "Look, when you're finished, come in the office and tell me what happened." So he did. He came back in my office around 8:00 p.m. I said, "How was it?" He said, "It was the greatest! It was the greatest!" And Lisagor was a great imitator of Johnson; he loved to imitate Lyndon Johnson. He said it was the greatest; he said it was pure Johnson. I said, "Well, what happened?" He said, "Let me tell you. I asked him how the Vance-Harriman mission was going." At that time Johnson had [Cyrus] Vance and [Averell] Harriman, ambassadors without portfolios, listening for peace feelers from Ho Chi Minh, traveling around the world. "'Peter, you ask me'--and I'm now mimicking Peter telling the story--"'I'll tell ya how it's going,' and he got real close to me, and he said, 'Peter'--he got on the edge of his chair, and his glasses had enlarged his eyes and they were staring at me." And Peter started imitating. "Now he grabbed his right ear and he said, 'You ask,' he said, 'I'll tell ya. I got my New Delhi ears listening. I got my Warsaw ears listening. I got my Bangkok ears listening. And Peter, what I hear is, "Fuck you, Lyndon Johnson."'" So, Peter said, it was just perfect. And it made a great impression on Lisagor. He loved it. He was good at that stuff.

Pachios -- I -- 33

Anyway, I think part of the problem that Lyndon Johnson had with the press is that he could manipulate them one-on-one, but he couldn't manipulate [them] as a group. And that was a problem.

G: Were his expectations too high in terms of favorable press stories?

P: Oh, sure. I think his expectations for everything were too high. He felt that you should be able to control these matters. It should be within your control and he was upset that he couldn't control it. I remember he used to say things about me from time to time, not that I was an important person on his mind very much, but from time to time he would say things about me. And when things really got rough with the press as a group--Bill came down from one of those sessions in the bedroom in the morning and I said, "What happened?"

And he said, "Well, he was upset with you today."

I said, "What did I do?"

He said, "Nothing. But he said to me,"

I got a bunch of kids down there and they don't know anything about this. Look, they say I'm no good on TV. You need advisers, the people that know how to do it. Eisenhower, he had Robert Montgomery. What do I got? Kids.

I think you're right; it was something that he couldn't control and that bothered him greatly.

G: There has been the suggestion that he felt that Bill was concentrating on his own relationship with the press rather than LBJ's.

P: I can understand how he might feel that way. Johnson's the politician, Moyers is the one who gets all the kudos. The press was writing bad things about Johnson and good things about Moyers. Moyers was on the

Pachios -- I -- 34

cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Bill was not concentrating on that. Bill is a forceful personality. Here's a guy that's made a real impact on television; he was making a real impact on those reporters, too. He can't help it. If you took Bill Moyers now, with what talent you know him to have in the field of communications, and moved him to the White House, you'd still have the same problem. He had all that talent. He did Johnson a world of good with those reporters, a world of good, in my judgment. He would be able to put a turn in an announcement or responding to a request or a turn in events that would be helpful to Johnson, that Johnson himself--because Johnson was a brilliant guy--would have been able to do himself if he was standing there; Bill did it in his absence. Most press secretaries can't do that; they can only repeat what they are authorized to repeat. I think Bill saved him from himself many times, and I think that Johnson wanted Bill to do that.

G: Give me an example.

P: You know, I can't think of anything specific, but they are things that Johnson said to Bill, "You tell them this," and Bill would tell it to them in a different way, that would be a better way. I think that Johnson knew that Bill would save him from some things. Lyndon Johnson said one time to Marvin, "I want you to keep the press stands out there in the driveway in the West Wing. They look down there on West Executive Avenue, between the EOB and the White House, and they see who's coming in. They see when McNamara comes in, or whatever, so they know when somebody--I want you to build a wall there and I want you to keep the press out of there and if you have to shoot 'em, shoot 'em. I want armed guards there to keep them from looking out there." And Marvin

Pachios -- I -- 35

told Lem Johns to do that. Whether or not he took the first steps toward building a wall, I don't know.

Now, when Johnson said certain things like that to Marvin, I think he expected them to be done. When he said screwy things like that to Bill Moyers, to tell the press, I think he rested comfortably knowing that Bill wasn't going to say it that way to the press. That's what I think.

Bill Moyers served Lyndon Johnson very well and loyally, too.

G: You never saw an occasion when Bill was advancing his own relationship with the press at LBJ's expense?

P: No, and in fact at that time--maybe today still--Bill Moyers was an idealist. At that time he didn't have his eye on being publisher of *Newsday*, or say "Some day I'm going to be a famous television person," or whatever. He did not. He really did want to go back to the Peace Corps; he wanted to run the Peace Corps. That was his big thing, was to run the Peace Corps, and you didn't need to be famous to run the Peace Corps.

No, I think that that was just a byproduct of his personality. I don't know how I know this--Bill was friendly with Bobby Kennedy, but Bill never made a thing of that with Johnson. His number-one loyalty was to Lyndon Johnson. But people were jealous of Bill and when Bill would get his name in the newspaper or look good, they would hope that that would lead to trouble between Lyndon Johnson and Bill.

When Bill's brother died---and there's a little story about Bill's brother coming to Washington too, which is kind of punishment for Bill.

G: How so?

Pachios -- I -- 36

P: Well, I think that Johnson---Bill's brother was sick, and Johnson brought Bill's brother--James was a very nice guy, but he had talents in other ways, not the Bill Moyers way. Bill was truly the most talented communicator of the two. And he [James] was a PR person for a sulfur company or a chemical company down in Louisiana. He got sick, but Johnson brought him to the White House--it was not Bill, it was Johnson --to prove to Bill that Moyerses are interchangeable, that "You're nothing special. I can bring your brother in here and do the same damn thing."

And he did that a lot. He brought Bob Fleming over because he wanted to prove to Bill that the kids that Bill had around, namely me, didn't know what they were doing. You bring a guy like Bob Fleming, he knows what he's doing.

When Bill's brother died, they had the funeral at the Baptist church in McLean. I got there fairly early. Bobby Kennedy and his wife came in and they were escorted by some usher--there wasn't anybody in the church--to the second row. Somebody else sat in the second row, behind Moyers. Other members of James' family were on the left-hand side, as I recall. The first row was reserved for Bill, and James' widow Judith, and so forth. The second row on the other side was all filled up.

Anyway, the second row had Bobby and Ethel Kennedy in it. The third row was empty and so they seated Johnson there, and I said to myself, "Here's trouble, and people will make something of this." My recollection is that they did, that it was brought to Johnson's attention--it didn't need to be; he was staring at the back of Bobby

Pachios -- I -- 37

Kennedy's head--that Bill did this. Bill had nothing to do with it, but there were people always willing and desirous of undermining Bill and that happens in every White House. There's always competition, always competition.

In my judgment, Marvin was always happy to see Bill get in the dog house with Johnson. Jack [Valenti] was always happy to see Bill get in the dog house with Johnson. Not so, though, with Harry McPherson or [Joseph] Califano, or people like that. They weren't into that. Not so with Jake Jacobsen. He didn't--I'm sure he was not looking to get Bill in trouble. But those two guys always were, in my judgment.

G: There are always cited incidents where Johnson and Moyers would be in conflict. Surely, there must have been moments when they got along splendidly.

P: There were. You'll have to ask him about those. There were many private moments, going back to the time Bill was nineteen years old. Bill admired Lyndon Johnson greatly. Bill told me that Lyndon Johnson was the smartest guy he ever saw, ever met; the smartest, *the* most intelligent man he ever met. He used to talk about Lyndon Johnson's talent. He said,

Lyndon Johnson once told me that if you walk into a room and can't immediately tell who's for you or against you in that room, you don't belong in politics. He could go into a room and sense, not only who was for him and who was against him, but what this one wanted to hear and what that one wanted to hear, and he could be everything to all of them, immediately.

Bill admired the guy, but he was pretty objective about him. He really was objective.

Pachios -- I -- 38

G: How so?

P: I think that there were certain things he didn't like about Johnson's style, approach, or whatever, that he said he didn't like. I think others there were not bothered at all by things. I remember him telling me one time that Johnson would sometimes test them. He would go into the bathroom, he wanted to see which of them would--he would continue to talk--which of them would demean themselves enough to follow him into the bathroom while he talked to them.

I remember Bill coming back one morning and just making a contemporaneous declaration; I'll never forget, you knew he was upset. He said, "I'll never do that, ever. I'll never do it." He---well, I think I'll let Bill tell his own stories.

But let me go on and just---

G: One other thing: Bill, I sense, was also very candid with LBJ, and if he didn't agree with something, he would say, "Don't do this, you're wrong, Mr. President." He was not a yes-man.

P: Anything but, anything but.

G: Can you think of an example there?

P: No, and I'm nervous talking about--here's a guy that knows more than anybody, who has chosen not to speak, for whatever reason. So I'm a little reluctant to get into specifics, and there's a lot I don't know. What I know is when the guy would come back to the office--I would spend a lot of every day with Bill. And I spent social time with him all the time, and he would tell me certain things, but I'm reluctant to--

(Interruption)

Pachios -- I -- 39

He would come back and he'd tell me, "I told Johnson this, and I told Johnson that." But the very fact that I stuck around in that period when Johnson kept saying, "All I got is a bunch of kids," and "He's a spy," and "He's this and he's that," speaks for the fact that Bill defended me. Most guys would come back and say, "Jesus, I better get rid of this guy so that we don't irritate the boss." But it didn't bother Moyers. He did not mind when Johnson was irritated with him. It didn't scare him.

I can tell you one story that would just tell you a little bit about the relationship. One time Bill was sick and had been sick for three or four days; bad cough, fever, and so forth. Johnson--it was on a Friday--was going down to the Ranch. So Bill called up and said, "Tell Jim Cross to put me on the manifest. I'm going down to the Ranch for the weekend." Johnson was going to leave about three o'clock. About two o'clock, Marvin called me up and said, "Did you tell Jim Cross to put Bill on the manifest? I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, the President doesn't want him to go. He's been sick." So I called Bill before he left his house. I said, "Marvin came and told me this. Don't go. He doesn't want you to go." "Well, I'm going to go," he said.

Now most people wouldn't have questioned that, right? They say the President says "Don't go." "I'm going to go." So I told Marvin, "He's going." So the President then told Marvin to tell the air force not to permit Bill on the airplane. So now Bill goes out there and they tell him he can't get on the airplane.

Pachios -- I -- 40

Now Johnson finds out he's been told, but, "Where is he?" See, he wants to talk to Bill on the phone, and Bill is in the car and he knows Johnson is looking for him, but he's not responding to Johnson.

G: He didn't have a phone in his car?

P: He does. And the helicopters are on the South Lawn. The press is in the press plane at Andrews. The helicopter motors are going and we're not going anywhere. Johnson says, "I'm not going to Texas, then. Where is Moyers and why doesn't he call me?" and whatever. And everything came to a standstill. And I think Marvin spent his afternoon on that, summoning me in and out of his office to ask for reports.

G: What would you tell him?

P: I'd tell him I didn't know where Moyers was. So those helicopters sat there on the lawn for probably two hours. Two hours. And the press sat out there and they didn't know what was going on and no one knows, till now, that the reason we didn't go is the President, like the father, was demanding that the son talk to him and the son was playing hard to get.

G: But Moyers did want to go.

P: He wanted to go.

G: So how is it resolved?

P: So it was resolved: Moyers finally went home and called me. And I told Marvin, "Bill's home now," and Marvin told the President and we went.

G: Without Bill?

P: Without Bill. Two hours, three hours late. Anyway, let me go back just to trigger my recollection here.

Tape 2 of 2, Side 1

Pachios -- I -- 41

I see on February 6, 1966, [quoting from chronology] "Honolulu Conference. LBJ, Ky, Thieu, and staff discuss pacification and the nonmilitary issues, in particular." Now, the other nonmilitary issues, I believe, included convincing these two guys at some point to have elections, which I think occurred within a year after that. But that was very important to Johnson, to be able to demonstrate to the public that these two guy were freely elected. He thought it was very important.

When we got back from that trip, George Thames of the *New York Times* came up and asked if we had a picture, whether [Yoichi] Okamoto had taken pictures of Thieu, Ky, and the President. So I asked Oki to bring up the pictures and he did, and there was a nice picture of the three of them standing up, Johnson in the middle, Thieu and Ky on either side; all three of them holding cups of coffee in Johnson's hotel suite. And he said, could he have the picture? And I said yes, because they were going to do a *New York Times* Sunday magazine piece.

Now about three weeks later, on a Sunday morning, about six-thirty in the morning, I was asleep in my pad in Georgetown, having had a late night the night before, and the phone rang. The operator said, "It's the President." Awakened out of a sound sleep, it obviously shocked me. And I said, "Sir?"

He said, "Are you happy?"

"No, not particularly, sir, I'm asleep."

"That isn't what I'm talking about."

I said, "Sir?" I thought I was having a bad dream.

Pachios -- I -- 42

He said, "You've done it now." And he told me that I had plunged Vietnam into chaos. And again I said, "Sir, I don't understand this." He said, "Have you seen the *New York Times* this morning?" Well, naturally, I didn't get mine specially delivered to my house at six-thirty in the morning the way he did. I said, "No, sir."

"Well, you look at the magazine and you look at that picture. You don't know a goddamn thing about politics. You got those two guys standing next to me. They look like midgets. No one would ever vote for them."

He then went on to explain that politicians should never be photographed next to somebody real tall because they have an image the small person. The image of the small person doesn't fit well in the voters' mind. That was his lesson on politics, then he hung up. But that was brought to mind by seeing this entry.

On the secrecy---I see this [in the chronology]: "LBJ attends memorial service for Merriman Smith's son, killed in the air crash in Vietnam." Johnson did like Smitty, even though Smitty was a real, real reporter. He was always watching. One time Smitty said to me, when we were down in Austin, "Do you go fishing?" I said, "No, I don't like to fish." He said, "Why don't you come with me? We get along pretty well; why don't you come with me fishing?" So we went to Lake LBJ to go fishing and he was going to catch catfish, and he dealt with some guy there that rented him a boat and everything, and gear. And we're out there, and about every half hour Johnson would come by, going like a bat out of hell, and Smitty would put down his fishing rod and pick up his binoculars and spy on him to see who was in the boat with him.

Pachios -- I -- 43

Anyway, this thing on Smitty: My recollection is that Johnson called Merriman Smith into his office himself to tell him that his son had been killed in Vietnam, which I always admired Johnson for doing.

Here's an interesting one: "LBJ attends funeral of Mrs. Emanuel Celler in New York City." That was about the time in early 1966 when, in my view, he was becoming extremely secretive. On that day of Mrs. Celler's funeral, Johnson wanted to go out, but he did not want to tell the press that he was going. They would have to go with him, but he did not want to tell them in advance. And I told Bill, "This is crazy. How can we keep this a secret?" Now we're about to design a way to keep this from the press until they're in the air. He and I both agreed that we were going to get crucified for this. "But," he said, "the President's insisting."

The reason why is that J. Edgar Hoover had come over to visit him to talk about security, had told him that the Secret Service didn't do a very good job of security, and that the best kind of personal security he had was to employ the element of surprise; that when people know where you're going, there's no way to give a president absolute protection. That discussion having just occurred just before Mrs. Celler's funeral, the President thought he would then employ the new strategy. So he said we'd have a press conference but we wouldn't have it in the White House where we normally have it. We would have it at the State Department auditorium, so that we could use buses to carry the press from the White House to the auditorium and then, of course, they would have to get back on the bus to come back to the White House. And instead of coming back to the White House, once we had them on the bus,

Pachios -- I -- 44

we would divert the buses to National Airport, not Andrews. We'd moved the press planes to National because it was closer. So we did that, and they started laughing. Here we are headed past the White House, going across the 14th Street Bridge, and they're all--"This is absurd. Where are we going?" And so I told them, "Another stop; we're making another stop." "Where?" "I can't tell you, we're making another stop."

Finally, we get to the airport. They said, "Are you nuts?" And they're screaming at me, and they're making me feel like a fool. We get them on the airplane and we head toward New York. Now this is a clear day. These guys are looking out the window, they see which way we're headed. They're seeing Philadelphia pass underneath and everything. So finally one of them, and I can't remember who, says, "Look, when we get off the plane at LaGuardia, I want to call my office to let them know I'm going to Mrs. Celler's funeral, because they like to know where I am during the day. You know, we're not supposed to disappear." And I said, "I can't give you permission to make a phone call." And this guy looked at me and said, "I don't give a shit what you give me. This is a free country and this is the silliest damn thing I've ever seen in my life."

That device of not telling them---there were many times when we told them late, where the President would play this game of "I haven't decided yet", even when he had.

The other big secret movement was when we went to Vietnam the first time, from Manila.

G: Tell me about that.

Pachios -- I -- 45

P: Well, Bill came back to the hotel. Bill and I shared a hotel suite at the Manila Hotel, and Bill came back and he said, "We're going to Vietnam tomorrow. General Westmoreland's going to come up here to the room and going to discuss it." I didn't discuss it; he discussed it with Westmoreland. I read a book in the other room. But anyway Johnson said, "I don't want the press to know about this in advance, because then the North Vietnamese will find out and I'm told that they'll shot down the plane," or something, whatever.

Here's what we did. The President was going to Los Baños, a rice institute, and to Corregidor the next day. And I was to take a press pool--which is that group up there, and photograph--to Los Baños and Corregidor. And Bill called the rest of the press together for a briefing at the American Embassy in Manila. They then locked them in the room, stationed marine embassy guards at all exits to the room and kept the press in there. No phone calls; no talking to anybody outside the room. They then led the press single file onto buses, again with marine guards so that none of them could escape, and took them directly to a plane and Sangley Point Naval Air Station, and put them in the air immediately that morning.

So they were up in the air. We went by helicopter with this press pool and after we left Corregidor--normally we'd take the helicopter and go back up Manila Bay to Manila, but we cut across Manila Bay to go, as I knew, to Sangley Point Naval Air Station.

And Merriman Smith was sitting next to me on the helicopter, and he had a two-way radio. These old-fashioned--not like modern communicators--this big old thing with a telephone. He said, "We're going to

Pachios -- I -- 46

Vietnam!" I said, "No, we're not." I lied to him; I said, "No, we're not." "We're going to Vietnam, you can't kid me!" And he started trying to dial in UPI. "UPI Manila, this is Smith." And I said, "Oh my God, if he gets through, I'll be fired. The President's plane will be shot down and I'll be in real trouble." Luckily, he couldn't get through. We landed that helicopter next to *Air Force One*, put them on and off we went. And it is a fact that not until we got back were they able to make phone calls.

G: Were they distressed at being--?

P: They were so excited at that point--they were distressed. Merriman Smith said terrible things to me on that helicopter, very, very mean things.

But I'll tell you: We got on the plane; as you can see in the photograph, the President invited them all in to have lunch. So we'd had a little lunch there and these guys got to talk with Bill Bundy and [Dean] Rusk about Vietnam almost all the way over--it was a long trip--but almost all the way to Vietnam. They were thrilled; they were absolutely thrilled. And the rest of the press was thrilled with the trip because it was a big news story.

So there weren't too many repercussions from that. There were repercussions from the 1967 around-the-world trip. That's when the press was really annoyed. They were tired. We slept--

G: This was when you went to Harold Holt's funeral. Tell me about that.

P: We went to Harold Holt's funeral, and then went back to the airport immediately after the funeral. Johnson went by the Holt family house and the rest of us went in the press bus back to the airplane, ostensi-

Pachios -- I -- 47

bly to go home. And some of the real Johnson watchers said, "There's no way we're going to go home." I remember Sid Davis saying that, "There's no way. This guy's come all this distance; we're not going home." And George Christian told me when he got back to the airport, "We're not going home, but just keep these guys quiet. And I'll call you on the radio from our airplane"--he was riding in *Air Force One*---to tell me where we were going. And I believe Tom was on *Air Force One*, too.

Anyway, we took off and we didn't go out over the ocean. We went across the Australian land mass and these guys all said, "We're going to Vietnam. We're going to Vietnam." We were actually headed to Korat, Thailand to spend the night at the U.S. air force base. We had to refuel in Darwin, on the northern coast. When we landed in Darwin, I was instructed to tell them that they couldn't use the phones. And I was the first guy down the ramp off the airplane and the second guy right behind me was Frank Cormier of the Associated Press. And I said "You can't use the phone." And he looked at me and called me about fifty names, and he was a friend of mine, too. But he called me a jerk in about twenty-five different ways and then went over to the phone and said, "Who the hell do you think you are? You can't stop us from making phone calls." But the President didn't want them to make phone calls, and it was expected that I would stop them from making phone calls. And I had my discussion with Cormier and then I just relaxed, and they all went to phones and called their offices. But they didn't know, they weren't certain, because I would not confirm they were going to Vietnam, because I hadn't been told. I did know we were going to Thailand.

Pachios -- I -- 48

We got to Thailand late at night. They had very little time to prepare for us; they hadn't expected us. We descended on them; we're put in these barracks, get about three hours sleep. We're up at five in the morning to go out in the pitch dark out on the tarmac where the President had said he wanted to speak to all the assembled pilots and mechanics and so forth. He spoke to them as the sun began to come over the horizon; we then get on the airplane. And then everybody knew we were going to Vietnam, because from Korat we headed east. There was no question we were going to Vietnam. Dropped down into Vietnam, spent a couple of hours there, took off again and then it appeared to everybody that it was clear that we were not going out over the ocean from Cam Ranh Bay. We went over the rest of Vietnam, the Vietnamese peninsula and so they said, "We're keeping in that direction."

G: Anything on the scene at Cam Ranh Bay that was memorable?

P: Yes. I walked with Johnson through the wards. The first time in 1966 when we went and they lined up all those troopers to come out there and be inspected, and there were people off the line and everything. I knew Johnson was very moved by it because they really looked terrific. These guys looked liked real soldiers. And Johnson, in my estimation, was always taken with this image of courage. He wanted himself to be viewed as a courageous man. If there was one adjective that he would have wanted people to apply to him, it would have been "courageous." That's what really turned him on in life, was people that he thought were courageous and having people think he was courageous.

And so he loved that identification with those soldiers and marines. He loved it; I could see that. I was walking right behind

Pachios -- I -- 49

him, watching him. When we went back the second time we went into the hospital, and I think that shook him up a little, but he didn't see anybody badly wounded in that hospital. They were mostly people that were recovering from wounds there in Vietnam that weren't going to be sent home. And so he'd go around and pin medals on them. But one time we went to--

G: Why do you say that shook him up a little?

P: Well, I think his seeing that they get wounded, it was different, but not as much--

G: Did he react?

P: No. And I'm about to tell you when he got very solemn, seeing something. One time, I can't remember when, we went to Bethesda Naval Hospital. It might have been when he was getting out of the hospital, and he said he wanted to see some people who had been wounded in Vietnam. And again, I was walking behind him and we went into a room and I went into the room with him, and so did probably ten other people. It was a semiprivate room with two marines---this was in a ward for head wounds, neurological ward. They were both comatose and they were two young marines just laying in their beds, just two beds in the room. To me they looked like they were fourteen years old. That's the thing that occurred to me; these are kids. These are children and they probably were seventeen. And Johnson was speechless. I mean there was nothing he could say; there was nothing he could do but stare at these two kids, who had suffered these head wounds, lying in these beds. And I believe he was stunned by that, because in Vietnam, there weren't real serious injuries.

Pachios -- I -- 50

Anyway, we left Vietnam and we went west. Jack was on that plane with Johnson; I would love to know how soon in advance they told President Ayub Khan that we were dropping down in Karachi. The press suspected that it was after we left Vietnam that they called from *Air Force One* to make arrangements to descend and have this meeting with Ayub Khan at the airport in Karachi. They were convinced of it, and that's when they began to get a sense of the absurd.

And then of course we went to Rome, and it was near Christmas, and they predicted that. The press predicted it on that press plane. They said, "You know, we're going to go near Rome." First they thought we were going to drop down in Israel to the Holy Land; they thought he was going to go to Bethlehem to the Church of the Nativity. We were two days away from Christmas and they were convinced that as we flew over he would decide to descend and go to the Church of the Nativity, but we didn't. We did the next best thing, Rome, and they predicted that.

Now you have to understand, this was an unplanned deal, and they knew it was an unplanned deal and they thought it was foolish. And what's more, we didn't sleep. We were gone three or four days; one night we were in a bed. From Washington to Australia to Thailand to Vietnam to Pakistan, Rome and home, one night in a bed and that was only three hours in Korat. The rest of the time, it was on the floor of the airplane, for everyone except him. He's the only guy that had a bed. And the press plane was a shambles. I mean it was--it stunk. And they were damn mad about that. I can't assess when things really turned bad for him with the press, but they felt that that was an irrational thing to do. Frankly, I didn't; I was thrilled by the trip. I found it an

Pachios -- I -- 51

absolutely thrilling adventure, and I'm sure that probably some of the people on the trip did.

G: Any insights on the meeting with the Pope? He did go to the Vatican in Rome?

P: Yes. I didn't go. I think he took Vicky with him to visit the Pope, because Vicky--I don't know whether she had been married by that time. Yes, she had been, I think. Well, maybe it was Marie Fehmer. Maybe Vicky wasn't working there then; maybe it was Marie. But he took a couple of them over for audiences. When the Pope came in 1966 to New York, I know he took Vicky and Carol Welch, who was a Catholic. Have you ever talked to Carol Welch? Do you know who she is?

G: Yes.

P: Anyway, back to another funny, interesting thing that happened that was very telling about Johnson and that trip to Manila. First of all, [Ferdinand] Marcos had just been elected a couple of years [before] and everybody thought he was quite a guy, and he put on a real show for Johnson, a real show. A real show for all of us.

G: How do you mean? Malacañang Palace?

P: Yes. I got dropped off there. We took a survey flight; Bill was in charge of it. We took a plane and went to all the stops on that 1966 trip to the Far East, and we got to Manila and I get dropped off there to stay. Mrs. Marcos' brother, a guy named Ben Romualdez, who was the Filipino ambassador to the United States, was my host for the next two weeks. I had a terrific time, I must say, out for a weekend to a private estate on a private island in the South China Sea that was just

Pachios -- I -- 52

spectacular. A friend of Marcos--his friends were all well--looked after financially and they were making a lot of money.

Anyway, a lot of press was attracted to the Manila conference on Vietnam. They were meeting in a separate building on the grounds of Malacañang Palace on the second day and the last day of the conference. And I've forgotten what time of day it was, but we needed to get a communique out, and what was happening inside the room was, Johnson was meeting with these heads of state, by himself, trying to hammer out an agreement on some principles. And Bill said to me, "We're going to miss the deadline for a.m. or p.m. papers," I can't remember which. "We've got to get this communique wrapped up in the next half hour. You go in and tell him." I said, "Me? I don't want to go in there and tell the President he has to finish right now." He said, "Yes, you go in and tell him."

So I thought this was going to be it. Johnson was going to behead me for interrupting this conference. I walked in; he looked at me as I came through the door, quizzically, and nodded his head to come over. And I said, "We're going to miss the"--I guess it was the a.m. daily newspapers--"we're going to miss the a.m. papers tomorrow morning unless this communique is done in a half an hour. Bill told me to tell you," I quickly told him. And rather than barking at me, he then shouted at both Ky and Thieu who are standing by a coffee cart about ten feet away from him, getting a Danish and coffee from the steward, shouting at them, using their last names: "Ky! Thieu! Get back over here. We've got to finish this right away!" And they came back, dutifully. I thought that was telling. Ky! Thieu! Get back over here! Just like

Pachios -- I -- 53

they were little kids. And they did exactly what he told them to do, they came back over.

Anyway, we then went to these other stops after that, Malaysia. And we got to Korea and the first night we were there Bill said to Tom Johnson and Joe and I, "You three guys have got to go back tomorrow and set up this political trip that Johnson is going to make." It was the last week of the election--was it? Yes, it was the last week of the 1966 congressional elections. And he said, "Here are the stops: New York State"--or whatever. "We're going to make these stops, and you three guys get back there and organize the coverage for this political trip."

So we left the next morning on a commercial flight; Joe Laitin, Tom Johnson, and myself, to go back there. We got back to Washington and then Bill said, "Hold on." The press had gotten wind that Johnson was going to go back and do these political stops, so he then decided not to do it because they had gotten wind of it.

G: Really? You don't think he just changed his mind about the wisdom of doing it?

P: He could have, but my feeling about him was that he hated anybody, anything--swearing in Larry O'Brien at the Hye Post Office, [it was a] big deal. He wanted it to be a secret until just before he did it. He was a very secretive fellow and--

G: Then he apparently denied that they had any plans to do this swing around the country.

P: Yes, he did deny it. But I can tell you that Tom, Joe Laitin and I were on an airplane; we flew back from Korea for that very purpose.

Pachios -- I -- 54

G: Anything on his attitude toward Ferdinand Marcos?

P: I thought he got along with him great. I just saw them, you know, but Marcos really put on a show for him. Johnson liked crowds and Marcos built up the crowds.

Interestingly enough, when we arrived in Korea--talking about crowds and how Johnson liked crowds--when we arrived at Kimpo Airport, we took off and I rode right in front of the President's limousine with the photographers. We got a truck and built stairs on the back of this truck to put the photographers on, staging, so they could take pictures of this motorcade, because they said that there was going to be a huge crowd. And of course the Koreans kind of beat people to get out on the side of the road. They're threatened if they don't get out there.

Well, all the way in from Kimpo, and I don't know how the hell long it is, they were ten deep. There had to be a million and a half people. And the press buses--the thing got screwed up. The Korean police screwed the thing up and the press buses got caught in a traffic jam at the airport and didn't get in behind, so they weren't seeing this crowd. And I had a walkie-talkie and Moyers had a walkie-talkie. And Moyers was in the press bus. So he called me up and he said, "We're lost. We're way behind. What's going on?"

I said, "There's huge crowds here. The President's got the window down; he's waving."

He said, "We've got to have the press see this. The crowd's all broken up by the time we get to it. You've got to stop the motorcade and let us catch up."

I said, "How am I going to do that?"

Pachios -- I -- 55

He said, "Jump off the truck and stand in front of the President's limousine."

I said, "I'm not going to do that."

He said, "Yes, you are."

Liz Carpenter wrote a book, and I haven't seen that book in recent years; it's probably out of print: *Ruffles and Flourishes*. She tells this story in her book. Incidentally, do you know where I can get that book?

(Interruption)

So he said, "Get up." Well, I banged on the hood of the truck and told the Korean truck driver, "Slow down to just a crawl. Slow down more and more and more." Finally he slowed down enough. I jumped off the back of the truck, and went like this [motions with hands] to the President's limousine. Marvin was sitting in the middle in the front seat and Lem Johns [was] riding shotgun, and I saw Marvin's eyes narrow. And I said to myself, "He's going to have me run down." I could just see in his eyes, "What is this fool doing standing in front of the President's car?" But the car came to a stop so that it wouldn't run me down and I went around and the President rolled down his window, and he was interested in why I stopped the car. I said, "Mr. President, Bill called. The press buses with all the American press are lost way behind and they're not seeing this tremendous reception you're getting from the Korean people." That's all he needed to hear. He said to the President of Korea, who was in the back seat--we're right next to a rice field--"Let's go and inspect the rice field." He got out of the car and they went just down on the banking and looked around at the rice. Johnson

Pachios -- I -- 56

was wasting time, very cleverly, so that his own press could catch up with him and see this tremendous reception he got.

They caught up; we then got into downtown Seoul, where there was just a crush of people, and the police had these small bamboo sticks. And when the crowd would surge toward the car, they'd beat them back with these sticks. And the President again stopped the motorcade, got out, [and] told Lem Johns, "Tell these policemen to stop that. I won't move this car until they stop beating these people." He was terribly distraught that the people were being beaten with these bamboo strips. Anyway, let's go on here.

Shortly after that, the President went to Mexico. That was the biggest crowd I ever saw.

G: Really?

P: *The* biggest crowd.

G: Bigger than the one in Seoul?

P: The biggest I ever saw. I have never seen anything like it in all my days. It was pandemonium. I forget whether it was Diaz Ordaz or Lopez-Mateos who was president, but whichever one it was, [he] put on a show. It was in the late afternoon, I believe, that the parade in from the airport started and it was nightfall by the time he got into downtown Mexico City. They had bused people in from a hundred miles around Mexico City. Of course, there are more people there anyway than anywhere else in the world. And they had searchlights up on top of the big building, colored searchlights, and the confetti was being blown down by big blowers and the colored searchlights lighting up the confetti; mariachi bands at every corner.

Pachios -- I -- 57

The American Ambassador had told me--I had gotten there a couple of days in advance--"Look, we're going to go by the statue. He's going to dedicate the statue to Lincoln, but the Mexican's Lincoln is Juárez. And when we go by the statue of Juárez, let's stop and let's have the President get out and just go stand there in the midst of this crowd, gesturing toward Juárez. It will make a world of difference to the Mexicans."

There was such pandemonium that when we got there, no one knew what was going on. I ran up to the President's car and I shouted at him, "This is Juárez. They want you to go and make some gesture at the statue of Juárez." And he kept cupping his ear, "I don't understand. What are you talking about?" He got mad at me because he couldn't figure out what was going on. Finally, he did. He understood that he had to get out and make some kind of gesture to Juárez.

But that really was--they had oxygen in the car to give him a whiff of it. It was so exciting and so exhilarating, and of course we were at five thousand feet. I think the guy was as thrilled with that as anything I ever saw him view.

Then, let's see, I see all these trips and stuff on here.

G: You had a note on the appointment of Bob Kintner as secretary of [the cabinet]. Tell me about that.

P: Yes, I did. Things were starting to get rough for Johnson at that time, and particularly, as I say, with the press. And his feeling was--again I told you the example was, "I got a bunch of kids, and Eisenhower had Robert Montgomery." Experts, Johnson loved experts, loved them. Clark Clifford was an expert. Bob McNamara was an expert. The fellow, the

Pachios -- I -- 58

judge that saved him down in Texas, I mean; he put him on the Supreme Court of the United States.

G: Oh, [Homer] Thornberry.

P: No, not Thornberry. The other--

G: Judge A. W. Moursund?

P: No, the guy from Washington. The guy who was his lawyer. Abe Fortas was an expert. These guys were all experts, and so [was] Bob Fleming. He was an older man, had been around. And Johnson began to think, "I can relate to the older man. He must be an expert." Well, Bob's a great guy, but he wasn't exactly an expert. But Johnson related to him well.

And Kintner, then president of NBC, he [Johnson] said, "I'll get this Kintner over here and he'll fix things up for me. He's a smart guy, he's a wise man, he'll fix things up for me." That didn't work either. The reason I tell you--Kintner was another move by Lyndon Johnson to find some magic key to his public image. This guy [who] had been president of NBC must be magic.

Either in 1966 or 1967, Johnson gave the first nighttime State of the Union Address [the 1966 State of the Union message was delivered at 9:04 p.m.]. I believe it was the first nighttime, and it surely was the first one on color television, either 1966 or 1967. And Kintner, as I recollect, was the guy who told him, "You ought to go at night." And it may have even been before Kintner had gotten to the White House. "You should go at night and have it on prime-time television." And I'll never forget, Johnson said, "Now, we're going to do this right, and Bill

Pachios -- I -- 59

said he wanted a professional make-up man from NBC. Kintner says they got the best there, professional make-up men."

So I called Bill Monroe, who was the head of the bureau there in Washington, and I said, "Look we're going to do this at night up there and it's going to be in color, and we're told you have really top make-up guys there and we want a top make-up guy to come down that day." So the arrangements were made and he told me the guy's name, and it was a Polish name. I've forgotten the guy's name and I wish I could remember it, because this was really something.

He arrived in the morning, and Johnson wanted him there in the morning just to meet him. I was told to bring him up to the President's bedroom so that this expert make-up guy could be shown some of the clothes Johnson was considering wearing that night at the State of the Union Address, to see how it would be on color television. This guy from NBC was obviously a color television expert and would know what color tie to wear and everything. So I brought him up there. Now mind you, I wasn't accustomed to going to the President's bedroom either. I was accustomed to being around him, but I wasn't accustomed to going into his bedroom. Well, this guy had never laid eyes on a president of the United States in his life. We walked into the bedroom. Glynn was there, maybe Valenti, Jake Jacobsen. And Johnson was in his skivvies, in his undershorts.

I could tell that this guy from NBC was nearly catatonic at that point. I mean, he was trembling. So Paul Glynn would bring out suits, and a shirt and a tie and lay the suit jacket and the shirt and tie up against Johnson's chest to see how it looked. So the first one he

Pachios -- I -- 60

brought out--I'm standing there with the make-up artist. Johnson says, "What about this?" Not a sound from my make-up man. "I don't like this one", he says to Glynn, "Take it away," he decided.

The next one comes out. "What about this?" The make-up man can't speak. So I got nervous, since I was the guy who got this make-up man, and I said, "I like that, Mr. President. I think that looks good." "Goddammit, I'm not asking you. You don't know anything about this. I told you before, you wear the worst ties of anybody I've ever known."

Now, when he started shouting at me, the make-up man then really got scared. He could not talk; he never uttered a word in this. And finally Jake or somebody said, "Take him away." They got the impression that Johnson wanted him out of his sight. So I took the guy away and we went downstairs and he said, "What should I do now?" And I said, "Go back to New York." He left and Johnson turned to Steve Martini. Steve Martini's wife was a hairdresser so he'd figured Steve would take care of the hair, and the wife's a hairdresser; she'd know how much rouge to put on and what clothes he ought to wear, and so forth. That was the end of that episode.

G: How did he look on television?

P: He looked good. He looked good; Martini did a great job, and Martini's wife.

I often wondered whatever happened to that guy, the make-up man. Here, his one time in the sun; he was escorted into the President's bedroom and just lost it.

Pachios -- I -- 61

One other note here: late that fall, LBJ flies to Princeton for dedication of Woodrow Wilson Building. Phil Bobbitt--do you know Phil Bobbitt?

G: Yes.

P: Phil Bobbitt was a junior or senior--maybe a sophomore--at Princeton at that time, and I was there on that trip. Johnson knew his nephew was a student there. He was dedicating this Woodrow Wilson Building, and he didn't see Bobbitt.

G: Really?

P: That's right.

G: Why not?

P: Let me tell you what happened. Bobbitt I guess overslept, or it wasn't a big deal to him, or something. In any event, Johnson finished the speech and he left the building, was down on the sidewalk going toward his car and Bobbitt shuffled up. Loafers, no socks whatever, had a chat with his uncle and then left. It was I guess the only time in my life I've ever seen Phil Bobbitt. Is he laid back?

(Interruption)

Yes, that visit was in 1966 when Johnson visited the wounded Vietnam veterans.

Tape 2 of 2, Side 2

One observation I had--it's an observation that one would make if you weren't real close to Lyndon Johnson, and I wasn't real close to him. But I was a bachelor, so I made every trip to Texas. While I worked there I made every trip. We would go out to the Ranch sometimes. Like one time after church he said, "Let's get the"--we had the TASS reporter

Pachios -- I -- 62

with us, the only time the TASS reporter ever came, and Johnson put him in the back of the station wagon and he said, "Let's take him on a tour of the ranches." And he was in the back seat, facing backwards; the window was down. All the dust came up and the guy must have had a half inch of dirt and grime on his face, and Johnson took him all over bumps, valleys, hills, off-road, on-road, and he showed all this to the TASS reporter. The TASS reporter was just amazed; you know Khrushchev wouldn't have done this. At one time he'd have Lem Johns on the hood of the car when he went off-road, pointing like this--pointing left, pointing right--so that he'd miss the rocks.

I ought to show you sometime, I've got a great transcript of the first take of the NBC film called "The Hill Country," which was a special that Ray Scherer did. And Johnson allowed it to be done so long as we had a transcript beforehand and we could review the transcript of the tour with him down in the Hill Country, before we allowed them to do it, and they agreed to those ground rules. And I have the first transcript. There's a great portion of the transcript where they're out--Judge Moursund and the President--are out in the car shooting deer on some ranch. Okamoto was with them, and Ray Scherer and his camera crew are with them. Scherer and his cameramen are in the back of the car and then Okamoto is in the follow-up car.

Anyway, they stopped from time to time, and in this one part of the transcript, it has the President saying, "A. W., look, over there, over there!" Now, what they see is a deer. And then the car, you assume, stops. And then the transcript says, "Bang, bang." And then the transcript says "President: 'Goddamn you, Oki! You're likely to get

Pachios -- I -- 63

killed!" Oki got out to take the picture and A. W. and the President were firing away. But that's right on the NBC transcript.

But he would love to take people to the Boyhood Home, and took to calling it not the Boyhood Home, but he even shortened it to the Birthplace, the Boyhood, and he made shrines out of those places. He himself made shrines of it, and no important person ever came to visit him where he didn't take them to the, quote, "the Boyhood," or, quote, "the Birthplace." And I thought he was consumed with that task of making these very, very important places. [That's] just an observation. This guy keeps bringing people to see "the Boyhood" and "the Birthplace."

Then at the end of that year, Bill leaves.

G: While I'm thinking about it, he knew you were from Maine and he always would draw associations. Did he ever talk to you about his friendship with Margaret Chase Smith or other senators from Maine?

P: He liked Margaret Chase Smith, and he told me he liked her. One time he took me with her and Muskie to a ball game, opening day, one of those years--the Washington Senators. He took me up because I was from Maine.

He also took me with him--but Muskie was no great pal of his. Muskie had said something sassy to him the first year he'd come to the Senate, when LBJ was majority leader. He'd gone in to talk to the Majority Leader shortly after he'd got there and he said, "Ed, you'll get along here just fine. You've got to go along a little bit to get along, and when you come to vote, you'll have a sense of how people are voting anyway, by the time they get to the M's." They do it alphabetically.

Pachios -- I -- 64

And so not long after that, he summons Muskie over to this office and he wanted to know whether Muskie was going to vote for a particular bill that Johnson was insisting he vote for. And Muskie said, "Well, Mr. Leader, I guess I'll wait until they get to the M's." And Johnson didn't like that at all. He respected Muskie, but he never had much affection for him.

Then I remember that Muskie had a very, very good friend that he wanted to be appointed to the First Circuit, United States Court of Appeals: Frank Coffin, who has just retired as the chief judge of the First Circuit Court of Appeals. A brilliant guy. Frank Coffin had also insulted Lyndon Johnson. Frank Coffin had been deputy AID director when Johnson was vice president. And he's a fellow from Maine, lives right here in South Portland, and he had said something to Johnson at a cocktail party that he thought was innocuous and Johnson never forgot. Johnson refused to appoint Frank Coffin. We had a press release all drawn up and everything to announce Frank Coffin's appointment. Muskie was insisting on it and Johnson didn't do anything. He delayed it, and delayed it, and delayed it. Finally, Muskie made an appointment to come to the White House to see Johnson. He came that afternoon and I remember Johnson coming in--I was sitting in Moyers' office shooting the bull, and Johnson came in after that meeting, he just popped his head in and he said to Bill, "You can go ahead and put out that release on Frank Coffin. Anyone who wants his man that bad, can have him." But the one he really liked--

G: What do you think Muskie said to convince Johnson?

P: I asked Muskie that. He said,

Pachios -- I -- 65

I just told him how important it was, what a terrific guy he was, that he'd made a mistake with Frank, that Frank had great respect for him, that this was a minor matter and so forth, and that it was an important a thing as I could have.

"And," he said, "he gave in."

But the one he really liked was this lady who was the Washington correspondent for the Portland newspaper; her name was May Craig. May Craig was still alive then. She spent all her life as a reporter for this newspaper, had been kind of a character.

G: During the Roosevelt--

P: Yes, exactly. She didn't report much news and what news she reported she got screwed up, but she was a character and this paper kept her on the payroll. When she retired, the publisher--Mrs. [Jean Gannett] Hawley--of this newspaper had a dinner party for May Craig at the Press Club. And I didn't even know about it, but the President said--either he told me or Marvin told me--that he was going to go to this and would I like to go over with him since it was some Maine connection.

I remember going over in the car, he said to me, "I wouldn't miss this for anything. When I had my heart attack, I was in the hospital X number of days"--I've forgotten [how many], but he said---"Every single day from the first day to the last day, I got a card from May Craig. I've never forgotten it, and there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for that woman."

I thought to myself, isn't this interesting. Here is this lady, she's half out of it, she doesn't make any difference at all in terms of press. He hardly sees her; she never comes around to the White House,

Pachios -- I -- 66

and the fact that she sent him a card every day while he was in the hospital meant everything to him.

So anyway, that was about his only connection with Maine. As I say, one time he took Margaret Smith--because he did like her--and Muskie up to the ball game with him, so I went along. And I've told you about the Campobello trip and Pearson.

G: Anything about Muskie's role in sponsoring the Model Cities legislation?

P: Yes. Johnson, as I recall, either he signed it when he was in the hospital with his gall bladder, or it got passed when he was there. But I remember he had a couple of conversations by phone with Muskie, and he thought Muskie had done a great job with Model Cities. Johnson was very interested in Model Cities legislation and was very, very impressed with Muskie on Model Cities, I remember that. I know it was when he was in the hospital, and he was making these calls to Muskie.

One night--I'm looking at all these trips and going to Texas and everything. I usually went down and came back on the press plane. One night we left there late and I came back on *Air Force One*, and it turned out to be an unusual night because Jim Cross reported that [at] Andrews Air Force Base there was fog and drizzle, and Washington was below minimums, and so was Dulles, and so was Friendship. And so he reported that to the President [and] said, "We're going to go Norfolk and spend the night." And the President said, "What about National?" [Cross] said, "We don't land 707s at National." And the President said, "Can you?" And he said, "Yes sir." "Well," [the President] said, "do it." You hear this stuff about, "The pilot's in charge." He said, "Do it."

Pachios -- I -- 67

I went to the cockpit--something I'll never forget, I went to the cockpit. I asked Jim if I could sit in the jump seat. I was kind of nervous, you know. And I sat in the jump seat and he landed *Air Force One* at National Airport, and I'd love to find out when that was. Someday when I go down into the Library, could I find out when that was, would they know?

G: Oh, sure.

P: I think it's probably the only time *Air Force One* ever landed at National Airport.

G: Why didn't they normally do that?

P: The runway's too short.

G: I see.

P: And it was bad weather, it was just above minimums; five, six hundred feet, just barely above minimum at National's short runway. I'll tell you, he did a hell of a job landing it, and he really put the brakes on, enough so that you would feel that you were going through the front of the airplane.

G: Did the air traffic controllers resist?

P: You'll have to ask Jim Cross that. Does Jim live down in Austin? Ask him about that sometime, it would be very interesting as to whether he said to the President, "No," and the President said, "I'm overruling you," or what. But only I would remember a thing like that; it's too insignificant for most of these big shots to remember.

I was just reminded of a note I wrote here: When he went to Cam Ranh Bay, he wore his khakis, again wanting to identify himself with the military, with courage, with bravery, with fighting. In my personal

Pachios -- I -- 68

observation, it was very, very important for him to have that association. I think also that he had this view of Franklin Roosevelt as the quasi-military leader, the man sitting up late nights in the White House, making military-type decisions, and he saw himself in that role. And while it was a role that was a tough role, and he was very sensitive to what it was doing to him politically, and very sensitive to the fact that people were being maimed and killed, I think that's what he viewed real leaders, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon, and Churchill with his uniform, and Lincoln with his Civil War, and George Washington with his Revolution and Franklin Roosevelt with his war. And I'm probably the only one around who thinks this.

G: Well, it almost sounds like he's romanticized the war.

P: I think it's too strong to say that he romanticized the war, because I think he was very sensitive about people getting killed and maimed. But again, I can't give you shorthand for what I'm describing. But I do believe that Lyndon Johnson consciously or subconsciously had an image of real leaders--maybe he didn't think about Alexander the Great, but he certainly thought about George Washington with his war, and Lincoln with his war, and Roosevelt with his war, and Napoleon with his war, and Churchill in his naval uniform, and so forth. And when we went to Vietnam he put on the khakis; he didn't go in a suit, he put on the khakis.

The Amistad Dam, that was another big party the Mexicans threw; margaritas for all the press. We went back to Austin from the dam, wherever we were down at the Amistad Dam, and several reporters needed assistance.

Pachios -- I -- 69

Anyway, Bill leaves just before Christmas in 1966. And I hadn't been home for Christmas the year before, and so I said to George Christian, "Look, I've been down at the Ranch every time since I've worked here. I'd like to take Christmas Eve and Christmas Day and go to Maine, be with my family." He said, "Fine, just come down right after Christmas." So I called, one or two or three days after Christmas, whenever I came back from Maine. I called Jim Cross and said put me on the manifest for whatever day it was to go down to the Ranch. And a very interesting thing happened. I got picked up in the morning by the car to go to Andrews to get on the JetStar. Ashton Gonella, who was Mrs. Johnson's secretary, was in the car. She was going down too. So Ashton and I get to the airplane and stop by the airplane. The guy opens the trunk to get her luggage and my luggage out. And I look in the JetStar and I see Jack Valenti's face in the window and his daughter, who was just a little child. And I say to myself, "Well, they're going down." Now, as they start to put Ashton's luggage on, some air force sergeant comes over and says, "Mr. Pachios, you're not on the manifest." I said, "I am." He said, "No, you're not." [We] went back and forth [and] after a while it become apparent this guy was serious. So I told the driver, "Put my baggage back in the car." And I couldn't imagine what was going on.

And then I went back to the White House. I went in my office and called Jim Cross and he whispered---he was in the Ranch office and he whispered in the phone, "I'll call you back." And he did call me back. And I said, "What happened?" He said, "This morning, before breakfast, he came into the office and he asked me who was on the manifest in the

Pachios -- I -- 70

JetStar." Now, Lyndon Johnson paid attention to that. He paid close attention to that. And he saw where Mary Margaret and Jack and--

G: Courtenay.

P: --Courtenay were on the airplane, and I was. Now [that] Bill was gone, I was a spy. Jim said, "He said you were a spy and to get you off that airplane." So he said, "Just come tomorrow." That's what he told me, and I did. He [Johnson] figured I would tell the press that Jack Valenti, who no longer worked at the White House, and Mary Margaret and the child, were on the airplane. He figured the first thing I would do was tell the press.

So it was clear to me that the time had come for me to go. And it was more and more of a Texas operation at that point, very much so. The worse things got, the more restrictive the staff became, in a way, or restricted. And it really was much more of a Texas operation.

G: George Christian, Larry Temple.

P: Yes. George Christian, Larry Temple. Tom had emerged at that point. I can't remember if Joe Laitin was still there; the President didn't care for Joe, either. He used to complain to Joe that his cigarette ashes dripped down off his cigarette onto his suit all the time. But it was much more of a Texas operation with Marvin, whatever. And I always felt that there weren't too many easterners around, let's put it that way--Califano.

Anyway, so I told him I wanted to leave and I asked him to help me. He said, "Whatever you want to do, I'll help you do it." And he wrote me the nicest letter. I mean, this is after--it was more than the spy story. I could tell the guy--people would report, "The President

Pachios -- I -- 71

says you're a leaker." And I'd had it and I was not happy. And I tell you the incidents--I told you the story about Bob Hope before. Bob Hope's PR guy was a friend of mine, and they were having a USO dinner to honor Hope. And Hope said to me that night--this guy, we went up and had a cocktail, and he said, "How can I get to go over and see the President? Presidents have always asked to see me." So I went and I talked to Marvin, and Marvin arranged it for the next morning. And I called Hope and his people and they came over. And the first thing that happened was Hope and Jerry Colonna went into the President's office and did a soft shoe routine as they entered the office. And it was clear the President was not amused at all.

G: He just stared at them?

P: He just stared at them. And then we went out, and they brought putters with them, at my insistence, so we'd have a nice photograph of putting on the Eisenhower golf green, which I thought was clever. So we brought the photographers out and there's some guy, some cameraman, that took a picture of them putting and he got the back of Johnson's head and Johnson started screaming at me, "Goddamn you! Why are you permitting this to happen?" He didn't say [why, and] no one could understand why. I knew why he was mad, but no one else knew why he was mad. But anyway, I figured that my sponsor and protector was gone and it was time for me to go.

(Interruption)

I got along great with George Christian. George Christian is one my favorite people, and I didn't know him before he came to the White House. He's one of the nicest, most decent human beings I've ever met

Pachios -- I -- 72

in my life and I, to this day, am pleased that he's a friend of mine. Bill was my protector. I didn't want to put---I think if I'd asked George to protect me he would have, but I didn't want to put him in that position. It was time for me to go. I really wanted to go, to tell you the truth. I'd had my fun. I'd enjoyed it immensely, but here's a guy calling me a spy. What's the use of working there? And I know, although George never told me, that Lyndon Johnson said things to George about me like, "When is he going to get out of here?" And I didn't want to make it difficult for anybody. But Johnson was nice to me; I think he was pleased when I said I was going.

Then an interesting thing happened. I went, and a week after I went, or maybe three or four days, the President went to Guam. And on the way back from Guam, I was at my office at the Department of Transportation and I got a call from *Air Force One*, from George Christian. He said, "The President wants to go live on television tonight on the six o'clock news," or six-thirty, whatever it was. "Can you arrange it, and we'll time our arrival at Andrews to get there at the time you tell us." Well, of course I knew a lot about that because I was kind of liaison with the networks when Bill was there. So I called the networks to do a pool coverage of Johnson's arrival, and asked which ones of them would pick it up live on the evening news, and all three of them said they would. He was going to make a report on what was decided at Guam.

To make a long story short, I was out there, having made these arrangements. The plane gets there and I'm down at the bottom of the ramp. And the President came down--ordinarily, under the circumstances, in fact my expectation was he would come down and grunt at me, or say to

Pachios -- I -- 73

somebody, "What the hell is he doing here?" He got off, he got down the bottom of the ramp, he put his arm around me and he said, "Hal, I am so happy to see you. You're one of my best friends and it really means a lot to me that you're here." And [he] walked with me over to the cameras with his arm around me. I thought, "Jesus, this is unusual. The guy is bad-mouthing me all the time, he's calling me a spy, and now he's saying I'm one of his best friends," which I knew I wasn't. Just the fact that he was compelled to say that amazed me.

The next morning I went to work. I get another phone call; it's Lyndon Johnson. He says, "Hal, I don't know whether you know how important that was, to see your face there last night. But it made a big difference to me and you'll always be my friend." Clunk. Hung up.

Now, it's inexplicable. It can't be explained the way you would explain it if he was a normal human being. My guess is, that while he was impatient and demanding and particularly of absolute loyalty, [he] had to know you're in his camp, and you are on his horse with him at all times and you had no other agenda, no other real goals. And he didn't see me that way. He knew I was in Moyers' camp, but he didn't think I was in his camp. So I irritated him--not badly. Don't get me wrong. He was nice to me frequently, but frequently he wasn't nice to me. But after I left, he wanted to make certain that thereafter I would not have a bad opinion of him, that I would have a good opinion of him. So he figured, with just a few words and that telephone call, he could take care of that minor problem of what his guy might think of him. And the last time I saw him was down the dedication of the Library. He said, "How are you doing?" and so forth, and "What can I do for you?" I said,

Pachios -- I -- 74

"I want to meet Darrell Royal." He said, "You come with me." And Darrell Royal was there at this cocktail party. And he said, "Darrell, come over here. I want you to meet a friend of mine." And we chatted with Darrell Royal for a few minutes, very gracious and very nice. But I do think that I was an irritant, but that in the end, when it was over, he wanted to just invest a few minutes, making sure that I remembered him kindly.

End of Tape 2 of 2 and Interview I

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION
LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interview of
HAROLD PACHIOS

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Harold Pachios of Portland, Maine, do hereby give, donate and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title and interest in the tape recording and transcript of the personal interview conducted in Portland, Maine on October 15, 1990, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

- (1) The transcript shall be available for use by researchers as soon as it has been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.
- (2) The tape recording shall be available to those researchers who have access to the transcript.
- (3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcript and tape.
- (4) Copies of the transcript and the tape recording may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.
- (5) Copies of the transcript and tape recording may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

Donor

Date

Archivist of the United States

Date