

For release after 2 p.m. CST Tuesday, April 9, 1968
Remarks of Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, Gonzales, Texas
concluding ~~Trail~~ trip with foreign journalists

A courthouse square is very much home to me! I grew up in a ~~small~~ rural town. This was the important place and Saturday afternoons were the important time. You drove to town, circled the square over and over to see what was happening in the world. And you probably bought a double-dip ice cream cone.

Years later, as the wife of a young man running for public office, courthouse squares were the gathering place. There you went and stated your views on public matters. In many ways, it was the center of the universe. In many ways, it still is.

For from the small towns of America with their courthouse squares come much of the spirit and hope of our country.

There are, across this land, 17,000 towns about the size of this one. To discover America, you have to know them, as well as the cities like New York, San Francisco, and Washington.

It is very appropriate that we end our trip in just the kind of setting where our democracy begins.

Over the past five days, I have had the pleasure of helping 38 journalists from 13 countries learn more about our country. I wanted them to see the varied picture of how strong and great this country is.

So, by plane, bus, even wagon and boat, we have been crossing the trails of Texas.

Everywhere they found something of home. The Germans found a touch of it in the hill country around Fredericksburg, the Spanish saw their mark on San Antonio and Goliad, the Italians watched their opera in our great new Hemisfair, the Portugese found their footprints in the sands of Padre Island. Threaded throughout, the Scotch, the English, the Irish. Had we the time, we could have shown all of them benchmarks of their homeland.

Today, we have come to this noble old town at the beginning of the Independence Trail--a town which for 150 years has worn the badge of courage proudly--a town that has never left a call unheeded--as that statue in the square so well attests. Here we say our formal goodbyes.

And before saying that goodbye. I want to say something which I believe has been ~~churning~~ churning in all of us these past five days ~~x~~ as we traveled throughout Texas.

Our visitors have come at a time of anguish and turmoil in our country. They saw our frictions laid bare. But I believe they have also seen that the crashing headlines which shook us--as much as they did the world--are not all the story of this country. They do not ~~x~~ blot out the progress that has been made across this great democracy.

Behind the smoke of our troubled cities, there is a great wide land of strength and confidence and warmth.

Our tears for our country's troubles are deep, but deeper still is our confidence in the future, and our ability to meet and master ~~xxx~~ man's basic problem: how to live in peace.

Those new trails of making our country better. healing its wounds, righting its wrongs, giving its children a better chance for education, ~~xx~~ making its town more liveable--all these trails we seek out every day, and we shall continue to seek them out. And we shall clear them.

One of our foreign ~~xx~~ traveling ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ companions said to me --and it pleased me very much --"What America has to give to the world is open spaces--and open ~~xxxx~~ hearts."

When he said it, I felt that he had really discovered America.