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Saturday, November 14th

Lyndon spent the morning talking with Celebrezze and Wirtz. They are the fifth and sixth Cabinet Members to come down to confer with us during this eleven or so days of supposed rest on the Ranch. While Lyndon would be talking with one, I would have a chance to talk with the other, enjoying it tremendously.

Tony Celebrezze has been reading, as we have, the stories in various columns that he is leaving the Cabinet, presumably not being asked to stay on. About the third or fourth time one reads it, one begins to feel a little hurt and frustrated and uncertain. And then, I guess, finally angry. He told me that I would know how he felt, because he remembered the sort of stories they were writing about Lyndon in the six or so months preceding President Kennedy's assassination. I do remember those stories. They were: "What Has Happened to Lyndon Johnson?" and speculations as to whether he would be asked to go on the ticket again with President Kennedy, most of them indicating that very likely he would not.

One of the most undignified things that happens to a public official these days is being made a bone of contention by the press, and it's practically impossible to answer loud and clear. The facts just have to speak for themselves as they come out.

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Mr. Celebrezze said that his Department was the second largest in the Government, and I believe he said both in terms of money handled and personnel. And of course it is a sort of a Mother Hubbard, covering everything. It is one of the few government agencies whose budget will go up in the next fiscal year, with Lyndon's blessing. Much of the increase is caused by new education aid measures pushed through the Congress this year and so earnestly urged by Lyndon. I remember being stopped in the receiving line one evening ^{it was} by one of the most eminent educators, who asked me, "Do you realize that your husband has done more for education than any other President?" Well, that's something I'd sure like to take credit for!

The headline the press used in trying to summarize Celebrezze's conference with Lyndon was that medicare legislation would probably be passed in Congress next year.

Bill Wirtz has a delightful ability to clothe his thoughts -- and very sharp, clear thoughts they are -- in dramatic language that you remember. He outlined his problem this way. Next year three and a half million American boys and girls will become 18 years old, one million more than this year. Unless we do more about the situation, he said, one out of every seven of those three and a half million boys and girls is going to have a door slammed in his or her face -- a job door or a college door. Two hundred thousand of

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those who try to get into college won't be able to find a place because of lack of room in the colleges, and three hundred thousand looking for jobs won't be able to find them because, I suppose, of lack of training. He calls the program -- that is, what he proposes to do about this situation -- Operation Birthright. He is one of the brightest, most delightful men I know, has done some of the best speeches during this campaign, both himself for the Democratic Party in many places, and in writing the memorandums material and speech drafts for Lyndon, to be changed to suit his natural manner.

Next to Rusk and McNamara, I myself have come to feel closest to him of any of the whole Cabinet, and this is a good lesson in the irreplaceable man, because when Arthur Goldberg was Secretary of Labor I thought he was par excellence and nobody could be as good. I was sorry to see him leave the fray and go to the Ivory Tower of the Supreme Court, and I looked on any successor as somebody who was bound to be secondrate and not measure up. Well, Hooray for the Republic! Many different men can fit into its work.

Secretary Celebrezze and Secretary Wirtz left around noon to go in for a press conference in Austin, and then to fly back to Washington.

And I went down to the birthplace to move the furniture around -- Lucia had sent out a truckload of furniture that had belonged to Mrs. Johnson,

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and she had left it partly to Rodney, some, I believe, to Rebecca^{sal}, and some to Lucia. I spent a couple of harried hours running back and forth with Mr. Klein and James at the house, and then back to the airport to greet our new arrivals, this time from New York -- Dr. Stanton, Don Cook, Mr. Tom Watson of IBM, and our dear friend Ed Weisl and Eddie Jr.

I took Don and Eddie Jr. in the car. Lyndon had Dr. Stanton and Mr. Watson and Ed Weisl, Sr. in the little golf cart. And we went on separate brief tours of the ranch, and then back to the house for a hamburger lunch -- mighty simple fare for such elegant gentlemen! And then, when he was proposing just the sort of trip I like to take with him, especially when it's going to be my last day at the ranch -- that is, going over the Scharnhorst, A. W.'s, and probably to the Lewis -- I got word that Mr. Fred Hall was at the Johnson City house and could drive out to see me about the planting around Lyndon's birthplace house, so ... I chose to do the latter, said goodbye to the men, and spent a couple of hours talking with Mr. Hall about native shrubs, ^{Ceniza} ~~Phoenixa~~, retama, sumac, at the entrance and in corners, and some very simple base planting of yupon and nandina and lantana, and a very hardy holly, with some ivy for the stone chimneys, just enough to give it a sort of mellow look around two of the four sides -- that is, the sides that are visible when you drive up. I hate to think of the expenditure and the upkeep to put it all around. It's only going to be

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a guest house.

Meantime I talked with Lucia in Ft. Worth, found that she did not plan to come down this weekend, got the little history on the furniture, told Dale to order some more bluebonnet seeds and plant about 30 pounds along the fence row on the south side of the birthplace house, and then, just as the sun was sinking and the dramatic display that I love best of all ^{the} day at the ranch -- sunset -- was beginning, I got in the car by myself -- followed, of course, by the Secret Service man, told Volunteer that I was coming and found that he was at the Lewis place, and rode over. Sometimes it is very comforting to be by one's self. My life does not have enough of that.

At the Lewis place, I found not only the six men I had set out in search of, but four guests in residence. Phil Potter and his wife and their friends, the Costellos, were enjoying the place very much. I love to hear people say they love it. We all sat around the quaint little living room of the Lewis place and had a leisurely drink, discussed the campaign, and then helicoptered home for a good steak dinner, joined by Jesse, Marie, Vicki and Ashton.

I barely escaped afterward in time to listen to Gunsmoke. I stubbornly absent myself from the most glamorous company in order to see it.

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And then, Lyndon, Jesse and Ed Weisl Sr. came in and we all had a long talk in the bedroom about the pros and cons of disposing of our television and radio property. I believe it is fair to say that the gist of Ed's advice was that we had better go ahead and sell it if we wanted to seek peace of mind, because we would be repeatedly belabored and hammered at throughout the next four years if we kept it. He went on to say that there was nothing unethical or immoral about keeping it, but we would just have to expect and toughen ourselves to receive the criticism and just pay that price for keeping it.

We would seek peace, but that doesn't mean we would find it, because, as I pointed out and he certainly agreed, they could keep right on criticizing us for the price we got when we did sell it, whatever that price was, and it would have to be before the FCC -- a hearing held and their permission granted before a sale could be made.

He said that Dr. Stanton felt that we should sell, [?] (beginning with the editorial and broadcasting) This seems to be the general feeling in the industry. It is such a tangled skein, and it's trading in twenty-two years of my past life and all of my future for four years in this job, not to mention trading in my children's financial future. And, very significantly, six or eight or so employees who own the remaining 18% of the stock. Most

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important of all, is how do we maintain the related possessions of the company -- the ranch and its expansive way of life.

So we went to bed with many problems opened and none solved. And, among many feelings, one of warmth and gratitude for the long, long interest and help, the rare devotion of Ed Weisl.