

MEMORANDUM

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How to describe a day as gigantic as this, as packed with information and emotion, excitement and spine-tingling vistas of the future -- it is not possible. I can only speak of little vignettes of it -- little bits from the mosaic. It was a great privilege to have lived it, in that company and in that fullness.

It began in a low-key manner after having gone to bed about 1:30 Friday night. I did get to sleep until 7:30. And then breakfast and a hair-do and into my shocking pink dress. And Lynda and I started walking out of the Hotel at 9:00. And then there was one of those funny incidents -- the lobby was filled with people and they were waving and reaching out hands to shake and some asking for autographs. And then half way down the steps I think it was an official of the Hotel stopped me to present a package. It was a silver spoon in a box. Still under the spell of the ancient New Orleans of yesterday afternoon -- the <sup>Vieux Carre</sup> ~~Vie-aerea~~ -- and remembering something about this Hotel being on the site of an old and famous one I looked at the spoon and said, "Is it old?" And that nice gentleman answered, "Yes, Mamø, it is 8 years old." I thanked him and managed to get into the car before Lynda Bird and I fell on each other with laughter. That was certainly my least appropriate remark to date.

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And then we were in flight to the Cape.

I read my speech a couple of times, looked through the Cape Kennedy information. Never yet have I had time enough to thoroughly brief myself on everything that I was going to see.

We went to the speaker system and I gave my fellow travelers -- aiming particularly at those from abroad -- a brief history of Cape Kennedy.

And then close to noon sat down on the skid trep at Cape Kennedy where we were met by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Paine, Dr. and Mrs. Kurt Debus, Dr. George Miller, Dr. and Mrs. Ed Welsh whom I remember from our early Senate days with space. And Jim Webb without whom I would have been lonesome.

We got into buses and started for the visitors information center. In fact all day we rode in buses. I think there were about three of them with wonderful briefing officers on each one. Dr. Paine, Dr. Debus and Dr. Miller taking turns.

The landscape was low and flat around us, dotted with scrubbed palm-tos and cabbage palms. Often the sand showing through. And here and there a real orchard of orange trees. And they were just about ready for harvest. The briefing officer told me they were in holdings and were still commercially raised. And there were

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Australian Pine that had been imported. The white her/ons were everywhere. They had begun in New Orleans. And here every now and then we would see a giant white her/on. And sea gulls dipping and circling. And whole flocks of ducks landing on a lake or an inlet. And the penguins that to me are the clowns of the sky.

We went first to the Visitors Information Center. And in fact in all this remarkable day one of the most remarkable and somehow delightful things I found out was that Cape Kennedy was indeed open to "John Q Public" and that in the last three years there have been a million, 750 thousand visitors that just come in, no questions asked. There is a guest book. You may sign it or not as you choose. Once the officials noticed that two of the names on the guest book were arch-type Russian names and the address Moscow.

It costs \$2.50, and you are briefed by experts and go around on buses. And you begin here at the Visitors Information Center as we did.

There was a group of school children going through. And there was one little boy who was 100,000th student perhaps for this year. And I presented him with a big color photograph of the launching of the Saturn V. I expect this is one of the things Liz had thought up.

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And a little girl came up to me and pressed a note into my hand and said, "My mother used to know you at Billingsly." And suddenly the whole group broke out into "This is our Country". And I saw one young blond woman in their midst, probably a teacher, who was having almost more trouble than I was to hold back tears.

We met Walt Cunningham, whom I had met before at the Ranch the Saturday before the election. We were shown Gemini 9 and the Apollo command module and the Lunar module.

And then we met a group of European scientists who were representing five or six countries I think called the European Space Research Organization Team. Apparently we rent our launch pads for small, unmanned, scientific satellites launchings. And they bring back the information and divide it up.

The day rapidly became a montage as we went from building to building. But certain pictures stand out in my memory like white caps on the surface of the ocean. And the one that stood out the most of course to the press was the simulated landing on the moon.

Lynda and I climbed a ramp up into the Lunar module simulator which is like a big bug on tall legs. It is a thing in which two

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astronauts would detach themselves from the bigger ship and descent to the moon while the third astronaut remains in the mother ship as it orbits the moon.

Lynda and I went in together accompanied by Walt Cunningham. And John Young I think it was. It was very dark. And there was a huge console of instruments, their round faces glowing in the semi-twilight. And then there was a big window out which you looked to the moving surface of the moon. This was actually a simulated moon landing they told me. Now we have slowed down to 40 miles an hour. The moon is about 200 feet below I think he said. You would have a sensation of pitching and rolling as we slow down further for a landing. Actually we had very little, and I wondered if they had adjusted it for me.

Knowing that this was the exciting moment the press would want to know about I had tried to think up sensible questions. When you first put your foot out on the surface of the moon, what will you be walking on? Something like sand or pebbles or rock? I've read that you are going to bring back 80 pounds of material from the surface of the moon. Will you just reach down and scoop it up with a shovel? What ignorant questions they must have seemed to them. At least one they could answer sensibly. How much of a supply of oxygen or other environmental requirements will you

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have inside your space suit? Four hours they told me. And they expected to be out only three.

Actually the main thing I thought of inside that tiny ship was the completely untechnical thing of being couped up with two other human beings in this tiny space for two weeks or more like Siamese triplets. How important to this is the sheer social factor of being level headed and good natured. I dared to mention it. And they said oh well, by the time you worked as closely with people as we have you know them pretty well. It must be a very special fraternity.

And then sometime during the day we were in the briefing room. And all of us sat down for a light lunch followed by briefings by one of the astronauts on the Apollo 8. And by Lee Shearer, the Apollo Lunar Exploration Director who talked about the meaning to man of space exploration. But not yet -- not quite -- had I hit the paydirt I was looking for; what would make it come alive and understandable to me.

I was sitting by Walt Cunningham -- he was on my right -- and one of the lady technicians from the program was on my left, I began to dig in for what I really wanted to extract. I followed up something that Walt Schirra had said at the Ranch that went like this: nobody keeps book on the great amount of snow that melts off

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of the Himalayas. But it is generally believed that not all of it flows into rivers -- that some of it goes underground. Now that must mean there are vast pools, resources, of water somewhere down under the surface of the earth. And he went on to explain how it might be possible for some very high flying satellite to take pictures and locate where these underground water resources were, dig deep wells, irrigate, and maybe feed the starving millions of India for instance. Nothing stood between us except knowledge and money.

I tried to explore that a little further with Walt Cunningham, and it burgeoned out into the most amazing field. He said, "Yes, the thing that would do it was the earth resources satellite which is actually not in flight yet. It probably would be in about two years. But piecing together information from other similar satellites flights, it was possible to draw a pretty good picture of what such an earth resources satellite could do. Not only water under the earth but maybe some sort of geologic domes that could be predictions about resources of oil or other minerals.

But then the lunch was over and we went on to the next vast sight.

I tried to give a moments attention and appreciation to the nice looking young lady on my left. What a field for a woman to be in.

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Some of the most interesting times for me was spent in the buses. One of our briefing officers told us the delightful facts that during the excavations for building these huge structures they had under it artifacts -- many of them pre-columbian, some of them probably pre-Christ. And another added the delicious tidbit that Jewels Burns the Frenchman who had written in the middle 1800's about voyages under the sea in submarines and voyages to the moon in spaceships, had selected an Island about 100 miles from Cape Kennedy as the site from which his moonship would be launched. Further, they went on, there had been quite a dispute between the States of Texas and Florida as to where the moon port should be. And Florida had won.

I believe it was Jim Webb who contributed this romantic and delightfully extraneous bit. He's quite a man. I became quite used during the day to noticing that it was he who quietly began to nudge us on as the group of us were taking up more time at any one place than we should. And it was also he who led the clapping as soon as the speech of the presentation was over.

At the luncheon we had had several bits of the food that the astronauts eat -- dehydrated I suppose it was -- tiny cubes of bread and a fruitcake. I had sampled it, and it was very good.

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I do not remember the name of the building, but at one point we found ourselves on a balcony looking down through glass walls to an enormous gymnasium-sized floor area on which there were bank after bank after bank of computers. And you wondered who led this vast orchestra and how they dared. And what the average age was of the people who worked in front of those machines. The whole enormousness of it was overwhelming, and I was out of superlatives. And the whole thing blurred into a montage.

And then at one point we got out of the bus in an open space some considerable distance from what I think was Pad A where the fully assembled Saturn 5 rocket, taller than the Statue of Liberty, will take off. One of the briefing officers -- I believe it was Rocco Patron, the Launch Operations Director -- took the microphone and explained to us, describing all the components. The rocket itself bright red, weighing about a half a million pounds without fuel like some unbelievable thunderbolt of some imaginary Zeus and housed in an enormous cocoon of steel. And he showed us the big crawler transporter -- the size of a baseball diamond -- that weighs 5-1/2 million pounds and carried the rocket traveling only about 1 mile an hour over an 8-lane roadway that is many, many feet deep with the hardest rock they could find. I think it comes from the Alabama River bed.

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I asked where the nearest cameras were. And he said, of course there were cameras operated by remote control fairly close by. But all the press were stationed, and he pointed to some tall bleachers that looked like a football stadium in the distance and said that about 500 press covered the launchings.

Always in the bus we could see in the distance an enormous square building -- very white on the landscape. Jim Webb told us it had been called the largest building in the world. But then his voice in parenthesis he said it is possible the Russians had built a larger one. At any rate it is 524 feet high. Its main core hollow from top to bottom. And that so vast that clouds could form and send down snow fall or rain. Yet the building didn't contain a large blower system, and there is a door 456 feet high through which we were told if you could jack up the United Nations building and get it on rollers it would come rolling in. Here the components of the three-stage Saturn 5 rocket and Apollo spacecraft will be assembled for the Apollo 8 mission. There is the rocket and then there is the ship that the men actually stay in for days and days and days. And then there is a little bug that detaches itself when within a certain distance of the moon and two men get in it and go down and one goes around and around in the main ship, himself a sort of

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a moon of the moon.

We walked and walked and listened and listened. And my mind staggered with the enormity of the information I was trying to take in. But two things I remember very well and that is I could see a whole group of the public standing in this vehicle assembly building in a glass-walled room being briefed just as I was. And I find that very interesting.

And second -- and this is perhaps to me the most dramatic thing of all -- that this whole great work has been put together in about 10 years. Certainly there were decades of experimenting and research before. But this vast complex and the one at Houston and the one at Huntsville is the product of about 10 years -- of just a portion of the muscle of this mighty country.

And then finally, the last event. We went down on the ground level of the vehicle assembly building and there was a small platform and rows of seats out in front of us. And with Dr. Paine and Dr. Debus and Jim Webb and a small group, I sat on the platform and watched the Award Ceremony.

Dr. Paine gave them out. And there were group achievement awards and exceptional service medals. And I was aware that I was seeing a new type of hero on this earth. And it was a highly dramatic half hour. No matter how much you are bombarded with experiences,

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emotions, information on a trip like this, there is always a stimulee to which you can rise when it is intense enough.

Finally it was time for my little speech which was completely different from anything else -- sensible and low-key and going back to the night of October 4th, '57, which is where I came in, and which is I think one of the watersheds of time when we heard that the Soviet Sputnik had been launched. We were at the Ranch and Lyndon and I and a few friends walked out down the road saying nothing for what seemed ages. The sky was like velvet and the stars hung close like brilliant diamonds around us. Each of us was pondering what the future now held. We had lived with the sky all our lives, and suddenly it was as though we had never seen it before. That was our launching pad, sort of speak, and the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Senate Arms Services Committee was my husband's vehicle. I remember the excitement and the awe that he brought home with him along with a heavy brief case to work on the legislation which established the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. There were months of hammering out all those legislative steps that make up a program.

And so I tried to personalize as indeed it had been personalized in my life this great American achievement that I was seeing today.

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And when it was over, the very nicest thing happened. I was given for the Lyndon B. Johnson Library a model of the rocket and a 1/4th scale model of the Lunar Module on which the two men would descend to the moon with an inscription on it, that hailed, "Lyndon B. Johnson's vision and leadership at each crucial step forward from 1957 to 1969."

And then it was all over, and very tired we climbed into a big car. I said goodbye to Lynda. She was going in a separate car to the airport and back to Washington. She looked very pale -- almost translucent. After all, not until Monday will her baby be a month old. This must have been an exhausting trip for her. But I am so glad she took it now. It will never be the same again.

This time I was riding in a big long black car -- not the bus -- with General and Mrs. David Jones who was the head of Patrick Henry Air Force Base, and Dr. Debus -- about nine of us in all. Simone, who has grown to be one of my favorite staff people and whom I will miss so much, engaged Dr. Debus in conversation about the earth resources satellite. And as he talked -- and he was a fascinating talker-- my thoroughly satiated ability to respond came to life again. He's one of the scientists from Penamondy that we had virtually kidnapped after the end of our war with Germany.

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Of course one of the questions that I would like to have asked him was how does it feel to be a German scientist who had been engaged in World War II and then find yourself living in and working for the United States. And naturally you don't ask the question. He is a very attractive, gentle, articulate, impressive man. And what he talked of was the relation of the earth's resources satellite -- the food and crops and weather and minerals. And the relation of all these things to earth population. It was fascinating and I thought what a shame that the press hadn't heard this talk. And almost simultaneously, Simone and I began to plan on getting him out to Surf Side cottage to brief some of the press on what it seems to me is the most wonderful, the most salable aspect of space.

My actual host at Surf Side cottage was General and Mrs. David Jones. It was a simple and informal place, right on the Atlantic. Tiger Teague has been telling me about it for five years. Only Simone and Betty and I were going to be there.

We arrived at 5:30 and I had a blissful rest and a massage. Betty has been a joy to have along on this trip. And then according to the plan we worked out, the press arrived -- all of the foreign press -- about 14 of them I think there were and a pool of two or three from our national press -- and Dr. and Mrs. Paine. Dr. Debus it turned out was hosting a party. And we spent a wonderful hour

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actually just about the most fruitful of the day for me because our minds were exploring if not our eyes -- over drinks and seafood hors d'oeuvres. Dr. Paine told us about the earth resources satellite with all its staggering promise, the great possibilities and the great problems that it opens up. And when it came to weather with the possible ability to control the gathering of humidity and therefore the falling of rain, I couldn't help saying, "Well we on the Edwards Plateau are sure going to try to get our share. And what's that going to do to everybody else?" And he smiled and said, "There is enough to go around up there."

I said goodbye to them all by 8:00, climbed in bed, had my dinner on a tray -- just Betty <sup>Chapowitch</sup> Chappel-Wicke and Simone -- and my mind roamed over the vast range of the day. And the funny little plastic bush that someone had planted on the simulated surface of the moon as a joke, especially for me, to the wonderful graphic expression that I had heard sometime during the day that we stood now at a point in history about where people were in 1492 when Columbus discovered America. We stood right at the threshold of a great period of discovery.

And then I picked up my old copies of National Geographic and my mind ranged from sea to shining sea, from the Atlantic coast of Cape Kennedy right outside my cottage window to the far northwest

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Pacific coast of California where I would be tomorrow night. And from the spaceships of tomorrow to the Redwood Trees of 2,000 years ago. Today had been magnificent, and one of the nicest parts about it was that I was turning out the light at 10:00 because I had had all I could take in.