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CLAUDIA "LADY BIRD" JOHNSON ORAL HISTORY, INTERVIEW XX
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CLAUDIA TAYLOR JOHNSON

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This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

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(3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcripts and tapes.

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Claudia Taylor Johnson 6/20/02

Claudia Taylor Johnson Date

by Patti Howell

Allison Fawcett 5-10-2011

~~Archivist of the United States~~ Date

Assistant Archivist
For Presidential Libraries

Appendix A

Attached to and forming part of the instrument of gift of oral history interviews, executed by Claudia Taylor Johnson, and accepted by the ~~Archivist of the United States~~ Assistant Archivist For Presidential Libraries on 5-10-2011.

Mrs. Johnson's Oral History Interviews:

May 26, 1975, with Merle Miller
June 25, 1976, with Merle Miller
June 29, 1976, with Merle Miller
January 30, 1977, with Merle Miller
February 14, 1977, with Merle Miller
August 12, 1977, with Michael Gillette
August 13, 1977, with Michael Gillette
August 14, 1977, with Michael Gillette
February 4, 1978, with Michael Gillette
April 1, 1978, with Michael Gillette
August 6, 1978, with Michael Gillette
October 9, 1978, with Michael Gillette
January 23, 1979, with Michael Gillette
January 24, 1979, with Michael Gillette
January 25-26, 1979, with Michael Gillette
February 27-28, 1979, with Michael Gillette
August 19, 1979, with Michael Gillette
September 2-3, 1979, with Michael Gillette
September 9, 1979, with Michael Gillette
November 13, 1979, with Anthony Champagne
January 4-5, 1980, with Michael Gillette
January 29-30, with Michael Gillette
September 20, 1980, with Michael Gillette
September 26-27, 1980, with Michael Gillette
February 6-7, 1981, with Michael Gillette
February 20-21, 1981, with Michael Gillette
August 10, 1981, with Michael Gillette
August 23, 1981, with Michael Gillette
September 5, 1981, with Michael Gillette
November 15, 1981, with Michael Gillette
January 2-3, 1982, with Michael Gillette
January 10, 1982, with Michael Gillette
January 30, 1982, with Michael Gillette
March 15, 1982, with Michael Gillette
March 19-20, 1982, with Michael Gillette
March 22, 1982, with Michael Gillette

March 29, 1982, with Michael Gillette
August 3-4, 1982, with Michael Gillette
September 4, 1983, with Michael Gillette
December 30, 1984, video and audio interview with Michael Gillette
January 4, 1985, video and audio interview with Michael Gillette
February 23, 1991, with Michael Gillette
March 4, 1991, with W. C. Trueheart
March 8, 1991, with Michael Gillette
August 1994, with Harry Middleton (six interviews)
November 5, 1994, with Harry Middleton
January 23, 1987, with Nancy Smith
August 18, 1987, with Lou Rudolph, Jim Henderson, and John and Sandy Brice
August 19, 1987, with Lou Rudolph, Jim Henderson, and John and Sandy Brice
August 20, 1987, with Lou Rudolph, and John and Sandy Brice
August 1994, with S. Douglass Cater
March 22, 1985, with Louis S. Gomolak
July 16, 1996, with Jan Jarboe Russell
July 17, 1996, with Jan Jarboe Russell

INTERVIEW XX covering 1946-1947

DATE: February 20-21, 1981

INTERVIEWEE: LADY BIRD JOHNSON

INTERVIEWER: MICHAEL L. GILLETTE

PLACE: LBJ Ranch, Stonewall, Texas

Tape 1 of 2

J: And so the big cannons rolled and we began our campaign on July 6, [1946]. One good thing about it is we had only three weeks for the campaign, because election day was the 27th; it wouldn't have been possible to sustain the rate of effort we put into it otherwise. Lyndon would go to about, oh, ten or twelve towns a day, a good deal of driving in between, make speeches and then, at the night, there would be a major rally in a fairly large town. He'd go to Blanco and Johnson City and Round Mountain and Cypress Hills and Marble Falls and there make a sizeable speech.

Meanwhile, we had our good friends answering some of the charges. [W. E. "Ed"] Syers answered the one about us owning KVET and I think pretty much refuted it in the minds of people who could bear to give up the idea. Then Lyndon would go down to the other end of the district and talk at Bertram and Liberty Hill and Andice and Briggs and wind up at Burnet. Then down toward Georgetown, where he would cover Florence and Briggs and Jarrell and Bartlett and Schwertner and whole lots of little bitty towns that I can't even remember the existence of, and I wonder if they're still on the map.

This was all salted and sprinkled through with daily talks with his office in

Washington. Once or twice at least, he had to return to Washington in those three weeks to vote on something urgent. I think one big day he made speeches in Round Rock and Thrall and Taylor and Pflugerville and Hutto and a whole bunch of places. That may have been the day that he wound up in Brenham and then flew on back to Washington.

At any case, it was a tremendous crescendo of effort, out of which some specific pictures emerge. There was one time that Lyndon got a movie star--

G: Gene Autry.

J: Gene Autry, whom somehow in the course of our--I guess it was in our work on radio we had come to know him. They liked each other and he agreed to come and help us for a day. I do not think he knew what he was getting into. It was one terrific blockbuster of a day. He stayed at our little house on 1901 Dillman. We went to about seven different rallies in Austin. He shook more hands than he ever knew existed, and of course everybody was absolutely thrilled to see him, and I'm sure a lot of little boys wanted his autograph. He had on a sort of a flamboyant and very attractive costume. Well, we've all laughed about that day since when we've met, as we have a number of times through the years. I remember him finally getting back to 1901 Dillman and taking off his boots and looking up at Lyndon with a kind of a wry expression, part amused, part incredulous, part "How could you subject me to this?"

G: Did he sing while he was there?

J: I am pretty sure he sang "Back in the Saddle Again," one small song perhaps at each one of those rallies.

G: He was originally from Sam Rayburn's district, wasn't he? From a little Texas town,

Gene Autry?

J: I don't remember. That could have been how we heard of him. I think maybe it was through the radio business.

G: All of these campaign stops that you mentioned, did you travel with him on any of these stops?

J: Some of them. Not as many. You know, now I wish I had just shared every bit. I guess actually I just wouldn't have been that tough.

G: When he would come home at night, would he recount the day's campaigning to you?

J: Usually he was too weary. He would recite some of the problems. He would say, "What phone calls have I had?" I would do my usual thing of unpacking [the] suitcase and packing it again if he was going to be gone overnight. The sort of things they did were so redolent of our American past, like a church picnic and an American Legion rodeo. It's too late for the Mayfest in Brenham, but that was always big dealings. And a barbecue, which was likely to be stag, or a fish fry of Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Another incident that sticks in my mind was at a little town called Dime Box, where there were some black folks standing out in the edge of the audience. Lyndon invited everybody to come up and shake hands at the end of it, and they didn't come up. He said, "Come on, y'all, come on. Shake hands." And they came up. And he got a pretty angry letter from a good friend who said nevertheless he was going to vote for him, but he sure did get himself into a peck of unnecessary trouble "shaking hands with those niggers."

G: What was his reaction to it, do you know?

J: Placating, not sorry he did it, but not wanting--he didn't read the riot act to the man that wrote it and say, "You have got to change your ways," nothing like that. But he went right on doing what he wanted to do.

The Belden Polls--Joe Belden was a regional person who did polls in those days--and they began to show us doing much better, even as much as three out of four voters supporting us. There was one point I think late in the campaign when there was a big deal about Hardy Hollers was going to have free barbecue for everybody who came or maybe it was free hot dogs and Cokes or something, in the park. And in what I must say was both a thrifty fashion and something of a poor-boy style, Lyndon said, well, he couldn't afford that, but he just had a letter from some of his good friends in Elgin, I think, who said they had a mighty fine watermelon crop that year and they were just going to bring him up a whole truckload of watermelons, would everybody please come out to--this time it wasn't Wooldridge Park--I think it was Pease Park, and just get ready to have a good old-fashioned watermelon eating.

There were a lot of colorful things about campaigning in those days which I remember with nostalgia and affection.

G: Hardy Hollers had booked Wooldridge Park on the last night, I understand.

J: Yes. Well, Wooldridge Park was *the* place, I don't know what the agora was really like in the life of democratic, so-called democratic Athens, but I gather it was a place where everybody went and spoke their piece. Well, Wooldridge Park was where you went to speak your piece if you were a politician in several decades of Texas life.

G: Now you talked last time about going back early and helping to organize the women's

division of the campaign.

J: Yes.

G: But you really didn't go into the women's division and what it did and how it operated.

J: Marietta Brooks was chairman. Mrs. Bob Long may have been vice chairman, at least she had an important role. She was always president of some woman's civic club. There was an elderly lady of very considerable prestige, Mrs. Taylor, who made a speech for Lyndon. We considered that a coup. What the women's organization did, as I remember, was to write letters to all of their friends in every walk of life in the district, address campaign literature, so-called, get their little boys or friends to tack up posters on the trees along the roads, or put up placards in the store windows of the merchants. That took a nice smile and if you are a billpaying customer of that particular merchant you were likely to receive a better welcome. I am sure there must have been two or three ladies who actually spoke for him. I remember Mrs. Taylor did. And I think it was either then or 1948 when--and at this point I cannot remember the name, but a woman of great elegance and prestige and culture after whom a school is named in Austin now--

G: McCallum, Jane McCallum?

J: Yes. Jane Y. McCallum, whom we came to know and admire very much. She either came out and was very helpful in 1946 or 1948. Those things have a way of melding together. I remember particularly one women's meeting at which *everybody*--every woman that is, and these usually were divided, that way--came to the meeting that we could get in touch with or persuade or lure, a sizeable crowd. It took place in the ballroom of one of the hotels. There were women of considerable significance on the

platform going to speak. I remember there was the daughter of a former governor and now we're back with Ouida [Ferguson] Nalle. You see, this is several years after the race in which her father may have helped lose it. And Mrs. Jane Y. McCallum and quite a few others. Then I remember distinctly seeing a simple little housewife with a fresh, not--well, very unsophisticated sort of country face, and I thought, oh, this poor lady; how is she going to hold her own in this group. Of course, I was just shaking with fear. That poor lady [gave what] was probably the best speech there, because what she said was, she was talking about her experiences as a mother in the war. Johnny went to the war; Johnny got captured. She wrote the Red Cross, she wrote everybody in the army, she got sent from here to yonder to yonder making inquiries. Nobody could tell her where Johnny was. There was word he was in this hospital, that hospital, in a prison camp. Well, finally she got in touch with Lyndon and somehow, with dogged determination, he tracked down Johnny. So she told us the story, "I remember Johnny." She wasn't aware that she was being dramatic, but I remember that as a perfect little vignette of what a congressman does, small bits of service to the people back home that are not small to them. They matter a lot.

Also one of the main jobs that women did--you asked me about the women's division--was to divide up the telephone book of the major towns and just get on the polls [phones] on election morning bright and early and just phone, phone, phone, phone. Just take page after page, introduce themselves briefly and courteously, and say, "I hope you're going to the polls today and vote. If you haven't made up your mind, I urge you to think about my candidate, Lyndon Johnson." Then, others could furnish cars and go by

the old folks' homes, as we thought of them then, nursing homes, I guess, anywhere where people were rather immobile. I do not know whether we were sophisticated enough--I know at a later time we were--to start out ahead and get absentee votes to people who were housebound.

So the last few days Lyndon did a walking-talking campaign of Austin, just up and down the streets.

All of this was interspersed with big news from the outside world, like an atomic bomb exploding underwater in Bikini and the Atomic Energy Commission being formed or being whittled into shape. Oh, finally and gloriously the money that we were going to get for the extension of the REA [Rural Electrification Administration] lines. And then very, very usefully to us, a congressional raise in salary, from ten thousand to twelve thousand, five hundred, plus a twenty-five hundred [dollar] expense account. So--let's see, this was 1946 and we had come in in 1937--this was the first salary raise.

A lot of our good strong supporters were giving testimonials to us in the weekly newspapers and some in big ads in the Austin paper. Finally came the big day of July 27. For us it was a Democratic victory. This of course was the Democratic primary and we were both Democrats, but for us it was a *big* victory. Lyndon defeated Hollers. He had about 43,000 and Hollers 17 or 18,000.

G: I remember Buck Taylor supported LBJ in that race.

J: Yes, I vaguely remember that, in surprise. I don't know who got him to. This was not so later on in November; it was not a Democratic victory.

G: Oh, really?

J: Oh, God. It was one of the worst years for the Democrats. In those days in Texas once you had the Democratic nomination, the Republican one in November was just a formality.

G: You get the impression going through the correspondence that Dan Moody was behind Hardy Hollers in this race.

J: Intensely, and why he hated us so much, I don't know. I think it had to do with just a built-in, lifelong hostility to Senator [Alvin] Wirtz. And perhaps it had an element of jealousy in it. Certainly he disliked him very much, and therefore [he disliked] anybody who [was associated with Senator Wirtz].

G: Did President Johnson ever try to mend this feud?

J: He certainly didn't do anything to exacerbate it, and I think he tried to mellow it maybe sometime. That was his usual method. But this was too deep to change. I just think he pretty soon said this will go on as long as Dan Moody lives, so let's just live with it.

When it was over we went to the Hill Country to rest. I think we went to Wesley's [West] ranch. We had met Wesley as a result of buying KTBC sometime in 1943. By 1944 I'd say we were friends. He came to see us in Washington. We began going to the ranch, first Lyndon alone and then both of us and Neva [West] would come up. That began a very long and good friendship. One of my favorite views in all the world is around his swimming pool at sunset and the hills in the distance and you can see the cattle, and very often the deer. It's a spot that's remained close to my heart, and I really think the seeds of Lyndon's wanting to go back to the Hill Country to live grew from that. Perhaps they had been in his heart ever since his boyhood.

Oh, and I remember one funny little thing about that year. The Blanco County Fair and Rodeo resumed its gala carryings-on. It had been closed off during the war. They hadn't had it since 1941. So Lyndon was asked to lead the parade, and he said he wanted to carry his little girl on the saddle in front of him. So there was Lynda--let's see, what would she have been? Two and a half possibly; this was in late August. She was sitting on the saddle in front of him as he led the parade.

G: Was this through Johnson City?

J: Yes, through Johnson City. There were a couple of old-timers sitting on the curb and this story came back to us. One man said, "Well, you can see old Lyndon has rode before." And the other one, the local wit, replied, "Yes, but not lately."

Henry Wallace was going around the country decrying our policy, Truman's policy, of getting tough with Russia. He was making statements that irked a whole lot of folks, including us, and finally eventually Truman himself, enough that he asked for his resignation.

G: Where did Charlie Marsh fit into that, do you recall? He had been a Wallace supporter.

J: He had been, and frankly I don't know. I don't have as many memories of Charles right along this period, which does not show any lessening of affection on our part. But I don't know. I know that his great close friend--

G: Harold Young.

J: --Harold Young was an intimate and protégé of Wallace's, and I expect that would have colored Charles' thinking.

That tribunal that got together in Nuremberg to try to top Nazi leaders of war

crimes, I remember an odd little moment of conversation out at Virginia Durr's one evening when we got back. Justice [Hugo] Black took a dim view of those war trials. He said, "We may rue this day," and some reference was made to the fact that we might not always win wars, which to us was unthinkable, of course. Lyndon more and more as I look back on the years, after enormous periods of exertion, his body finally reached the point of exhaustion and the physical bill came in, so to speak, and he was sick, in the fall. He went to the hospital in Austin with a bronchial infection. All his life he had chest troubles, bronchial troubles, respiratory troubles. He then went on up to Mayo's [Clinic]. I don't know how long this went on. In a letter he mentions that it was six weeks or two months of not being worth much.

I do remember a couple of things that I am happy to remember, and one was that some time after the campaign--or could it have been as we headed down in June? I think perhaps it was when we headed down in June to start the campaign. We went by car. Lera [Mrs. Albert] Thomas and her two little girls were with us. I guess Lynda and a nurse must have been with me. We were quite a crowd. We may have even been in two cars going tandem. But I remember distinctly that we got together to spend the nights. By this time it was more motels than it was tourist homes. I said, "Listen, I want to go by Alabama and see Aunt Effie." She had left just shortly before, like a week before, knowing that I would be going to start the campaign. For some reason--not that she was sick enough for me to think that I wouldn't be seeing her again, but she certainly had been declining--I went by there, and that's one of the things I'll always cherish, and she got to see Lynda one more time. She was just *crazy* about Lynda, and Lynda was crazy about

her. She was a remarkedly animated little girl and very interested in people and bits of information and lots of curiosity. So she just bounded in to see "Appie" and made--I think by that time Aunt Effie may have been in one of the long series of sanitariums, as they were called, or hospitals to which she went.

At any rate, later on that fall, I did get word that she was not doing well at all and that perhaps I had better go back to see her. By this time my recollection is that it was probably into October and that I was not feeling a bit well. I think I was in the very early part of the pregnancy that resulted in Luci, but I didn't really know it yet; it wasn't confirmed. But I did go, and I think she was in Birmingham at a hospital, and stayed and had a several days' visit which troubled me very much, because I did not think that she would survive it. What she actually had I do not know. I think it was cirrhosis of the liver, which is so very unfair, because that's something that you associate with heavy drinking and eating, and Aunt Effie, for heaven's sake, had eaten like a sparrow and had never had anything to drink. It may have been some form of stomach cancer. At any rate, she had all of her life been an invalid, but it was obvious, this time that she was a very sick woman, and I was very troubled.

My visit was made somewhat warmer and happier by the presence of one of our cousins, Lucile Pattillo Thomas, the daughter of Uncle John Will and Aunt Alice, who had been a close childhood friend. Her husband was either interning--maybe he was still in medical school or maybe he was interning. At any rate, she was working to help out the family budget, and she already had at that time one or two small children. She was a very capable, efficient, loving person, and it was good for her to have Aunt Effie where

she could oversee her some. A lot of life is divided into, "Aren't you glad that . . ." or, "Don't you wish that . . ." So those two visits, in my experience, certainly fall in the, "Aren't you glad that . . ." column.

Finally, Lyndon was back at home from Mayo's. And then came the real blow of the year, the congressional elections, the whole big nationwide elections. And here the Republicans gained control of the 80th Congress, the first big time in sixteen years. They got lots of seats in the House, a good deal more than they needed for a majority. That, of course, meant that Speaker Rayburn would no longer be speaker. Joe Martin was the next in line. We liked him fine, but it was just a great big void in our world for the Speaker to no longer be the speaker. In the Senate they also won.

G: What was Sam Rayburn's reaction to the election, do you recall?

J: I think it was a real blow, and I think for a while he actually toyed with the thought of just declining to be the minority leader. He did accept it in the end.

In those days Lyndon was seeing a lot of Secretary [Stuart] Symington. He was undersecretary of war for air, and was really the author of--I forget just when this happened, but when Germany, which was divided, and Berlin, right actually in the Russian zone, but it was supposed to be a neutral spot, when we began an air lift to supply Berlin, which they were just trying to take over.

G: Yes. I think that was 1948.

J: It may have been. The years have a way of sort of melting together. But at any rate, he and Lyndon worked together, thought alike.

In this rather sad fall with, for Lyndon, the shadow of the new Republican regime,

and for me the realization that Aunt Effie was probably in her last illness, it was a sort of a grey fall; nothing much was happening, that had any spirit of elation in it. There was one delicious little moment though, and I think it was that fall, when Lyndon took Stu Symington and Paul Porter to the West ranch. Wherever Paul was, there was laughter, and I remember Paul wearing chaps, and I daresay he was the only person anywhere around that was wearing them. The ranch people would have been wearing blue jeans, real beat-up and old, and khaki pants, and boots that looked like they had been worn twenty years, and a hat that was greasy. In any case, there he sat, up on the fence, just making everybody laugh, and of course Stu had an air of eternal elegance. The Wests liked them both. It's marvelous to be young. There was a lot of spirit and a lot of fun.

G: This visit to Alabama, do you recall how long you stayed the second time?

J: No, I don't. It was days, I would say probably six or seven days.

G: It looks like it's right around Thanksgiving.

J: I think it was. Yes, I distinctly remember that it was, because Aunt Ellen drove over and had Thanksgiving dinner with me in a hotel. Aunt Effie, poor dear, could eat very little, and the hospital was a repelling place, of course. I went for hours each morning and each afternoon and maybe back at night, but I wasn't there eighteen hours a day by any means. So Aunt Ellen coming over was the second pleasant little portion of that besides Lucile.

G: You did leave before Aunt Effie died, is that right?

J: Oh, goodness, yes, because Aunt Effie didn't die until January 1 of the next year.

We stayed for Christmas at Dillman, I think, that year, and had a Christmas tree, and that may have been the first year that we had a party for the KTBC personnel. This

was 1946. Maybe we had begun it in 1945. At any rate, in early days, at least two or three times, we had them at Dillman, and very simple they were. I did all the cooking. The station was coming along. It was a long ways from the nine employees, dirty, second-floor building, in-debt-to-everybody-in-town, going-off-the-air-at-sunset, low-power, no-network station that we had bought. It was by this time respected in the city. Everybody was paid off. The debts were all paid off, or settled. We had some sizeable employees. Cactus [Pryor] I think perhaps was already with us. I know Paul Bolton was. I think maybe Charlie Howell was even with us at that time. It was a cohesive, going concern making a modest amount of money.

G: Was Stuart Long with you then or was he with KVET? I know he was later.

J: He was not with us. It was an interesting relation. He was a friend mostly, and yet at times, prickly and if not an enemy, at least somebody who gigged you. I would say Stuart was pretty liberal and Lyndon was probably the most liberal fellow he could find anywhere around to support, and so I do believe he always supported him, and yet I'm sure there were times when Lyndon fell far short of being everything that Stuart wanted and he said so.

Jim Rowe came back from the service. Everybody was getting back from the service and looking at each other after an absence of--well, some folks got back in late 1945 and then they trickled back in all of 1946. But at any rate, it had been some time since we had seen each other in many instances. I remember Jim Rowe wrote to me at one point--I guess I was back in Texas, or maybe in Alabama--speaking of Lyndon: "I found him older and tireder. November 5 was a terrific licking. For Pete's sake, slow

him down." And on to much more philosophic and erudite sentences in there, but that was the gist of it.

G: Did he seem older to you?

J: You know, when you're around more or less constantly, you do not notice it so much. I cannot say that he did. It was in the last years of his life, when he no longer ran off from me when he walked--I mean, he used to take such long steps and so fast that I couldn't possibly keep up with him, and I would come huffing and puffing along behind. In the latter years he moved slowly, and then I knew, he was getting old.

G: Did you try to slow him down during this period?

J: Oh, yes.

G: What were your devices? How would you do it?

J: Well, all unsuccessful, and I don't remember that there was a great and wily range of them. But I would just tell him how life was fun, and he'd last so much longer and he would be able to enjoy other years so much more if he would take thirty or forty minutes to eat instead of five, and if he would get regular sleep and not push himself. But there was always this fact, in a campaign, of every district man, every county man, they would get you for their twenty-four hours. They wanted to make a good record, and they wanted to introduce you to all those people they had been trying to sell on you and trying to convince that you were an outstanding, able, interesting, wonderful young man. You were their product; they wanted to sell their product far and wide. They didn't realize that where when you got on that plane or in that car you went on to doing exactly the same thing down the road, and they could go home and go to bed for two days. So it was a

grinding occupation. This year, 1946, I feel sure there were at least three times when Lyndon was in the hospital, maybe more.

G: Well, how about planning weekends, say, at Buchanan Dam or dinner parties in Washington?

J: We did some of that.

G: Did you usually do that or did he? And would you concoct these sorts of things to give him a lighter evening or a weekend away from work or something like that?

J: There were places in our lives that did offer relaxation and [time to] put your feet up and talk. I remember them with velvet warmth. The administration building at Buchanan and riding in those boats was certainly one of them. In the early days we would go to Cape Camp on the Blanco River--I think it's the San Marcos River, same clear green though. At times it was Charles' and Alice's [Marsh] beautiful Longlea down in Culpeper. It became Brackettville. In the last few years, as you know, it was Camp David. Of course, the Ranch was always a wonderful escape valve. But all of these places, he took people with whom he was doing business, and he did business. But he did it at his own pace, in a leisurely fashion, with a lot of jokes and anecdotes and maybe afternoon naps. The West ranch was one of the best. Yes, there were such places in our lives.

I remember the first time I heard of Brackettville I thought Lyndon was delirious. He was sick. I forget which one of these many instances, but I didn't think he was sick enough to be out of his head. But he was saying something like this, "Oh, God, I wish I could get away. I wish I didn't have to think about all this. I wish I could just go down to Brackettville." I thought to myself, "What in the world is Brackettville?" It would have

made sense if he said, oh, some coastal resort area. Later on I did find out, and in Lynda and Luci's youth, I guess from the time Luci was about two on for six or eight years, we went many times to Brackettville. Talking about the year 1946 I do think that that was still a little bit in the future.

Oh, I just cannot forget that in the women's division, which we were talking about a moment ago, that Bess Beeman's name has got to be in capital letters. She's the one who carried the petition, got about as I remember twenty-three thousand signatures. She worked on it sort of in tandem with Jake Pickle. And Dorothy Plyler was a strong right arm in that time, and so was Jerry Wilke, smiling little Jerry, at the front desk getting everybody off to a good start. This is truly sad, I cannot remember her first name, but her last name was Wade [Sarah Wade]. She was a friend of Willie Day Taylor's. She was just about the best telephone operator that ever was, could handle six of them just like James Dick playing the piano, and participated in several of our campaigns.

G: She didn't work for the station, did she?

J: No. I remember [her] at interludes in our lives in campaigns, indefatigable and loving and just one of those marvelous things that happen to you in political life, some of the friends that you make. So that year came to an end.

I remember after Christmas we went back to Washington. I do not know whether we drove or went on the train, but I distinctly remember getting out at the front door of 4921 Thirtieth Place, Northwest, with that *innumerable* bunch of bags and things and everything that accompany you when you have a two-and-a-half-year-old child. I was feeling pretty wretched really, and immediately somebody came to me with the news--I

don't remember whether it was a telephone call or a telegram, but that Aunt Effie had just died. There was the problem: shall I go to Billingsley? If I'm going to get there for the funeral I will have to leave today. I had at that point already had one very serious loss of a child, a miscarriage, and several other episodes. I called my doctor and he says, "I do not think you should." It's one of those things that you're never really happy with the answer. It is probably wiser that I did not go. On the other hand, I will always be a little sad that I didn't. Aunt Effie was buried in Billingsley right beside Uncle Claud and right beside her mother and father in a cemetery which I visit every summer that I go to Alabama. Actually, it's getting so that a lot of my visits to East Texas and to Alabama involve going to different cemeteries. This is a very country, rather sweet little cemetery. I remember Lyndon saying when I took him there once that he liked it and he wanted a tombstone just like that.

But I cannot let 1946 close without saying a little bit about what a place that simple, red brick house on 4921 Thirtieth Place was filling in our lives. We were just enjoying it so much, the screened back porch had a comfortable sort of a swing in it and lots of beat-up old chairs, and eventually it came to have a big chaise that was a gift from the Tom Clarks. Another gift from the Tom Clarks was an absolutely huge baby buggy, which somebody jokingly said, "Have you got a little pony to pull it?" But I used to put her in it and wheel her all over the area. By 1946 I was getting pretty adept--I think I may have mentioned this--at collecting for the Red Cross in the blocks around there. I had covered them ever since we had moved there in the fall of 1942. I began covering them and all during the war years, went around quite a few blocks, learned a lot about my

neighbors and about human beings and their generosity or lack of it.

Lynda was just a never-ceasing source of amazement and amusement to us. I remember she had a little snowsuit with ears like rabbits on the top. I would take her down to the Capitol and to her daddy's office and show her all of the great men, especially Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin, in the Hall of Heroes. Lyndon, for all that he protested that he hadn't seen enough of his children in their growing-up years and he didn't do enough toward raising them, was not forgetful of that. One Saturday he took her to the circus and one Saturday to the zoo. That may have been later on in the spring of 1947 when I was getting on toward having Luci.

Our house was a real gathering place for our friends, members of the Texas delegation, the Naval Affairs Committee, other friends in Congress, a small but very good bunch of newspaper people, and always, always, visiting Texans. Because believe me, we were at their disposal and I was Lyndon's proxy in that regard.

Sometimes we'd go out for an evening of dining and dancing in the Blue Room at the Shoreham. That was a big night with us. Barnee I believe--was it Barnee? Does that name click with you? Barnee Breeskin. At any rate, the man who led the orchestra did so for about forty years or so and knew everybody in town and always struck up some of their favorite music. When we finally began to be prominent enough to be of any interest he knew us, too.

G: How often would you go? Maybe once a month or once every two weeks?

J: Oh, more than likely, if we got to go as much as once a month it would be wonderful. One of our neighbors close by was Sol Taishoff, who was head of *Broadcasting*

magazine. Lyndon, of course, was forever wanting to learn more about managing the business and trying to push me, soft-soap me, flatter me, *make me* learn more.

G: Now you had a two-year-old daughter and had to spend a great deal of time in Washington. Did you withdraw somewhat from the station now that it was in the black?

J: Yes. Yes, I definitely did. That is from day-to-day work. As I recall, we early instituted this policy of asking for a weekly report from each of the salesmen and a running total on what each salesman [did], the amount he had sold that week and that year-to-date, and the income year-to-date, and right by the side of it, last year's, for a comparison. There also were many, many years that I signed every check, except payroll checks because they just had to be done on time and that very day. But I think I pretty much quit the checks and all of that when we went into the vice presidency and completely quit it the day we went into the presidency.

And early and always I was in love with Washington in the spring and I have loads of pictures, both movies and stills--because that camera Lyndon gave me really did yeoman service--of Lynda Bird running through the tulips around the fountains and standing under the cherry trees, of me holding her up in the branches and somebody else taking them. We'd have kinfolks--Leila Clark, Ed Clark's daughter, a young girl, fourteen, sixteen, something like that, came up to visit us, and Lyndon's kinfolks and my Alabama kinfolks.

(Interruption)

G: This segment's recorded on February 21, [1981].

J: And so, the year 1947 began with a major change in my life, Aunt Effie's death and the

departure of a long and gentle influence. Another change, the Republicans took over for the first time in sixteen years. The Speaker was no longer speaker. The Democrats all got together and took up a collection and bought him a Cadillac to replace the one that he had had the use of all the years as speaker. I remember Frank Boykin of Alabama, that most colorful person--he could have walked right onto the stage without a bit of training or makeup, playing a sort of a humorous role.

The first big drama of the year was always the State of the Union Message. That is a picture in my mind I shall always remember. I would take my seat in the family gallery, always early, because I liked the theater and there was no better piece of theater. Below in the House chamber the senators would come in in a body. The Democrats would always be on one side, the Republicans on the other. Up at the front the members of the cabinet--everybody filed in sort of *en masse* and were announced by the stentorian voice of [William] Fishbait Miller. At least in my time, I do not remember any other character.

First he would have--and here in spite of my saying that it was all engraved on my mind, I cannot remember the specific order, whether the cabinet came first or is it justices of the Supreme Court. But at least they came in *en masse* and occupied the front rows. The members of the diplomatic corps were right adjacent to the family gallery. This great building, having been built in the very earliest years of the nineteenth century, when so few countries sent envoys to the United States, with the burgeoning of new countries, especially in Africa, it was much too crowded. At any rate, the diplomatic gallery was full of the wives of the corps. Down on the floor you would see the diplomats. In the

early years they would come dressed in the native clothes of their country. Once more the years sort of meld together. When was the big explosion of new nations in Africa? Was that in the fifties, or did it not come about until the sixties?

G: I think in the fifties it started.

J: In any case, in 1947 the diplomatic corps was still of a fairly manageable size.

Then, finally, when everybody was in place, Fishbait Miller would announce in his stentorian voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the United States!" and to the farthest rafter you could hear him. The president would come in, escorted by leaders from both parties, everybody just smiling, everybody rising to their feet, everybody giving a standing ovation, no matter how much that man, whoever he might be, was hated and excoriated. I don't remember a time when he didn't get a rousing welcome on that day. He went up and took his place with the president *pro tem* of the Senate and the speaker of the House--the vice president and the speaker of the House behind him. Right?

G: Of course, there would be no [vice president].

J: The speaker of the House, certainly.

G: But until 1948, there would be no [vice president].

J: Let's see. When Truman was in there there was no vice president until 1949. Right?

G: Right.

J: So it would have had to have been the president *pro tem* of the Senate. This was the day I always looked forward to. Each year you really felt like the year was beginning with the State of the Nation [Union] speech was given.

Soon after, in January, for many many years, would come the visit of Mr. Rayburn's sisters, headed by Miss Lou. This year in 1947 we got the letter announcing that she would be paying her annual visit soon, and we said we wanted to get on the list to get her to come to visit us.

G: Did they still call Speaker Rayburn "Mr. Speaker," even though he was in the minority now?

J: His good friends did. I'm sure that that did not extend--

G: Is that what President Johnson called him, or did he call him Sam during this period, do you know?

J: I don't really remember. I think it would have been Mr. Sam, or Mr. Speaker.

Tape 2 of 2

J: Trouble was boiling up in the Middle East with the British trying to keep the lid on around Jerusalem. I do not remember specifically what was going on, but I remember it was a conversation. The world became concerned with it, as it's continued to be for the next four decades. There was a constitutional amendment to limit a presidential term to two four-year terms, a sort of a revulsion against Roosevelt's having been in for so long. Incidentally, one person, Representative [Emanuel] Celler, put forward a suggestion for a single six-year term, but it was defeated.

G: How did President Johnson get along with President Truman during this period, do you know?

J: Got along just fine is my recollection. Was sometimes against him, but never anything but just getting along fine.

This was another one of the years of estate management, although this time it was no controversy at all, simple and easy, because Aunt Effie had a well-organized will. In fact, she had written it and rewritten it a couple of times in the last five years of her life. An old friend of ours, Red James, Ervin James, who had entered our lives through Cliff Durr and the FCC [Federal Communications Commission]--he was a native Alabamian, and he looked after her estate for us.

G: [Do you] remember anything on the sale of the Big Inch and Little Inch Pipelines to Texas Eastern?

J: No, I don't really, except that that was a large topic of conversation. During the war years we felt that they were big achievements. George Brown was I think a part of it in some way, was he not?

G: Yes, I think they built a lot of it.

J: Yes. There was one interesting thing that took place that cropped up much later in my life. It was a very hard winter in Europe and there were shortages of food and fuel. I think it was President Truman who sent former President [Herbert] Hoover over there to study the situation and recommend what the United States ought to do. Years later, visiting the Truman Library, taken through by President Truman himself, there was a letter just lying open on a desk, not yet filed or put on display. Apparently they hadn't decided what to do with it. I read it, and it was from Hoover to Truman, and it said something like, "Thank you for returning me to the only type of service for which I am fitted"--that is, public service. It was much more gracefully and deeply expressed than I am quoting, and also it was a little poignant. It pleased me to think that it should have

been a member of the opposite party who did that.

G: Truman, I gather, felt that Hoover had been abused and had not been treated fairly after his presidency. Do you recall that? Did he ever talk about that?

J: That's the only evidence that I've come across of it. I know that Lyndon lived to flinch at his own memories of what he had said about Hoover Hogs--that's armadillos, you know--and "Do you want to go back to the days of the Depression?" Well, he was very much blamed for things that were far more universal than one man could control. I know all us Democrats were some of those who wielded the stilettos and we shouldn't, but you come to find that out a lot more when you're in the position of the president.

There were strikes. There was a good deal of dissension and it was not a particularly happy year on the national scene. It was a very happy year on my small domestic scene, though, because I was getting what I wanted. I was just real pleased, also sort of surprised, that apparently I was going to have another child. My doctor was even more surprised than I was because of the tubular pregnancy and the loss of one tube.

We started Lynda Bird to a nursery school. She was three years old that March. She and Mr. Sam were great friends, and he would always talk to her when he came to see us. He had that amazing quality of not talking down to children, but of acting like they had something in common, and they were the same age. He brought us some gardening tools, and told her that they were going to make a garden. Well, that garden never came into being, at least not by their mutual efforts, but they sure did have a lot of happy conversation about it. That backyard, in fact, gave us eighteen years of pleasure. I am sure I have already described our liberty garden, so to speak, victory garden, that was

the name of it, victory garden--everybody had one during the war years--with Bill Deason doing most of the work.

Other things I loved about that backyard were the peonies, the most exquisite peonies in a flower bed that extended across the rear. And then there were the climbing roses that climbed up the fence and the garage of my next-door neighbor on the left-hand side, Dr. [O. E.] Reed, who became our friend for two decades. He and his gentle little wife were lovely neighbors. Then there were some beautiful hydrangeas, blue, and I was always trying to turn them pink, or maybe it's the other way around. Are you enough of a gardener to know? Anyhow, you put some iron in the soil and old nails are said to be very good for that purpose, and the color of the flowers change.

Right behind us all of those years was absolute wilderness, no more houses. We talked about buying the lot behind us, this empty wilderness and perhaps having a tennis court or something. We never did anything about it. We really let some chances slip through our hands, because what we couldn't predict is as soon as materials were available after the war--as we certainly could have predicted it, but we were too busy with today's business--the long pent-up need for housing just burst forth and new houses just went up everywhere, including all behind this dear old place at 4921 Thirtieth Place, Northwest. The little rabbits that used to hop into our backyard in the early dewy morning, we didn't see quite as many of them anymore.

G: Why tennis courts?

J: Well, we were always talking about getting more exercise. I'm afraid we did not do much about it.

G: Did President Johnson play tennis?

J: No. He played golf. He belonged to Burning Tree [Country Club]; he became a member early on. I rather imagine it was under the influence of Stu Symington. Everybody tells me that he drove awfully well, but was sometimes pretty poor in those little short shots right up to the cup. He didn't play as much as he should have.

I remember legislatively that year he was: one, strong for national defense and always expressing that at every opportunity, although in revulsion against the war, there was just a wave of wanting to just disband the army, get all the "boys," as they were called, home, and just put the war behind us forever. He kept on saying that you had to maintain a strong defense. Truman's doctrine of containment was coming into being and we were building up toward the Marshall Plan. Then Truman asked Congress for military assistance to Greece and Turkey to ward off a communist takeover, and that occupied a good deal of the legislative year.

Also, sometime that spring Lyndon's mama went back to Scott and White [Hospital] for an operation. She was there several times. I believe this operation was for gall bladder. It took her a long time to recuperate. Lyndon went down, stayed as much as his strong sense of business would permit. He was a very loving son. In general it was a fairly good period in his family life.

G: Wasn't Sam Houston [Johnson] staying in Washington then?

J: Yes, and he lived with us certainly a large part of the time. Sometimes he would live with us as much as six months at a time, and sometimes they would be pleasant times. He could be a very interesting and amiable companion, and he and Lynda Bird just were

good friends. But then of course there were the years of his alcoholism, which was a *great* distress to Lyndon. His life was a roller coaster of ups and downs.

There were strikes among the coal miners and the telephone operators. I myself was just feeling fine. We thought the baby was going to be born the latter days of June, and Lyndon got to be very dutiful about taking Lynda Bird sometimes places that I didn't feel like taking her. He took her to the circus one Saturday and to the zoo one Saturday, and he said she was a mighty curious, interested little girl and never stopped talking.

We felt sure that we were going to have a boy. We talked about names. My very favorite would have been after my father, Thomas Jefferson Taylor, any portion of that, or all of it. I also considered, a little bit, Bill Douglas, because he was a good friend of ours. I admired him very much; so did Lyndon. Their ways eventually became strained, but most of our lives together we were close. So it was a happy time, within the circle of our home.

Wallace was touring Europe speaking out against Truman's containment policy and people were calling him a Communist. I remember Aubrey Williams, our old and forever friend, was defending him. Lyndon was writing Aubrey that he just could not see eye-to-eye with him on Wallace. He said, "You cannot appease a bully." A source of our philosophy, a source of our judgment, was then and always Senator Wirtz. He would tell Lyndon over and over that appeasement would always fail, and he had seen it fail with Hitler, and it would fail with any dictator, whether he was Nazi, fascist or communist. Lyndon would say that he saw no difference between Nazism and communism.

G: Was this, do you think, the Soviet advances in Eastern Europe that caused him to feel this

way?

J: Well, so far as I know, it was just an always, deep-seated distrust of communism, except for that brief interlude when we had to embrace them, so to speak, to preserve both of us. He always thought also that you ought to just back off and give them a chance to be friends, but keep your strength up. He told Senator Wirtz one time that the last time he spoke at any length on the floor of the House was when he appealed to his colleagues to refuse to send our army home and to see that we maintained the strength and remained prepared. And he asked Senator Wirtz to prepare him a good letter on--speaking up for the President's request for Greek-Turkish aid, and give him all the bones of it, the reasons of it, which he himself felt but which he loved Wirtz' very succinct way of putting it. He said, "You write it up and then we'll let Paul Bolton simonize it and send it on to me and I'll make use of it."

In our household we had a very nice black girl named Patsy [White]. She and Zephyr [Wright] divided the work of the house and Patsy especially took care of Lynda Bird and was going to be prepared to take care of next person. Mrs. Johnson, Lyndon's mother, always came to see us once a year. This particular year we were hoping she could come on late in the spring, if she recovered enough. I know that she was indeed there when one of the children was born, maybe both of them. I also remember that Ruth Taylor came up to see us, and I think that she was there probably when Luci was born.

In the office there was Glynn Stegall, that smiling, gentle human. There was just no end to his loyalty and his industry. He also was sort of an innocent person on whom people played jokes. I hope Lyndon never played a really wicked one on him, but I

remember one time he had a car that, oh, he was so proud of it; it was the delight of his life. One morning when he was sitting there banging his typewriter away, Lyndon walked in the room, and looked out the window and said, "Glynn, is that a green Chevrolet you have?" And Glynn said, "Yessuh." He got very excited when he was spoken to by anybody in authority. He said, "Does it have a"--some kind of an ornament--"on the front?" "Yessuh." He said, "Glynn, it's driving out of the parking lot down there. Did you tell somebody to take it off to get worked on or anything?" Glynn jumped up and nearly had a heart attack before he could run downstairs to see, and nobody was driving out of the parking lot. There it sat. Lyndon was just being very, very bad.

G: Good story. Who else was on the staff then?

J: Mary [Rather] was there. And I do believe, by 1947, early in 1947, that Walter [Jenkins] was back. Walter at some point ran for Congress, but I think he came back to us as soon as he could when the war was over and stayed with us another couple of years before he made his run for Congress. I do not remember just what year it was.

We were getting letters from old friends, such as Houston Harte, that we had better begin making plans for next summer. That would mean for 1948 for running for the Senate. That question came up over and over. I remember Houston Harte and Senator Wirtz.

G: How did you feel about that?

J: Oh, I was all for it. I had no reluctance. The only reluctance I ever felt for any of those was that I knew in 1964 that I wanted him to run one more time and then no more. Nothing that happened between 1964 and 1968 changed my mind to make me want to

run again.

David Lilienthal became head of the AEC, Atomic Energy Commission, and there was a lot of talk about him being soft on communism. I guess that was the beginning of the feeling that boiled up. That boil finally came to a head and was lanced with Senator [Joseph] McCarthy sometime in the early or middle fifties. But at any rate, it was much talked at that time.

G: President Johnson voted for the Taft-Hartley Act that year. Do you remember the circumstances?

J: Yes, he did. I am sure a lot of times people trying to write about him must be concerned about just how liberal, just how conservative is this man. Which is he? I think the fact is that he wanted everybody to work, and be willing to work, and at the same time he didn't want anybody to be without, and he voted for school lunches and he voted for food relief for Europe and Asia, as I recall. He voted for Taft-Hartley. And he was very, very strong on everything for national defense and for the strength of this country. So where does that bring you out? I guess it brings you out an old-fashioned, sort of middle-of-the-roader, a mixture of conservative and liberal.

G: I guess there are really two theories of representative government; one, that the representative is elected to use his own judgment and vote an informed vote as he thinks best. And the other is more or less that he's supposed to represent the wishes of his constituents.

J: The voice of his people.

G: Yes.

J: And when you cease to be their voice they put you out and look for someone who does speak for them. He was always aware of that and always respectful of that. On the other hand, he did try to lead them just as far as they would go.

G: Do you recall any votes in particular that he felt were unpopular with his constituents, but he voted this particular way because he thought he was right in doing it?

J: Yes, as the years went on he began to do that more and more on civil rights things. And for instance, by the time we reached the presidency, that is your last chance to make your statement, and--from then on you don't go anyplace. Certainly then he did something--he did many things for civil rights that cost him dearly in long-term friends, because indeed most of his basic deep-rooted friends were southerners.

At home, I was beginning to look at our house and it was really a very modestly furnished house. I was beginning to think about improving it and making it better, and oh, how I did want to. So I would take the income from Alabama and go to see Miss Genevieve Hendricks, a very excellent decorator there in Washington whom I met through a course at the club I think, the Congressional Club. I've already spoken to you I know about on Friday afternoons we would have a tea and we would have an ambassador or a cabinet member, or maybe somebody would try to educate us in the history of decoration or something about art. So she gave a course, longer than a one-afternoon business, on decorating. My mind was turning longingly in that direction. I think it was in 1947 that I began to improve the quality of the house by buying--and here I'm not sure whether the couch came first or the chandelier for the dining room, and the dining room table, and the dining room chairs. But at any rate, in the course of from, say, 1947 all

through the fifties this was a thread of my life, to improve bit by bit.

Miss Hendricks took one look at our living room and said, "You need a great big couch against that wall and then a big mirror behind it, because it will increase the size of the room. And you just must put some sort of a mantel over that hideous red brick façade there," which we did, a frame one with some nice molding. And on top of that I began to put the Doughty birds, which dear Neva and Wesley began giving us at each Christmas sometime along about here, a pair of Doughty birds which are now priceless, except, alas, that years of many visitors and, as time went on, active children, sometimes played havoc with those delicate pieces of art.

So, a family joke has become, in trying to determine the date of a picture I think, I was looking at the size of Luci, a baby, and I was noticing that we were sitting on the big couch which I had bought as one of the first improvements. I pondered to myself, now which came first, Luci or the couch? Luci, by this time a grown young woman, just rose up in wrath; equating her with the couch just didn't please her at all. So it's sort of a family joke, and I still don't remember quite which came first, except that I do know that I began doing things in 1947, and I soon had a lovely historic scenic print on the walls of the small, modest dining room, and a nice English Duncan Phyfe table.

G: Were you interested in antiques at this point?

J: I really didn't aspire to antiques. It is funny; I did not spend nearly as much money as I could actually have afforded. I felt that I could spend all of the Alabama money, and I always did it on something of a permanent nature, like an improvement at KTBC or furniture for the house, and I would have been furious, I think, at having spent it on

something like the grocery bill. Lyndon always took care of that, all of the business of living, and I took care of the business of long-term investments and/or the few personal indulgences that we permitted ourselves.

G: Speaking of the grocery bill, he seems to have had people over for dinner an awful lot back then.

J: Constantly, and it was a great pleasure and frequently a challenge. Fortunately, Zephyr was an excellent cook and elastic. People, some of them, have said that she just didn't have the best disposition in the world. I didn't find it so. She was always ready if Mr. Johnson wanted to add four people or six people on an hour's notice. She could always take something out of the deep freeze. Or maybe if one dish was a little short, she'd stretch another one or add another one. We canned--I think at that time I don't believe freezing had come into being as much, but we put up out of the garden as much as we could. There was a marvelous market to which we would go and buy, in season, fresh vegetables and fruits and just eat them like gluttons and also put them up. I did the shopping myself at the local Safeway. It was Lyndon's joke that I would spend two hours trying to get something for two cents less, which wasn't quite true, but I still was very much aware of what everything cost. To go back through checkbooks of that time is really amusing.

G: Do you think you were too thrifty during this period?

J: It certainly didn't seem to hurt me any. (Laughter) But I do think that I could have stood up better beside some of the society that he thrust me into if I had spent more, and cared more, on clothes. Caring is just as important as spending, because I think it's just as

much a matter of grooming and accessories as it is of the initial cost of whatever the dress is. That always mattered so much to Lyndon, and not enough to me. It took me a long, long time to see the error of my ways and I really think he was very forgiving in lots of ways.

G: You two seemed to have been opposite in one sense, you being thrifty and he on the other hand almost extravagantly inclined in terms of buying something for somebody or spending money on this or that. Was this a problem?

J: No, not really. He only bought when he could. As long as he was making two-eighty-seven a month as a secretary or ten thousand a year as a congressman, he, too, was thrifty. But he made quick decisions and he spent what he had quickly and, yes, rather lavishly.

G: He was always buying presents for people or doing others.

J: Yes, and it gave him great pleasure and sometimes--I remember one time he took me and Gene Lasseter to New York. He loved to see the women that he cared about dress up in dresses and then parade out in front of him and he said, "Let's get that one." Then he'd say, "And let's get that one." And he said, "Nope, that's mule color. You're all the time trying to get thin and what do you want to put on something that's so full it makes you look fat anyway." He always had extremely positive opinions about clothes. I remember one funny time when he bought a hat for me and it was a way-out, extraordinary hat. It was sort of a turban of various shades of satin. It was really a very handsome hat if you wore it with a lot of distinction. I said, "Lyndon, I just don't quite know whether this will do or not. It's a lot of hat. Do you like it?" He said, "Like it? I like it so much I'm just

scared they don't have two." The funny thing was he then turned around, they did have two, and he got one just like it for Gene, not realizing that it would be the bane of women's existence to show up in the same identical hat. However, right now I want to explain that she lived sixteen hundred miles away and so we never met wearing the same hat.

G: That's great. He liked women to wear bright clothes, didn't he?

J: Oh, indeed he did. "Mule color" was one of his favorite expressions, and that was absolutely thumbs down. He liked yellow and orange and coral and red especially on me, and black and white, positive colors. Anything that was dull he didn't like. On the other hand, he was unpredictable. Sometimes he would like something that you would never think he would like. Then, I remember he didn't like lavender and orchid, which alas, was his mother's favorite color, and we really had a lot of trouble trying to get her lavender and orchid, which we would sometimes slip by. He loved to buy her clothes, but I think I've mentioned that before.

Meanwhile, all during that spring and as summer wore on, there was the recurring theme of "are we going to run next year?" And also, Lyndon mentioned several times to me and in letters to friends that we might take a little trip after the baby was born and Congress was out and after we got to Texas. *Marvelous* ideas began to hatch in my mind of Paris, of Rome, or Rio de Janeiro. There was word of taking John and Nellie [Connally] along. All of that was fine. I all my life never could get enough trips. Little did I know how this trip when it came about was going to turn out.

[End of Tape 2 of 2 and Interview XX]