

been sizable crowds, although our route had not been announced. Announcement of the visit had not been publicly made until about 5 o'clock this afternoon. Helicopters had gone ahead of us all the way, and a good many New York policemen were stationed along the route and at all the overpasses.

Bobby and Lyndon immediately began a very earnest conversation about what the first acts should be, when the Civil Rights Bill was passed. They spoke of the possibility of calling a meeting of Governors from the states affected by the public accommodations measure. There are, apparently, nineteen states, not all Southern states, that do not have a public accommodations law. This would take the onus off the Southern states, if a meeting of Governors from all nineteen states were called to work out measures for a peaceful enforcement and transition. They also discussed appointing a mediator—Lyndon very much wants a Southerner—to handle the complaints when they begin rolling in.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Saturday, June 20

I slept late, self-indulgently, woke to read first the news about the airplane crash—the details are still not clear—in which Ted Kennedy's back was broken. The plane plummeted in an apple orchard, on top of a knoll, just before making the approach to the airport. Miraculously, Senator Birch Bayh and his wife Marvella escaped with minor injuries.

I called Mrs. Rose Kennedy first—maybe that shows the generation I'm in—my mind going back to last Tuesday night, when I had seen her, so slim and elegant and young-looking, in New York. Now she suffers one more blow. Her voice was calm and steady—what a load she has had to carry!

Then I called the Northampton hospital, hoping to reach some member of Senator Bayh's family and wound up with Dr. Thomas Corriden. He reported on Birch and Marvella, but said I couldn't talk to either of them. He asked me if I'd like to speak to Joan Kennedy. She was the first person who used the word "paralysis," dread and frightening word, as something that hung over them but not at all as though it could really happen. Joan was quick to say that Teddy could use both his arms and his legs, but they didn't know yet the condition of the broken bones in his back—and surgery was indefinite. His executive assistant had already died and the pilot had died immediately when the plane crashed.

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Later the Boggs came over and I talked with Hale, asking him questions about the progress of Civil Rights in the House. He said they had set July 4 as passage day, and barring unexpected troubles, would achieve it. Now, with victory in sight, everybody's mind turns to the problems that victory will bring in its wake. No solutions yet, not for a decade, or several decades—but tension and trouble, and probably bloodshed lie ahead. But it is a path that has to be taken—a step forward long overdue.

Thursday, July 2

Today is Luci's seventeenth birthday! Seventeen was a very special year for me—the year I began falling in love with somebody new each April! Luci at seventeen is a beauty, much more grown-up and very much more a woman than I was at that age. While Lyndon and I were having breakfast, we asked her to join us. I showed her the nightgowns and robes I had selected—two from which she was to choose one set—and found to my chagrin that the hair piece, which was a very personal and "surprise" gift, had been delivered to her bedroom instead of mine, so she knew all about it. (This latter gift was given partly in self-defense, to keep her from borrowing mine, which she has been doing on special occasions.)

Later in the day Lyndon sent her a sweet note and a yellow rose, and Luci and Lynda and I had lunch together in my bedroom. Zephyr had made a lemon birthday cake with eighteen candles on it, one to grow on, which Luci cut before realizing that she would have to take it down later in the day to show it to the press. Her birthday pictures displayed the cake with a large hunk cut out of it.

The news story I liked best about Luci's birthday reported that she said she was glad to have a day off to sleep late and "wash my hair." But on the other hand she said that her job as optometry assistant to Dr. Robert Kraskin was just "thrilling and I couldn't ask for anything better." She plans to become a medical assistant working in cancer research. That is great. I couldn't ask for anything better!

In the background of today there is always present in my mind, and I am sure in Lyndon's mind, the fact that this is the ninth anniversary of his serious heart attack. For the first few years we passed those milestones stepping softly with great trepidation. Now we act almost as though the heart attack had not been, though Lyndon and I will not forget.

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In the middle of the afternoon came the big news of the day—the big news of the last six months and perhaps of the whole year. “Civil Rights Bill Passes House. LBJ’s signature makes it a law today. The House voted final Congressional passage of an historic Civil Rights Bill today and President Johnson arranged to sign it into the law of the land within a matter of hours.” The vote was 289 to 126.

At 6:30 there was a ceremony in the East Room, the signing of the Civil Rights Bill, complete with TV coverage. All the leaders of Congress were lined up behind Lyndon as he signed the bill with some several scores of pens—each one could hardly have written one single letter. Mike Mansfield, Everett Dirksen, Hale Boggs, Attorney General Kennedy, all the members of the legislative branch or the enforcement branch who were concerned with the bill, were present. It was a dramatic occasion, and there was a really magnificent televised statement by Lyndon.

One odd thing happened. When Lyndon had finished speaking, Hubert Humphrey went up to see whether he could have the copy of the statement that Lyndon had read to preserve for historic purposes, and it had vanished. Some of the newspaperwomen asked me what I thought of the law, and I said my mind went back to the Civil Rights Bill of 1957 and all those many, many nights, some thirty-seven nights, Lyndon had spent working for its passage—at his desk in the Senate Chamber or on a cot in the Capitol and I had taken hot meal after hot meal and change of clothes after change of clothes to him—so this was just another step in a long chain of steps.

As I had slipped quietly into a seat, I noticed Attorney General Kennedy sitting in the front row. This bill that his brother had sponsored so ardently and had pinned so much hope on, that Bobby himself has pushed, has now finally come to passage because, I believe, of the earnest, dogged work and the legislative expertise of Lyndon. I left the East Room feeling that I had seen the beginning of something in this nation’s history, fraught with untold good and much pain and trouble.

There were several hours of “wrapping up” business and then a call from Lyndon, making a suggestion as though he had just thought of it: “What do you think? We might just get off to Texas tonight.” I was all for it. I was every bit ready. Bags were packed. Willie Day Taylor was standing by to chaperone Luci. We had a bite of dinner. And at 10:30, we got in the chopper on the South Lawn with a high sense of elation, the best feeling of achievement that we have had so far, because the last two weeks have really been productive, with the signing of the Civil

Rights Bill, the Foreign Aid Bill, and a goodly mass of legislation accomplished.

Lyndon and I, Bill Moyers, Vicki, and our Secret Service agents heli-coptered to Andrews. We flew to the Ranch in the *Jetstar*, so we didn’t have to stop in Austin. Exhilarated with that sense of adventure and youth and release, the perfect beginning for a vacation, we landed at the LBJ Ranch about midnight Texas time. This was one of those rare nights, starry in every way, when one does not think about tomorrow, a wonderful sense of euphoria rarely attained.

Monday, July 6

LBJ RANCH

Today should be full of work and I am in a humor to do it. Three days of play is enough for me. But when Lyndon insisted that I go over to the Scharnhorst Ranch with him, it was one last chance that I couldn’t pass up, so I went with him. Jesse Kellam had joined us, his presence always a comfort. He’s been by our side since the early thirties as friend and companion, and for nearly twenty years he has managed our family business. We met A. W. there, and then drove around the prettiest ranch of all. I love that new road built precipitously along the edge of the cliff looking down into the valley. The huge boulders that rise on each side almost meet above the road—a perfect place to “hold up a stagecoach”!

There was much talk of the pressing question. Lyndon wants to get out. But there is no way out now. As Ed Weisl expressed it, looking at me, shocked, “Bird, I don’t know any honorable way for him *not* to run.” A. W. was the most subtle of us. He said to Lyndon: “We just want you to do whatever is best for you, and you are the only man that can make up your mind.” Jesse was cool and forthright. He said, “Speaking as a selfish citizen, I hope that you will run. And then, when and if you are elected, I hope you will make an announcement right away that you are one President who is going to hold the job down for four years, if you live, and do the best you can for everybody, black and white, Democrat and Republican, and not seek reelection.”

These three days at the Ranch have been idyllic. In the long twilight the big clouds come rolling up, first pink and then fading through every shade to silver gray. The katydids make the music of summer and it is the time of fireflies, especially in the grove of trees down by the river. My

wagons, and on foot from settlement homes, nurseries, churches, and elementary schools to attend the show, all of them selected by the United Givers Fund.

Two clowns led me to my seat, and I found myself between Joyce Waffan, a bubbly little blonde, and Towana Johnson, a quiet, decorous Negro child. And in a sea of children. Jerry Kivett was practically invisible somewhere behind me, and Liz nowhere to be seen, but the press and TV, with a forest of cameras, were right in front of me. When I saw how pleased Joyce was at having her picture made, I thought even that was a good idea. Presently the press disappeared, and I enjoyed "the greatest show on earth," with a very appreciative audience, for two hours. The children enjoyed the cotton candy—everyone got a cone—almost as much as they enjoyed what they were viewing.

Sunday, March 7

We went to the Christian Church—Lyndon and I and Lynda and Paul Dresser. The coffee hour afterward always turns into a receiving line, and in no time at all half the states of the Union had been represented by the churchgoers who filed past. Lyndon has an absolute talent for finding the most lovable little girls or boys and striking up a conversation with them. This time was no exception. There was a little girl in a red velvet dress—I later found her name was Kimberley Fry—completely uninhibited, who liked nothing better than to be picked up by Lyndon and bounced and kissed, all to the delight of the photographers. They were also delighted as we filed out of the church to see Lynda Bird with a date and soon were telephoning Liz as to his identity.

Tonight the Bill Whites came to dinner, and the Jack Brooks and Congressman Pickle, and Clark Clifford (Marry's cruising the Caribbean with old friends from St. Louis days) and the Jack Valentis. In talking about a certain Congressman, someone remarked, "He couldn't pass The Lord's Prayer in the House," and Jack Brooks said, "Not even if the Lord returned and spoke in favor of it." It was one of those easy evenings when you feel you can talk about anything and not be afraid it will wind up on the front page.

For some time I have been swimming upstream against a feeling of depression and relative inertia. I flinch from activity and involvement, and yet I rust without them. Lyndon lives in a cloud of troubles, with few rays

THE Life is lived these days against the backdrop of air strikes by
WHITE HOUSE our planes in Vietnam, attacks on our Embassies—this week
Wednesday, it's another in Moscow involving stones and ink bottles hurled
March 3, by mobs of students and other dissidents—and a rising mur-
1965 mur of the press here in Washington about secretiveness or
not enough press conferences. But we still read that more
than 80 percent of the people approve of the record Lyndon
is making. It's like shooting the rapids, every moment a new
struggle, every moment a new direction—trying to keep the
craft level and away from the rocks, and no still water in sight.

I worked at my desk and was in small meetings until about
3:30 and then took a break to go to the circus. Ringling
Brothers had invited six thousand underprivileged children
who have rarely if ever had a chance to see a circus before,
and they had invited me. I was delighted to go because I
wanted to say "thank you" to them for their generosity to all
these youngsters. The children had come in buses, station

of light. Now it is the Selma situation. Negroes are demonstrating for the right to vote, and the cauldron is boiling. In front of the White House pickets are marching—a not-unusual sight, but in this context there is more poignancy than before, I think, because Lyndon is a Southern President, because he received such a great vote from the Negroes last fall, because the right to vote has been the key to the whole Civil Rights issue that he has hammered and hammered on since 1957. But this was only one of the intractable problems. I am counting the months until March 1968 when, like Truman, it will be possible to say, "I don't want this office, this responsibility, any longer, even if you want me. Find the strongest and most able man and God bless you. Good-by."

In talking about the Vietnam situation, Lyndon summed it up quite simply, "I can't get out. I can't finish it with what I have got. So what the Hell can I do?"

Tuesday, March 9

The second meeting of my Beautification Committee was held today in the Yellow Room, where Nathaniel Owings showed slides of the history of the Mall, beginning with the original grand design of Pierre Charles l'Enfant. (L'Enfant sent Congress a bill for ninety thousand dollars for his year-long work on the City of Washington, and finally collected, I believe, three thousand dollars.) And then we progressed to the changes during the nineteenth century. Quite recently, there was a steam plant right in the middle of the Mall! Van Buren had been one of those Presidents with extensive plans for the Mall, but he got no place. The McMillan Commission in the early 1900's helped bring l'Enfant's vision closer to fruition.

Mr. Owings' plan includes a Sculpture Garden and outdoor restaurant in the large empty square between the Museum of Natural History and the National Gallery of Art. He wants to banish automobiles from the Mall area, divert traffic through tunnels underneath, build underground parking, use minibuses and your own feet for transportation up and down the Mall, have a reflecting pool at the Capitol-end of the Mall similar to the one in front of the Lincoln Memorial, and preserve the tapis vert, the long green ribbon that stretches majestically from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial. All of that is fine, but I hope very much to add some masses of color in the meantime, because the great plan as proposed will take a decade to finish.

About 11:30 we started out in gay, striped minibuses for our first planting—all thirty of us, Mary Lasker and Libby Rowe close at hand with me. We made our first stop at the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, where Dillon Ripley showed us his charming plan for awnings and tables and chairs on the terrace. Beginning in June the Museum will serve light refreshments and have music for visitors.

And then we stopped at the Mall where, bordering a heavy traffic area that crosses the Mall, there is a new bed of pansies, a long carpet of purple and gold. I planted a symbolic few to finish it.

The next stop was at one of the park triangles close to the Capitol, right in front of the HEW building, where Maryland and Virginia Avenues and Second Street converge. It is one of the 761 little parks—triangles or squares or circles—formed by the way l'Enfant first drew up the city. It was quite gray and dismal, with a little scabrous grass and a couple of leaning benches, but one or two nice trees. Nash Castro of the National Park Service had planted some very respectable-sized dogwood trees. (I was delighted that my report after my first trip down there—that they were just "little switches"—had caused him to plant some larger ones.)

Next our entourage of committee and press bounced along to Greenleaf Gardens, a housing area of modest brick row houses, where a small crowd of the neighborhood folks were gathered to greet us, including two school bands, which performed loudly and enthusiastically, if not perfectly. This is Walter Washington's bailiwick and his great enthusiasm. In fact, it was he who had talked me into saying a few words here. He introduced me and I made a short speech, with little children wandering around, the band at attention. The gist of the whole stop was what I told Stew Udall: that all of our efforts will fail unless people in these neighborhoods can see the challenge and do the work on their own front yards. It was a good start, a good morning.

But not for Lyndon. It was a day of tension and strain, with once-quiet little Selma dominating the news. To some extent the tension has eased. The marchers, led by the Reverend King, walked the prescribed distance—I believe it was across the bridge I have driven over so many times—and then turned around at a specified point and followed the Reverend King back, in accord with the court order. (I heard later that he did not know when he turned whether anyone would be following him.) Restraint of these forces was a victory for him and for the nation; this was sanity, a temporary lid on the volcano to grant time for the good

sense of the nation to take hold, and we have a strong Voting Rights Bill in Congress to save us from catastrophe.

Despite all the troubles, Lyndon was feeling good when we met for the Congressional reception at 6:30. This was the ninth of the lot. It was the usual working session, a long briefing that ended after 9, with the ladies starving for refreshments. John Connally was in town and later joined us and stayed after the Congressional guests departed, talking long in the bedroom with Lyndon. It was not until later that I learned about the ugly aftermath in Selma—the beating of the Reverend James Reeb that sent him to the hospital, making infinitely more dangerous the forces of tension and destruction in Selma and across the country. So it was one step forward and two steps backward.

Thursday, March 11

My day was divided among work on the Presidential Library, the Diplomatic Corps, and the tenth and last Congressional reception. It was played against the background of loud, incessant chanting from the Civil Rights marchers, parading with banners in front of the White House.

During our morning meeting Buzz answered the phone—to hear the startling news that some of the Civil Rights marchers had walked into the White House with the tourists, taken seats on the ground floor, and refused to budge. A sit-in in the White House! There were twelve of them, mostly young people. There was a brief hurried discussion about how to proceed with the tourists. It was Lyndon who decided to let them keep coming in and not close the White House, but to route them in such a way that they would not encounter the demonstrators. This left the protesters in quiet seclusion, alone on the ground floor, with a minimum number of White House guards. I would have loved to have had a peek, but that would have destroyed the whole solution.

For me, the second event of the day was to go to lunch at the Venezuelan Embassy, where Mrs. Enrique Tejera Paris, one of the loveliest young wives of the Diplomatic Corps, had invited the wives of all the Latin American Ambassadors to be with me. I had accepted several weeks ago, first, because I want to get to know the wives of the Diplomatic Corps better, and second, because Mrs. Tejera Paris is a member of my old International Group and I know and like her.

The luncheon sounded innocent enough, to meet all the wives to-

gether, and it was only later that I discovered, through the State Department, the hurdles along the way. One was that Mrs. Sevilla-Sacasa of Nicaragua, who is the wife of the Dean of the Corps, would probably feel she should have been the first to extend such a courtesy. This I solved (I hope), and once more it was Liz who thought of how to do it, by asking Mrs. Sevilla-Sacasa to accompany me in my car to the luncheon. I enjoyed the ride very much. Mrs. Sevilla-Sacasa is quite a woman—the mother of nine, refreshingly outspoken and really quite funny, a change in diplomatic circles. Another difficulty, I discovered, was that Venezuela, alas, does not have relations with some of its Latin American neighbors and, therefore, how could it invite the wives of all the Ambassadors? Solution: those wives just happened to be out of town at the time, thank Heavens. And most of the OAS Ambassadors' wives did come.

At 6:30 was the Congressional reception. One of the problems this time was how to get the guests past the twelve demonstrators, but they had departed, after some urging—very civilly done, I am told, by the police—around 6 o'clock.

We followed the pattern set by earlier receptions—briefings for the men, theater for the ladies, with a movie on White House art. Then upstairs for all the ladies who wished to go to the second floor, and into the State Dining Room for refreshments. We were very late in being joined by Lyndon and the Congressmen tonight. It was 9:30 when they emerged. These briefings have gotten longer and longer.

When the news came that the Reverend Reeb had died, Lyndon and I excused ourselves for a helpless, painful talk with Mrs. Reeb. But what is there to say? When we went upstairs we could hear the Congressional guests and the music still playing below; and out in front the chanting of the Civil Rights marchers. What a house. What a life.

The Ides of March, Monday, March 15

Today I am dieting. Endless cups of black coffee, one egg for lunch; I did sit down with Lyndon and Walter Lippmann, but for the conversation, not the food. I had a moment with Mr. West and Mr. Ketchum to discuss a letter from Mr. duPont about a possible offer of a lovely Aubusson rug from Mrs. Edward Hutton. We decided to accept it. We have had to get alternates for the Red Room and the Green Room. This will make an alternate for Mary Lasker's rug in the Blue Room.

As the afternoon wore on, the tension began to mount for everybody in Lyndon's office and especially for those concerned with the speech he was to make to the nation this night on the growing turmoil in our land. I called Mary V. Busby to ask if she would like one of the step seats I use in the Gallery, and she said yes indeed, she would. The four ministers with whom Lyndon had conferred—Monsignor George Higgins, Rabbi Uri Miller, the Reverend Eugene Carson Blake, and the Reverend Robert Spike—were guests in my Gallery, and I am very proud that J. Edgar Hoover accepted an invitation to sit in the front row with me. I asked Ramsey Clark and Diana MacArthur—Civil Rights is one of her big interests—and Governor Buford Ellington of Tennessee, and the Burke Marshalls—he, so recently retired, pitched right back in to work when the crisis began to mount.

At 6 o'clock the speech was being brought over to Lyndon a page at a time. He was going over it, scratching out lines, giving directions to Jack, who looked pale, harassed, his wonderful good humor almost at the breaking point. I could very nearly hear him groan whenever Lyndon marked out a line and wrote in something else. This was still going on at 7 o'clock, and he had to be on the stand delivering it at 9. It was about then that he said, "Let's close it up the way we closed the one [the State of the Union] where I talked about growing up in the Hill Country. Let's talk about teaching the Mexicans in Cotulla, the first job I had after I left college." That job had taught him what poverty and prejudice mean to a young person.

Thanks to Marvin and Jack, I can now divorce myself far more from these tensions than I could a few years ago. Paul Glynn handles Lyndon's clothes, which I always used to take care of, and the operator gets people on the telephonic.

It was 8:45 when I left with Lynda and Governor and Mrs. LeRoy Collins. Governor Collins has worked so hard as mediator all through the South. We went ahead of Lyndon to the Capitol and hurried to our Gallery, too late to see the pageantry of the entrance of the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the Senate. As I entered, the Chamber rose to applaud and I was as pleased as a sixteen-year-old. Back home to the Hill, and the Chamber rising for me!

And then Fishbait Miller's stentorian voice announcing, "The President of the United States." And in came Lyndon, marching down that familiar aisle, accompanied by long-time comrades-in-arms. I thought I could sense in the beginning he did not have the teleprompter. They

hadn't finished in those last few harried minutes, and the speech I held in my hand—the copy of it—came to an abrupt end two thirds of the way through. I looked at the Press Gallery, and I did not see copies in their hands. I suppose it simply did not reach them.

But the speech was good, and the delivery was great! I doubt that he had time to read it over even once in the finished version. The best part of it was toward the end when he talked about his first teaching job in a small Mexican-American school in Cotulla, Texas. "My students were poor and they often came to class without breakfast, hungry. They knew even in their youth the pain of prejudice. . . . Somehow you never forget what poverty and hatred can do when you see its scars on the hopeful face of a young child. I never thought then, in 1928, that I would be standing here in 1965. It never even occurred to me in my fondest dreams that I might have the chance to help the sons and daughters of those students and to help people like them all over this country. But now I do have that chance—and I'll let you in on a secret—I mean to use it." I don't believe there was anyone in the Chamber who doubted him. Through the years I've always insisted he's his own best speechwriter.

They gave him a rising ovation at this point. In fact, there were two rising ovations in the course of the speech. I don't believe I ever saw that before. There was, of course, also one at the beginning and one at the end. My eyes skimmed across the Chamber. The Democratic side was most generous in applause; the Republican somewhat slow, the hands of some rather like the flippers of a seal. The bellwether of the Southerners, Senator Russell, was not there. He's in Puerto Rico recuperating from an illness. And I did not see Senator Harry Byrd. But in one row were Smathers, McClellan, and Ellender; and I saw practically no response from them.

The speech was too long. It ran forty-two minutes and would have been better at twenty-five. But all in all it was a magnificent speech, and the next day I was not surprised to see several newspapers and commentators call it "his finest hour," "his best performance," and such. The gist of the speech to me was concentrated in one sentence, calling on those communities who wished to avoid action by their national government to "open your polling places to all your people." The solution for them would lie therein.

I said a respectful good-by to J. Edgar Hoover, good-by to the ministers, and walked out waving to the Cabinet wives. We went to the Speaker's office for awhile with the Leadership, and then home. Back on the second

floor, Governor and Mrs. Collins, Jack Valenti, Larry O'Brien, the Busbys, and some other staff and I sat and talked about the whole performance and the whole course of affairs. It's like coming down off the mountain—intense strain and effort, putting everything into the performance, and then unwinding.

Governor Collins left a seventy-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job to take a twenty-five-thousand-dollar one that alienated all of his old friends and would give anybody ulcers. But somebody's got to do it and thank goodness there are people in this Republic who will. He told us of how a man who had been his barber for thirty years had refused to cut his hair the last time he was in Tallahassee. His pretty little wife, so typically Southern, said, "Well, you'd better be glad he didn't get that razor in his hand, with you sitting in that barber chair."

Larry O'Brien talked about Mayor Curley of Boston, in whose campaign he had worked as a young man. All of them thought it was a wonderful speech and wonderful delivery. One or two were concerned about the length, as I was.

I have the feeling that tonight marks the end of a three-day comet, a rising spiral of activity on Saturday morning, sparked by what, I do not really know, perhaps will power. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, a crescendo of activity and effort, culminating in tonight. And now what can be done has been done, and we shall see.

CAMP DAVID

Sunday, March 28

What a glorious night of sleep! I treasure it for Lyndon as I would a four-carat diamond on my finger. We all gathered around the breakfast table about 10, having disposed of the idea of going to church. I, a great advocate of going to church, was delighted to omit it for once. We ate as if we were never going to have another meal. First came scrambled eggs and fried eggs, with home-cured bacon, thick and luscious. I had had my mind set on grits, and sure enough in came a big dish of them, followed by a dish of hot pancakes and more bacon, and syrup and melted butter. We threw discretion to the winds and had a banquet.

The day has seen another shot in the arm for the beauty program. We gave out the story of Mary Lasker's gift—9300 azalea bushes, flowering dogwood, and other plants to put along Pennsylvania Avenue.

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Later Lyndon talked about the circumstances under which he started to college. He made one abortive attempt in which he went for a few weeks, made bad grades, and quit, with his father scornful and his mother weeping. Then followed several years of adventures—to California, running an elevator, working in a café, in a law office, and then, finally, back to Johnson City working on the highway driving a truck.

One Sunday morning his mother came into his bedroom to find him sprawled out on the bed with a broken nose, which was spread all over his face. To hear Lyndon tell it, he had been to a country dance the night before, "had gotten into a fight with a Dutch boy," as he expressed it, "over a girl." The boy had broken his nose—at least he and a group of companions had pitched in together and had given him a considerable beating. And there lay Lyndon—a pretty sight. His mother must have thought, "a truck driver by day—a brawler by night!" She began to cry. She said, "My son, my first-born," and then she began to talk to him about working with his mind and going to college. She must have gotten under his skin because he said, "All right, Mother, you write a letter for me to help me get a job, and I will go to college." On the other hand, his father administered a completely different sort of medicine. He said, "No need of your going. You can't make it. You haven't got what it takes to get a college education. Just keep on, and you might be a pretty good truck driver." I expect that was calculated. At any rate, it did the job.

Lyndon left for San Marcos with twenty-five dollars borrowed from A. W. Moursund's father, who had the Johnson City Bank. Later he borrowed fifty dollars from the Blanco Bank from Mr. Percy Brigham. So he was off to college—San Marcos State Teachers College. (Dr. C. E. Evans was the President.) Lyndon's father dictated a letter which Mrs. Johnson sent to Dr. Evans, asking him to give Lyndon a job. He got the job—working on the campus, cleaning it up. It is the rockiest, hilliest campus I have ever seen.

Lyndon soon discovered the paths by which Dr. Evans went to and from his duties, and Lyndon always managed to be along those paths working with extra vigor at exactly the time Dr. Evans came by. Dr. Evans noticed him and within six weeks he was working in Dr. Evans' office. His meals at Mrs. Gates' boarding house cost sixteen dollars a month for two meals a day, lunch and supper, or ten dollars for one meal.

The day was full of such delicious reminiscences.

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