

Bobby Kennedy in the presence of newsmen for the first time since the assassination. Newspaper accounts giving details of the Wednesday meeting, as supplied by the President, began to appear in print as Kennedy went off to Hyannis Port for the weekend.

Kennedy was furious and let Johnson know about it. Whatever slim hope existed for a Johnson-Kennedy *rapprochement* vanished that weekend. Now, Kennedy was convinced that Johnson saw poetic justice in their face-to-face encounter in the Oval Office. Johnson wanted to humiliate him, Kennedy believed, because Johnson had not forgotten that hot day in July, 1960, when Robert Kennedy, unaware that his brother's plan had changed, went to Johnson's hotel suite at Los Angeles to tell him he did not have to run for Vice President if he did not want to risk a floor fight.

In Johnson's mind, as in everybody else's, Hubert Humphrey was now the leading choice for vice-presidential nominee, but to feed his insatiable appetite for suspense, Johnson kept the world—and Humphrey—waiting for his decision. The convention was well under way before Humphrey finally learned that the nomination as Johnson's Vice President was his. When the two men met for a conference in the White House, Johnson told Humphrey that he must be exactly the Vice President that Johnson wanted him to be. He must be Johnson's man down to the tips of his toes, and he must do whatever Johnson asked him to; he must be able to share secrets that no one else would know; he must be prepared for special duties in space, and in civil rights, education and welfare, and agriculture. Humphrey responded in kind. If he were chosen as the vice-presidential nominee on the following day, Humphrey said, he would be the most loyal partner that any President could possibly have.

Campaigning in Indiana early in October, 1964, Lyndon Johnson flew the short hop from East Chicago to Indianapolis with Matthew Welsh, the Democratic Governor of Indiana, as his guest aboard Air Force One. Not since Franklin D. Roosevelt beat Alf Landon in 1936 had a Democratic candidate for President carried Indiana. Not since Harry Truman came within striking distance of Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 had the presidential contest there been close. Now, a beaming Welsh carried glad tidings for his party's leader. Based on his own political survey of the state, the governor predicted the President would carry Indiana with a comfortable 55 percent of the vote. Johnson's face darkened at the news. "God, that's close," he said without a trace of humor.

Actually, Johnson's victory had been assured on July 15, when the Republican Party's right wing seized control for the first time since 1924, ignored the consensus, and nominated Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona. Johnson knew full well that no miracle could save Goldwater. But once the Republicans had done the unthinkable and nominated him, Johnson became a man possessed with ambition not just to win, not just to win handsomely, but to win the *largest* presidential victory in the history of the country. A landslide vote would be the last and mightiest step in his consolidation of political power.

He had survived the crisis of confidence during the transition, put the stamp of the Great Society on his Administration, disposed of The Bobby Problem, and run a one-man convention at Atlantic City. Here now was the final goal: to win by so large a margin that the consensus he sought as the means to power would be ratified by an unprecedented electoral sweep.

Johnson's campaign was as disorganized and as madcap as his earlier campaigns had been, but this time he had the help of a cool professional poli-

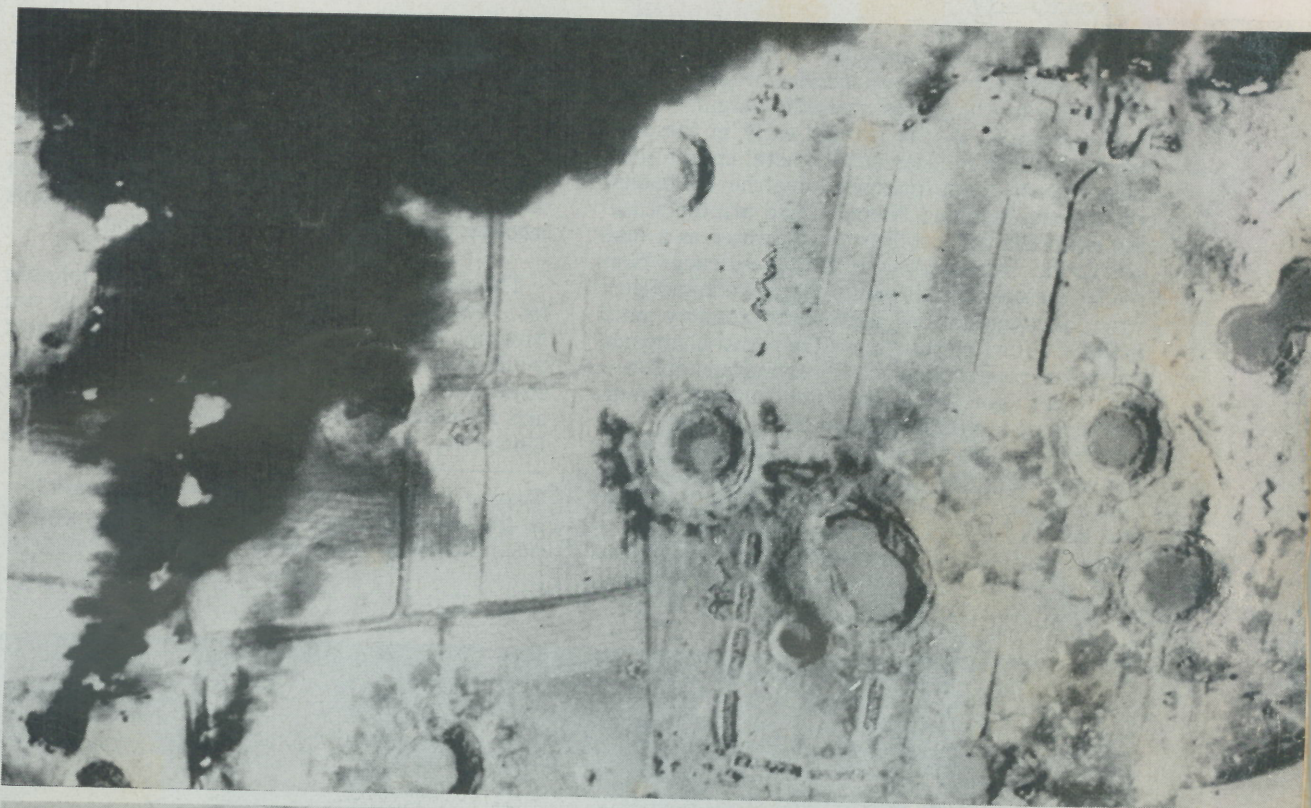
tician, Larry O'Brien, who had been one of Kennedy's top political advisers and who had served brilliantly as the President's liaison man with Congress. In early September, Johnson instructed O'Brien to arrange a series of some 21 confidential regional meetings, in which he could take the measure of the political situation in every state. Until then, Johnson had done precious little about the campaign. Now he felt "out of touch," as he put it, and assigned O'Brien to be the presidential eyes and ears. As such, O'Brien took off on an intermittent tour that covered the country in six weeks.

The object was to talk politics to a dozen or so top leaders in every state. Behind locked doors in sessions lasting three or four hours, every detail of the campaign was ruthlessly laid out. O'Brien then locked himself in his hotel room and wrote a voluminous confidential report for the President.

The instant each report was finished, it was sent by Western Union to the White House.

To the President, who had never had the benefit of such professional political help, the O'Brien reports became *The Word*. Their recommendations were carved up and parceled out among the members of the White House staff. The Democratic National Committee and Walter Jenkins were ordered to follow through. Johnson soon ordered Jenkins to have O'Brien's traveling staff, usually one secretary and one assistant, telephone his report to White House stenographers page-by-page, as it was finished, no matter how late at night, so that the recommendations could be acted upon with the least possible delay.

One element of campaign strategy, devised in extreme secrecy, was known as the Anti-Campaign. Conceived and nursed by Lyndon Johnson,



Johnson's decision to bomb targets in the North like the oil tanks near Dong Hoi (top) helped antagonize a powerful former ally, Sen. J. W. Fulbright (lower left).

it was his unique contribution to presidential campaigning. The Anti-Campaign was clandestine "black propaganda" organized by a dozen brainy Democrats, some in and some out of the Government. It had no chairman, kept no minutes, issued no statements, revealed no plans. No word of the Anti-Campaign leaked out. It operated out of a small conference room on the second floor of the West Wing of the White House, almost directly above the President's own Oval Office.

Its members, who were well-versed in the propaganda of politics, included Myer Feldman, the President's special counsel; Daniel P. Moynihan, an Assistant Secretary of Labor; Leonard Marks, an old friend of Johnson and an attorney who was later made head of the United States Information Agency; and, of all people, Adam Yarmolinsky, who was back working at the Defense Department after being purged from the War on Poverty.

The job of the group was easily defined: Embarrass the Republicans, get under Barry Goldwater's skin, help Johnson achieve his overall goal of winning by the biggest possible margin.

For example, it was learned early in the campaign that half a dozen small liberal church journals, one of them published by the Protestant theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, had printed scathing editorials against Barry Goldwater as a man not to be entrusted with the Presidency. Normally, these editorials would not have found their way to congregations across the country until months after publication. The Anti-Campaign operation copied them by the hundreds and saw that they got to appropriate church groups throughout the nation in a matter of days.

Another project was more typically in the realm of black politics. If Goldwater were to speak somewhere at six o'clock, one local anti-Goldwater speaker—usually a Democrat but sometimes a Republican—would be scheduled at four o'clock

Guns and butter too: 'I believe we can continue the Great Society.'

and then another one at eight o'clock. Thus, Goldwater would be bracketed by the opposition. An impression of feverish anti-Goldwater activity would be given on the very day of his appearance.

This clandestine operation was Johnson's campaign pet. Feldman was the link between the President and the propagandists, and he often rushed downstairs to the Oval Office to get Johnson's reaction before approving a specific plan.

The personal campaign of Lyndon B. Johnson for President began somewhat tentatively on Monday, September 28, in New England—almost a full month after Barry Goldwater started crisscrossing the country in his leased jet. On that long and memorable day, Johnson started at a Brown University convocation in Providence, Rhode

Touring Appalachia in search of strategy for his War on Poverty, the President listens while Tom Fletcher tells about the problems of his town—Inez, Kentucky.

Island, in the preponderantly Democratic country of lower New England, worked his way through Connecticut, and concluded in the upper New England states of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, steadfastly Republican by tradition but highly dubious about Goldwater.

It was certainly not Goldwater country, but neither was it Johnson country. Thus, neither the President nor his entourage was prepared for the spontaneous burst of emotion that poured out of the supposedly staid, reserved New Englanders. Both the polls and the instinctive judgment of politicians showed Johnson to be not genuinely popular in his own right, but running far ahead of Goldwater, because Goldwater was so unacceptable as President. In the minds of many, Johnson was the lesser of two evils. But not since November 22, 1963, had America cheered anybody. The nation wanted to cheer its President, and this pent-up emotion spilled over and engulfed Johnson.

At one stop that day, Johnson was so elated that he dragged Frank Cormier, White House correspondent for the Associated Press, to the restraining fence where flushed New Englanders were cheering and reaching out to touch their President. Johnson told Cormier that here was proof the people *did* like him. Write *that* in your story, he said, so the whole country can know!

The effect on Johnson was intoxicating. Millions welcomed him on John Kennedy's home ground, and the caution of the previous month evaporated. He was transported by the size and enthusiasm of the crowds. At jammed street corners, his motorcade pushing a hole through masses of people, he repeatedly left his seat, clambered to the roof of his limousine—smashing the radio antenna in the process—and yelled to the throngs through an electric bullhorn. Here was the feeling of power, but deeper than that, of being loved and wanted. It perceptibly enlarged Lyndon Johnson in all his dimensions. Standing surrounded by



TEST YOUR TALENT DURING OUR FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY CONTEST



1914



1966

DRAW ME Draw Me

Two \$595⁰⁰ commercial art scholarships awarded
First 52 runners-up receive \$5 cash prizes

This year Art Instruction Schools celebrates its 52nd Anniversary of service to the commercial art world. Since our beginning in 1914 more professional commercial artists have received training in art from our school than from any other art school in the world.

To celebrate our 52nd Anniversary we offer this dual scholarship award, plus 52 cash prizes.

All you do to enter is draw either or both of the girls, in pencil, larger or smaller than the above sketches. If you win one of the scholarship prizes, you receive a complete course in commercial art taught by America's largest home study art school, Art Instruction Schools.

Our staff of instructors will select the next 52 most promising entries and award each a \$5.00 cash prize. Even those who do not win receive

a professional estimate of their talents without cost.

Entries for the 52nd Anniversary Talent Contest must be in before Nov. 30, 1966. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Start your drawing now and mail your entry right away.

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS
Studio 6N-4290

500 So. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your draw-ahead contest. Also send information about your Art Course at no cost or obligation.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ Zip Code _____



Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

THE EXERCISE OF POWER

mere humans, he towered bigger than life, pulsing with vitality, glowing with assurance as the crowds pressed in. Gone was the stilted, confined television presence of Lyndon Johnson; here was the master administering The Treatment en masse. In turn, the enormous crowds were infused by his vigor, by the sheer power of performance, and they cheered.

His actual message, neither profound nor demagogic, was sheer Great Society consensus. America is *one* family, not North or South, not Republican or Democrat, not white or black. America is love, not hate; reason, not extremism; peace, not nuclear war. The implication was, of course, that Barry Goldwater stood on the opposite side.

Thus, at the portico of the *Hartford Times* building in Hartford, Conn., on September 28, Johnson ignored the words of his army of speech writers and set the tone of the campaign in his own clear, unadorned style:

All that America is, and all you want America to be is challenged today by those who stand on the fringe. Against such a choice as this, responsible people have only one course of conscience, and that is to choose their country's interest over all other interests. I believe that this is a choice that you will make come this November.

The President was off and running on a six-week courtship of the American voter, seeking that record landslide. The pattern was the same everywhere: the enthusiastic throng at the airport waiting for the thundering Air Force One to land; handshaking along the fences; the open car through the city streets with the President shouting over his bullhorn, "Y'all come down and hear the speakin'; come on down now to the speakin'"; the "speakin'" itself, with Johnson going on and on, like a country preacher, far longer than political candidates were supposed to speak—an hour, sometimes more. He gave them The Treatment, and he gave it with passion, gusto, humor, solemnity. He shouted—and he whispered. The "speakin'" was a fabulous success. Most voters had never heard anything like it before, certainly never in a presidential campaign.

In Austin, Tex., on election eve, Lyndon Johnson said, "... It seems to me tonight ... that I have spent my life getting ready for this

moment." On the next day, that moment was sweet for President Johnson. Goldwater carried a mere 60 congressional districts out of 435, running far behind his party. Johnson ran far ahead of his, expanding the Democratic majorities in the Senate by 2 seats and in the House by 38, to a point not exceeded since the 1936 election. He captured slightly over 61 percent of the presidential vote, with a record-breaking 43,126,757 votes, and 486 electoral votes, the highest since Roosevelt's 1936 sweep. Although his plurality and his total popular vote both established new records, they resulted from population growth; he had failed to equal Roosevelt's 63 percent in 1936. Yet, Lyndon Johnson had no cause for unhappiness.

Late at night on November 3, with the returns piling up, he left his headquarters at the Driskill Hotel in Austin to drive the few blocks to Austin's Civic Center. Now, of all times, was the moment to let the tension run off, to relax, to bask in the glow of victory. The radio was on in the presidential limousine. A voice announced that President Lyndon Johnson had left the Driskill and was driving to the Civic Center to make a victory statement. Johnson listened, and his anger rose. He had authorized no announcement.

At the Civic Center, the newly elected President demanded to see Malcolm Kilduff, his assistant press secretary. He turned angrily on Kilduff. Who let that out? he demanded. I didn't authorize any statement about where I'm going, when, or why. He accused Kilduff of leaking the information to the press. Kilduff was innocent, and so pleaded, but the President kept after him, furious that a premature leak had spoiled his surprise. What had really happened was that reporters at the Civic Center had seen workmen installing Johnson's special reading stand, an elaborate rostrum with built-in Tele-Prompters, and correctly deduced that the President was on his way.

Still later that night, in the high excitement of a victory celebration, Johnson took pains to apologize to Kilduff for his outburst. Governor Connally, who was with the President, turned to Kilduff and said, "Mac, that's the first time in all these years I've ever heard him make an apology."

After his smashing victory, Johnson saw himself at the center of a new "Era of Good Feelings" similar to the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Starting today, you're nobody's fool."

period of one-party rule during the Virginia "dynasty" of the early 19th century. He regarded his vast majority against Goldwater as a permanent base of support. Partisan, ideological and factional disputes would give way to serene consensus presided over by Johnson.

But a conflict between this euphoric vision of American politics and the personality of Lyndon Johnson soon became evident. Achieving a genuine new Era of Good Feelings would require a forbearance in the use of power that was basically alien to his nature. Even by itself, Johnson's grand design for the Great Society was likely to open up cracks in the consensus he achieved on Election Day. Thus, an Era of Good Feelings was inherently inconsistent with the need for Johnson to drive Congress into creating the Great Society.

When the congressional liaison officers of the Federal Government—the Administration's lobbyists whose task was to push the Great Society program through Congress—assembled in the Fish Room at the White House for a private pep talk, Johnson told them:

"I was just elected President by the biggest popular margin in the history of the country, fifteen million votes. Just by the natural way people think, and because Barry Goldwater scared hell out of them, I have already lost about two of these fifteen and am probably getting down to thirteen. If I get in any fight with Congress, I will lose another couple of million, and if I have to send any more of our boys into Vietnam, I may be down to eight million by the end of the summer."

Johnson proposed to use his new power to pass the Great Society legislative program in the most furious burst of speed since Roosevelt's Hundred Days. He had more than a 2-1 majority in the Senate and a huge advantage in the House, 295 seats to 140. With such majorities, anything seemed possible.

For a while, a long while, Johnson got just about everything he wanted: federal aid to elementary and secondary education, passed under the President's whiplash without a comma's being changed; Medicare; a civil-rights act empowering the Federal Government to send federal registrars into the southern states to help Negroes register to vote; a bill giving aid to Appalachia; the creation of a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development; a major housing bill. Enough of this legislation was passed in the spring to let Johnson claim accurately that his Hundred Days were "a record of major accomplishments without equal or close parallel in the present era."

Congressional Quarterly, the unofficial congressional news service, calculated that Congress approved 68.9 percent of the proposals submitted by Johnson in 1965, the highest percentage since C.Q. began keeping tabulations in 1954; it compared with 57.6 percent for Johnson in 1964 and with 27.2 percent for Kennedy at his low point in the congressional revolt of 1963.

Yet, that 68.9 percent was attained at heavy cost. One of Washington's shrewdest lobbyists, watching the Great Society legislation pour out of Congress at an awesome rate, observed that the President was "stockpiling adversity," that the successes were leaving behind them a store of ill will for the future.

Defeat came for the first time on September 29 when the House surpris-

ingly rejected a home-rule bill for the District of Columbia, 227 to 174, in a direct repudiation of Johnson.

On October 11, the Senate refused by a 47 to 45 vote to impose cloture on a filibuster against repealing Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, which enabled states to pass "right-to-work" laws. Three days later the House voted 185 to 162 against appropriating funds

for a new program of subsidies designed to help low-income families pay their rent.

These autumnal defeats could not detract from Johnson's magnificent triumphs in the 89th Congress and, before that, in the second session of the 88th Congress. Yet, by seeking to stretch his power a notch too far, he diminished his power on Capitol Hill in a way that would be clearer in 1966.



**this is a recorded announcement
this is a recorded announcement
this is a recorded announcement**

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © ETDC 1966

From 1965 on, however, Johnson's most serious problems were to lie in the field of foreign affairs, an area in which he had no real experience, and he had to rely heavily on advisers in matters of foreign policy. During the first weeks of his Presidency he cast about widely for advice. In December, 1963, for example, a few days before he was to address the United Nations General Assembly, he decided that the speech his staff had drafted for the occasion was too bland and needed flavor. To spice it up, he turned for help to his guests at an informal White House dinner—Senators J. W. Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy, Congressmen Homer Thornberry and Jack Brooks, confidential adviser Clark Clifford and Thomas C. Mann, assistant secretary of state for Latin-American affairs.

Over coffee, Johnson startled his guests by tossing copies of the speech on the table, and asking each of them to take a shot at improving it. The six men set to work in high good humor, scribbling away on the margins of the speech—some only changing an occasional word, others writing in substantive revisions. Of them all only Mann and Fulbright had any particular expertise in foreign affairs, and only Mann was in the executive branch of the Government.

But Johnson quickly abandoned this haphazard approach to making foreign policy. Instead, he came to rely more and more heavily on Dean Rusk and, until his departure, McGeorge Bundy for advice on the handling of the nation's increasingly complex foreign af-

fairs. During 1965 the growing U.S. involvement in the Vietnam war became the most agonizing test of the President's skill and courage. But before Vietnam reached critical proportions, Johnson was suddenly confronted with a flash crisis in the Caribbean that would indelibly change his Presidency.

When civil war broke out in the Dominican Republic on April 24, 1965, Johnson did not hesitate to send in the Marines—ostensibly to protect U.S. citizens in Santo Domingo, but in fact to prevent any chance of a Communist take-over in the chaos of revolution. And when liberal critics accused him of gunboat diplomacy in support of a military junta—and when American reporters in Santo Domingo supported the criticism—Johnson embarked on a blatant personal campaign to sell the intervention through the White House press corps. Not satisfied with broad public support of the intervention, he insisted upon an absolute consensus, and progressively risked the nation's confidence by appearing uncertain, confused and on the defensive.

Although he had made no mention of Communists in his initial report to the nation, Johnson warned two days later that "people trained outside the Dominican Republic" were seeking to get control of the rebellion. Two days after that, he threw aside all qualifications and said that he had intervened because of the threat of Communism. "What began as a popular democratic revolution . . . very shortly . . . moved and was taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of . . . Communist conspirators."

Seeking an absolute consensus, Johnson now was undercutting his own position. It would have been enough to stand on the modest warning of a possible Communist take-over. There was proof of dangerous Communist participation in the revolution, but there was no proof, then or later, that Communists had "taken over and really seized" control of the revolution. Moreover, an uncharacteristic lack of dignity marked the President's last speech. He was fatigued and uncertain of his lines. A mistake in the TelePrompTer led him to repeat three paragraphs, to the wonderment of the nation. And the President gave an unmistakable sign that he was running scared by referring to his predecessor in the White House. Johnson had rarely invoked the name of John Kennedy since his landslide election victory six months earlier. Now, however, he quoted from a statement made shortly before the assassination by "our beloved John Kennedy" to help justify the intervention. The speech damaged Johnson, for the simple reason that he was so obviously running scared, protesting too much.

The Dominican struggle between the "rebels" and the "loyalists" dragged on as the United States searched for a peaceful settlement. By the spring of 1966 the country was stable enough to hold elections, and Joaquin Balaguer, a moderate Conservative, became president. This surprising climax to a long and troubled year was a conspicuous success for Johnson, vindicating his decision to send the Marines. What was at fault, then, was not the President's intervention but his obsessive preoccupation with getting unanimous support

in carrying it out and his rash overstatement of the facts in the early days of the crisis.

The emotional energies released by the Dominican intervention would persist in United States politics, as Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, made clear in the autumn of 1965. Delaying his attack until he was certain it would not further exacerbate conditions in Santo Domingo, Fulbright, formerly a loyal ally of Lyndon Johnson, made a bitter speech on the Senate floor, charging that the President's decision to intervene had been "based on inadequate evidence or, in some cases, simply inaccurate information." If the policy followed in Santo Domingo were extended throughout the hemisphere, Fulbright continued, it would "make us the enemy of all revolutions and therefore the ally of all the unpopular and corrupt oligarchies of the hemisphere."

Johnson was hurt and indignant. He was angered by the fact that Fulbright had dined at the White House the evening before he made his speech, without mentioning it. With that speech, the old Johnson-Fulbright alliance abruptly ended. Fulbright's open opposition on the Dominican question, which long since had been swept off the front pages, mattered little. But its implications were highly significant. Fulbright had been a well-behaved member of the Great Society consensus, refraining from any but the mildest criticism of Johnson's foreign policy. Now, freed from this restraint by his break over the Dominican Republic, Fulbright was ready to move to an overt break

surprise package

Light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet—that's Del Monte Prune Juice! Now you can enjoy all the goodness of fresh-cooked prunes in a juice as refreshing as any breakfast fruit.



DEL MONTE®—THE PRUNE JUICE WITH FRUIT JUICE APPEAL