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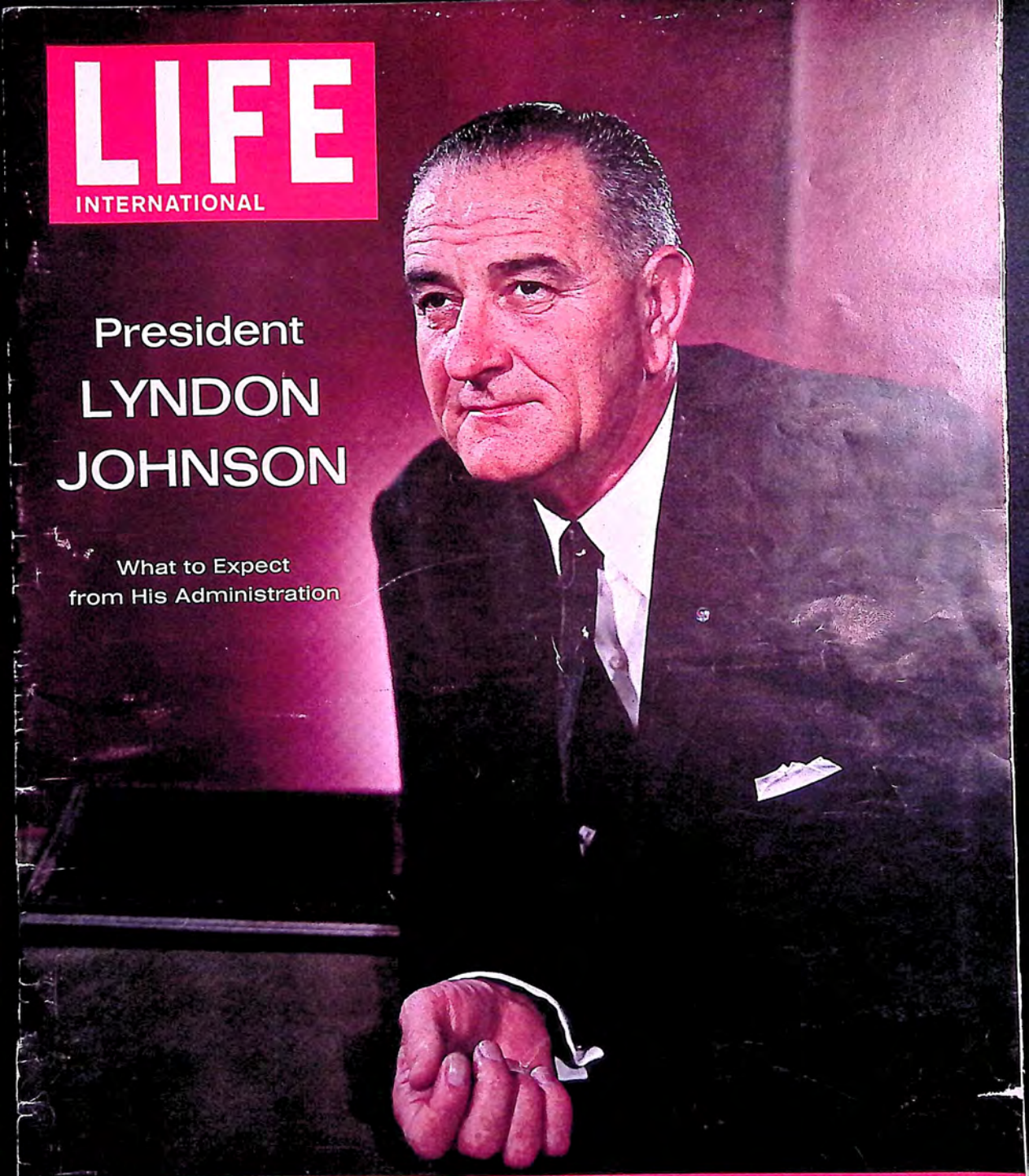

President LYNDON JOHNSON

What to Expect from His Administration

DECEMBER 16, 1963

Vol. 35, No. 12

LIFE
INTERNATIONAL
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December 16, 1963

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BECAUSE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY, PUBLICATION OF PART II OF THE SERIES "1913" WAS POSTPONED UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE.

EDITORS' NOTE

The President's Empty Chair

Seeing the President was, under Jack Kennedy, a relaxed visit. You might have had to wait around for a while in the anteroom or in his secretary's office (she was a friendly middle-aged lady with rimless spectacles), but eventually you were invited in. When this happened you got up from a simple straight-backed chair with a black-cushioned seat and walked into the Oval Office. Immediately you were conscious of the blue rug, the desk with light streaming in from the broad windows behind it, the naval paintings on the walls, the fireplace flanked on both sides by deep sofas upholstered in white. At the end of the sofas and facing the fireplace, with a wicker back and a seat with a cushion matching the sofas, stood the rocking chair.

The President's handshake was neither too hard nor too soft. It was gracious. He sat in the rocking chair and you sat on the sofa looking at him from the side. He was carefully but somewhat informally dressed, trousers sharply pressed and well-worn shoes well shined. His face had an everlasting tan, and he looked at you with head slightly cocked back and gray eyes glinting at you with an expression that combined interest, amusement and mischief.

President Kennedy was fascinated by the press. He played it quite frankly to enhance himself and his Administration. He read avidly and quickly and had a journalist's antennae out for the public pulse. So it was natural for him to ask me right away about LIFE's Nielsen rating. I didn't have the vaguest idea what it was, but he did—to the finest percentage point.

The subject changed quickly. A week before he had had his altercation with U.S. Steel. This got his anger up. The pointing finger waggled again and again to punctuate each point. He even picked up a magazine (not LIFE) and, to emphasize a point further, flung it across the room. It smacked against the wall, under a painting of a naval battle, and fell to the floor.

Then, in another mood, the President got up from his rocking chair and took me out through the French doors to his rose garden, of which he was very proud. The roses were not in bloom, but the tulips were blazing. He said that the gardens were a mess when he came to live in the White House. Now, it was true, they were beautiful. As the man talked you felt that he loved his garden, just as you knew, had you raced sailboats against him, that he loved the sea and that he loved to win a race.

All of us are sad that he is dead. I am particularly sad. I liked him as a man. He was a fine President. It is hard for me to forget one slight incident—one that revealed to me the guts he had. I knew, as we all did, that his back hurt. But I didn't realize how much until he took me over to a corner of his outer office to show me a hunting rifle he was going to present to a visiting head of state. It was in a brown cardboard carton standing in the corner. Bending over slightly, the President took apart the side of the carton and sidled the weapon out, holding the muzzle and sliding the butt across the floor. It weighed nine pounds, he said, but he couldn't even lift it. He asked me to help him and I did.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

In their last hour together, President John F. Kennedy and his wife Jacqueline arrive in Dallas, Texas. The full story of the tragedy that followed is shown on the following pages.

LIFE INTERNATIONAL
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THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY

In Dallas, the noonday of November 22 was bright with sunshine that lit the still-green grass. Texas was politically hostile territory for President John F. Kennedy and Dallas was considered well-nigh dangerous. But there was no hint of antipathy in the welcome that the Kennedys encountered at the airport, or in the surging waves of applause that swept over the presidential motorcade downtown. The crowds ranked 10 and 12 deep along the sidewalks, thinning a bit as the President's Lincoln approached a highway underpass. Riding on a jump seat, Mrs. John Connally, wife of Texas' governor, turned to the President with a laugh and gloated: "You can't say that Dallas isn't friendly to you today."

A shot stilled the President's reply. A second shot cracked. The remarkable series of photographs on these pages record the tragic results. The President's wave of the hand (*top left*) was transformed into a clutch at his throat (*top center*). The President slumped. Mrs. Kennedy cried "Oh, no, no" and cradled his head in her arms. Connally, sitting beside his wife, turned to see what had happened. Two more shots cracked, tore through Connally's body. Mrs. Kennedy climbed toward the car's trunk, apparently to help the Secret Service man scramble into the car, and the President toppled, one foot shooting upward. A photographer, looking for the shot's origin, glimpsed a rifle barrel being withdrawn through a sixth-story window of a nearby book warehouse.

At 1 p.m., one hour after his joyful arrival in Dallas, President John F. Kennedy was declared dead. And 98 minutes later, standing beside Mrs. Kennedy in the crowded cabin of Air Force One, the presidential plane, Lyndon Baines Johnson, 55, placed his left hand on a small black Bible, raised his right hand high, and repeated the words spoken by a woman judge: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me God."

Mrs. Johnson took Mrs. Kennedy's hand. "The whole nation mourns your husband," she said. Then Air Force One, bearing the body of the 35th President of the U.S. and the man who had become the 36th President, flew out of a stunned but still sunlit Dallas to Washington.

CONTINUED

AFTERMATH OF SHAME—AND DETECTION

by THOMAS THOMPSON

The emotions of shock and sorrow that sped around the world were quickly followed by reactions of anger, bafflement and soul-searching. Dallas, Texas, had earlier been the scene of a roughing up of the then vice president, Lyndon Johnson. It was in Dallas that right-wing fanatics had spat upon Adlai Stevenson to vent their anger against the United Nations. All over the world people were asking: how far would U.S. fanatics go? Was John Kennedy a martyr to his drive for civil rights? Was the U.S., or was Texas, this lawless and violent a land?

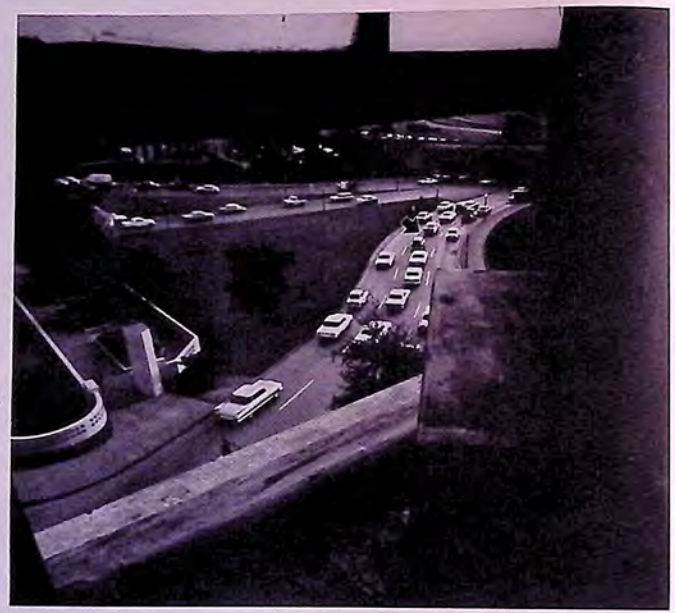
Most of the answers lay in a careful analysis of the character of Lee Harvey Oswald, of whom the Dallas district attorney said: "There is no doubt in my mind that Oswald was the killer." There was much in Lee Oswald's angry and disorganized intelligence that threw light on the crime that horrified the world.

His father, Robert, an insurance salesman, dropped dead of a heart attack in the summer of 1939. Lee was born in October. His mother, Marguerite Oswald, had two older sons to support besides the infant Lee and only $3,000 from a small insurance policy, most of which went toward medical and burial bills.

Mrs. Oswald began a dreary succession of badly paying jobs in New Orleans, New York and Texas. When Lee was 5 they were living in Fort Worth, and even then he was swimming against the current.

"Other kids teased him because he was so bright," his mother remembered after his arrest. And, near hysteria, she still summoned every ounce of a mother's will to remember only the good things about her son. "He learned to read by himself," she said, "before he even went to school. He was always wanting to know about important things." A neighbor supplied recollections equally pertinent. "She used to talk to me all the time and cry" said the neighbor. Mrs. Oswald was concerned over her son's aloofness and hermit-like life. His mother thought that perhaps "if he had a father, maybe he wouldn't act that way." Teachers and classmates remember the boy as a "loner," bookish and introspective, resentful of discipline. When he was about 15, a key event in his life took place. From somewhere he obtained a pamphlet about the Rosenberg spy case. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg had been convicted as Russian spies and executed, and the pamphlet presented a passionate argument that they were innocent.

"I still remember that pamphlet," he said in later years. "Then I discovered one book in the library, Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. It was what I'd been looking for. It was like a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time."



From this window in a book warehouse along the route of the Kennedy motorcade, the killer fired the fatal shots from a 6.5-mm. rifle, using a telescopic sight.

Frequently Lee came home with torn clothes and a bloody nose. He admitted that he had been fighting, but he would tell his mother: "You don't understand, and they don't understand."

"He was always bored and restless in school," his mother says. "He used to come home and say, "I already know all the stuff they're teaching. Why bother with that?" Then he'd go off to the library and read. Not trivial things. Deep stuff, histories, biographies, politics. Nowadays they have special classes for gifted students, not then. . . ."

If Lee Oswald's intelligence was above average, his report cards were not. He was in danger of failing when he came home one day and told his mother that he was going to enlist in the Marine Corps. He was trained at camps in the U.S., then shipped to Japan as an electronics technician. His letters to his mother indicate that he was alternately content and dissatisfied with the Marines. He did not tell her that he had stood two courts-martial, one for failing to register a pistol, the other for getting into a fight with a superior.

August 1963 photograph shows Oswald passing out pro-Castro leaflets in New Orleans. He had been arrested a few days earlier for brawling with anti-Castro Cubans.

Some of those who served with him still remember him. "We were trained to work as a team, but Oswald seemed to be different. He was always separate from most of the men and didn't have any close friends that I remember."

While Oswald was in Japan, Mrs. Oswald was injured in her job. She was in bed for six months and, very quickly, was destitute. Oswald obtained a special hardship discharge to provide for her. He came home for exactly three days.

What Mrs. Oswald did not know was that the seeds planted by the Rosenberg pamphlet had germinated. He got a job on a freighter and, in October 1959, turned up in Russia announcing that he wished to give up his U.S. citizenship and become a Russian citizen.

A correspondent named Priscilla Johnson, who was stationed in Moscow when Oswald arrived, remembered him vividly. "He talked in terms of capitalists and exploiters and he said something about he was sure that if he lived in the U.S. he wouldn't get a job, that he'd be one of the exploited. . . . He was like a babe in the woods, a lost child. As I talked to him, I realized he had a sort of vein in him that was beyond reason, maybe that was fanatic."

The Russians would not grant Oswald citizenship but allowed him to stay on as a resident alien. He went to Minsk and, a year and a half later, married a blond, hazel-eyed practicing pharmacist named Marina.

While he was in Minsk he wrote a letter that one day would be dug out of his Pentagon files and read again in a new terrible light. He had learned that his hardship discharge from the Marines had been changed to "Undesirable" because of his defection, and his letter of protest against the action was directed to John Connally, who he thought was still Secretary of the Navy. There was this key phrase: "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice." John Connally, now Governor of Texas, was riding in the car with President Kennedy on the fatal day in Dallas.

Lee Oswald joined a rifle club and became an expert marksman. (As a Marine he had made only average scores.) He later told a Dallas friend:

"One of the things I didn't like about Russia was that the government wouldn't let you own a rifle. Only shotguns. So I joined a rifle club."

He found in Russia what he had found in the U.S.: he was still an outsider. "People mistrusted him," his Russian wife was to recall. "We didn't have many friends." He actually discovered himself defending America at some parties and in conversations with fellow workers. Disenchanted, he decided to return to the United States with his wife and the daughter that had been born to them. But he had neither money nor permission.

As it has done in many similar cases, the U.S. State Department lent Oswald money to get home, and in June 1962 Oswald brought his family to Fort Worth to join his mother.

"He didn't say much about living in Russia," she said. "He just introduced his wife and baby and said he wanted to find a job. He had an awful time getting work. People didn't like the idea of him having a Russian wife. They were awful to him and her. Finally he got a job in a sheet metal factory, I think, but he only stayed a month or so." In late 1962 Oswald got a job in a Dallas photo processing plant. His wife became pregnant again.

Oswald was fired from his Dallas job in April when his past became known, and he moved his family to New Orleans. They took a small apartment and he found a similar job. For the first time in his life he became politically active. He got involved with the pro-Castro "Fair Play for Cuba" organization. After a street scuffle with anti-Castro elements he was fined $10 for disorderly conduct. Later he appeared on a local TV panel show, defending his pro-Castro sentiments. Officials in the Cuban consulate in Mexico City say that recently Oswald applied unsuccessfully for a visa to go to Cuba.

Although Oswald tried to interest his wife in his political activities, she refused, saying she was not a Communist. Often they had bitter arguments, and on one occasion, when he had lost another job, he said she might as well go back to Russia; she burst into tears, saying that she loved America and wanted to stay. She entertained the idea of someday becoming an American citizen. But Oswald refused to help her learn English, and spoke to her only in Russian.

By last October Marina Oswald was nearly ready to have her second child and her husband was out of a job again. He left her and their daughter with friends, Mike and Ruth Paine, in Irving, a suburb of Dallas, and went in to the city to look for work. He found a tiny cubicle in a rooming house. He gave his name falsely as O. H. Lee and paid a week's rent—$8—in advance. His room was furnished sparsely, an iron single bed painted cream with the paint peeling off, a dilapidated dresser and a closet-cabinet. In the month and a half he spent at the rooming house, he was quiet and hardly noticed.

"He left every morning for work—he never told anybody where he worked," his landlady recalled. "But he got up, took a bath and he always washed the tub out. The only guest who did. Some nights he'd come out in the living room and watch TV. Mostly he'd come home from work, make himself a lunch-meat sandwich and lie on his bed reading or writing."

On weekends, Oswald would go to Irving and see his wife and his two daughters. There he would watch the football game on TV or talk politics.

On Nov. 21, the day before the assassination, Oswald made a last visit to his wife. Next morning a friend drove him to his job in a book warehouse that happened to overlook the route of the President's drive from the airport. The next thing Marina Oswald knew, her husband had been arrested for the assassination of President Kennedy.

In a matter of hours a tight web of evidence was spun around Lee Oswald. By a window in the book warehouse, overlooking the spot where President Kennedy had been shot, police found three spent rifle shells. Nearby they discovered a 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano Italian rifle. It was found that this same rifle had been ordered by one A. Hidell from a mail-order house in Chicago. It had been mailed to a Dallas box number and collected by a man whose handwriting matches that of Lee Oswald. The friend who drove Oswald to work recalled that he carried a long package which he identified as window shades. Investigation turned up a picture of Oswald holding this rifle, plus a map of the assassination area with the motorcade route and the trajectory of the rifle bullets figured out.

Police came to the house in Irving and asked Marina if she knew whether her husband owned a rifle. She said yes, led them to the place where he kept it hidden under blankets in the garage, and threw back the blankets. The rifle was gone.

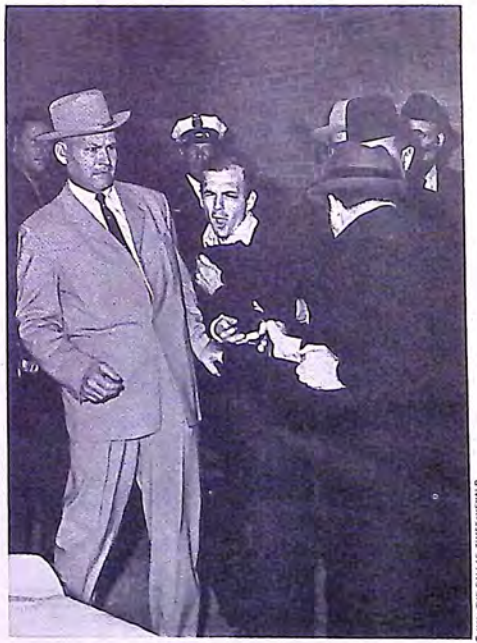
After the killing, but before the news had spread, Oswald boarded a bus, shouted that the President had been shot—and laughed loudly. He left the bus and shortly was stopped by a policeman who thought that he looked suspicious. The policeman fell with three fatal bullet wounds. Run to ground in a movie house, Oswald tried to shoot his way out but was finally caught.

He never admitted the assassination. Then, as he was being moved from the city jail to the county jail, came the dramatic sequel. Ducking through the cordon of guards surrounding the prisoner, a stocky man shoved a pistol into Oswald's side and fired one shot. Oswald died in the same hospital where President Kennedy had died two days before.

The assailant of Oswald was identified as one Jack Ruby, born Leon Rubenstein, a small-time night-club owner who was known for his irrational outbursts. Friends said that Ruby had been walking around Dallas in a mindless rage ever since the assassination of the President.

Dallasites realized that their city's name would probably never recover from this double infamy. Any city anywhere in the world could harbor a psychopath who wanted to assassinate a public figure, for whatever reason. But it did little good to argue that "it could have happened in Podunk as well as in Dallas." Dallas had claimed the ignominious reputation as a city of fanatics. As tempers cooled, others realized that the U.S. was not alone in suffering assassinations. President Kennedy himself had said that not all the Secret Service protection in the world could protect a President from a determined fanatic with skill and luck, and this seemed to have been the combination on that Dallas afternoon. It was left for a non-American representative to the United Nations in New York to make the observation that in many other nations of the world an event like that in Dallas would have been followed by riots all over the country.

Cradling her infant daughter Rachel, who was born in Parkland Hospital where Kennedy died, Oswald's Russian wife Marina waits numbly to see her husband.



As Lee Oswald is led from city jail to a van to be taken to the county jail, Jack Ruby rushes past the guards to fire the one fatal shot into Oswald's side.

A WIDOW'S KISS OF FAREWELL

Jacqueline Kennedy was riding alongside her husband at the fatal moment, and cradled his blood-soaked head in her arms during the race to the hospital. As his body was placed in a bronze coffin, she slipped her ring from her finger and put it on her husband's before the coffin lid was closed. Then she flew back to Washington in the presidential plane with President Johnson, sitting in a rear compartment by the side of the coffin. She declined the appeals that she ride to the White House in a limousine, and instead climbed into the back of the ambulance bearing her husband's body to Bethesda Naval Hospital. There she spent the night, leaving the hospital next morning only when her husband's body was taken to the White House to lie in state.

Sunday afternoon she followed a stately procession from the White House to the Capitol's Great Rotunda. With her were the now fatherless children Caroline and John Jr. In the Great Rotunda the 35th President was borne onto a bier to lie in state. There Jacqueline Kennedy kneeled beside the black catafalque, leaned forward, kissed the flag draping the casket, and turned and walked away from the husband by whose side she had stayed almost constantly since his murder.

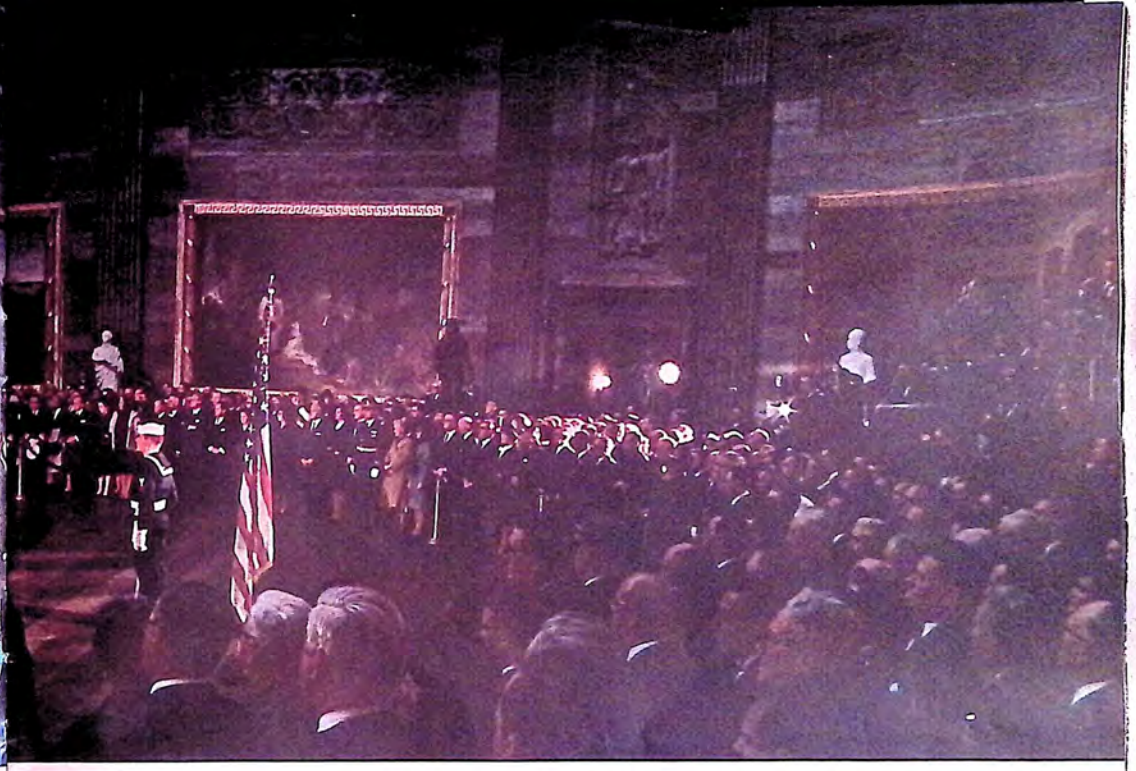
All that afternoon and night Americans filed past to pay homage, in a line that stretched five miles. And next day the rest of the world paid tribute to John Fitzgerald Kennedy in a somber state funeral (*next pages*) that was attended by 19 kings, queens and heads of state and other representatives of 92 nations.

A LAST GOODBY. Jacqueline Kennedy kneels and kisses the flag draping her husband's casket lying in state in the Capitol.

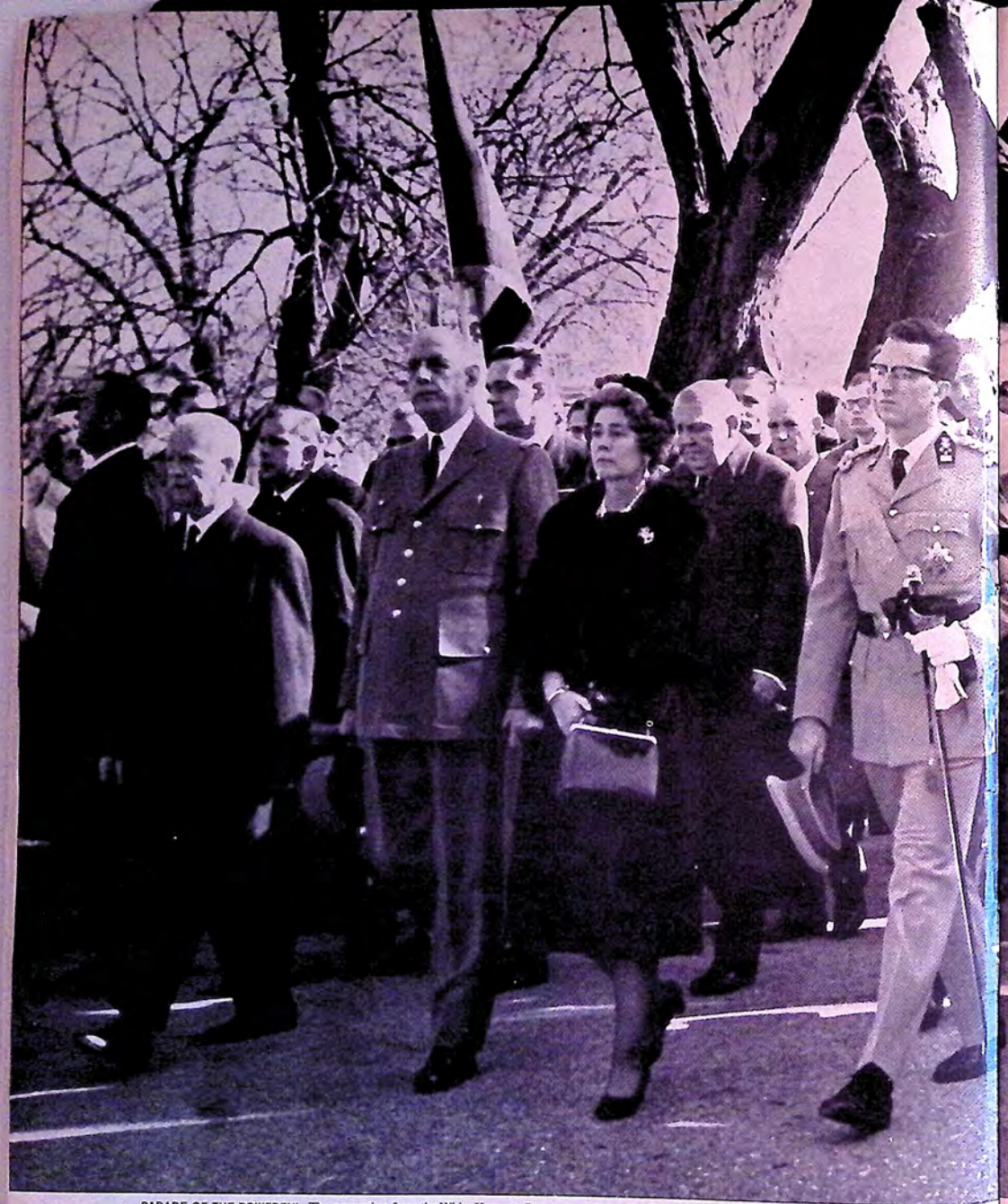
THE BEREAVED. John Kennedy's widow and children leave the White House for the procession to the Capitol's Great Rotunda.

IN THE MIDST OF HISTORY THE LAST JOURNEY BEGAN

IN THE GREAT ROTUNDA. The solemnities began inside the Capitol hall—around the same catafalque on which Abraham Lincoln lay in state—in a scene that matched the drama of the historic paintings on the walls. In the foreground were U.S. senators and representatives. At left, under paintings of *Embarkation of the Pilgrims* and *Landing of Columbus*, were members of the Cabinet and Supreme Court and U.S. delegates to the U.N. As Senator Mansfield read his emotional tribute to the late President and his widow, Mrs. Kennedy stood with Caroline and niece, Sydney Lawford. In rear center, under *De Soto's Discovery*, was the White House staff. To its right, under *Pocahontas' Baptism*, stood the foreign diplomats. Then this gathering dispersed and the public came. All afternoon and through the chill night 250,000 people filed past the coffin in a silent stream.



BEARING THE COFFIN. It was carried from the rotunda down the Capitol steps by the same nine pallbearers—from the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard—who performed this duty at each of the ceremonies. Then it was placed on the caisson and drawn to the White House and St. Matthew's Catbedral by three pairs of matched gray horses. Following military custom, the right row of horses was saddled but riderless.



PARADE OF THE POWERFUL. The procession from the White House to St. Matthew's Cathedral included the leaders of nations as far apart as Ethiopia and Korea. In this historic photograph, front row, from left to right, are Heinrich Lübke, President of West Germany; Charles de Gaulle, President of France; Frederika, Queen of Greece; Baudouin, King of Belgium; Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia; Diosdado Macapagal, President of the Philippines, and Chung Hee Park, the President-elect of Korea. In the second row, between Queen Frederika and King Baudouin, is Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.

CONTINUED

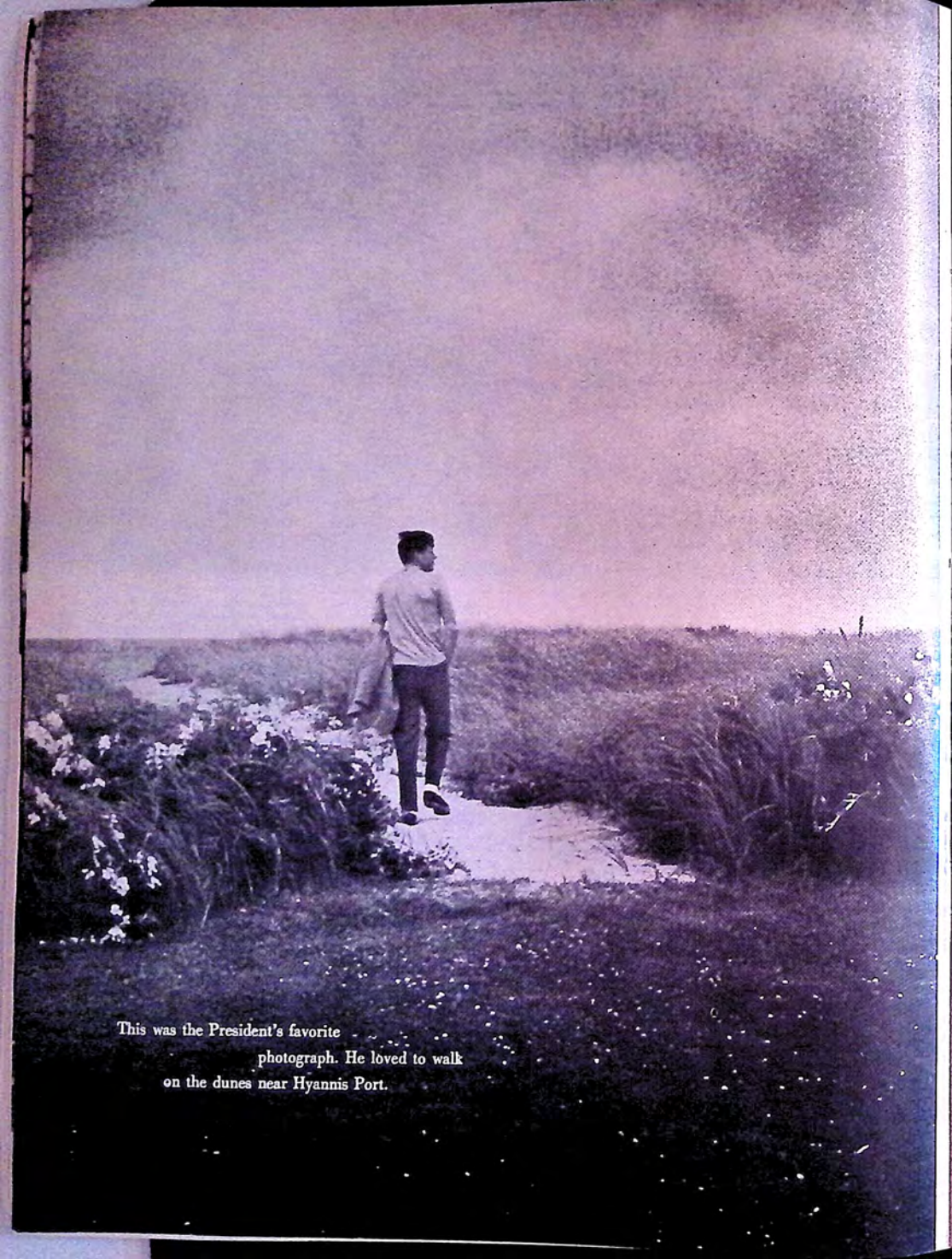
ON A HILL IN ARLINGTON CAME THE FINAL SALUTES

ACROSS THE POTOMAC. Leaving Washington and the Lincoln Memorial behind, the procession—which was three miles long—made its way toward Arlington Cemetery. In the right foreground, wearing uniforms styled after the Revolutionary War, stood an Army fife-and-drum corps.

THE RESTING PLACE. With the sound of creaking wheels and the clattering of hoofs breaking the silence, the President's caisson entered Arlington Cemetery, passed the graves of American war heroes and headed toward the burial spot on a grassy hill which looks over the Potomac.

A WIDOW'S THANKS. Pausing for a moment after the graveside service with Robert Kennedy, who was ever at her side, Jacqueline Kennedy had a word of thanks for Bishop Philip Hannan (*left*), who spoke at the funeral, and other Catholic prelates who had taken part in the services.

HOMAGE FROM THE GREAT. As taps was sounded, President de Gaulle and Emperor Haile Selassie saluted the grave. Behind Selassie is German Chancellor Erhard. To right of Selassie is Philippine President Macapagal. In dark glasses at right is South Korean President Chung Hee Park.



This was the President's favorite photograph. He loved to walk on the dunes near Hyannis Port.

FIRST ACT. In the White House as President, Johnson proclaims national mourning for his predecessor.

What to Expect from the New Man in the White House

PRESIDENT L. B. JOHNSON

Lyndon Baines Johnson is a Texan and a millionaire, and he looks like a Texas millionaire. But neither his tough, rangy appearance nor the image evoked by the words "Texan" and "millionaire" bespeak his politics.

Like Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman, two of the four presidential predecessors with whom he has worked, Johnson was plain-born—in a frame house not far from the Texas ranch which he owns today (*pp. 60-63*). In the years that carried him from Texas to the White House, he grew from a bright and agile freshman congressman to one of the most skillful, subtle and effective legislators in America's history.

Franklin D. Roosevelt found him first. When Johnson in 1938 ran for Congress as a New Deal liberal, and won out in a big field of Texas conservatives, Roosevelt was so pleased with his victory that he gave him a lift to Washington on the presidential train. Johnson served in the House of Representatives—with time off to become its first member to go to World War II—until he was elected senator in 1948. In 1953 he became minority leader in a Republican Senate. When the Democrats won the Senate, he took over the caught-in-the-middle job of majority leader under an opposite-party President. By now he had become a superbly canny manager and manipulator of votes in the hard-bargaining cloakrooms of Congress and he served with such diligence that President Eisenhower called him "the best Democrat in the Senate."

When Johnson became Vice President in 1960—after having fought John F. Kennedy for the nomination for the presidency—he ranged the world, bringing his openhanded approach to new nations—Senegal, Vietnam, Pakistan—which had become constituents to woo and win in a totally new kind of global politics. He has said of himself, "By personal choice I am a Democrat. But I am a free man, an American and a Democrat, in that order."

President Johnson's political conduct has not belied his noble words. On his record, here is where Lyndon Johnson stands:

THE PARTNERS. They had fought each other for nomination, but Kennedy and Johnson stood together after party named 1960 ticket.

CIVIL RIGHTS: A Southerner, Johnson as majority leader of the Senate crushed strong southern opposition to push through Congress the only two civil rights bills enacted in this century. He has served as head of the National Civil Rights Commission. Last May, speaking at Gettysburg, he said:

"One hundred years ago, the slave was freed.

"One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the color of his skin.

"The Negro today asks justice.

"We do not answer him—we do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking 'Patience.'

"It is empty to plead that the solution to the dilemmas of the present rests on the hands of the clock. The solution is in our hands. Unless we are willing to yield up our destiny of greatness among the civilizations of history, Americans—white and Negro together—must be about the business of resolving the challenge which confronts us now."

FOREIGN POLICY: Diplomacy and history have never been among Johnson's major interests, but he learned a great deal in his 35 months as Vice President. A shrewd, cautious man and a politician who is dedicated to the axiom that "Politics is the art of the possible," Johnson is unlikely to make hasty, intuitive decisions. Unlike President Kennedy, who was in effect his own Secretary of State, Johnson will rely heavily on Dean Rusk, whose origin in Georgia poverty makes him in Johnson's eyes a kindred spirit. But his skill as a political conciliator will enable him to gain bipartisan congressional support for his program. Johnson expressed his approach to foreign affairs—and his rejection of the John Birchite "hard line"—in a speech last June:

"The path of responsibility is described as appeasement. High-sounding—but low content—phrases are put forward as spurious alternatives to national policy.

"We are told that we should take 'strong action' and our international troubles will evaporate. But when the advocates of this 'strong action' are pressed for specifics they offer only 'strong' words—like the little boy shouting defiance at the neighborhood bully after he has gone home to supper.

"We are told that our national goal must be 'victory' and that then our success will be assured. But when we ask who is *against* victory for our country, it always turns out that the champions of this phrase are not talking about victory for our country but 'victory' for their own partisan clique over the current administration, whatever it may be. It is unfortunate that these slogans, though empty, are dangerous. They are dangerous because they can serve as a substitute for hard, adult thought. And they also prepare the psychological climate for the type of irresponsibility that can mean disaster in the age of the nuclear reactor and outer space.

"We must not libel the roads that lead to peace or glamorize the roads that lead to war."

But if Johnson is scornful of warmongers at home, he is equally wary of troublemakers abroad. "Reciprocity is the key to peace," he has said. "If the Soviets want America's cooperation, they can earn it. If the Soviets want America's hostility, they certainly can provoke it." And he has declared: "We shall not be content until the last of the Soviet forces are withdrawn from Cuban soil."

OUTER SPACE: The exploration of space is an enthusiasm of Johnson's which derives only in relatively small part from the fact that his native state is a center of manufacture for celestial mechanisms. And, perhaps more than Kennedy did, Johnson has always felt that there are military as well as scientific reasons for space explorations. He said last June: "Space is clearly the great breakthrough of human knowledge—for centuries to come. We do not know—and the Soviets do not know—what the stars will tell us. We do know that to default the exploration of the universe of space would surely be as catastrophic in its consequences as if we had defaulted exploration of the universe of the atom. Our superiority in any scientific field will be brief and fading if we do not win and hold competence in this new and decisive realm of discovery."

CONTINUED

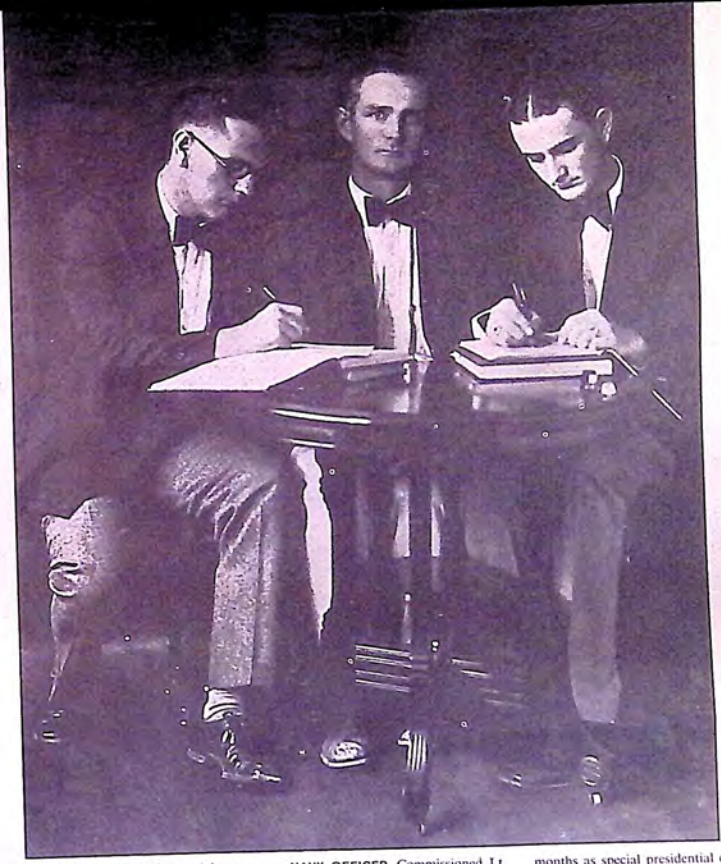
The Baby Boy Was 'Born To Be a Senator'

FATHER. Sam Ealy Johnson Jr. was a schoolteacher, farmer and five-term member of the Texas state legislature.

HOMESTEAD. Holding up daughter Lynda Bird for family album picture, Johnson stands in front of grandfather's log cabin. Uncle Tom Johnson is at left and next to him is L.B.J.'s mother. At right is wife Lady Bird. Others are neighborhood oldtimers.

BABY LYNDON. When Lyndon was born, his grandfather announced, "A U.S. senator was born this morning."

TEACHER. To earn money for tuition fees, Johnson (*above, center*) took a year off from college to teach school in the little village of Cotulla in south Texas near Mexican border. Here he sits amid the three grades he taught.



DEBATER. In 1928, Johnson (*above, right*) was a star on the Southwest Texas State Teachers College team.

NAVY OFFICER. Commissioned Lt. Commander three days after Pearl Harbor, Johnson served for seven months as special presidential emissary before being recalled to Congress. Here he tours the New Guinea front.

CONTINUED

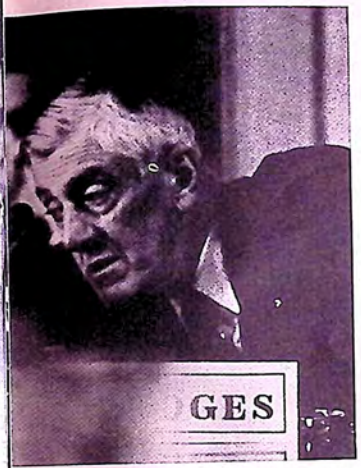
Tough, Skilled Legislator Undaunted by a Heart Attack

WITH ROOSEVELT. Debarking from presidential yacht at Galveston in 1937, F.D.R., the first of four Presidents whom Johnson knew well, is greeted by the young Texan. Roosevelt had appointed Johnson to his first government post in New Deal's National Youth Administration.

WITH EISENHOWER. Johnson talks with Ike at a 1956 meeting on the President's program. In key role of leader of a Democratic Congress under a Republican Chief Executive, Johnson pushed some of the President's legislation through Congress, including bills on NATO and foreign aid.

WITH TRUMAN. Meeting an old friend, Harry Truman, for lunch during the preconvention campaign in 1960, Johnson matches grins with the former President. Under Truman, more than a decade earlier, Johnson had served as the majority whip even though he was only a freshman Senator.

INVESTIGATOR. At 1958 hearings of his subcommittee examining U.S.'s defense strength, Johnson whispers to Senator Leverett Saltonstall.



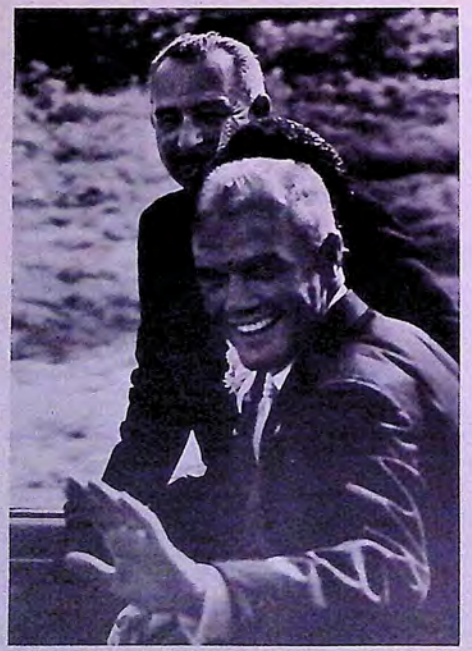
AFTER HEART ATTACK. In hospital (*below*) following 1955 coronary, Johnson talks with Vice President Nixon. He recovered at his ranch.

PARTY BOSS. At 1956 dinner, Johnson herds Louisiana Senator Allen Ellender into a corner for some heavy coaxing. As Senate leader, Johnson displayed unparalleled skill at keeping his fellow Democrats in line through staff work, persuasiveness and his own great political power.

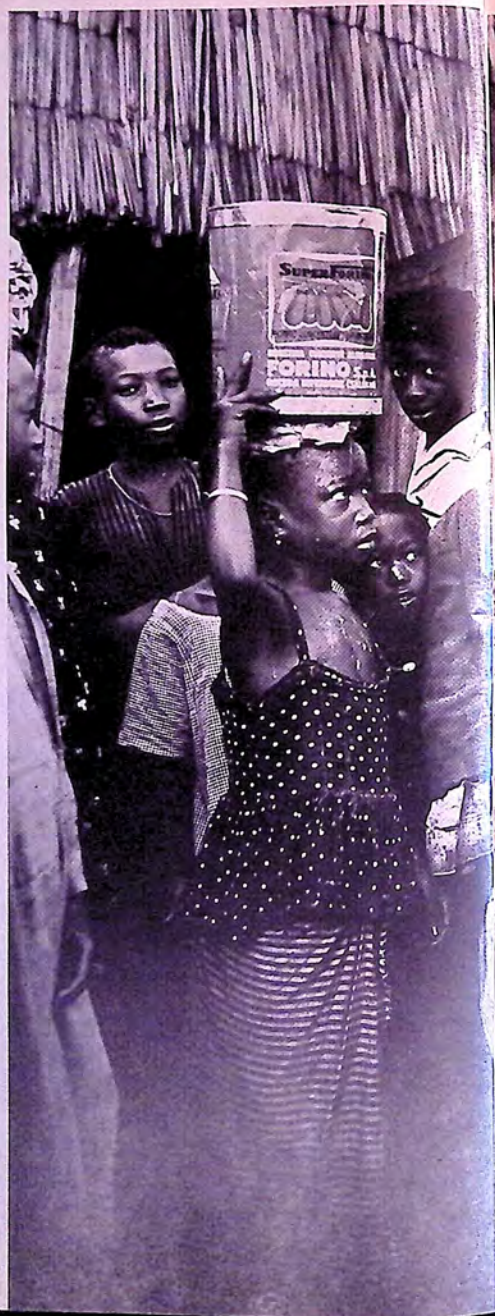
CONTINUED

As Vice President He Circled the Globe and Kept an Eye on Space

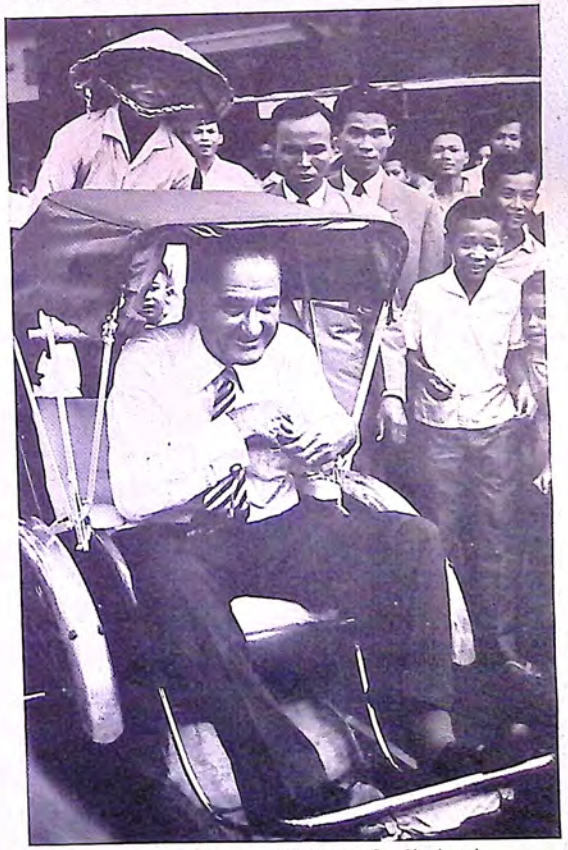
HELP FOR A POET. At inauguration, Vice President Johnson tries to shade manuscript being read by Robert Frost. But glaring January sun proved too much for the old poet's eyes and he had to recite verse from memory.



WITH ASTRONAUT. After Lt. Colonel John Glenn's 1962 three-orbit flight around earth, Johnson joins him in Cape Canaveral parade. As Vice President, he headed Space Council, which guided U.S. space programs.



PLAYING TEXAS HOST. Entertaining Konrad Adenauer during the German chancellor's 1961 visit to the U.S., Johnson showed him Texas hospitality with a big public barbecue at the Gillespie County Fair Grounds.



IN AFRICA. Visiting Senegal in 1961, Vice President makes friends with child in the fishing village of Kayar.

IN VIET NAM. Crouching in undersized pedicab, Johnson sightsees in Saigon on 1961 Southeast Asia trip.

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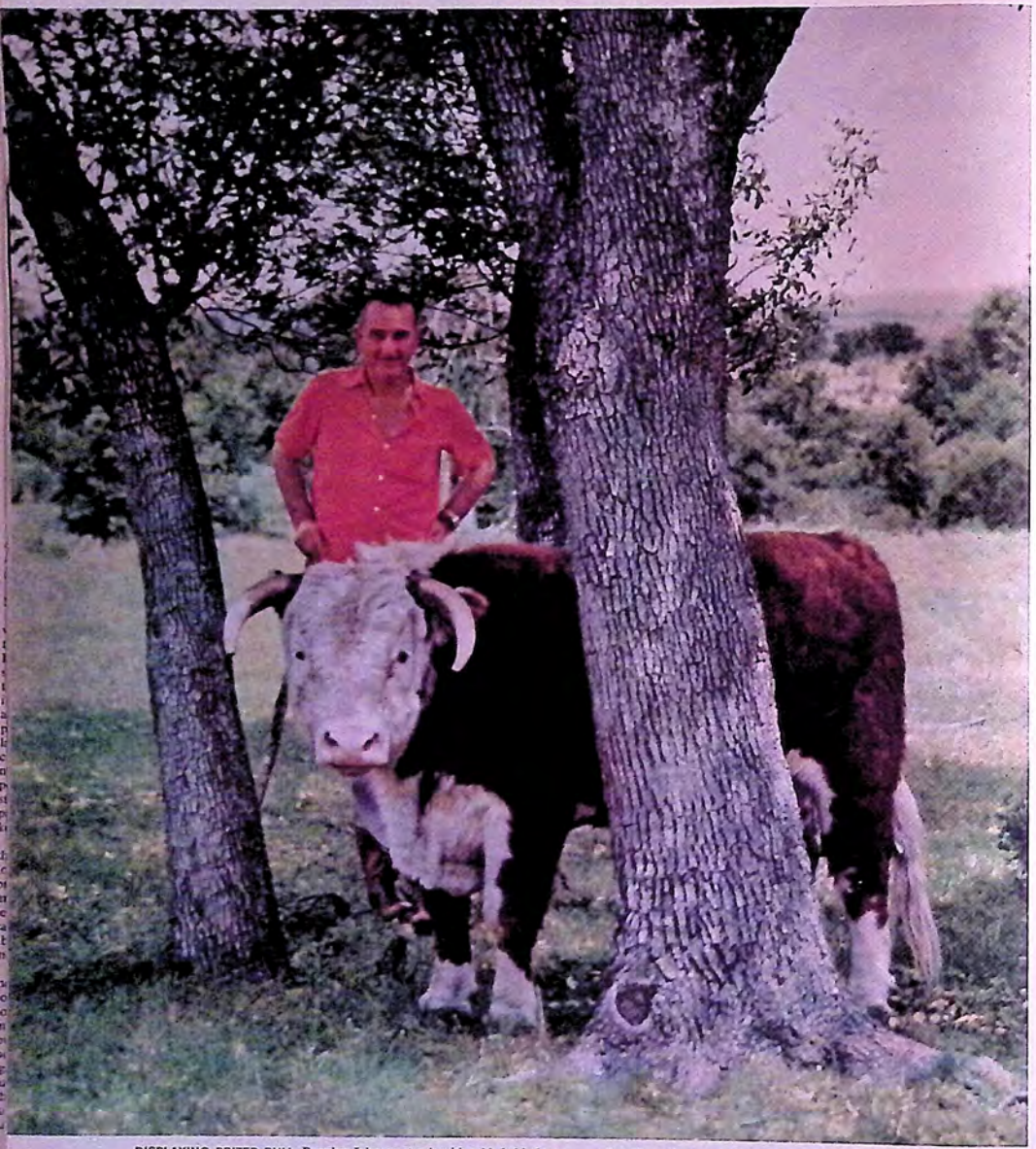
The New 'Summer White House' Is Deep in the Heart of Texas

The Texan in Lyndon Johnson, subdued when he is in Washington, blossoms when he is at his beloved LBJ Ranch. On those 400 acres, near Johnson City, Texas, he revels in the appurtenances of the Texas rancher—the wide-brimmed Stetson, the leather-piped pockets, the hunting dog, the livestock. And on everything is the LBJ brand. Not only his wife but also his daughters, Lynda Bird and Lucy Baines—and even the dog—have those initials, and they are embroidered, etched or engraved on his shirts, his handkerchiefs, his personal jewelry. When he is host at the ranch, L.B.J. often serves hamburgers cut to the shape of Texas. But one bit of asymmetry seems to bother him. "Eat the Panhandle first," he urges his guests.

The ranch was founded by his grandfather and Johnson was born in a small frame house near it. His mother, Rebekah Baines Johnson, described his birth in a family history written in 1952: "It was daybreak Thursday, August 27, 1908, on the Sam Johnson farm on the Pedernales River. . . . There came a sharp, compelling cry—the cry of a newborn baby. The first child of Sam Ealy and Rebekah Johnson was 'discovering America.' " It was to the ranch that the then Senate majority leader returned after his moderately severe heart attack in 1955, to laze amid his cattle, sheep and hogs, to watch the bass and catfish in the stocked ponds and to swim in his heated pool.

For all its atmosphere of a vacation retreat, the LBJ Ranch is ideally equipped to become the "summer White House," which is its automatic title now that its owner is President. There are facilities for 30 telephone lines, including phone plugs all around the swimming pool. Electric golf carts scurry from the commodious ranch house and guest houses to the ranch's airstrip, which can handle four-engined planes. No doubt the first change to be made will be an enlargement of the airstrip so as to accommodate the presidential jet plane, which can fly to the ranch from Washington in 150 minutes.



DISPLAYING PRIZED BULL. Rancher Johnson stands with pride behind one of his registered Hereford bulls. For years he has been improving stock and otherwise trying to put the ranch on a profit-making basis. But ranching is more than a business to him. "This," he has said, "is what revitalizes a man."

SNUGGLING A BEAGLE. Johnson holds pup of a dog which he took with him to Washington. Pup has traditional L.B.J. initials—for Little Beagle Junior.

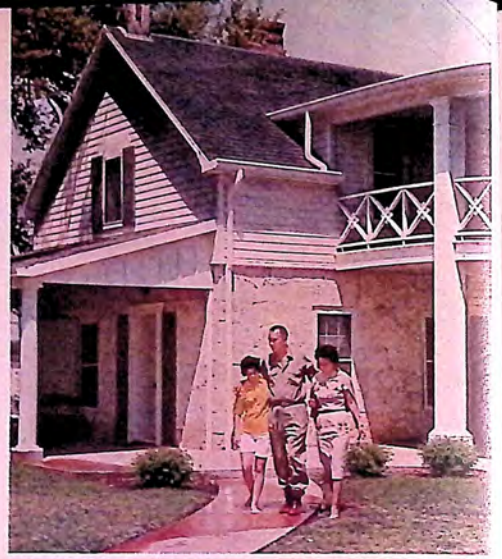
LOOKING OVER HIS FLOCK. Johnson visits a field on the nearby 1,800-acre Scharnhorst Ranch which he leased for grazing. Sheep have been the best-paying livestock in his holdings. He buys lambs every spring and sells them in the fall. Recently he has experimented with fast-growing African sheep.

CONTINUED

An Ideal Place to Loaf

LOLLING AMID BLUEBONNETS. Relaxing in field awash with the ubiquitous wildflower of Texas, Johnson accepts a nosegay from Mrs. Johnson.

PERCHING ON FENCE. Resting beside the ranch gate, Johnson is backed by the Pedernales River and the remodeled ranch house grandfather built.



STROLLING WITH FAMILY. With his wife and daughter Lucy, Johnson sets out from 13-room house for a walk while older daughter Lynda is at school.

FORDING RIVER. The Johnsons drive across Pedernales, which flows between home and highway. Mrs. Johnson usually drives across bridge nearby but husband prefers this watery approach.

FLYING COLORS. U.S., Texas flags at ranch will now have presidential flag instead of LBJ pennant.