

Gazette Project

Interview with

Roy Reed,
Hogeye, Arkansas,
7 July 2000

Interviewer: T. Harri Baker

Harri Baker: This is interview number six with Roy Reed. I am Harri Baker. It is July 7th of the year 2000. We are at Roy Reed's home in Hogeye, Arkansas. Before we get to the scheduled order of affairs, you just told me that in the recent ringing of the phone, it reminded you of a story that you wanted to tell.

Roy Reed: Yes, because of getting a phone call in Hogeye. I am going to steal one of David Pryor's stories. I have heard him tell this several times. In the interest of making sure it is told right for history, here is what happened. One day, in the middle of the day, in the summer of 1980, David Pryor was sitting on that deck out there with Norma [Reed], me, and some other people. I guess that we had had lunch. Norma was giving David a hard time because he was being slow to support President [Jimmy] Carter in his re-election campaign. If you remember the politics of that thing, an Arkansas politician did not want to get too far out front. Norma has been pretty hard on David down through the years anyhow because he is not quite liberal enough for her. She was nagging him about [the fact that] he had not even announced that he was supporting the President. She said,

“David, when are you going to announce your support for the President?”

David said, “Well, he hasn’t asked me to. I will when he asks me.” We went on talking about whatever we were talking about out there to change the subject. About thirty minutes after that, the phone rang. I came in and picked it up. This young woman said, “This is the White House calling. President Carter is trying to reach Senator Pryor. We hear that he is there.” [Laughter] I called David to the phone, and he said, “Yes, Mr. President. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I would be glad to Mr. President.” He came back out and was ashen. He said, “You won’t believe this. Is this place bugged or something? The President just asked me to support him. I told him I would.” [Laughter]

HB: That is a story that had to be told. If you asked people who worked in the White House what they miss the most after they have gone, invariably they don’t say Air Force One or anything like that. They say the White House switchboard. They apparently can track down anybody, anywhere. I am glad that we have that story on the interview. [Now,] we were at your at *The Times*, starting with the Atlanta bureau. You were the Atlanta bureau . . .

RR: For about six months.

HB: For *The New York Times* from 1965 to 1967, which is pretty much the height of the Civil Rights movement in the South.

RR: That’s right. The bloodiest part was in 1963 and 1964, in Alabama and Mississippi. But 1965 was to be a memorable year as well for --- because that is

when --- I guess that is when the Civil Rights movement began to get a grip and really become effective. The Voting Rights Act was passed in the late spring of 1965 as a direct result of what happened in Selma, Alabama. My two months orientation for *The New York Times* in New York was cut short because they said that I just had to get on down to Selma for a variety of reasons. My immediate predecessor in Atlanta, Claude Sitton, had become my boss and was the new national editor of *The Times*. The other guy in the bureau, John Herbers, had been transferred to the Washington bureau. He was anxious to get on up there and to get his kids in school. There was to be nobody in the Atlanta bureau. Suddenly, here was this big national story breaking around our ears. After just about dumping Norma and the kids in this old rented house in Atlanta, I took off for Selma. I pretty much stayed there the rest of the spring.

HB: Before we get into some of the details, let me ask you what amounts to some newspaper questions. Under those circumstances, when you are going into places like Selma, and later on other places, where you have never been before, how do you develop the kind of contacts that newspaper people need?

RR: First of all, you quite shamelessly use the local news people. Almost all the time they are very helpful and cooperative and friendly. After a while, they get a little tired of being imposed upon, but, mostly, they are very friendly. That was the case in Selma. You get somebody; a reporter, an editor, to spend a few minutes with you. Maybe you will take them out to dinner or something. You spend some time and get filled in on the background of the story, names of important

players, what has been going on --- the necessary background. Then you simply set in to mining those sources. Sometimes you go with a list of names before you get there. For example, when we eventually moved to New Orleans years later, my predecessor twice removed, a guy named John Popham, who just died this year --- They sent me up to Chattanooga where Popham had gone to work for the *Chattanooga Times*. Popham said, "Okay, here is what you need to know about New Orleans." He gave me a list of every good watering hole and every good eating place in New Orleans.

HB: I bet that was a pretty long list.

RR: Incidentally, it is no small matter in these less privileged towns than New Orleans. In a place like Selma, you could ruin your stomach. Sure enough, we found out very quickly the one good place to eat. It was a private club called the Tally Ho. Two words - Tally Ho, out on the edge of town. It was private because that meant they could be segregated. They did not have to allow black folks.

HB: Not just because of the liquor laws, for segregation purposes?

RR: That was the main reason, we had no doubt. All of us went out there. We had our nightly infusion of guilt for being there in this segregated place and then chowed down on some really good food. The only good food in Selma. You got acquainted with friendly clergymen.

HB: I wouldn't have thought of that part.

RR: The Episcopal rector was very helpful and friendly and secretly sympathetic to the Civil Rights movement. One or two others --- There was a Catholic

institution of some kind. I don't know if it was an orphanage. I can't remember. Not just a church but some other --- It was known as a kind of hot bed of racial liberalism. We contacted those folks. There was a couple that had moved to Selma thirty or forty years earlier from New York to put in a cigar factory, a Jewish couple from Manhattan. They were either the only Jews in Selma or part of a very small number in this town of thirty to thirty-five thousand people. Secretly, they were sympathetic to the black movement, and they also had another agenda that they were pretty up front about. They wanted to help protect the good name of Selma. They took in these visiting newsmen in groups of two or three at a time. They would have them out to dinner and drinks and tell us that Selma is not all bad. There were some good people there. We took that as an extension of the Chamber of Commerce. They would also help us with information. They would tell us, "All right, you go and see so and so." Of course, you also have to talk to and get along with hostile sources. One was Sheriff Jim Clark. He was one of the bullies of the South, right up there with [T. Eugene] Bull Connor [Birmingham police commissioner], a mean man who loved that part of law enforcement that allowed him to abuse people. In fact, the most sickening thing that I saw during the entire Selma campaign involved Jim Clark and his — besides his deputies, he had a group known as the "sheriff's posse." They rode horses and carried whips. One Saturday, a bunch of black kids took a turn marching at the courthouse. This was a drill. Every day there would be a march to the courthouse of black people demanding to register to vote and then turned

away by the sheriff or his people. On this particular day, Saturday, there was an all-children's march. There must have been sixty or seventy-five, ranging in age from about eight to early teens, or mid-teens. They marched down to the courthouse. They were met by Sheriff Clark with a big friendly smile. He said, "Well, kids, I understand you all want to march, so I am going to help you march." He got a couple of carloads of his deputies, one in the front of this line of kids and one at the back. He ordered the kids to follow the deputy's car. They were going along very slowly, five miles per hour, so the kids could keep up, to the edge of town, off down a country road. As they got out in the country, they made them run. They no longer got to walk, they had to run. They used cattle prods on them, electric shock cattle prods to make them run. The kids were terrified, terrified! After a half a mile, the kids simply fell in exhaustion. Some of the bigger kids led them off into a yard, a black person's home, then they refused to go any further. Well, the sheriff and his deputies had their fun and had a big laugh out of it and went back to town. A cruel man! As *The New York Times* reporter, I had to get along with him. You would have never heard a cross word from me addressed to this awful man, simply polite questions. If I can digress a moment and tell a story about that man, it involves another *New York Times* man who later became famous, a reporter named Gay Talese. He later left *The Times* and wrote half a dozen non-fiction books. Some of them were best sellers. He was at this time a special assignment reporter. He got an assignment from the *New York Times Magazine* to come to Selma and write a story about

Sheriff Clark.

HB: This was before you got there?

RR: No, this was while I was there, sometime in late spring or early summer — about the time of the Selma to Montgomery march, which took place in April or March [March 1965]. Anyway, Gay settled in at the Albert Hotel, where all these news people were staying. He set about cultivating Sheriff Clark and his wife. Gay, who is from New York or New Jersey --- and sounded like it --- was an excellent reporter. He had the reporter's gift of making the source believe that he was friendly and sympathetic. Without ever saying so, I am sure Gay led Clark to believe that he was going to write a sympathetic story. You don't say that, but there are ways of leaving that impression if it will help you to get information from a hostile source. He did an excellent job of it. He wrote this article. Of course, it was a blistering, scathing report on this terrible man, this bigot. I happened to be in Selma, on one of my regular visits, a day or two after the piece came out and Sheriff Clark had seen it. I'll never forget, Jack Nelson, with the *Los Angeles Times*, and I were sort of traveling together. We had gone down to the courthouse for whatever event we were to cover, a march, I am sure. The first person that we run into outside of the courthouse is Sheriff Clark. He was the jolly --- he put on a front of being jolly for us visiting --- the "Yankee" press. Then he remembered that I was a *Times* guy. He turned to me while Jack was standing there. He said, "Did you see what that son of a bitch, Gay Talese, did to me?" [Laughter] I professed ignorance, or quickly put the distance between me

and Gay Talese: “This Yankee --- I didn’t want anything to do with him.” The Sheriff had a few things that he wanted to say about Gay Talese. He unloaded. It turned out that Gay had done an even better job than I had known in ingratiating himself. According to Sheriff Clark --- and I have no reason to doubt it --- Gay had become so friendly with the Sheriff and his wife that they invited him up to their apartment above the jail several times. That was where he did most of his interviews. One day, when the Sheriff was out on a call and Mrs. Clark had to go to the grocery store, she left Gay up there alone because they trusted him so much. He said, “She came in, and you know what that son of a bitch was doing? She caught him going through my dresser drawer counting my underwear!”

[Laughter]

HB: I had a question that I wanted to ask. Is there a special burden about being *The New York Times* guy covering the Civil Rights movement? In those days *The Times* was absolutely hated by a sizeable number of folks in the South.

RR: Not only a special burden, but a double special burden if you were a Southerner working for that Northern rag.

HB: Now, that determines my next question. I was going to ask if you played the Southern card? If you told those folks that you weren’t really from *The Times*, you were from Arkansas? That’s worse, huh?

RR: You play the Southern card, but you do it by saying, “Yes, I work for *The New York Times*. Listen to me, I am not from New York.” Ninety percent of the time people would be friendly about it because they thought, “This young man has a

burden. I need to help him. He works at that awful paper. He can't help it, so I am going to befriend him." It does not always work. Claude Sitton told the story about --- Claude had a south Georgia accent, unmistakably Southern, one of the last true Southern accents. He was the Southern correspondent for *The Times*. At the time, he was in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in the aftermath of the lynchings over there of the three Civil Rights workers [Andrew Goodman, James Cheney, Michael Schwerner, June, 1964]. At that time, the town was inflamed with hostility towards any outsiders, especially northern reporters. Claude says that one day or one evening, he and the *Newsweek* reporter had gone out to a restaurant to eat. They were on their way back to the motel. The sidewalk was blocked by three tough-looking white guys who demanded to know who they were. They asked, "Are you some of them Yankee reporters?" Claude, in his best Southern drawl, gave a big smile and said, "I work for *The New York Times*." [With exaggerated Southern accent] This was such a preposterous statement that they figured he was lying. With that accent, he couldn't be from New York. They just turned around and left.

HB: Is there also difficulty of reporters running in a "pack" in those circumstances?

RR: Yes.

HB: For all the crisis, whether they were resident folks or not, all the papers sent in people. Did you find yourselves interviewing each other, in effect?

RR: Yes, and that is a great danger in that kind of story. One time, there would be as many as fifty out-of-state reporters in Selma. On any given afternoon, marching

time, we would all be out there at the same place, at Brown's Chapel Church in the projects, waiting to cover the story. You sit around on the grass and talk to each other. That was where Jack Nelson and I became friends, at Selma. He had just gone to work for the *LA Times*, and I had just gone to work for *The New York Times*, and we were the new kids. We kind of reinforced each other's anxieties and comforted each other. We got to be good friends. Of course, there is a certain amount of exchanging information. Up to a point this is unavoidable and even helpful. One reporter can't be everywhere in town. You help each other in little ways. I remember that we had a guy from *Newsweek*, Bill [?], a wonderful, quiet sort, who was good at estimating crowds. It was Bill's job to give us crowd estimates every time there was a crowd. We knew that we could depend on him. On the day [March 7, 1965] that the first march started from Selma to Montgomery, the aborted one that was so bloody at the foot of Edmund Pettus Bridge, it was Bill's job --- Bill stood at the foot of the bridge as they started to cross and counted the marchers. He would pass it on to *The New York Times*, the *LA Times*, and three network guys, and half a dozen others. In return, we covered for him and gave him color details. "Color," that is a newspaper term, as you know. You cooperate in small ways like that.

HB: I think most people understand that. That also means that you all get the same figure, which gives you credibility, right?

RR: Right. Where you draw the lines even with good friends like Jack and me [was] if one of us got something that we knew the rest of them didn't have, and it was

good, a story within itself, you didn't share it. That was just understood. There were no hard feelings.

HB: Exclusives must have been hard to come by?

RR: Very few exclusives in a place like Selma.

HB: You are all going to the same limited number of sources?

RR: Yes, so there were very few exclusives.

HB: Was there a pecking order? Does *The New York Times* man stand out in those circumstances? Or does that just set you up to be a bigger target?

RR: No, it is true. *The Times* man was very high in the pecking order. In fact, the network reporters, people like Richard Valeriani and --- their names are gone now. Names that at one time would have been household names because they were on the news every night. --- More than one of these guys confided to me that their producers in New York, in fact, their editors, were guided by what *The New York Times* did. I actually have had TV reporters find out things and feed information to me so that I would have it in *The Times* the next morning. Then their producer would tell them to get on the story. They knew that, until it was in *The Times*, they didn't have a very good chance of getting it in. That seems absurd in the year 2000 because things have changed so utterly in the news business, but in 1965 that was simply a fact of life.

HB: Any rivalry between the print and the TV folks?

RR: Oh, just to see who could get the story first, that kind of thing, but, even then, we understood that we were different media. They were good at pictures and

anything to back up pictures. We were better --- to give credit where credit is due --- I should say that it was the pictures of television, in particular, of a CBS cameraman named Laurens Pierce, an absolutely fearless man, tough as nails, an Alabama red-neck, who had gone to work for CBS. It was the pictures of Laurens Pierce that made the world aware of the terrible outrage that took place at the foot of Pettus Bridge on March 7, 1965, when Sheriff Clark and George Wallace's state troopers and the sheriff's posse on horseback, all combined to brutalize a group of marchers who were headed for Montgomery. They almost killed the then chairman of the student run by the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, a man named John Lewis. He is now a Congressman from Atlanta. They almost killed John, cracked his skull. All of that was captured on film. I got all the details in my story in *The Times* the next morning. It was the off lead, the left-hand column at the top of the page with a one-column headline. It went all the way down to the fold and then jumped to the inside and went on and on, hundreds and hundreds of words, all the details that I had gathered firsthand and could glean from other reporters with whom I was swapping information. I am convinced that for all my care and meticulousness, it was not my story that turned it into a national outrage. It was those pictures taken by Laurens Pierce. Everybody saw it on the late evening news. It was on a Sunday. The next morning, Monday morning, it was as if there was a national eruption of anger. I am sure that you remember. Lyndon Johnson went on television and made a terrific speech and ended it with the words, "We shall overcome." Within weeks

the Voting Rights Act passed.

HB: How much independence do you have from *The New York Times* folks in New York, under these circumstances?

RR: In my case, not as much as ordinarily would have been because my immediate boss, the national editor, was Claude Sitton, who himself had covered the Civil Rights movement in the South for years. He was the preeminent reporter on Civil Rights. He knew all the cast of characters. He knew Martin Luther King personally, Andrew Young, and John Lewis. He knew all these. He knew Hosea Williams. He knew the story. He guided me and was a great help to me in covering that story. He knew that I was brand new. He knew me from my days at the *Arkansas Gazette*. I think I talked about that earlier. He had confidence in me as a reporter. He also knew that I was green on this story. I had never been outside of Arkansas on the Civil Rights story. Here it was, all over the deep South. He knew the deep South. He had traveled it for years. We spent a lot of time on the telephone every day, typically in the morning, when I would give him my best estimate of what was going to take place that day, what the story was going to be, probably. Then he would tell me, "All right now, be sure to watch for so and so." He might suggest a person to talk to. Then he would, almost every day, he would say, in that Georgia voice of his, "Roy, I want you to let our readers know what it feels like to be in the middle of this. Let them know what it smells like, what it looks like, what it tastes like." From an editor, that is all a reporter needs. That is like saying, "Here is your head, now run. You just give it

everything that you have got.”

HB: He was not giving you any space limitations?

RR: No, not on a story like that. We understood that there are space limitations. As far as space goes, it was very generous. On an ordinary day --- let me back up. This story had been in the paper, literally every day from early in the year [1965] in January on through until summer. Then it began to fade a little bit. On a big day, when there was a big story, when somebody was killed --- and there were two, three, or four killings that spring connected with the Selma movement --- it would be all over the front page and jump inside with pictures. On an ordinary day, when not much is going on --- you might say just a routine march to the courthouse to be turned away routinely once again --- the story would be moved inside the paper, but would still run. Claude would say, “Well, let’s plan on about seven hundred words.” Or was it seven hundred fifty in those days for a column? That would be what we would write. They were very generous.

HB: Did your material that you were doing out of the Civil Rights movement in this period have your by-line on it?

RR: Yes.

HB: Invariably?

RR: Invariably, yes.

HB: Anybody who wants to trace it story by story, all they have to do is find the Roy Reed by-line in *The Times*?

RR: Yes, that is right.

HB: Are you hunting up, on your own, feature stories and things like that?

RR: Yes. In fact, that is what you do on dull days. I just thought of something that happened on one of those dull days. I am forgetting something else, but maybe it will come back to me. One day, before things really busted open in Selma, I guess before the march to Montgomery, --- that was the turning point. Everything before that was a build-up. It finally happened on its second attempt and ended up on live television for four days. A huge rally in front of the State Capitol with George Wallace peeking out from behind the drapes in his office. We had a man in his office who had befriended ol' George, a reporter named Ben Franklin, who was a terrific reporter. When it was all over, the night that it ended, Viola Liuzzo was murdered on the highway between Selma and Montgomery by Ku Klux Klansmen. These dumb folks were so stupid that they didn't understand that they were simply keeping the movement alive. They were keeping the story alive when they killed someone like that. That's exactly what happened. With Liuzzo murdered, that was the big story for weeks, months, because of the trial. Eventually, it wound down. We were in one of these slack periods after the march. One day a friend who works for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, a guy named Nicholas Von Hoffman, suggested that we get in one of our rental cars and drive to Hayneville, the neighboring county seat, Lowndes County, "Bloody Lowndes," as it was known. The story had really not spent much time in Lowndes. An occasional story would come from Lowndes. Lowndes County was about eighty percent black and the twenty percent minority ruled the county with an iron fist.

It was hard for the movement to get going over there. There were a few brave, young souls like Stokely Carmichael, as he was then known. He was in there organizing and eventually formed the Black Panther Party in Lowndes County, from which it spread to the rest of the nation. Nick said, "Why don't we get in the car and drive to Hayneville? Something is going to happen over there one of these days. We could use some background information. Let's just go over there and see what it looks like." We had nothing to do, and there was no story in sight, so we did. We got over there during the lunch hour and went to the courthouse, a grand old whitewashed courthouse that predated the Civil War, a beautiful old building. Nick and I walked in the courthouse, and there was nobody there. The office doors are all standing open, but there were no people. We heard some voices way down on the other end of the hall. We went down there and that is where a bunch of clerks and minor county officials were all eating lunch and playing dominoes or some such thing. They would play until one o'clock, and then they would go back to their offices. We got down there, and here are these two strangers. Reporters could be spotted a mile off, just like FBI men. We all have the same look, especially Nick. He was a wonderful looking character, a New York native, one of the very few Manhattan natives that I have ever met. He was prematurely gray. He has quite a shock of perfectly white hair. He was very vain about his hair. He wore expensive suits and shoes. They told about Nick that when he first went to Mississippi, he decided that since he was down here from Chicago, he needed to blend in. He was an old protege of

--- Who was that old Chicago left-wing activist of years past, who was famous for about ten years and then he disappeared? Anyway, Nick was a left-winger who became a reporter. That is not all that unusual. He had a lot of reasons to hide. Mainly, he thought he needed to blend in here in Mississippi. They told us about Nick later on. When he first went to the Mississippi Delta, he went to one of the local general stores, a clothing store, and bought a pair of overalls and a straw hat. Everywhere he went he wore those overalls and that straw hat. He still had on his expensive shoes and socks and probably an Italian necktie. [Laughter] Anyway, he didn't fool anybody. Here are these two strangers walking into this back room at the county courthouse. A middle-aged man, a white man, of course, walks to the door and says, "Can I help you gentlemen?" From the first words out of his mouth, we knew that this was no ordinary citizen. There is a particular Southern accent that is peculiar to the upper crust. The only thing that is anywhere near it that I can hear in my memory is Franklin Roosevelt's accent, that Hudson Bay aristocratic accent. In the deep South you can hear a variation on that same accent. We had an acquaintance named Virginia Durr. She was proud of the fact that she was a close relative of Hugo Black. She was a member of the high society in Birmingham, and she had that accent. This guy had that same cultivated Southern accent. An important detail, he also had a .45 pistol strapped on his belt. He actually --- after talking to him for a few minutes — I found out that he was a deputy, a sheriff's deputy. It turned out he was an honorary sheriff's deputy. That was mainly just a chance to give him to carry a gun. We

introduced ourselves. He said, "Let me show you about the old courthouse," so he gave us a grand tour. It was a very interesting old building. He had all the dates in his head and all the names, very illustrious names, from his county that had been associated with this courthouse. I guess he spent a half an hour with us. He said "good-bye" to us at the front door, and we drove away. All the way back to Selma we talked about what a nice fellow he was and how much we appreciated his efforts. Within a month, no more than six weeks later, that same man had shot to death an Episcopal seminarian on the front steps of the grocery store in downtown Hayneville. He shot him to death with a shotgun because he was an outside agitator. He had been called over there by the woman of the store saying, "A bunch of these civil rights agitators are here in my store buying cold drinks." She was afraid. He was a young white fellow. He stepped out on the porch at just the wrong time. Tom Coleman shot him to death. He was acquitted, of course. We were later told that he had killed other folks, but they had all been black fellows. "Somebody had to keep the black folks in line," they would say. He was from a fine old family in Hayneville. His sister was the superintendent of the schools. They were a well regarded family. This, of course, made it that much easier to turn him loose when he was charged with murder.

HB: Did you cover any major stories in that period after Selma? I am trying to remember the chronology? Meredith, James Meredith?

RR: James Meredith. Yes, oh Lord, I will never live that down.

HB: What did you have to live down?

RR: Nothing really. It was one of the most interesting days of my life. He had set out to march across Mississippi. Oddly enough, he started this march from the Peabody Hotel [Memphis, Tennessee]. You know that is where the Mississippi Delta starts. In the first day, he had managed to cover the fifteen to twenty miles to the state line and got into Mississippi. The next day, the second day out, he made it just a few miles down the road, when somebody shot him in the back. It was an ambush from some bushes on the side of the road. I was there, so to speak. I was one, here again, of a large number of reporters and photographers assigned to march with him. Some of the reporters chose to walk, and a lot of the photographers chose to ride. I walked some and rode. I had a rental car. I would drive the car for awhile, and then I would get out and walk a while, and then I would go get back in the car and catch up. I was gathering local color, making notes and interviewing people. It was a sweltering day, a summer day, hot, hot, day. I had collected four or five riders who were getting tired, a reporter or two and a photographer or two, including a brilliant young photographer who worked at one of the bigger agencies. We had all stopped at this country store to get a cold drink. We were standing in the cool of the store, drinking a Coke. We saw people starting to run outside. We went outside to see what was going on. I saw a crowd gathered a couple hundred yards down the road. They were that far ahead of us. They were tearing off down there. There lay James Meredith in the middle of the road. I don't remember if he was lying on his back or on his stomach. People were in chaos, and the shooter, we didn't know it at the time, he

was still about forty yards away in some bushes. It turned out that the picture that won the Pulitzer Prize that year was the picture taken by an AP photographer of James Meredith, lying in the road. Unbeknownst to him, it also had the would-be assassin in the background pretty clear. My young photographer had missed --- of course, he was with me drinking a cold drink. I was pretty put out with myself for not being right there. I went to work to cover the story. Among other things, I went over to stand over Meredith. I could hear him muttering something. I was trying to hear what he was saying. I couldn't make out what it was. I don't know if he was delirious or just so weak that he couldn't make his voice work. It turned out to be an important thing that I did, just going over there and listening for a minute. When I finally got to a phone --- it was hard to find a telephone. I had to drive for miles. I called New York. I was on the phone with Claude Sitton, and he said, "Where you at? Where you been? Quick, before you tell me anything else, is he alive or is he dead?" I said, "He's alive." He said, "Are you sure he's alive?" I told him what I just told you about trying to hear him say something. He said, "Hold the phone a minute!" He went racing off somewhere. It turned out, when he got back he explained, that he was passing word to *The Times* radio station WQXR. He was telling them not to report the Associated Press story that had been filed that James Meredith was dead. A young reporter with the AP in Memphis had been walking past the desk of the city editor in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and had overheard one editor say to another, "Meredith has been shot." Mistakenly, in his mind that translated to dead. He raced back to his

teletype and put out a bulletin, "Meredith shot dead." That went all over the world. The first thing Claude wanted to know, he had headed off WQXR, it turned out they were the only radio station that got it right. Because of that, I won a monthly publishers award for two hundred dollars. It might have been a hundred.

[End of Tape 6 - Side 1]

[Beginning of Tape 6 - Side 2]

HB: This is side 2, the same interview, July 7. Roy said there was a little bit more to the story about James Meredith.

RR: There is a footnote to that story that honesty requires me to tell. A year and a half later --- no, I guess at the end of that year, or six months later, I was transferred to the Washington bureau and left Atlanta. I was given a going-away party by my friends Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts. Gene Roberts had arrived in *The New York Times* Atlanta bureau to be the bureau chief six months after I got there in 1965. He had been delayed. He had been hired earlier. He had been the city editor of the Detroit *Free Press*. He couldn't leave right away. He did not get there until the summer. It was understood that I was kind of filling in. I did not have a title. He was the bureau chief of what was then called the Southern bureau.

HB: Which is you and Gene Roberts?

RR: Yes. And a wonderful woman named Dixon Preston, who ran the bureau for us and made us civilized. She kept our wives informed where we were when we

were out traveling. These two, and some others, had a going-away party for Norma and me. I think it might have been at Jack's house. They had some gifts made up. One of them was a trophy of a runner, like you would get at a track meet. It was about six inches high. They had inscribed in a little brass plate, "Roy Reed, something and something, "He never met a redneck he couldn't out run." The other gift was a --- I will never know how they arranged this. They had a Coca-Cola bottle. One of those old-fashioned classic Coke bottles embedded in a block of plastic, clear plastic on a stand. It had an inscription. This inscription was taken from remarks made by Claude Sitton and later quoted in a book by Gay Talese about *The New York Times*. When the first word came over the AP wire that James Meredith had been shot, as the national editor, Claude went into high gear. He went over to the pictures, the teletype. In those days pictures came in on a telephoto machine. He went over to the photo machine. One picture after another was coming over it. He looked at those pictures while rolling them through his hands and saying, "Where is Roy Reed?" [Laughter] So, you can guess what was on that inscription. Well, the implication was that Roy had stopped for a Coke. They had a lot of fun off that one.

HB: Was the Southern bureau of *The New York Times* covering anything other than the Civil Rights movement?

RR: I would say that it was seventy-five or eighty percent. Yes, there were other good stories.

HB: You and Gene Roberts, at this period, are the entire Southern bureau, covering the

southeast coast to the Mississippi?

RR: Now, some of those states, we never went into. Virginia, I don't think I spent a day in Virginia the whole two years that I was there. I never went to Texas until I started covering the White House. The deep South was where most of the Civil Rights stories were. We also covered the whole South, mainly, politics. We were very keen on being on top of Southern politics. It was always interesting. The Governor's race or a good Senate race would get our attention. We would write stories. We would travel to the states and spend time. Two, three, four days, whatever it took to get the necessary background. We would frame the story and try to make sense out of it for the readers in New York. There were a lot of political stories and, of course, the usual --- this sounds rough, but run-of-the-mill disaster stories that occupy a lot of space in the newspapers. Not at this time, but at another time, I remember being called home to New Orleans because a ferryboat had sunk in the Mississippi River. Several score people had died. Then another time, there was one of the Titan missiles in Arkansas that exploded and killed a bunch of people. I had to cut loose from what I was doing and cover it. That kind of thing is totally unpredictable. You can be off in a moment's notice on a disaster story. Politics and civil rights were the two main ingredients.

HB: Did you spend any time in Atlanta at all? It sounds like you were on the road constantly.

RR: According to Norma, I did not. I must have because I have vivid memories of living in two different houses there. I remember seeing a baseball game with my

son, John, aged ten, maybe. He made a fantastic catch at second base. He stopped a ground ball and threw out this kid at first. I know I was there now and then.

HB: It can't be all bad if you are going to the kid's baseball games.

RR: I did not spend much time in Atlanta. The nature of the civil rights story went on weekends and all. The story kept going and it did not stop. It was not a nine-to-five story. It could happen at night as well as the daytime.

HB: Did you get to know any of the major civil rights leaders?

RR: All of us got to know Martin Luther King. He was very open and friendly. He was a good source, as we say in the news business. He would always take time to talk with reporters. He would talk with the TV people on camera if they wanted to do an interview, as well as with us print reporters. We could be sitting on a hotel bed somewhere. He had first-rate assistants. Andrew Young --- Andy Young was very quiet but an efficient assistant. Jim Bevel was the creative, very crazy assistant. He was brilliant. These guys were preachers, by the way. A number of others. I mentioned Hosea Williams, who was a wonderful organizer. These were all on his national staff. There were local people. There was a Mrs. Amelia Boynton, a local leader for Dr. King's organization, SCLC [Southern Christian Leadership Conference] in Selma. Numerous ministers, local people. What struck you over and over was the dedication of these people to what they were doing. The courage they took and how important it was for them to act as a group. If you were isolated, it was like being the lost sheep away from the flock. You are going to be the first one killed by the coyotes. They went to church and

had their rallies in church. They would make sure they were not isolated in their coming and going. It was dangerous. People were killed. There was a killing in the neighboring town of Marion, one county over. A young man named Jimmie Lee Jackson, a young black man, shot to death by a state trooper for no good reason. There was a little dust up over there, some minor episode of the Civil Rights movement. They would break out in other towns, periodically, around Alabama. One night it broke out in Marion. This kid was shot to death. He was about twenty. Martin Luther King came to preach his funeral. I will never --- I can still hear his voice. I can still hear the words, although by now I can't be sure if I heard those words there or somewhere else. The business about the poisoned meat of racism, which became a great line of his. He was blessed with that voice. You could hear it in the dark and you knew exactly who it was. I think it was safe to say that all of us reporters were fairly stricken with admiration for him, personally, and for what he was doing. Whether it showed in our copy is for the readers to say. We were accused of letting our bias show in our copy. I hope it is not true, but it may well be. I remember thinking years later, that my only real regret about our coverage of the Civil Rights movement was that we had not given the same attention to the white segregationists that we had given to the black movement people. By and large, we held the segregationists in contempt. Now I remember that these are my people, I mean literally, these are my kinfolk in southeast Arkansas. Kinfolks of mine held exactly the same views as the people I was writing about in south Alabama and south Georgia. We did not

agree and still don't. We ought to have spent more time telling their side of the story from their point of view, so the world --- well, for history.

HB: This may not be a totally fair question. Did you ever get the sense then or later that the national press and the national TV folks were being manipulated or guided by the leaders of the Civil Rights movement?

RR: Oh yes, sure. It was one of those open secrets. Nobody really tried to hide it. One tiny example, it was not pure happenstance that the marches every day in Selma were held at the time convenient for the six o'clock news in the eastern time zone. They learned very fast when to have something if you wanted to get it on the evening news.

HB: That was what you said earlier about the impact with the pictures and stories. In some ways that was their major goal.

RR: King and all the people around him, and all his friends in New York, Bayard Rustin, and all the great civil rights leaders, understood very well they had to get white opinion, the nation's opinion, behind them. That meant demonizing Southern segregationist opinion. People like Jim Clark [were] . . . easy to demonize just because they were dumb and played right into it.

HB: That is why those towns were picked?

RR: That was exactly the reason they were picked. That is the reason that Birmingham was picked because it had that kind of reputation. It had Bull Connor as police chief. Selma was picked because it had Jim Clark. One of the sad little ironies is that Selma had a very decent police chief, a man named

[Wilson] Baker. A big old jolly guy, very intelligent and very sharp politically. Every day we would see this little drama played out, Jim Clark playing the dummy and Mr. Baker trying to counter the bad that Jim Clark was doing. He did that in the same way every politician ever went about it. He cultivated the out-of-state press. He made us friends of his. He made sure we all knew what his plans were for patrolling the march. If he felt he had to stop the march somewhere, he would say --- He even went so far --- I used to see him and Andy Young sitting in the chief's police car talking about the day's plans for the march. Andy would say, "Okay, we are going to go down to such and such street." The chief might say, "You know, I wish you wouldn't go down that street. . . ." Well, they would work out the plans. Very friendly and a very decent guy, he never got much credit because he was in the same town with Jim Clark. All of us appreciated him and when we did mention him, I am sure he was pleased with the press. There were some other leaders like that. The mayor of that time was kind of a scamp. He was not a terrible racist, as racists went. You get one flamboyantly bad guy like Jim Clark and that is exactly what the Civil Rights movement wanted. They knew how to push his buttons.

HB: Did you cover any other major Civil Rights things before you went to Washington? Before 1967?

RR: Oh, I am sure that I did. The Meredith march turned into a movement all by itself. I spent a fair amount of time in Mississippi aside from the Meredith march. Jackson was always in and out of the news for some reason or another. Nothing

was very explosive. I spent a lot of time in Bogalusa, Louisiana. That is in the Florida parishes, up above New Orleans. It is mean country, pine-timbered country. Bogalusa was a paper mill town. It was full of Ku Klux Klan people. The movement there was orchestrated, not by Dr. King's SCLC or SNCC [Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee], but by the older Civil Rights organization, CORE [Congress of Racial Equality]. It was run in those days by James Farmer. He was a really smart guy and a gentleman. He had been out front on Civil Rights for years and years. CORE had a foothold in that part of the South, certain parts of Mississippi and Louisiana. Bogalusa became the town they settled on, partly because of the Ku Klux Klan in that area. They knew they could get those folks going, and they did. The most interesting development to come out of the movement in Bogalusa was the formation of a black organization called the Deacons for Defense and Justice. It was started by a bunch of tough, black guys who said, "Nonviolence hasn't worked. We are going to start shooting back." They made a great public show of carrying pistols wherever they went. The head of it was a guy named Charlie Sims. When I interviewed Charlie Sims, he had his gun right there beside him the whole time. This was so I would not miss the point. Their message was, "If you mess with us, we will kill you." As far as I know, they never killed anybody. They made believers out of certain Klansmen. It got to be a joke that I once repeated in a story. I think it is true. Charlie told me that in one of their other towns where they were organized, Jonesboro, Louisiana, where they had a strong chapter, they had put the fear of

God in the Ku Klux Klan. When it came time for the Klan to burn a cross in a black person's yard, they had changed their usual practice of just brazenly stopping and going out to the yard and setting fire. They had a cross pre-soaked in kerosene. They had a driver in the front seat, and another one is sitting in the back seat holding the cross on a Christmas tree stand and a box of matches. The guy does not even have to get out of the car. He would lean out of the window, set the thing on the yard and strike a match and then be off before the Deacons lurking around the neighborhood could shoot at them. [Laughter]

HB: This is not terribly important, but you used a term that I am not familiar with. The Florida parishes of Louisiana?

RR: Florida parishes are four, five, six --- I don't know, maybe, nine parishes or counties that were once part of Florida.

HB: Southeastern Louisiana?

RR: Yes. They were all on one side of the Mississippi River, I believe. I may be wrong about that but I believe so.

HB: I know what part you are talking about. I have just never heard them referred to in that way. Looking back on it, do you think *The New York Times*, and the national press generally, adequately covered what was beginning to be fairly serious divisions in the Civil Rights movement at that time, back at the Meredith march?

RR: I think so. We were on that story fairly early. In fact, I remember the exact moment when the slogan, "Black Power" burst on the national scene. It was

during the Meredith march. One night at a rally in the black part of town in Greenwood, Mississippi, where the marchers were camping overnight at a church yard or school yard, in a public place, they had this rally going. Mississippi already had strong SNCC organizations that had --- The main Civil Rights organization in Mississippi was COFO [Council of Federated Organizations]. It was a combination of three or four different Civil Rights organizations. The spark plugs were all these young guys that had been affiliated with SNCC. Stokely Carmichael came over from Alabama to help out during the Meredith march. He and some of the young people, Mississippians, I think, made a decision to take the story away from Martin Luther King. There was a lot of resentment and had been for a long time between the King's organization and Snick [SNCC], as we call it. The SNCC people [were] thinking that King's organization was just on the verge of being Uncle Toms. They were too slow and they dealt with establishment figures. Their leaders were preachers and old-establishment black folks. These young SNCC guys were firebrands. I will never forget a great cartoon that somebody did during that era. It was showing a chasm out in the country. It was a deep chasm, like a miniature grand canyon, with a bridge being built over it, a rickety old thing out of scrap lumber and this and that and the other. It was a bridge. It was almost all the way across. There was still a gap over there, a few feet that had not been finished. The guys up on the thing doing the work were identified as SCLC people, meaning Dr. King's people. Two young guys were sitting on the finished side of the bridge on a motorcycle,

gunning the motor. One of the drivers was saying, "Thanks, Dad. Now get the hell out of the way." They were, of course, labeled SNCC. That pretty well summed up the attitude. They kind of loved each other, but there was a lot of resentment, especially because Dr. King got the lion's share of the publicity and the credit. So on this night the young people absconded with the movement, at least temporarily in Mississippi. Stokely Carmichael had come over from Alabama. He was the main speaker. I say that he was the main speaker --- it is possible that the SCLC had people on the program who spoke and I have totally forgotten them because they were overshadowed by the speech that Stokely Carmichael gave. At the climax of his talk, he said, "I tell you what we have got to have. Black power! Black power! Let me hear you say it!" The crowd exploded back in response to him. It was one of those electric moments. Every reporter understood what was happening there. This was a turning point for the Civil Rights movement. Those words were quite deliberately inflammatory in that time and in that place. You could not have said much of anything else that would have been more designed to inflame white opinion and black opinion. It infuriated the segregationists on the white side, and it inspired young black people all over America. We all picked up on it. It was on television. It was only much, much later that I learned that Stokely Carmichael was not the one who coined the term "black power." We all credited him with that, but it turned out not to be true. There was a crazy, crazy, young black guy named Willie Ricks. I was told by somebody who knew that Willie was the one who first began to holler "black

power.” He never was around a national reporter. He was always in some little country town off somewhere in the sticks. He would have a chance to get up and speak, and he was a firebrand. He would say, “I tell you what we have got to have. It is black power, black power.” Stokely got wind of this and picked up on this. Out of this grew the Black Panther Party. There is a footnote to that Willie Ricks thing. There was another turning point in the Civil Rights movement, a point that meant nothing to the movement itself, probably nothing to the nation as a whole. It was important only to white reporters that covered it. That was the moment when white reporters no longer felt comfortable in the black community. Up until that time, we would go to one of these hostile little towns like Selma. If we got afraid or felt anxious, we made a beeline for the black community. Brown’s Chapel Church, down in Selma, was our home away from home. The black people were friendly, and they understood we were their friends and took care of us. We did not hang out with the rednecks. We didn’t cover the rednecks the way we should have. Mainly, we felt comfortable until the movement took a nasty turn in Atlanta. After black power became a slogan, one night there was a riot in Atlanta. This was one of the few times that I happened to be there. It was on Boulevard Street, which runs through the middle of one of the main black neighborhoods. The riot consisted of black young people, trashing stores in the black neighborhood, breaking windows and looting, the usual kind of self-destruction that you see. In Atlanta, when it happened there, I was standing in a crowd, mainly a black crowd, after this trouble erupted. I was talking to a couple

of reporters, who said, "Did you see what those girls did to you?" There was a black girl standing behind me, and she had spit on my back. It was a trivial thing. It meant nothing at all except that would not have happened before. During that time, I was whiling away some time one afternoon in my car, in the parking lot of a church on Boulevard Street. The night before Andy Young, Martin Luther King's right-hand man, had rescued me from grave danger. I had been standing and talking with Andy at one end of the Boulevard. He was there to round up some young people for some reason. Three or four of us were standing around, and I was talking to Andy. We heard the rioters coming toward us. We could see them, and they were about a block away, heading towards us. Andy turned around to a young black woman who had come with him and said, "Can you drive a car?" She said, "Yes." He said, "Get into that car and put Mr. Reed in there and get him out of here in a hurry." She did. My friend, Jack Nelson --- I compared notes with him later on that night or the next morning and he had to high tail it down a side street as fast as he could run to get away from them. I think he said he got in a car somewhere. Anyway, he barely escaped them. Another friend of mine, a fellow from Arkansas, working for a TV station in Atlanta, got a brick in the back of his skull and still has a steel plate the size of a silver dollar in the back of his skull. It had turned vicious. I was sitting in this churchyard the next day and up walked Willie Ricks. Well, I had known Willie vaguely from somewhere. I knew who he was. He is a friendly chap, crazy, but friendly. He got in the car --- it was air conditioned. He needed to get out of the

heat for a little bit. --- We sat in there and talked. He was very friendly. We talked, and he was just as amiable as he could be. I was asking questions about what might happen. Willie suddenly fell under a fit of philosophy and took the long view. He said, "Roy, I have to tell you that when the revolution starts, not if, but when the revolution starts, if I find you in the sights of my gun, I will pull the trigger. This is because you are a white man." He said it just as coolly as --- He did not raise his voice. There was utterly no trace of animosity in his voice, which made it doubly chilling. Anyway, the movement changed, and it didn't affect anybody but us reporters in the way that we viewed the black neighborhoods that we went into from then on.

HB: Did you get any pressure from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to play down the divisions within the movement?

RR: No, not that I recall. Not pressure, they would spin the reports. They would say, "Oh, no. There are no divisions that amount to anything. These are just little ripples." The SNCC people were more forthcoming. They were more willing to talk about it. I remember a conversation with Julian Bond and some other leader of SNCC. Julian was the public information officer for SNCC in the Atlanta headquarters. He and these other young people were pretty blunt. I don't remember anything they said, but they didn't tend to pull their punches when talking about Slick [SCLC]. There is "Slick" and "Snick." They were always careful not to criticize Dr. King. They understood and had enough political savvy to know that would have been a mistake. They truly did admire Dr. King. They

thought he was gutsy, which he was. They resented that --- it wasn't exactly a class difference as much as a generation difference. A lot of the SNCC people were college kids, who were just out of Fisk University in Nashville and other colleges around the South, black colleges.

HB: Generations grew up quickly under those circumstances. Martin Luther King, Jr., was not all that old at that time, either.

RR: That's right. He was . . .

HB: He was only like twenty-eight at the time of the Montgomery bus boycott.

RR: That's right. Very sad to think how young he was when he was killed.

HB: This looks like a nice time to take a break.

[Tape Stopped]

HB: We are starting the tape after a brief break. There is not much left on this side. Is there more on Civil Rights that we need to talk about? The next topic is that you go to Washington.

RR: I think that it is probably enough on the Civil Rights movement. It was two years and, I guess, two of the most exciting years of my working life.

HB: It sounds like the most intense and intensive.

RR: Yes. Hard work and long hours. It was very, very tiring work.

HB: This is another thing that newspaper people are interested in. You use the phrase "write stories." Did you actually write them or dictate them over the phone?

RR: That needs to be described. Yes, I dictated them. I wrote them. I carried a portable typewriter. I had specific instructions from Claude Sitton to never check

that typewriter on an airplane, usually a little Olivetti or Olympia, compared to today's Radio Shack computers, you know, laptops that weigh six pounds. I would write it and then find a telephone. Sometimes the story would be out away from any town. I remember covering a hurricane once, Hurricane Camille. I had to leave the story mid-afternoon because all the telephones had been knocked out on the Gulf Coast. I knew the only way that I was going to get that story in the paper for the next day was to drive and find a telephone. It was in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, that I found a telephone. You write the story in the back seat of a car and then you telephone a particular number at *The New York Times*, where there is kind of like a studio. In those days, three middle-aged men who manned the telephones would plug the reporter into a recorder machine at the New York end. You would talk your story into the recording machine. You were careful to spell all names and spell all words that might be confusing. I might have told you about the fellow that I had with the --- These guys were all New Yorkers. Here is this Arkansas accent. They were used to odd accents. They took these calls from all over the world, but Southern accents still threw them a lot of the time. They would stop me and say, "Roy, what was that word in that sentence?" One day out somewhere in the country, I filed a story that had a phrase in it, "Shooting rapids in a kayak."

HB: You mentioned that.

RR: I mentioned it. It came out "rabbits." Anyway, these guys would then transcribe these stories and shoot them off to the proper desk.

HB: They were doing it directly as you were talking into the tape for a back up?

RR: No. They were doing it from a tape. They were typing all the time on something. It may or may not be the story that is called in at the moment. They are probably backed up from some earlier reports. They are writing from tapes.

HB: There is no editing? This was not an editing function. They were just transcribers.

RR: Yes, just transcribers.

HB: My apologies to the transcriber who will be listening to this, but there is a distinction.

RR: It was vital work then, and it is vital work now. You know, it is really hard to make out certain words from a tape recorder. These guys earn their money.

HB: They are doing this from *Times* correspondents all over the country, all over the world?

RR: All over the world. Some of them overseas would file by telegraph. London in those years, for example, was a collection point for stories all over that part of the world. They had a large staff of people in London who could handle the stories and edit them. They would send them off to New York.

HB: In 1967, you went to Washington to cover the White House. I suppose the first question is was that your choice? Was that a career move you chose to make?

RR: Well, when Tom Wicker called and asked me whether I would like to do it, it took me as many seconds as it took to catch my breath to say, "Yes." It was an obvious promotion.

HB: What was Wicker's function at that time?

RR: He was the bureau chief in the Washington bureau. The job was, as it turned out, not at all glamorous, not even as glamorous as a young reporter might think.

HB: Let me back up. I assume bureau chiefs don't make that decision by themselves. That must have meant that you had been discussed at the management levels at *The New York Times*, at least among Wicker and Sitton, and I assume others?

RR: The managing editor and the executive editor at least knew about it. Although Turner Catledge, the executive editor, would have said to Clifton Daniel, the managing editor, "You handle this if you think Roy ought to make that move. That is fine with me." Daniel would have certainly run that past him. When they move people around like that, they are terribly considerate.

HB: You went to the Washington bureau specifically to --- I guess that means covering the White House, too?

RR: To be the number-two reporter on the White House beat. The White House correspondent, that was the title that went with the job, was Max Frankel. He eventually would become the executive editor of *The New York Times*. He had been covering the White House since Johnson became President, I think. He knew Johnson very well and had been to LBJ Ranch a number of times. They needed a second person just to help out. It is a demanding job. You have to have somebody at the White House, physically at the White House, all during the day. You don't have to stay at night, but you have to be there during the day. The wire service keeps somebody there at night. A reporter has got to be physically in the

same building as the President all the time, so in case of death --- In fact, it was a *New York Times* rule in those days, anytime the President left the White House, *The Times* wanted him to have a reporter with him, either in a pool arrangement, where a pool of three or four reporters chosen from various organizations traveled actually with the President, or in the press plane that follows. It is a death watch.

HB: Because that is when something bad is likely to happen. Before we go any further, let's make sure we have the dates straight here. You were moving to Washington in January of '67, and you are going to stay at the White House until the summer of 1969? Is this correct?

RR: No. I stayed at the White House beat for one year. Then, at my request, took on another assignment. It was more, what would be called in a newsroom, general assignment. I would do all kinds of different stories with a concentration on HEW, as it was then, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

HB: But you are still in Washington?

RR: Still in Washington. The reason for that is because the Office of Civil Rights was under HEW, the federal Office of Civil Rights. That was a fairly important agency in Washington during these years. It was during the wind-up years of the Civil Rights movement. The federal government had a definite role in enforcing all this legislation going on through the movement. I went over there to cover that.

HB: Back to the White House, was there any training or preparation for moving in to cover the White House?

RR: Not a bit. You just show up one day, and Max says, "Here's your typewriter."
Space is at a premium at the White House, as you might expect. The pressroom was a place about the size of --- fifty feet by twenty-five --- row after row of cut-away phone booths, open so that there is no privacy. Each one has a phone and a typewriter. *The New York Times* had a phone and a typewriter, so did CBS and United Press, and everybody had their own spot. [There was] a meeting room big enough to hold forty or fifty news people. This is where the daily briefings were held and conducted by the press secretary. Back in my day, Bill Moyers was just leaving the office of press secretary.

HB: We need to stop right about here because this tape is almost out.

[End of Tape 6 - Side 2]

[Beginning of Tape 7 - Side 1]

HB: This is still the interview of July 7, of the year 2000, with Roy Reed. I am sorry, I interrupted you when you were saying that as you went to the White House, the press secretary was Bill Moyers.

RR: Bill Moyers. He left within a week, I believe. He was replaced by George Christian, a Texan. He was a wonderful human being, very patient. These daily press briefings --- in fact, I think there were two a day. My memory is beginning to fade on that. It seems to me there was a morning briefing and an afternoon briefing. After the last one in the late afternoon, the press secretary would say something like this, "That's a lid. You've got a lid," meaning if the lid is on, there would be nothing else coming out of the White House officially today. You can

go home. You can go back to your office. It doesn't mean that there might not be other news. Unless it is something totally unexpected, like a war breaking out in the middle of the night, a bombing. That was the routine, which meant hours of just sitting around. The television men, the sound men, had a running card game sometimes, I remember. People would catch up on their magazine reading, bring novels, and make an occasional phone call to someone back in the other part of the White House. We were always trying to arrange interviews with the White House staff people. It would take forever to arrange an interview with, say, Joe Califano. He was the President's Assistant for Domestic Affairs. People like that. You kind of had to take a number and get in line to get an interview. Literally hundreds of reporters were accredited to the White House. Most of them never showed up and never came. A few dozen were there every day. All of them were either bored or restless or both. They wanted to get back beyond the corridors. Incidentally, in those days, we could walk around certain parts of the White House unimpeded. It was just that you could not go into certain offices without an invitation. Now the first dreadful mistake that Bill Clinton made when he became President was to allow somebody to talk him into locking the doors between the press room and the rest of the White House. This infuriated the White House reporters. They have never had a decent word for him since. Anyway, in those days that was the routine. You quickly learned covering the White House is not at all glamorous. It is far from being the most sought after beat in Washington by old Washington reporters.

HB: It sounds awfully confining.

RR: It is terribly confining.

[Tape stopped]

HB: The machine is back on after a brief phone call. I was getting ready to ask a question, one of my questions that is almost insulting - - - As you describe the White House assignment, why does *The New York Times* need two people there?

RR: Because it is demanding work even though it is dull seventy-five percent of the time. One time when you need not just two, but three or four people from the bureau is during a presidential press conference. You will have the science writer to touch on whatever might be topical that day, the State Department reporter to come over and ask questions about foreign affairs, and so on. Day in and day out it is such a confining job that somebody needs to be there in the press room while the other reporter works another part of the beat. Max always had very good sources within the White House. Some days he would not come to the White House at all. He would stay at *The Times* office and work the telephone talking to various officials in the White House, getting information for stories that way. Maybe he would need to talk to somebody in the State Department to check out a lead he had gotten from the White House, that kind of thing. I can say a word about Max Frankel as a reporter. He later became an editor and was a good editor. He ran the paper with distinction for several years. As a reporter, he was remarkable for his grasp. He had a world view. He had lived all over the world. He came back to Washington to cover the White House --- maybe it was to cover

the State Department --- and then, finally, when Johnson took over the White House later. He could have been Secretary of the State --- if some President would have been crazy enough to want a newspaperman for the job. He could have stepped into the office without missing a beat and run it. He was an excellent reporter. He had good sources all over town. He was a fast writer and a very fluent writer, very clear. I once saw a demonstration. I had been on the White House beat maybe two weeks when it was time for the State of the Union address, the annual State of the Union address from the President. It was a big day for the White House press corps. The routine is that early in the day the White House brings out copies of the speech the President will deliver that night before the joint meeting of the House and the Senate. The reporters have time to pore over this. It is always a fairly lengthy address. They have time to study it, decide what the news is, and make phone calls to follow up on this and that --- mainly, time to think about it and to put it into perspective. Johnson was one of these procrastinators, and I think he liked playing games with the press. On this particular day, here is the scene: It is mid-afternoon. George Christian comes out and says, "Fellows, it is going to be delayed a little while. The President is making some changes, and we will get it to you as soon as we can." An hour goes by, and George comes back and says, "Well, it has been delayed again. I am sorry, but the President asked me to tell you to be patient, and he will get [it] out here as soon as he can." By then it is 4:30. At 5:00, George comes back, and the same at 6:00. *The New York Times'* first edition deadline in those days was 6:30.

The copy was to be filed by 6:30 and then that gives the editors of *The New York Times* time to . . .

HB: 6:30 p.m.?

RR: P.M., that's correct. Six-thirty came and went, and there was still no sign of that speech. Papers were not only getting nervous --- and not only *The New York Times*, but this whole bunch of wild beasts in the press room. They are tired and hungry. Max is on the phone with the bureau chief. As the evening wears on, he is on the phone with the editors in New York. They are holding the paper for this. It is automatically the lead story in the next day's papers. Whatever the President says is going to be the lead story, and there will be a few thousand words devoted to this. The holding of the paper, the press runs, the first edition. Finally, at some time after 8:00, they finally get the thing out to us. Max has devised a plan. He says, "Roy," - - - We each have a copy of the speech in front of us in our notebooks. He says, "Roy, you take notes." Now that they have given it to us, they won't let us --- They have locked the doors and won't let us out of the room until they brief us on the points the White House wants to emphasize. They call in two or three White House advisors and cabinet officers and people to - - - The Vietnam War was going hot and heavy at that time. The speech had a lot about the Vietnam War. We had to sit through this briefing, which was a good forty-five minutes. Max said, "You take notes and listen. I will read this speech. I'm going to pay no attention to what is going on." He read the speech and turned the page, underlining as he went, underlining and making an occasional margin note.

Finally, they let us out. Max runs to the telephone, our phone back there where the line is already open to New York. There is a guy at the other end, not the usual recording people, but I guess, a copy boy or clerk. He takes the story as Max dictates it from notes directly from the speech. He didn't even have time to write a lead. He just starts talking the story into the phone. I was thinking to myself, "There is no way that this story can be any good with it having to be done under these circumstances." I got up the next morning and saw the first edition story. It read as if he had worked on it all day long casually. It just flowed beautifully. It was a masterstroke of journalism. On that day, I became a real admirer of that man.

HB: I remember you saying you had a good story about George Christian and Merriman Smith.

RR: Merriman Smith, by the time I get to Washington, is in his 60s and has been the White House correspondent for the United Press for a long generation. For example, he was the reporter who broke the story of Franklin Roosevelt's death at Warm Springs, Georgia. He did it by some connivance with a member of the White House staff who tipped "Smitty," as he was called, that the President had died. He beat the world by half an hour or an hour. Anyway, this same guy was a fixture in the White House press corps. He had covered the presidents, oh, I don't know how far back. There is a standard kind of phone call that wire service reporters have to deal with. That is the regular report that will come in from somewhere that the President has died. Some crank, somewhere in Chicago

decides it would be a good gag to call the local office at AP or UPI and say, “Did you know that the President has died?” Well, they don’t dare just hang up and dismiss it. They make a call to the White House, to their guy in the White House. If it was the United Press that got the call, they would call Smith. He would say, “Oh, God, another one of these?” He was used to this, so he would call the press office and say, “Got another one. Can you say if the President is alive?” They would say, “Yes, he is alive.” Then they would forget about it. On this particular night --- I heard this story the next day after it happened, or maybe a week after. It was still fresh on Merriman Smith’s mind. It had just happened. He and his wife had been entertaining dinner guests at their home in Georgetown. Counting the two of the them, there were twelve people around the dinner table. They had just finished drinks and sat down to eat dinner when the phone rang. It was the UP bureau chief in Washington, a young guy, who said, “Smitty, I am sorry to bother you with this. Here is what has happened. We have had three of these calls saying the President is dead, one of them from the west coast. Ten minutes later, a second one. He named a town somewhere in the middle part of the country. Then another ten or fifteen minutes after that, a third one from the east coast. Will you check it out and do me that favor?” Smitty said he gave the kid a good cussing and said, “Yes, he would call him right back.” He just calls the White House press office. George Christian answers the phone. He tells him what has happened. He says, “I need to call him back and tell him that Lyndon Johnson is not dead.” Christian says, “Hold on a minute, Smitty.” The next voice

that he hears is that of Lyndon Johnson, who was back there having a drink of whiskey with George Christian in the press office. --- He would do that at the end of the day. He would go back there and have a drink with George. [They were] two Texans who liked each other a lot. There had been a little bit of a pause before Johnson came on the line. Johnson never acknowledged why Smitty was calling. He just said, "How are you doing, Smitty." He launched into this small talk. "I am doing fine, Mr. President." "What are you doing?" "Well, we have some folks over for dinner, and we are just getting ready to sit down for dinner." Johnson says, "I am getting ready to go down to watch a movie. It is a John Wayne movie that I am wanting to see. Why don't ya'll come on over and watch it with me?" Smitty says, "Well, thank you, Mr. President. Maybe another time, we would love to. I have these guests here. There are twelve of us." He says, "I will send a car. Bring them all!" Then he hung up. Ten minutes later, either one limousine or two cars in front of his house loaded up Smith, his wife, and all these guests and took them to the White House basement. They had to sit through this western movie. I think it was a John Wayne western. Half way through it he said he looked around and Johnson was sound asleep in his chair, snoring. The movie finally ended, and Johnson woke up and said, "Smitty, how did you like the movie?" He said, "Oh, fine, Mr. President." Johnson turned around to the projectionist and said, "Show it to them again."

HB: Surely they didn't have to sit through it again!

RR: I hope not! It was a perfect Lyndon Johnson story. It was exactly the kind of

thing that would amuse him.

HB: A little dig at the Georgetown crowd, too.

RR: Yes. Yes, that's right.

HB: Did you have any personal dealings with Johnson while you were on the White House beat?

RR: A few. Just a very few. Chance encounters. I remember riding back in his car one night from the State Department where he had gone for some kind of ceremony. Why I ended up in his car, I don't know. I was on one side and another reporter on the other. He is one of these guys that puts his hands on you when he talks --- shoulders, knees, elbows. Whatever he was talking about that night needed a lot of hands on. Another time, he was down in New Orleans, making a speech at a defense plant, Michoud. It was some kind of obligatory visit that the President had to make. It was a fly down and fly back on the same day. The plane landed, Air Force One, and the press plane landed at the New Orleans airport. It was several miles, maybe twenty miles to this plant. It was all the way across New Orleans on the other side. He went by helicopter, of course, and the press was taken over in buses. After the end of the speech, I think I had to go to the men's room. As we were winding down and getting ready to leave, I missed the press bus. I mean, they left in a hurry. I got outside, and there was no sign of them. George Christian was there, gathering White House staff members. He said, "Well, come on and get on the helicopter with me and the President." I got on there, and there sat not only the President but Governor John McKeithen. "Big

John,” they called him, an impressive guy. It was obvious that he was flying back to the airport in this ten- or fifteen-minute helicopter ride. He had some business that he needed to discuss with the President. Here is the seating: The President is sitting next to a window facing one way. The Governor is sitting across the narrow aisle facing the same way. They put me in a jump seat opposite the President, facing the President. We were knee to knee, you might say. For the entire trip back to the airport, Johnson devoted his full attention to me. He ignored the Governor of Louisiana. We all knew what was going on. Whatever it was that McKeithen wanted to talk to Johnson about was something that Johnson did not want to be talked to about. I was a very convenient crutch. You would have thought I was his long lost cousin. He talked about this, he talked about that, he told jokes. The Governor of Louisiana sat over there smoldering.

[Laughter] He probably never forgave me. Little things like that. I did not have a whole lot of --- I don’t remember ever asking a question at a press conference or anything like that. These were difficult years for Johnson because of what became known as the “credibility gap” with the Vietnam War. We had been misled so many times by officials in Washington and the White House on down that the American public no longer believed anything that was said about the war.

He was very unpopular with large numbers of the White House press corps. I can remember sitting around listening to reporters who had covered the White House longer than I had. The talk about Lyndon Johnson --- You would think they were talking about a dog. These were mainly people from the north. They,

first of all, disliked Lyndon Johnson because of what they saw as his uncouth nature. They never tired of telling stories that illustrated his uncouthness. These were men who saw Johnson as a “redneck,” who was out of his depth and uneducated and ignorant. Of course, they were wrong on every one of these accounts. Dead wrong! This was the prejudice that they held and would not give up. I came to resent it. I shared a region with Lyndon Johnson. I think our accents are probably similar to each other, Texas and Arkansas. I felt some of this scorn that they were unleashing on him day after day after day. Some of it seemed personal. The animosity was personal. They just hated him and everything that he stood for.

HB: Some of what they hated about Lyndon Johnson was that he wasn't John Kennedy.

RR: Absolutely! They all adored John Kennedy. He was witty, suave, and one of their crowd, you might say. He was their better. They liked loving someone who was better than they were, as they saw it. They did not see Johnson as being anybody except their inferior. They had the same attitude, I've been told, about Jimmy Carter. I was long gone from there by then, [but] that was what I was told by Washington reporters from the South who followed them.

HB: Probably Bill Clinton, too.

RR: Certainly Bill Clinton, too.

HB: You went to the Ranch once with Johnson, didn't you? The Lyndon Johnson Ranch in Texas?

RR: Yes, and I don't even remember why. He was always having something to do down there. He typically would have a foreign dignitary in tow. This particular time I think it was the Chancellor of West Germany, Ludwig Erhard. He was wining and dining with Chancellor Schroeder. He took him down to the Ranch. Pictures were made, as I recall, of Gerhart Schroeder in cowboy boots and riding a horse. He was looking very out of place, which is part of the Johnson treatment. Usually, when we would go down there — He made a lot of trips to the Ranch to relax. Most often, the reporters never went with him to the Ranch except for a small group of pool reporters. The Associated Press, the United Press, and typically two other news organizations. They would take turns, maybe a *New York Times* person, maybe a *Chicago Tribune*. I never was in that pool. They would always put us up, the rest of us reporters, in hotels and motels in San Antonio or Austin. It was a good way to spend a relaxing weekend because, usually, there was almost no work to do. We would all take our tennis racquets and that kind of thing. Now and then we would be invited to dinner at some local person's house. It was fun. I remember being down there when Johnson was entertaining, as I remember it, he was entertaining the entire foreign establishment in Washington, all of the ambassadors. It was hundreds of people. He got it in his head to have a big Texas-style barbeque at his ranch. I was down there for that. Part of the festivities were in San Antonio, where we were putting up. There was a boat ride down the San Antonio River. It had been beautified by this time, and he wanted to show that off. Here were all of us reporters and

ambassadors and State Department workers going down the San Antonio River in these boats. One of the most comical things I ever had anything to do with happened --- the boat that I was on collided head on with a boat coming from the other direction, right in front of the stage of the Riverfront Theater. The audience is on one side of this narrow river, and the stage is on the other. They were performing "The Mikado" that night. Right in mid-song, these two boats collide right in front of the stage. It caused a commotion. No injuries were reported.

HB: You requested that you leave the White House beat itself and get a larger beat in Washington.

RR: A more interesting beat.

HB: Were you fed up being at the White House? Or fed up with not doing anything?

RR: Yes, there was too little to do. The occasional trip to Texas was entertaining, but not for news reasons. The only time that I enjoyed an assignment --- Oh, press conferences were interesting. I enjoyed taking part in them. I remember writing a feature story about Lyndon Johnson changing his hairstyle. He started blow-drying his hair. He changed his style with the microphone. Instead of the standard fixed microphone, he got one of these like an evangelist preacher uses. He could draw it back and forth. Of course, he had been told he needed to loosen up his image. That was played on page one. It was a funny little story that didn't amount to a hill of beans. The only other time that I enjoyed an assignment at the White House had to do with Max Frankel. Max was born in Germany in 1930. Jewish, he was born to a middle-class family. Things got rough for the Jews,

rougher and rougher and rougher. Finally, his father had to leave the country. He ended up in the Soviet Union. [Max] didn't hear from him for a long time. He didn't know if he was alive or dead. He and his mother stayed behind. Finally, it became obvious that they had to get out of here. By then, it was almost too late. She pulled strings, probably bribed --- the details of all this are in his memoirs [Max Frankel, *The Times of My Life and My Life with The Times*, 1999]. She got him out of there just ahead of the Nazi hordes. As a consequence, Max never wanted to set foot in Germany again, understandably. Well, ol' Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, age 150, it seemed like, finally died a few years after leaving office. Lyndon Johnson, who loved to go to funerals, never passed --- I remember he went to Wright Patman's funeral in Texarkana just because it was a chance to get to go to a funeral. He loved funerals. He was not going to miss this one. He went over there for what was supposed to be two days and stayed four. He conducted all kinds of international business and made a number of pretty good stories. Max asked me to go. He explained why he did not want to go. This is the first I knew of his childhood. That was an interesting story. We buried Konrad Adenauer in style. I watched the boat carry his coffin down the Rhine River from Bonn to Cologne or vice versa. It was a magnificent spectacle. That was the only time that I enjoyed a particular story while covering the White House. I was ready to move on to something with more substance to it.

HB: Any difficulty with *The Times* management?

RR: No, not at all.

HB: Were you replacing someone? Or did they create . . .

RR: It seems to me they created a role. I had this background covering Civil Rights. They decided they needed somebody in Washington to cover that aspect of the story. This was 1968. By this time, things were still hot and heavy. The Civil Rights story had moved north and west and all over the country. It had become a national concern. It was no longer just a “pour it on the South.” It was no longer a thing of making the South get in line. We had discovered and were “shocked” to discover that racism was a national problem, not just a Southern problem. There was the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, which was concerned with racial matters, the Civil Rights Commission, the Office of Civil Rights in the Education Department, three or four of these agencies.

HB: Civil Rights Division in the Justice Department?

RR: Justice Department, that was a big one. I happened to have a friend there, a man named James P. Turner, a college roommate of mine at the University of Missouri. I walked into the U.S. District Attorney’s district office in Selma, Alabama, at the height of a story there. This tall, gangly fellow said, “Hi, Roy Reed.” It was Jim Turner. I had not seen him since we both left the University of Missouri years and years ago. He was making his way up through the ranks of the Civil Rights Division. He eventually became the top civilian, non-political. He ran the division. Every time they would wait to appoint a new presidential appointee, it would be held up in the Senate. Jim would have to run the division. That was part of it.

HB: That sounds like a lot more interesting work than you described at the White House.

RR: Much more.

HB: On the other hand, as important as that kind of story is, it doesn't have the kind of appeal, let's say, that Selma or . . .

RR: No, it is a different kind of . . .

HB: Was it tougher?

RR: It was safer. It was not as interesting.

HB: Was it tougher to get them into the paper and to get enough ink to do justice to them?

RR: Not as many of them are on page one. I shouldn't say that. I have no idea. I would have to look at the clipping file to make sure. That is my impression. It was not as big a story out of Washington. It was still an important story, but not earth shattering.

HB: Also, in all fairness, by that time the Vietnam War would have begun to catch hold.

RR: I had one page- one story that caused a real commotion. It made me think, "Maybe the President does read *The New York Times*." We never really knew whether he did or just got briefed. By this time, Richard Nixon had become President and had brought his people in. You remember, Nixon won on what was called his "Southern Strategy." Once he became President, and even during the campaign, of course, he denied vigorously that he was any kind of a racist. "You

know, of course, that we are dedicated to desegregating schools” and all the other things. Quietly, all the time, his man at HEW, the head of his cabinet office, a man named Robert Finch, was quietly undermining desegregation of schools in the South by way of catering to Southern senators and representatives, I suppose, paying off political debts. They did not want it known. I found out about it and wrote the story. It was a pretty blunt story in its wording. The next morning when I got to the office, Max Frankel called me into his private office --- He had taken over as Bureau Chief at that time to replace Tom Wicker --- He said, “There is a problem. HEW, Bob Finch — he’s been on the phone with Bob Finch all morning.” The White House is mad. They are demanding a retraction or correction to that story.” I went over, step by step, the way that I got the story, my sources and how I put the story together. Max had no trouble backing me up. He said, “Okay, that’s what I needed to know.” He called Bob Finch and said, “We’re sticking by our story.” Meanwhile, New York had gotten in on it, *The New York Times* people up there. He had to make sure that they knew they were to stand behind their reporter on this story. We had to face down the administration and tell them, “This is the truth.”

HB: Did you get your name on the “enemies list”?

RR: Very likely. I never knew. Very likely, that did it. I would like to think so.

There was an old reporter --- Reporters almost universally disliked Richard Nixon. He was not a likeable man, even aside from politics. There was one guy, a guy named Phil Potter, a long-time Washington reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*,

who especially hated Richard Nixon. Phil Potter came down with some debilitating disease, maybe a spinal disorder. He couldn't stand. He had to lie down all the time. He was in pain twenty-four hours a day. It got to be the presidential campaign year. It must have been '68. Phil so hated Richard Nixon that he insisted on going out on the press plane to cover the Nixon campaign. He had to be carried onto the press plane on a stretcher and had to be put in the aisle on his back. We didn't know if it was dedication or the power of hatred. All the way around, my last year and a half of my two and a half years in Washington were in many ways more interesting than the first year at the White House. The White House had its attractions. For example, Norma and I were invited to a White House luncheon one time. Both of us remember it vividly. She has a vivid recollection of a handsome, young military officer, the White House military attache or whatever they called him, a young man named Clifford Alexander who went on to fame and fortune somewhere else in the business world.

HB: I was going to ask. How did Norma and the kids like living in Washington?

RR: I think they liked it pretty well. The kids had mixed feelings about it. By then, they were getting used to being jerked around from one city to another, Little Rock to Atlanta, Atlanta to Washington. They accommodated. They were good kids. By then, they were in the middle years of school, junior high and high school. We had a very nice house in Chevy Chase, Maryland. We had a very pleasant social life. It was a very social city. We were always going out to somebody's house for dinner and having people in. [I have] a lot of very fond

recollections of the city.

HB: This is going to be the last question. You were in Washington when Martin Luther King was assassinated. Were you involved in any of the coverage, news coverage?

RR: I was. That happened during the spring of 1968. The presidential campaign was underway. I was assigned to cover Hubert Humphrey. I had gone with him to Chicago, where he later got the nomination. I was taking turns with Max Frankel covering Humphrey during the campaign itself. Eventually, I would swap off and cover George Wallace for a while. At this time, I was with Humphrey.

HB: That is a pretty good assignment.

RR: It was a good assignment, and I enjoyed it. I liked Hubert Humphrey a lot and enjoyed covering him. He could always say something that would give you a lead for a story. We had been out --- I don't remember where, somewhere out in the country, when Martin was killed. I just remember being seated on the plane next to Philip Carter from Greenville, Mississippi. He was working for *Newsweek*. Somewhere out there, in the middle of the country --- no, no, no --- That wasn't it at all. That wasn't it at all. I am getting the story confused. We were in Washington at a hotel, at one of the big hotels, with a big convention hall. Humphrey was speaking to a big gathering of Democrats. Humphrey was getting ready to address this party gathering, maybe a couple thousand people in this huge room. He had not even gotten up to speak. As I remember, he had not even started to talk. They were having their preliminary stuff. Somebody came in and

got the attention of somebody on the speaker's platform. The master of ceremonies, or somebody, got up and said, "We have just been told that Dr. Luther Martin King has been assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee." Terrible. The whole hall was just, "Aaahhh." There were gasps, and people crying. This has nothing to do really with the story, but the emcee, a man from Georgia, had the bad taste to try to continue the meeting. Humphrey got up and took the microphone and said, "People, we need to adjourn this meeting right now." That was it. The next day, Humphrey did go out in the country to a previously scheduled speaking engagement. Somewhere out in the country. On the way back, we got word that Washington was burning. We flew into National Airport about dark. It literally looked like the whole city was on fire [in reference to rioting in the city]. We were worried about our families. That was when I was sitting next to Philip Carter. He was living somewhere out there. We were wondering if our families were all right. From the air it looked awful. We got down, and smoke hit you in the nostrils as soon as we got off the airplane. As it turned out, Washington did not burn. A substantial part of downtown Washington did burn. Some of it was very close to the White House. The next day, I was assigned to go to Baltimore, where one of the many, many riots had broken out. One of the worst of the riots was in Baltimore. I spent the next day, two or three in Baltimore, covering that story. That was my very small part in the coverage of the King assassination story. Then the Robert Kennedy thing just weeks later. We were in Colorado. Humphrey had been invited to speak at the

Air Force Academy down in Colorado Springs. We were put up in a very nice hotel or motel, I guess in Colorado Springs. He was to speak that evening or the next morning. I don't remember the time. Late in the evening we had gotten word that Bobby Kennedy had been killed in Los Angeles. That really affected Hubert Humphrey. Now Bobby had gotten in the race against him and tried to take the nomination away from him. This was before the Chicago Convention when Gene McCarthy was in the race. Bobby Kennedy had gotten in. Humphrey was pretty certain that he had it, but it was a little up in the air. It was just the primaries to go. When he got word that Bobby Kennedy was killed, he was devastated. He liked Bobby Kennedy. He immediately canceled all his engagements for the next several days. He went straight back to Washington. He just stopped campaigning until the funeral was over.

HB: Well, I am going to call it quits on this one. We are almost at the end of the tape.
I don't want to wear you out.

[End of Tape 7 - Side A]

[End of Interview]