

Washington County. I asked if sufficient pictures could not be taken from the highway, being as my place was run down and I would rather not have it pictured prominently. He insisted on a close-up view, I consented, drove down, unlocked the gates, returning to feed my cattle hay. Instead of at least two, there was only one reporter. I asked him if he knew Ken Foree of the Dallas Morning News, and he did; so I was certain he was what he claimed to be. He then moved along swiftly, as if he were familiar with the place, and went toward the swimming pool. His familiarity with the place was probably due to a picture carried in Life Magazine of me in 1961, standing with my house in the background. I walked with him, and he began to tell me how rocky the motel was that he had stayed at, how drunkenly potlows kept him awake; and he seemed to be fishing for remarks from me on drunkenness, and I had answered that he could probably find those same conditions everywhere.

Then he asked me to pose for a picture. I said, "No! I thought you only wanted a picture of my house." He said he needed a picture of me and my house. So I consented. I was not properly dressed for a picture, having just fed my cattle, etc., and it was early in the morning. Just as he was about to take the picture he said to me, "Have you wrecked any more liquor stores recently?" And he snapped the picture. I replied to him immediately, I have never wrecked a liquor store in my life, and never intend to. And he left. I later learned he had been asking questions in Brenham regarding the location of the liquor store I was supposed to have wrecked --but didn't! And that place had disappeared quickly thereafter, for a trick was played on me April 3, 1961, and a scene set, seeking to make it look as if I had wrecked a liquor store. And the exact events, verified by many witnesses, prove I was framed, and could not have possibly been guilty of such a thing. And then it had been said to me at that time, that if I would sell my place, accepting the offer given me, and promise never to return to Texas, I could go live with either of my sons...and having refused \$100,000 cash from the Marcoe gang in Galveston previously, refusing to let them use the place for night club purposes, I replied that I would rot in an insane asylum first before I let anyone take over my property and use it for a night club again, etc.

Anyway, after this reporter left, I hastened to my typewriter and wrote the Dallas Morning News the exact details of that supposed-Carrie Nation stunt or trick played on me, and I cautioned them about printing any story that did not give positive proof I had not wrecked a liquor store...so the story was never printed. But I did receive photographs taken, and one of them shows how shocked I was when that reporter asked me the question he did! It might be well to note that I had been a candidate for Governor in 1964, was planning to run again; and any admission on my part, even if obtained via a type of shock or an effort to cause me to make an off-hand statement unawares, when published, would have stopped the 1966 race I had said I would run...and, having only the filing fee to pay down, with no funds to conduct a proper race, I did receive over 31,000 votes; and while a candidate was able to give forth certain facts and truths, and if while campaigning anyone dared to come up against me, it would be difficult to do so, etc. And if I might prove surprising how many in high places really do believe my story, and are eagerly watching the outcome.

For example, after the May 7, 1964 Primary, on May 13, 1964, I wrote Johnson a letter...and at that time he was taking many unnecessary risks...and the whole nation was disturbed, even Truman warned Johnson to be careful; so the intent of my letter was to point out how Mrs. Johnson was insulted in Atlanta, Georgia, in a parade staged by students of Emory University (where the "God is Dead" thing originated!) and that the sign of a pipe burned upside down in the mouth was a token of disdain and insult...and Mrs. Johnson seemed unaware of the intent, even as she was pictured laughing. At that time, I was honoring the position of "First Lady"...I hated to see one insulted and not even know the insult was intentional. Also I believed it would be horrible for the nation if another President was assassinated, and at that time, not knowing which man Johnson was going...if he would turn out good, but bad where the wrecked were concerned...I had hopes for him, even hope against hope...and I honestly thought it would be ill for the nation if anything happened to him...so the intent in my letter was to urge him to be more careful and not end up as Kennedy had, etc. There was no threat in that letter, even as later Federal government officials declared there was no threat nor intent of threat; but Johnson wanted to please Eisenhower and get his support in the presidential race...nothing could have pleased Eisenhower more for me to be arrested...Eisenhower did lend his support to Johnson...Johnson won a landslide in 1964...and I was released Nov. 10, 1964...after he had won his victory! So the 1965 stunt of publishing a review of the supposed Carrie Nation stunt, as was planned to carry in the Dallas Morning News...and which plan was debunked...this is all part of the story...and it took something like that 1964 confinement to finally convince me that Johnson was truly "a bad don" and that I had better believe the LORD when He revealed such truth to me...and then added to this truth was the further identity of Johnson as the "Lacifer" of Isa. 14, etc.

And again this brings us to the close cooperation between Eisenhower and Johnson, with future plans so well laid out that the wise can see through them; and also the real victory of Jesus Christ