



H. R. Haldeman Diaries Collection, January 18, 1969 – April 30, 1973

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Thursday, October 29.

The rough one - Chicago, Rockford, Rochester, Omaha and San Jose, with an added speech at his initiative in Chicago for the Junior League at breakfast. Illinois is a lost cause - as Smith is a really bad, lackluster, uninspiring candidate. Doesn't even go through the motions very well. Everyone is working hard to try to help him - but! Rochester was good - just to give MacGregor a hand, and he really appreciated it! Darn good crowd, a really great stop at the corner in the motorcade. Omaha a waste of time, but nice to do.

San Jose turned into the real blockbuster. Very tough demonstrators shouting "1-2-3-4, etc." on the way into auditorium. Tried to storm the doors after we were in - and then really hit the motorcade on the way out. We wanted some confrontation and there were no hecklers in the hall, so we stalled departure a little so they could zero in outside, and they sure did. Before getting in car, President stood up and gave the V signs, which made them mad. They threw rocks, flags, candles, etc., as we drove out - after a terrifying flying wedge of cops opened up the road. Rock hit my car, driver hit brakes, car stalled, car behind hit us - rather scary as rocks were flying, etc. - but we caught up and all got out. Bus windows smashed, etc. Made a huge incident and we worked hard to crank it up - should make really major story and might be effective.

After arrival in San Clemente, President went home, then kept calling with ideas regarding how to push the line. Then called and asked "How are things at your place?" I said fine and started to talk - he interrupted and said we're having a fire here. Laughed and said house had caught fire from his den fireplace. Told me to come on over - place full of smoke, hoses, firemen and water. Not too much damage. President took me in his bedroom (he was padding around the patio in pajamas, slippers and a weird bathrobe when I arrived) said there was no problem. It was full of smoke - I could hardly breathe. He said he loved smoke and would sleep there. I talked him into the guest house. We went over there - had a beer and talked about the day. Finally to bed about 1:00.



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A really weird day, especially the last parts of it. He was very tired, but in great humor. Pulled down his pajamas and showed me horrible bruise on his thigh from motorcade in Rochester.

All through the day he delighted in giving the V to the peaceniks.