

3 July 18, 1975

POOL REPORT on the President's walk around the White House Fence

At about 10:20 a.m. the President decided to go out the East Entrance and greet the tourists standing in line to visit the White House.

Secret Service and White House police kept the tourists in line by going ahead and assuring them that the President was, indeed, up the line a way and would get to them eventually if they just stayed in line.

The surprise confrontation of President and people left most of them speechless, but it was a happy, friendly meeting, and he seemed to manage to shake hands with all of them, including scores of youngsters.

About ten minutes out of the White House—under a blistering sun and heavy humidity—the President was still wearing his jacket, but there were a few beads of perspiration on the top of his head.

Twenty minutes on the tourist line and moisture began to show on the back of his neck—but still no sweat on the collar.

At 10:47 he removed his jacket and handed it to an aide. About 10:50 he reached the end of the line and walked on around to the Southwest gate and back to his office.

What this seems to prove is that the President DOES sweat, but not very much. Everybody else was wilted and dripping.

Conversation was mainly just "Hi", "Good to see you", "Good Morning," and "How are you." But the crowd ate it up, and took thousands of photos of the President at close range.

"You gotta remember this day," one father told a youngster he held in his arms as the President shook hands and went by.

A Vietnamese girl who said her name was "Candy" told the President she came all the way from Saigon to see him. He told her it was "good to have you in this country."

Later he greeted a man who said he was from Israel.

A 14-year-old boy shook his hand and asked: "Mr. President, are you going to get the price of gasoline down?" The President assured him that "we'll try" and smiled.

A neatly dressed young lady pressed his hand and said: "God Bless you, sir."

I didn't hear a single word that sounded like heckling (or hectoring)

—Howard Norton, the sweaty pooler