

I Knew Them When...

Readers recall famous people they met before and after they hit the big time.

Ride at Tom Mix's Side

IN 1933, when I was 5, the big thing for most kids was cowboys in the movies.

My father was connected with the theaters in Columbia, South Carolina, and he used to take seven or eight of my friends and me to the movies every Saturday.

Tom Mix was the most famous movie cowboy then, and he came to Columbia to promote his new movie.

I had been riding ponies and a couple of big horses and had my own pony, "Wimpy."

Dad arranged with the local theaters to take pictures of Tom Mix and me and Wimpy (above). That was quite an experience!

—Bill Dobson, Hyattsville, Maryland

Met LBJ's Daughter

I SERVED as moderator of the high school cheerleaders at a private school in San Antonio, Texas in 1960. One of the cheerleaders, named Warrie, was having some problems with her Latin, so I tutored her.

I corresponded with Warrie while she was a student at the University of Texas in Austin, where she said her roommate was Lynda Bird Johnson, older daughter of then Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

After he became President, he suggested that Lynda move to the White House for security reasons, and she said she wouldn't

unless Warrie moved in with her.

Warrie wrote that the First Family usually retired at a fairly early hour, then met, apparently by some silent agreement, in the kitchen in pajamas and robes for a snack.

During Lynda and Warrie's senior year, 1965-66, Lynda told her father that she wanted to graduate from the University of Texas, so the girls returned to Austin.

At the same time, I had volunteered to drive the school band to San Antonio for band day in a school bus and dropped the band off downtown.

I drove over to the sorority where Lynda and Warrie were living and chatted with them in a large guest parlor, while a Secret Service agent sat discreetly just outside the door.

When we decided to get lunch at a favorite fast-food restaurant, Lynda excused herself and spoke with the agent. Two other agents soon joined us.

One of the agents drove the school bus I had come in while two others rode in Warrie's red convertible with Warrie, Lynda and me.

While we ate in one of the restaurant booths, the three agents sat, again discreetly, in the next booth.

Later that evening, at a UT football game, when Lynda entered the stadium, those in the stands as well as the players all paused to watch her. Such notoriety was a difficult experience for a young lady.

I'll always remember those young ladies who now each have children of their own, about the age they were when I met them.

—Bob Sargent, Carrollton, Texas