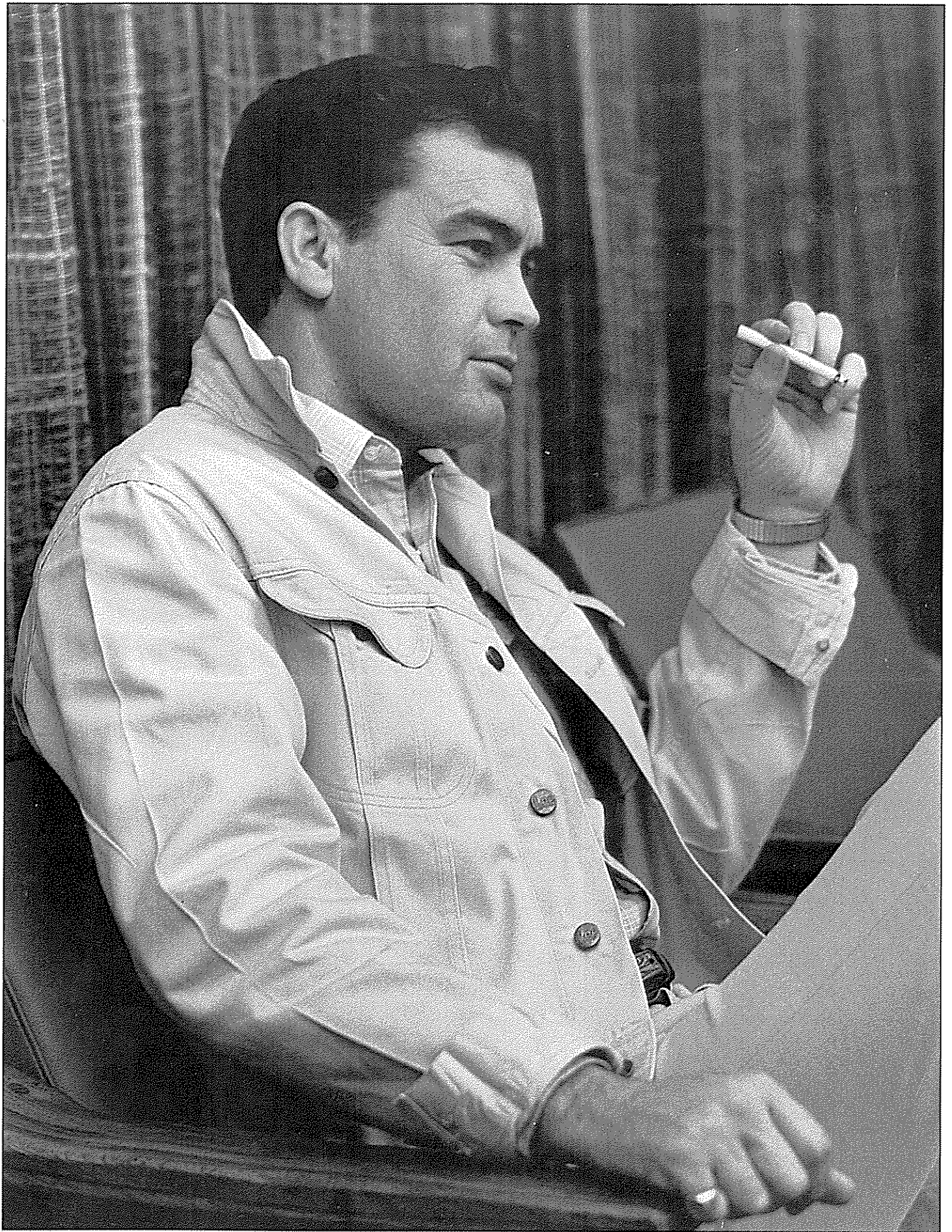


Memories of R J Smith
Anecdotes Based on Conversations
With his friend, Dick Collins



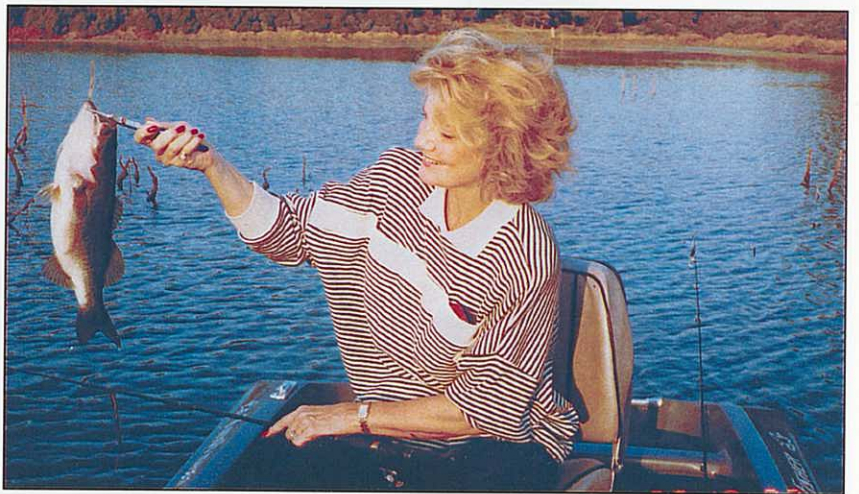
Sandy



The gorgeous couple in 1975.



Moscow, 1996.



Sandy's favorite hobby.



With Elizabeth Dole in 1993.



A bevy of beauties.





I met RJ at the Mansion bar in 1984 and heard a woman say to him “RJ, what do your initials stand for?” He smiled and stated, “I don’t believe I said,” and to this day I still don’t know. His table was always filled and you never knew who was going to show up. It was mainly the usual suspects and a few fools but occasionally a beautiful woman would add a refreshing spark to the table but mostly a not so beautiful one would plop down and try to call attention to herself. RJ was always the consummate gentleman, unlike the rest of us.



Some of the usual suspects –
Gaetano Riccardi and Frank Crossen in 2000.



RJ and his family in 1950.

He was raised in West Texas mostly near Cheyenne, an oilfield boomtown in the 1930s and his father was Sid Richardson’s drilling superintendent. He went to Kermit High School where he was an end on the first Yellow Jacket football team to defeat the Wink Wildcats. RJ smiled when he remembered that he never had to buy another lunch in town. He went to Abilene Christian College and then to SMU where he studied aeronautical engineering.

In 1953 he joined the relief efforts in Europe to find displaced persons. He was stationed in Frankfurt and, as we all know, RJ would always find the right watering hole. Being the suave and handsome man he was, he soon made friends with the leading military figures who went there too. He became friends with the senior Russian General attached to the Allied High Command in occupied Germany and over months of drinking and arguing politics, the Russian arranged for RJ to do humanitarian work in the Soviet Union. Thus, the CIA immediately became very interested in him and recruited him to work as a private contractor for the next five years in addition to his relief work.

On his first trip to Moscow his Russian version of a DC3 had a near crash landing in a field near Krakow, Poland, and he spent the night in a barn.



In East Berlin in April 1957 with Russian Commissars.

They were bussed to Warsaw the next day and he continued his trip. He did not speak about his trips behind the Iron Curtain much because of the great sadness it brought him to remember so many friends and contacts who disappeared. He remembered getting a note from a ballerina with one ticket to the Bolshoi Ballet. He sat down, enjoyed her performance and was passed information by the man next to him. The ballerina and her husband later escaped to Israel, then to Salt Lake City where he performed in the SLC orchestra. They were in Dallas once and called him to thank him for his help.

He told me that his only success in finding a lost American was when he found an AWOL Polish American soldier who left his unit after the war to find his wife and child whom he had left behind in Poland. The wife was a Polish/Russian woman who thought that he had been killed and she had remarried and moved to Russia. The man had been using a fictitious name and was hiding in Poland. RJ was able to arrange for them to talk by telephone and then was able to assist the soldier in getting his AWOL status eliminated and making it possible for him to move to the United States of America.



In St. Petersburg, Russia, in May 1996 – always looking behind his back.

On another trip RJ was in Warsaw and had an abscessed tooth. He went to the local dentist who gave him vodka as an anesthetic (not enough) and then a huge Polish man sat on him while the doctor pulled out the tooth. RJ barely survived and the rest of his life he hesitated before going to any dentist.

In 1958 the KGB became suspicious of him and tried to arrest him when his plane landed in Warsaw. He switched clothes with a Sabena Airlines pilot and walked out with the crew to the next plane and luckily got away. He complained to the Russians about this action, and because of his friendship with Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, he got a letter of apology from the Russian ambassador to the U.S. The ambassador later became head of the KGB and RJ did not go back to Russia for another 38 years and even then was looking behind his back all the time.



Colonel Sergei Haga, Dick Collins, Lt. General Alexander Rogozhin and RJ. General Alex and RJ spoke in German and the General could not remove his coat because he carried a pistol on his back

Because of his Texas connections he became a protégé of LBJ and in effect, spent his last years in Europe as LBJ's man. Johnson gave RJ a letter of introduction that he only used once. RJ had a life-long interest in helping children. He was introduced to a German woman whose young son had a life-threatening illness that could only be corrected at an American hospital, the German hospitals being totally inadequate. However, the American military authorities refused to provide help to her or for that matter, any German. RJ intervened but to no avail so he went to see the commanding general, General Swartz. Swartz was a gruff man who did not like civilians meddling in military affairs. RJ explained the child's problem but the general said,

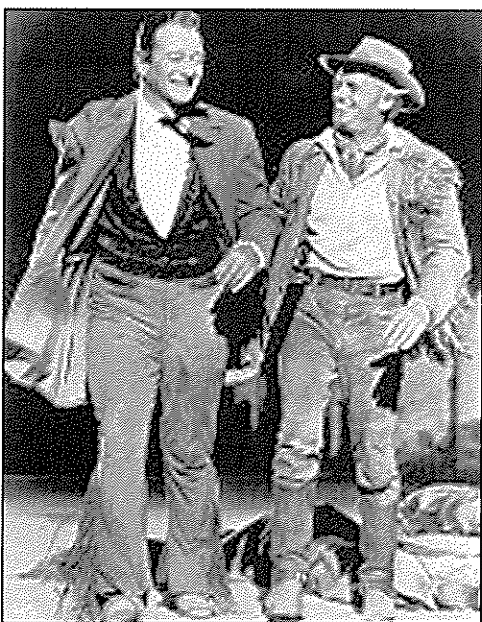
"Hell, we can't take care of every Kraut kid with a problem, let the German doctors do it." Realizing that Swartz was not going to help, RJ pulled out a letter on the stationary of the Senate Majority Leader which said, "This letter is to introduce my good friend RJ Smith. Any courtesy extended to him is a personal courtesy to me." Signed "Lyndon B. Johnson." Swartz looked at him and said "You son of a bitch, why didn't you give me this letter in the first place?" RJ said that he had hoped that the letter would not be necessary. Swartz then said, "OK" for the kid and for RJ to get the hell out of his office.

In 1956 LBJ asked RJ to go to Italy and report on the political situation and communist successes there. When he made his report to Johnson, LBJ picked up the phone and called John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, and said, "Mr. Secretary, I have a man in my office over here who just gave me some disturbing information that I want you to hear so I'll be over in about 15 minutes." RJ accompanied LBJ to Dulles' office and after a few pleasantries of "Mr. Secretary" and "Senator Johnson," etc., Johnson asked RJ to report on the situation. LBJ, then said, "Mr. Secretary, I think you need to recall Ambassador Claire Booth Luce." Dulles hemmed and hawed, then LBJ gave him the famous Johnson treatment and said, "John, I want her ass home and I want it soon." She resigned a couple of months later saying that the paint in the ambassador's residence caused her allergy problems.



Clare Boothe Luce

RJ came back to Dallas in 1959 and began his business career by buying and selling cattle. He was operating out of Eagle Pass where he was friends with the local



John Wayne and Richard Widmark on the set of "The Alamo."

banker. On his way to Eagle Pass one night he stopped in San Antonio and stayed at the Menger Hotel. As the day wound down he ventured into the Teddy Roosevelt Roughriders bar at the hotel where he met John Wayne and the rest of the cast who were filming "The Alamo." After a couple of drinks, they exchanged pleasantries and left. A couple of days later RJ was in Eagle Pass and wandered into the local bar after work and again there were John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Richard Boone and a couple of the other cast members. Of course they reconnected and began having drinks. At one point someone said, "Where are all the beautiful Mexican girls we hear about?" RJ said he could probably introduce them to one of the local "hard working" beauty queens but they were on the other side of the border. The drinks kept coming and their interest was piqued. Widmark said, "I don't think you can get one of those girls over here. You're full of it." A little cocky, RJ said he could and it

would not take any money. They took the bait and a bet was on. Wayne, et al, put up a bunch of money and made RJ empty his pockets and leave his watch and all valuables and he was given one hour to deliver. So RJ walked out to see if he was up to the task. What the Alamo boys did not know was that RJ was good friends with the local sheriff so RJ called him and explained the situation and the local legendary sheriff said, " Lets take a ride." Twenty minutes later RJ walked in with Lovely Linda who was the finest and most beautiful working girl on the other side and collected his money. Lovely Linda got a big tip, a bit part in the movie and the Alamo boys never knew the hustle. RJ pocketed his winnings and began a long life of knowing when to bet.



Jose Greco and RJ on the prowl in 1966.

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BEST IN THE AIR FOR PERSONAL CARE

In 1993 when the Dallas Cowboys were playing the Buffalo Bills in Super Bowl XXVII, auto magnet Lee Iacocca was with some of RJ's California friends and they called to discuss a wager. It was kind of friendly joking, then Iacocca popped off that he would bet RJ \$1,000 on Buffalo and implied that RJ did not know what he was talking about. After the Cowboys 52-17 victory, RJ called the men back and not surprisingly they could not be reached. RJ tried several times to collect but Lee disappeared and has yet to pay that marker.

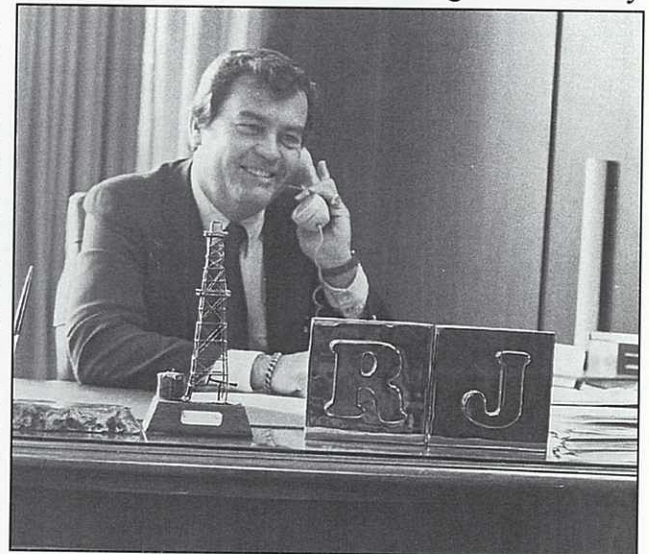


Here's Lee ... Where's the money?

In 1962 RJ began working for Leland Fikes as his top assistant. Fikes was working on a deal that would be enormously profitable. After WWII, Fikes and Leo Corrigan acquired 4,000 apartments in Roslyn, Virginia, just across from



Washington, D.C., for \$4 million. Several years later they had a falling out and had a buy/sell agreement on the apartments. Fikes began borrowing money from several different banks in Dallas and word began to spread that he was having financial problems. After a couple of months Fikes went to see Corrigan and said, "Leo, would you like to talk about having one of us buy the other out." Corrigan, who was the largest stockholder in Mercantile National Bank, had heard the stories and said, "Sure I would be happy to discuss it and as a matter of fact I will offer you \$X," knowing it was a steal at that



price. Fikes said, "Well, we had a buy /sell. Could I buy it for that price," and Corrigan said absolutely he would honor that pledge so Fikes said, "OK, I'll buy and here's a check!" At the time of Leland Fikes' death in 1966, that property was worth almost \$100 million and his estate was valued at \$265 million.



RJ's first well.

After Fikes' death, RJ went into the oil business with Jake Hamon, Joe Humphrey and other partners had great success. Like all beginning oilmen, he was looking for good financial partners to participate in his drilling programs. One day he got a call from Herbert Allen of the famous Allen Brothers investment bank in New York City. Allen explained that he represented several substantial individuals who wanted to invest in the oil business and RJ had been recommended to him. RJ went to New York and made a deal and gave them a drilling budget for the first three wells. Two days later the money was wired to his account at the First National Bank in Midland. This was even before they had signed any agreements. RJ thought these were really great partners but they were very trusting with their funds. So he began the program and they were successful and his new partners always paid in advance. Finally they sent the partnership agreements signed and RJ discovered that his new friends were indeed well known and substantial, especially to the FBI because they were Carlo Gambino, Meyer Lansky, Vito Genovese and other high profile mobsters. Realizing that he was in an extremely difficult position, RJ decided

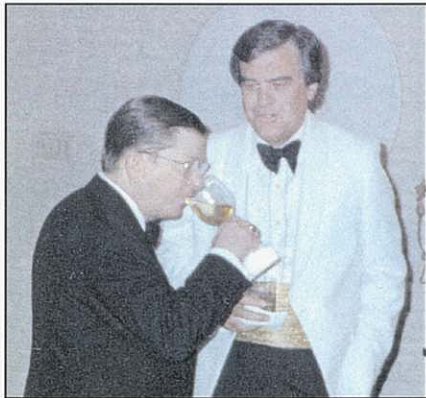
that a friendly split was the correct course of action so he went to New York and politely offered to buy or sell at a set price. His new friends said they were sorry to part ways but they would buy him out. Also they requested that if they ever needed any advice would he help them. Of course RJ said yes and happily walked away with a check and a good lesson about knowing your partners. He was also glad they did not drill any dry holes or he might have ended up in one of them.

His greatest discovery was when he was working on an infill drilling program and his new puppy, Master Dry Hole, was at his office and used the drilling location map as his bathroom. As it happens, Dry Hole had targeted an abandoned well that RJ had not re-evaluated. So RJ said, "Let's pull out the logs on that well and take another look." As it turns out Dry Hole had sent a signal and RJ re-entered the hole and discovered the Texon field which still produces 25 years later. During the TV show "Dallas," media groups from all over the world descended on Dallas looking for the real J.R. Who better represented the real deal than RJ especially with Dry Hole, the oil finding dog. Several London newspapers ran stories on both RJ and Dry Hole.

RJ was the grandfather my children never knew and Genevieve said one time that Mr. Smith was sooo romantic after he greeted her and kissed her hand. Calvert remembers being in the seventh grade and his calling from Acapulco and wanting to talk to her and not me. She also loved going to the Stoneleigh Den to see RJ and hear his great stories. After a drink with RJ one night with Congresswoman Kay Granger, the Queen of Cowtown, told me RJ was the coolest guy she had ever met.



Dry Hole.



Sen. John Tower and RJ in 1975.



With Bob Dole in 1995.



Dick Collins, Gov. George Bush and RJ in 1997.



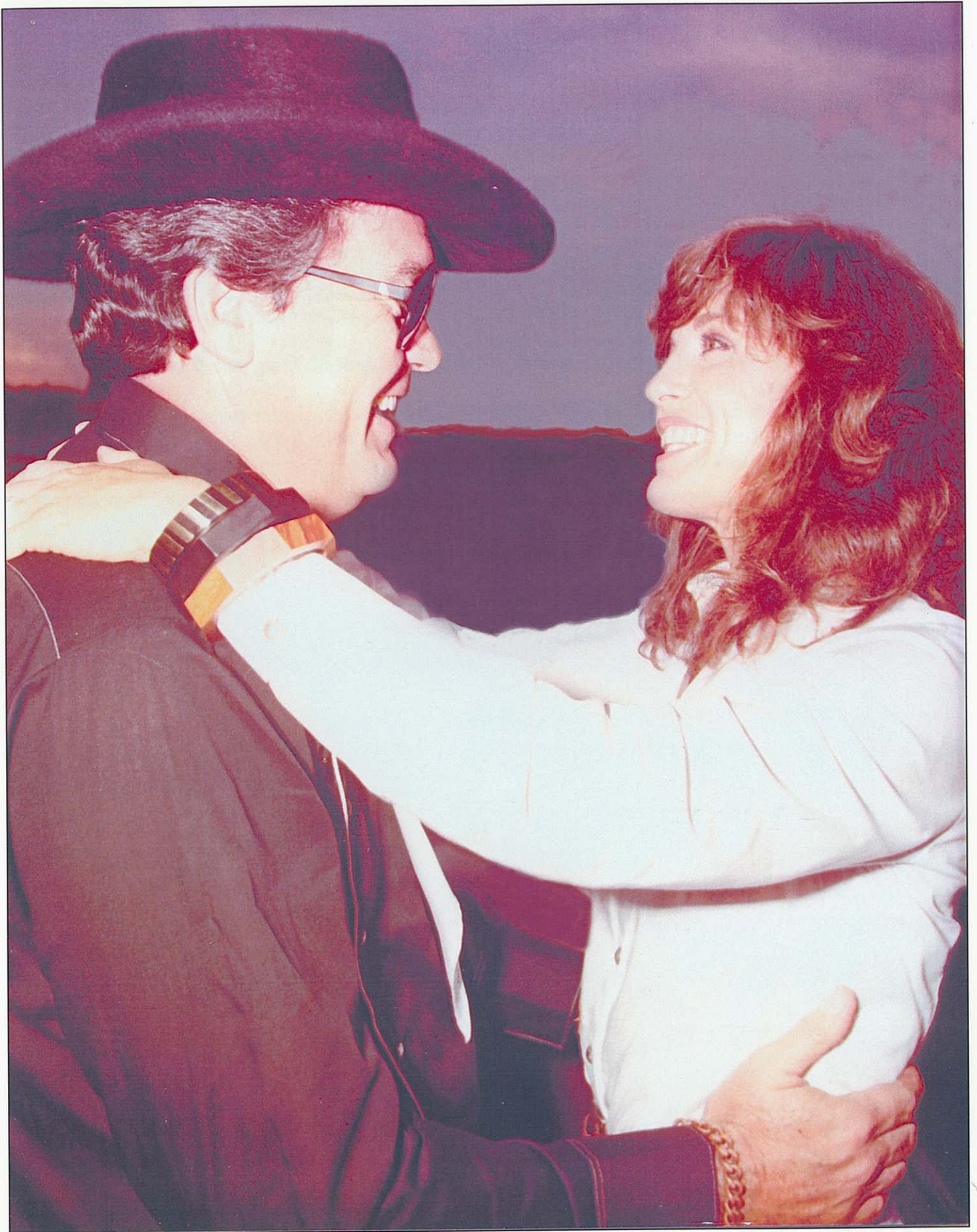
With Shirley Reiman, Dick Collins, and Shirley and Congressman Sam Johnson.



1997 with Governors Bush and Pataki of New York



With Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchinson in 1998.



With "Dallas" Sue Ellen, Linda Gray.



Dick Collins, Col. Oliver North and RJ.



With Margaret Thatcher and George and Barbara Bush.

RJ was friends with many political leaders; John Tower, Sam Johnson and Bob Dole to name a few. He was always generous and ready to help. He was a patriot, an entrepreneur, a loving and loyal husband, a devoted father and a great friend. His greatest charitable interest was Northwood University where he was awarded an honorary Doctor of Laws degree and served on the National Board of Governors for more than 30 years. I am pleased to make a \$25,000 donation to the university in his honor. He was the real deal and I miss him terribly.



With Joan Collins and Dr. David Fry of Northwood University.



Opening day at the races with Ginny Limthicum.



Dolly Parton from the wrong end.



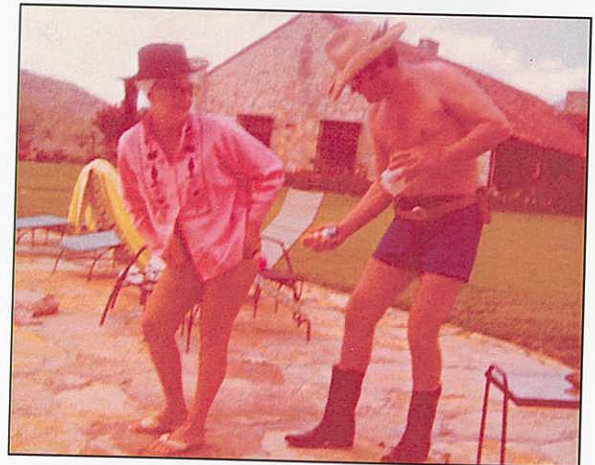
With Joe and Evelyn Lambert.



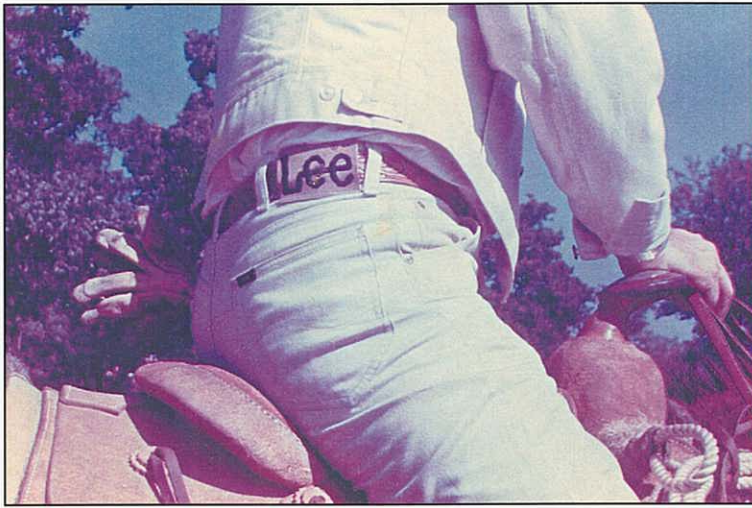
As a delegate at the 1996 GOP Convention.



With Sandy's mother when she got her first new car.



This day the party started early and went late. Look at those muscles.



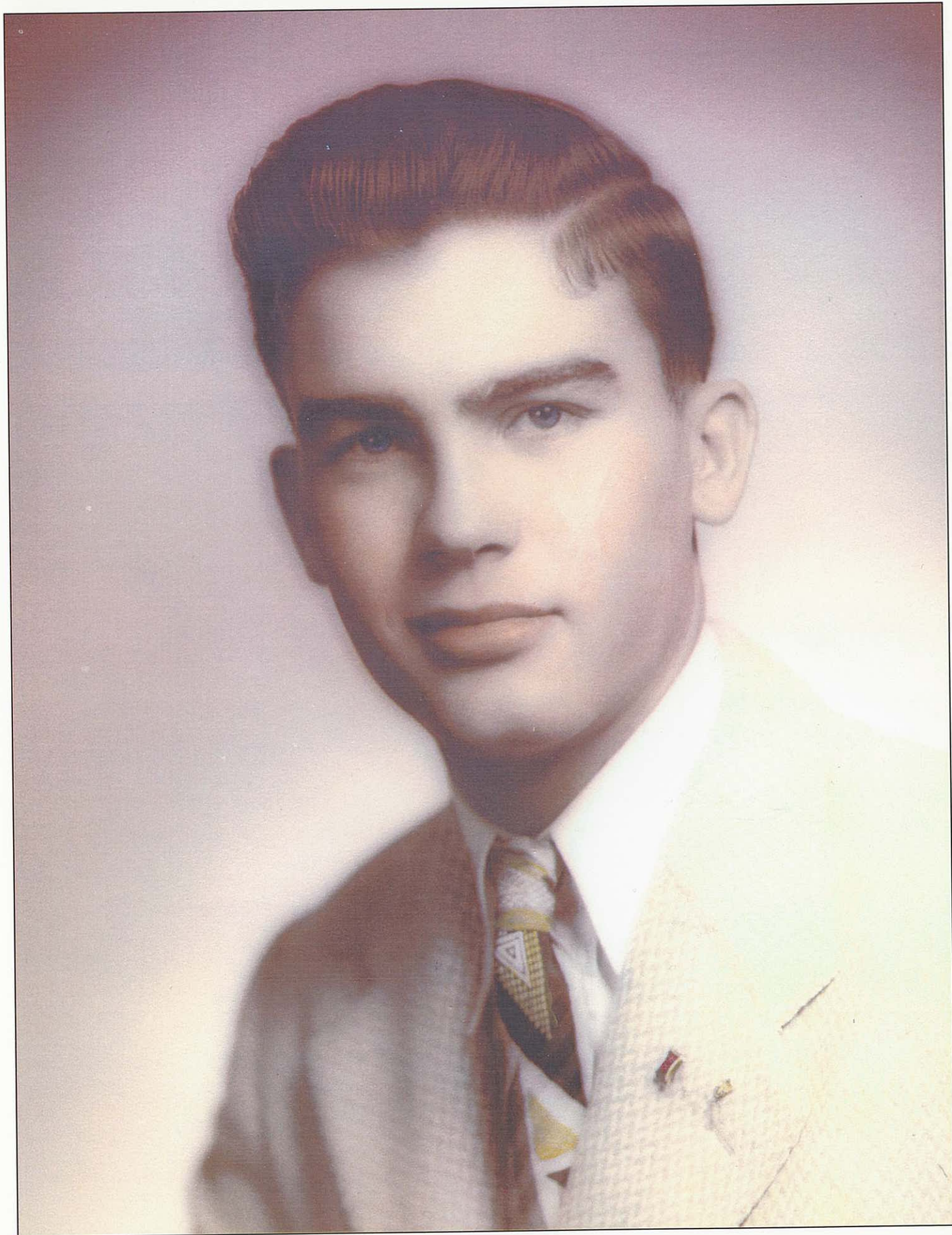
RJ – A real man wears Lee jeans.



Mr. Cool, 1985.



Singing in the rain in Munich, 1996.







*A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly,
assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all
patiently, defends courageously and
continues a friend unchangeably.*

William Penn

R J Smith

1930 - 2005

*Many thanks to Sandy
for the photos included in this Story*