

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, July 4, 1964

Page 1

A perfect day - I was lazy until 10 o'clock when John and Nellie arrived, and Merrill and Mary Connally, and then Lyndon and I hastily dressed - the men set off in one direction and Nellie, Mary and I in another.

We drove around the ranch, and to Lyndon's birthplace which is being re-constructed with the loving thoughts of Roy White, and the good hands of Mr. Wyrich.

Nellie is so happy about her house down on the ranch. It had been a bad thing for her to sell the house in Ft. Worth and realized that she only had what she described as 'a temporary lease on Ante-bellum Mansion with bad plumbing.' (That is the Governor's mansion in Austin.) She'd felt alone and bereft and now they are building a house down at Floresville. It's just about the nicest thing that's ever happened to her.

Nellie was so happy and gay. The Nellie I remembered from a long time ago. There have been some shadows and troubles in between.

We talked about living in the country, and Spring, and she said she wondered if she'd ever had her eyes opened, really before, that the world was so much prettier this year. She described all the wild flowers that bloom between Austin and Floresville.

We went to the Lewis by helicopter, so we wouldn't be followed by all our friends of the press, and then incidentally, when we woke up this morning, the first things we were greeted with, were pictures in every

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Page 2

paper, of the boat. They must have been with us every moment because sometime Lyndon was in his khakis, with his cap on, and sometimes he was in his bathing trunks. Actually, the only thing to do is to get used to it, and like it.

And then there was an hilarious piece about 'a summer white house is found in Texas <sup>m</sup>Maze' (that being the Heywood ranch). Lawrence Stern said, "Dear Boss: We're soaked, sunburned, and slightly seasick, but we haven't been able to catch up with President Johnson. At this writing we've been in hot pursuit, for half a day, by automobile, by boat, on foot, and finally by small motorboat, through the pounding surf of the Llano and Colorado Rivers. We're not cut out for President hunting, especially in burr and cactus infested central Texas, where Mr. Johnson is certainly the master of the terrain." Then they went on to say how they found/rambling, comfortable hideaway tucked beyond the bend of the Llano River, some 50 miles west of Austin, — That is the Llano Ranch house, <sup>Ad. Low</sup> — ~~how~~ a 16 year old high school sophomore had taken them out on an outboard motorboat in search of Lyndon. They confided that Lyndon was a good water skier; I saw him out on skiis last year and he's pretty good at it. George Reedy said ---"The President - water skiing!"

Anyway, that's pretty much it, except if it's going to be like this for another four years, we're going to need a bigger outboard motorboat. Poor man, I only wish he'd enjoyed the day as much as I did.

MEMORANDUM

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Saturday, July 4, 1964

Page 3

At the Lewis, Nellie, Mary and I rode around together, while the men were in another car. We drove all over the Logan, and it's a more beautiful ranch than I had believed. ~~x~~ It's been pretty well cleared by now; the bulldozer's been in there taking out the cedar, roads have been built. It's very scenic - added to the Lewis, it will make a good ranch of 1800 acres, to leave to one of the girls. The other one, hopefully, will get the Scharnhorst.

We drove for a long time and then we talked to the others on the phone and said we were going to return to the house. Arriving there, I found no key, but <sup>we</sup> were able, happily, to break through a window, and rocked cheerfully on the porch until the men rode up. It's the sort of place where you'd expect Marshall Dillon to come riding up. It's delightfully in keeping with the country, ~~and then~~

And then, back to the ranch where the Thornberrys and the Ikards had arrived. Then we had a good lunch of ham, from the ranch, and beets also.

Then after lunch, in the living room, the real important session of the day - a long talk about the coming convention. We discussed the Vice Presidency - two of us there were for McCarthy - the Thornberrys. Six were for McNamara, John and Nellie, Merrill and Mary Connally, and the two Ikards. They pretty much all agreed that Humphrey would be their third choice, although they've not forgotten the south's antipathy for him in, I think, it was '52. No voice was raised for Shriver.

We talked of Carl Albert for the keynoter, for the Parliamentarian. The feeling of those there is very positive, very negative, even bitter against

appear to be  
a gap -  
something missing

SATURDAY JULY 4, 1968<sup>4</sup> (the rest of it)

John is using his right hand once more. I even forgot that he couldn't use it. And he is so handsome -- big smile, salt and pepper hair, the most utterly masculine man. But a long way from the John of 1938 and '39. He was wearing ranch clothes, boots, and a sort of string tie that was just an arrow head at the neck and a loop.

And Nellie was <sup>the</sup> irrepressible, bubbly, charmer that I met before the 1940 campaign. They left a little before three to return ~~back~~ to their heart's delight at Floresville. Then the ~~Shox~~ Thornberrys, the Ikards, Lyndon and I went in the helicopter over to the Winters LakeHouse. The big boat met us there and we rode over to the Coco Cola Ranch in a pretty little cove that was fairly secluded and private, Dave and Lynda and I awam. The water was the essence of contentment, and I could have swum on and on forever if it weren't for the traffic of water skiers and <sup>s</sup> ~~other~~ fishermen.

Vicki and Rufus put on a water show, doing in tandem behind the Secret Service boat a good display. I sat in the sun in my bathing suit and acquired a good tan looking up at the blue sky and the granite hills and the buzzards wheeling and dipping, and unfortunately I ate and ate and ate. One of the bad things about a vacation is the relaxation of all discipline.

Other boats did not find us. We were relatively free although the Secret Service kept on the lookout for any Press that might be coming into the cove. Finally a helicopter landed in the pasture behind the Coco Cola Ranch House and we waded through the burrs to the helicopter and returned to the LBJ Ranch to change clothes, and then go on over to A. W.'s for dinner.

There we were joined by the Cecil Ruby's. He is a contractor who from a small beginning has made a very good showing in a highly competitive business, and has always been a great friend of ours, and Ernest Stubbs and his girl were there, and Mrs. Hunter looking so well and how glad I was to see her because she has fought valiantly against heavy odds,

Mariallen, undaunted by numbers, gave a delicious dinner for about 20 of us, and I slipped off from the dinner table before it was over to go back and curl up on their bed and see Gun Smoke. What luxury! All this and heaven too!

Then home to the ranch where I read until nearly one o'clock and thought about this July the Fourth. To me it was the second blissful day in the only real vacation we have had since November 22nd, a rare and perfect day, and what a joy to look over at Lyndon and see how he was loving it. His cold which has dogged him is getting better down here I think,

and Jesse seems rising from the ashes of Louise's death,  
and I am thankful for blessings -- a talk with Luci reassured  
me that her best birthday present was one day without any  
secret service agents whatever, which was yesterday, Friday  
July 3rd, her special birthday present had been accomplished  
faithfully, happily, nobody had bothered her or recognized  
her or troubled her, and she who pursues her separate path  
to a considerable degree was happy and safe.

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