

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 11, 1965

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We had breakfast around the pool with our Marshall guests -- I in my bathing suit. And then a swim. Then we took them down to the house where Lyndon was born which I shall start calling the Old Sam Johnson House.

Lyndon in his summary of what to do about the brick house had used the expression in an honest and rather humble and strangely appealing way I thought that these two houses we fixed up are just "shotgun houses" and see how much attention the one in Johnson City is already making. The brick house is a noble old place. I could get excited about a restoration for it.

Lyndon loaded them with souvenirs and pictures of their visit and made arrangements for their transportation back to Marshall.

And then in a great hurry we were off -- this time in the "Queen Air" to Johnson City, landing at the strip with Jesse and Gerri Whittington -- I can't help but smile at how thoroughly we have integrated church and school and swimming pool and dinner table in our small vicinity -- and Mary Margaret Valenti. We landed at Melvin's strip. That must have thrown the newspaper folks. We met the three Alexanders at the church door along with all of the photographers.

Coming out of the church I was aware that there were a lot of familiar Johnson City faces. But there were sure a whole lot of

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visitors as I shook hands and made greetings to a lot of folks. They named towns from all over Texas and States far away. The United States is on the move this summer vacationing.

The Alexanders drove home with us, and we discussed the two houses. And then Lyndon assembled the press in the front yard. He announced two military aides -- Colonel Cross, our pilot for more than four years now -- a Major really at this moment but is going to become a Colonel on July 15th -- as Armed Services Aide. And Major ^{Hugh Robinson} ~~Harrison~~ as an Assistant Aide. Major ^{Robinson} ~~Harrison~~ is a very tall, fine looking Negro man -- a West Point graduate -- the top percent in his class -- apparently a good choice for what must be a delicate post. He is the first Negro to be a Presidential aide. I remember Lyndon saying, "Lincoln started it and I am going to finish it."

And then they went riding around the place.

Liz has gone for the day and I am definitely slipping because I did not count up all the guests. And as they began to assemble when Lyndon brought the Cross ^{and} and the ^{Robinson} ~~Harrisons~~ back, I soon discovered our table for 12 would be overflowing. We quickly put up another table. I said, "Slice some ham", in a whisper to Gertrude. But nevertheless for the 19 that sat down, the luncheon was a bit scarce, and I for once was embarrassed in my house where our meals are

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usually bounteous.

After lunch, Lyndon took a little nap. And then strangely, he said, "Let's just ride around the Ranches". It suited me wonderfully. I love the boat, but I don't love anything every day.

So we left about 6:15 with the Califanos and Jesse and Vickie and road over the Lewis and the Hartman and the Logan.

Mrs. Califano -- young and blond and bright and sweet -- was thrilled by the country and was good company.

We got on the talking machine and asked Don Thomas to helicopter out to meet us at the Lewis. Then we sat on the front porch in the rocking chairs as the moon came up and came home about 9:30 for a good steak dinner.

And then what ^{was} ~~salve~~ to my conscience, we walked down to see Oriole. First, I do want Lyndon to do some walking. Second, it's been a long time since we've been to see Oriole. She gets so lonesome. Our visit, a very simple joy indeed, is the most exciting thing that happens to her and lasts her a good while.

Lyndon promptly preempted the bed. But I made him move over. "Beagle" was with us. He gets more and more like his daddy every day. He had been with us this afternoon when we went riding, only Jesse and I very happily permitted him to ride with the Secret Service. Lyndon would point out a rabbit and "Beagle" would leave the

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car bounding and barking with that hound dog bark that is a peculiar music to our ears.

It was a good quiet evening, and it had been a happy weekend.

I called Luci and reached her just as she had driven in from New York, and she was bubbling about her stay at Mary Lasker's. She said, and this threw me for a minute, "Oh Mother, it's awful to have to sleep there." I said, "Luci, what do you mean?" And she said, "Oh Mother, there is so much to see. I just walk from room to room and there are Pissarros and Monets and Renoirs, Salvadore Dali's though I don't think they look like Dali's." And then I said, "Oh Luci, don't you remember when we went there before and it was wonderful?" She said, "Yes, Mother, I've been there before. But I never knew what there was before my eyes."

I do believe the education we gave her was not wasted on Luci.

Lyndon talked to her first, and then he handed the phone to me saying, "I'll let your Mother talk. ~~She~~^{he}'s like an old cow when ~~a~~^{her} calf gets out. ~~He~~^{She} just moos and bawls and looks around for her."

If Lyndon has lost a certain something ^{by} of the lack of the most polished eastern education, he has the ⁿcompensation at least of the earthy expressions -- some so amusing -- that really say what he thinks in a clear way.