

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, July 17, 1965

It began with an attack on ^{that} the Aegean stable - my desk.

In Texas, I had received envelopes from Ashton, full of mail - and worked on them, but not enough, for the wood wasn't visible, on my desk top. Spent all morning working on it, except for two excursions to the ground floor to greet our week-end guests, the John Steinbeck's and the Billy Graham's - both of whom I'm delighted to have - but dissimilar, to say the least.

Lyndon had asked them, we are going to Camp David. Some-
innocence
times I don't know whether his choosing of people together, is by ~~accident~~
or by design. They are both great workers in today's vineyards, but to rather different audiences, it seems to me.

I convoyed them each to the third floor suite, and told them lunch, and then take off to Camp David, would all depend on Lyndon's work morning. Excused myself and got back to the desk, with an interlude for a talk on finances with Luci - how different those children are about money - Lynda handles hers so carefully, so well aware of what everything costs, and can look very nice in a dress three years old. Luci adores clothes, buys so many of them, her money vanishes like snow under the Texas sun. And yet ... "I just don't have a thing to wear, mother," she says, and it's true. And last year's clothes are never quite right, for that butterfly.

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It was 3:30 before we sat down to lunch, the Steinbeck's, the Graham's, and Lyndon and I. I still try to give Lyndon a cup of hot bouillion ahead of time, when he's gotten that late - and I've gotten past worrying what the guests think, because the tyrant that rules his life, ^{is} is not social correctness, but work.

I was dying to find out what happened to Billy Graham's proposed trip to Alabama. Hadn't read a word about in the papers, and I knew it was a bold, actually a courageous thing to do, because his meetings are always completely integrated. The temper and climate in Alabama, since he first talked about his trips, in April, has been hot, so I just asked him sort of a tentative question - "What have you been doing since I saw you in April?"²

"Well, I went to Alabama," he said, where I held meetings in Dothon and Montgomery, and Birmingham." And on, and on he went. The smallest meeting was in Dothon, 5000 - it doesn't seem to me that Dothon ^{has} ~~doesn't have~~ any more people than that. All fully integrated, all very peaceful - the largest was 18,000, with not an incident, not a ripple, sometimes, he said "there was even a feeling among his highly organized people who runs his crusades, that the white people made a conscious attempt to sit beside a negro." He said the local papers carried the story, with full play, all except the Dothon paper, which is very hostile. There the TV helped him - with wide coverage ^{here} "but ~~hear~~ comes the question mark", he said. There was

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practically nothing taken up on the national wire about it. I had not seen one word about it here in Washington. Lyndon accuses me of never reading the papers. It's true, I don't scour them like he does, but I had not read even one little notice. What strange commentary on the taste of this decade, that a success story is not news, if it had been a march or a riot, if somebody had even got a skinned knee, there would have been a headline. If we want to cure ourselves of some of the strange sicknesses that beset us in this age, one good medicine^{would be} to make a success story, an achievement, real news on the radio and TV.

He had also been to Canada, Billy Graham had, to Alberta, which is as big as Texas, and California, and Oregon, he said, - And have a very few people, and Vancouver, where they have two million.

How ignorant I am of our neighbors to the north.

A little after four, we left for Camp David; the Governor and Mrs. Ellington, the Watson's, Mary Ann Means and then Mickie and her date, Mike ^{Phinner} Finner, Buzz, the Jack Valentis and Courtney, their daughter, and the Harry McPhersons, and their adorable Coco, and their five week's old son. What an entourage the Johnson's are.

As soon as everybody was assigned a cabin, and how smooth and helpful Commander Howell is about arranging us, I got in to slacks and beat a bee-line to the bowling alley. Lyndon played a marvelous game, and won. I was dogged and pedestrian - a disappointing score but a determined player. Marvin and Marion are so nice to have along -

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for any work or play. Capable, handsome, fun, both of them.

Elaine Steinbeck and I talked about Austin, the University; it's because of her that the University has acquired many of the first editions, the very special works of the playwrights. The University is a place you can love and she turned her love into building for them, by adding such literary treasures.

John Steinbeck, with his cane and beard, and bright colored shirt that looked like the Virgin Islands - and I found indeed that they were devotees of the place, just as I am, was an exotic note among us plainer citizens.

Elaine is a thoroughly attentive, bolstering, charming wife. She's the sort of woman who makes things go socially. For instance, she had expressed immediate pleasure, when I told her that the Graham's ^{were} their neighbors across the hall in the White House - "I've always wanted to meet them", she said. Billy Graham does, in fact, look almost too good to be true, so tall and handsome, and fine, and athletic, and intelligent, natural, persuasive, terrifically organized and business like. To my thinking, a force for good in this country, and someone I enjoy being around.

Elaine capsuled it, and there was no intellectual acid in her tone, that you might expect, from some of the Arts and Writers groups; "he's a great opinion maker." Billy Graham, himself used an enlightening and amusing expressions when he spoke of Harry Luce coming down to see

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him one time. "He spent three hours with me", he said; ^{vl} he wanted
to see if I was real. ^{/1} No laughter, just straight-forward.

Some of the guests walked, and some of us bowled and Nick and Lydia Katzenbach joined us for dinner, immediately establishing and affinity with the Steinbeck's.

When it comes time to arrange seating, I always think how comfortable it is to have Bess. But I seated the Ellington's and the Katzenbach's in the appointed spot, so from there on out everything was very informal.

After dinner, we watched the NBC movie, The President's Country, only this time without sound. I think the finished product, the script, music, can be a good backup, a good compliments, for my beautification program. And then I went back to watch Gunsmoke and the younger folks stayed up to see a movie called, "How to Murder Your Wife".