

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1965.

This was a parade of people, work, talk and exercise at Camp David.

Early in the morning, Peter Hurd arrived and I found him the best place we could together to work -- the # 3 bedroom in the back. We moved out one bed and set up his easel^{el} and paints and got out a rocking chair for Lyndon. Lyndon promised to come in for an hour as soon as he could.

HP Presently, Marvin arrived on a helicopter, bringing a contingent of Texans -- Gov. Connally, J. ^{Lee} B. Johnson of Fort Worth, Ben Barnes, the Speaker of the House, representatives of both newspapers in Dallas -- one of them my old friend ^{Albert} Jackson -- some eight or ten people. They settled on the terrace in the sunshine - I ~~think~~ sent someone down to take order for coffee or cold drinks and then told the kitchen we might have 6 or 8 extra for lunch and suggested that we have hamburgers grilled out on the porch. And then I simply abdicated my command post and curled up and went to sleep - hoping that everybody found a place they liked to talk privately, or exercise violently, or just sit and look at the trees. [#] I slept two blissful hours and when I woke up, I found that John and all of the Texas folks were gone. I said I wished they had stayed for lunch and Lyndon said rather plaintively -- "I wanted them to, but I didn't know whether I could ask them - it might be too many." He really needs a tougher wife ^{or} a better executive, because I failed to touch that base of telling him to ask them. So the rest of us got together on the porch for delicious hamburgers and I wound up at a table with Arthur Goldberg

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and Peter Hurd and Tony and Jack Valenti, under the shade sitting by the beautiful orange and coral and yellow tuberose ^{there} begonias -- ~~they~~ couldn't have been more interesting table companions. I am searching around for some interesting, heavier reading for the summer. I want to find a historian, a contemporary historian. I want to explore a few. I wish I knew who would be the historian of this period we are in and I don't mean "hot blood history." I asked the question ^{and} of ~~my~~ companions mentioned, Allen Levins, Morrison, ^{Neuman} Eliot Morrison -- I had thought of him as principally a Navy historian -- but he has written something quite differently lately -- Bruce Catton, of course, a sort of ^{dear} ~~date~~ - a specialist too, and then Arthur Goldberg mentioned Van Woodward as one of the best of today's historians - a southerner - young - very talented, Arthur thinks. I want to get something by him and evaluate him. Arthur says they have gotten out a book on the Court - the National Geographic ~~does~~ doing the pictures and he is the Chairman of the Committee that brought it about, ^a And made it possible for the book to be more controversial than the books on the Capitol and the White House have been. [#] Tony talked about his trip to South America, particularly to Peru - he visited a part of Peru where there is virtually no rainfall - about a half an inch recorded per year - the soil is drier than Egypt. The way people manage to live is by irrigation from rivers whose waters come from the melting snow of the Andes and flow down to the sea. And because of the dryness ^e - it is sort of an archeological paradise -- many burial places are found - the dead person is placed in a aurea(sp?) a large jar and suspended in a hollow pit which is barely covered over. Tony

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said grave diggers -- and I do mean grave diggers - are all the time searching around to find these burials because in them ^{there} ~~they~~ will be many valuable objects of gold -- bracelets, necklaces - exquisite things that in the time ^{of Spaniards} ~~the Spaniards~~ ^{this land to be called} ~~caused them to call this land~~ "El Dorado" - they spoke of a museum full of ~~these~~ gold objects - a thousand or so years old - as surpassing nearly any civilization. And amazingly, ^{he} said some of these mummies had on textiles that were still in good condition in spite of ten centuries. They are some of the finest textiles made by man - hundreds of threads per square inch.

Lyndon had a table full of the ladies - Dorothy and Mary Margaret and Vicki and staff. The name of Mrs. Longworth came up and I heard him say, "I'd rather have a date with her than any girl in town."

After lunch, we bowled and bowled and bowled. Lyndon's highest score the whole weekend was 165 -- the best he has ever done. Bill Moyers discreetly and ^{placemously} ~~numerously~~ revealed that score and said that he would not mention any future scores until they improved. My best was 127.

About 6:30, we rushed to the heliport to meet the McNamaras, Marvella and Birch ~~Hugh~~ and Clark and Marny Clifford. Commander Howell is always wonderful about the logistics -- had arranged for good places for them all. I had asked him to reserve a really good cabin for the McNamaras -- they had brought their young son Craig with them. And by now, we were really getting tight on cabins. It was fortunate I had asked Peter Hurd to come out

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for the day rather than stay there because just about every nook was full. I found that Lyndon had dutifully given him a sitting and a beginning had been made.

Dorothy had liked most to really sit and rest and to walk and to read. I believe this weekend has been the tonic they need -- living with a very old and ill mother whom they try very hard to keep comfortable and happy - the great tradition of Jews who care so deeply about family. And this, what must be a traumatic change in jobs -- so they participated little in the vigorous activities that everybody else disperses ^{to} of tennis - of skeet shooting -- of the swimming pool - or mostly I, and everybody that I can take with me to the bowling alley. And that is what we did before dinner - bringing up a tray of low calorie drinks for a bunch of hard working people. Senator Birch Bayh turned out to be a champion - something like 227. Nobody has ever made a score like that in our group. He has beautiful form. Pretty little Marvella had an accident to her leg - a deep cut - a bad scar - she did not play much. Courtenay Valenti wandered in and out, making a bee-line for Lyndon. Jack would always say, "Where's the Prez - where's the Prez - go give the Prez a kiss -- and she would go up, most adorably - to a gallery of eager watchers, and give him a kiss on cue. She always points a finger at him whenever her father asks, "Where's the Prez?"

At dinner Dorothy Goldberg gave the blessing - a very Jewish and very wonderful one that spoke of work and gratitude and friends and family. It was possible to get most of the seniors at the big table and leave some of the younger staff and Craig at a smaller table in the other room. I never use place cards at

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Camp David. But I have found, unless you do tell people where to sit, there is more confusion and less ease, so I simply work it out and quietly suggest.

Luci and Pat arrived while we were still at dinner -- Luci looking even younger than 18 in her plaid madras and short hair. She never seems to wear lipstick anymore, but she always wears a smile. She is happier this summer than I think I've ever seen her. I was still paying for last night's lack of sleep so I went to bed a little before 11:00 and it was not until the next day that I found Lyndon had read and worked until 2:00 in the morning.

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