

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 25, 1965

Marny Clifford, something like me, can't stand to be a failure. She had done very badly at bowling. So Sunday morning, I found that she had been up early at determined practice. I enjoyed having her here this weekend and that handsome, soothing, Clark, is one of the real pleasures in the mixture of a happy weekend. A chief ingredient of a happy weekend, is the feeling that you are giving something special to others.

A little before noon, we met John Chancellor and his wife, and Bill Baxter, fresh out of service at St. Mark's and Jean Baxter, at the Hickory heliport and then back to /? for church services conducted by Bill, attended by all the guests, including two jews and a few Catholics - Luci and Pat had gone to Mass and all the service men on the base who cared to come. I contrasted compared it to the service of last week - Billy Graham, whom I'm awfully likely to call Billy Sunday. That merely dates me. But he's use to it. In fact, he even said one time the court in New Jersey handed down a decision where an old lady in her will had left a bequest to Billy Sunday but she really meant Billy Graham -- and they gave him the bequest. But enough of reminiscences.

Bill Baxter, in comparison, is quiet, philosophical, probing -- a personal example of the uncertainty and confusion that exists among many of the less comfortable of us in search of religion. I always find him very good for me -- and gay and delightful as a person. After church, I was at it again with the Chancellors and Marny in the bowling alley. And then, I

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took my camera and strolled around over Camp David to record this day in our life, to the swimming pool with Tony and the Baxters, he was very sympatico with them; much of the time he had been sort of chasting Peter Hurd, who had had a short sitting this morning. He's delightful company and I know this is a strain on all of us, but I'm determined to get a portrait. And every time I pass President Wilson, my determination hardens.

We had a late lunch on the porch - Virginia ham Trudy Fowler had cooked. Suddenly it dawned me I better rustle some chicken or beef for the Goldbergs, besides were a pretty numerous crew. The McNamaras, Bayh's, Clifford's, Goldbergs, Tony and Peter Hurd, the staff, Chancellors and Baxter's.

But Lyndon is in his element with a sizeable crowd. He bores in and talks to whomever he wants to, gets information from them, concentrates on whatever set of individuals he needs to learn from or work with at that time. Completely unconscious of the presence of a crowd - and I can see him getting the business of the weekend done.

At one point, he walked away with Arthur Goldberg; they strolled for about an hour, on the golf course, out of earshot, but in view, both earnest, Lyndon frequently with his hands in his pockets - walking, stopping, gesturing, listening intently to each other. The subject, we all knew, must be the U. N. Goldberg is a daring and interesting choice - so far there have not been screams from the Arabs, that might have been expected.

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Many of us went to take a little nap and later Lyndon told me he had ridden around Camp David with McNamara and Clark Clifford, and had taken Tony along. And that Tony seemed to enjoy it very much. Tony said to me that this had been an ambition of his, to see Camp David. How glad I am that he's with us.

When I woke up I found Lyndon stretched out on a chaise lounge on the terrace, talking to John Chancellor. I curled up quietly beside him. He said to Chancellor, who is going to be the new head of the Voice of America, "We're not getting the American story told. You can just charge it up to me and let's just go on from there. If this winds up bad, and we get in a land war with Asia, there's only one address they will look for, and that is mine. The hard thing is to stay there without getting involved deeper. You cannot be leader of the world without getting involved in unpleasant things, and there's ~~someone~~ ^{no} someone that knows it better. Ted Shoots had the perfect answer for the Dominican Republic."

Chancellor spoke up, "but he did not have it when it was needed."

Lyndon went on to say, "...that there had been 24 major advances last week and not one got a quarter of an inch - Viet-Nam got all the space. That story we are not telling adequately to our own country or abroad. In it's implications and it's possibilities, Viet-Nam is certainly a tremendous story, but it does seem to dominate the news, out of all proportion ^{to} all the things going on - the good constructive things in this country.

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Lyndon spoke of sending McNamara out to Viet-Nam, and how frightened he ^(Lyndon) was every time he went. He said, "I have kept him away from there almost a year now, and I lie awake until he gets back."

I look with satisfaction, almost with exultation on these last two appointments - Goldberg at the UN, and Chancellor to the USIA. All things lie before us but up to now, I believe Lyndon's staff and appointments have built toward a greater government.

Pretty soon it was back to bowling again. And then I asked Luci if she would take me for a ride in her car with Pat. I don't know how we would manage it because there are only those two ridiculous bucket seats - but Luci was enormously pleased. ^{She loves for me to pay} ~~The love between her~~ and her beau attention, together. She wants him to be a part of the family group. They'd spent an hour or so at the pool, talking to Reverend Baxter, which pleased me. Luci's quite unselfconscious of any possible rift between her and the Episcopal church, because she's become a Catholic.

Luci sat on a pillow in the middle. Pat drove and we slowly toured the grounds. Outer limits sort of remind you of the place it is. Fences twelve or more feet high, topped by a tangled round mass of barbed wire, electrified, I'm sure. This place, of course, has other meanings than a retreat for rest and pleasure for our President.

Pat's going into the service, into the Air Force, in October. He's not anxious, but he's not avoiding it. He hopes it'll be six months, he knows it may be longer. He's finished Marquette. His family, I gather, are well-to-do people. He's very blond and clean looking, and he seems a fine boy

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and Luci is utterly delighted in his company. It was almost my nicest part of the day. - I'm glad I sought it.

And tonight Lynda Bird will be home. Whatever the rest of the party does, I want to be under that porte cochere by 10:30 or so, waiting for this little girl that's been gone six weeks, except for coming home for the birthday-baptism.

A good many of the guests had had to leave earlier. The rest of us sat down for dinner at 9:30 - the McNamaras, and Cliffords, and Baxter's and Chancellor's, and Birch Bayh's, and staff, and Luci and Pat.

Lyndon would have liked to spend the night but many of them needed to get in, especially the McNamaras, who always begin their day at seven; and the Birch Bayh's who had house guests, but who had the most fun of anybody, and how I loved having them. They were marvelous Democratic campaigners last fall, and special favorites of our children. I like to weave in and become close to people who fill those rolls. I think it was my insistence that got us into the helicopter about 10, and home, tired, happy, for a breathless hug and good long session in bed with Lynda, about canoeing, carrying packs in the rain, the Freeman's, she loves them, and the newspaper people (she doesn't love them), and all the things that have happened here.

Flying in, Clark Clifford made a statement that I remembered. He said, "It's been a good ~~day~~ weekend for us all - It's been a good weekend for

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the country." Somehow his tone was so weighted, that I felt some pretty important decisions had been arrived at. He didn't elaborate. He's absolutely a cool symbol of discretion, but you can feel the inescapable weight of decisions descending upon you, and you know they must be reached soon.