

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 1, 1965

How can the summer have flown so swiftly.² In July I am rich with the time that is mine. In August, already the shadow of a busy fall begins to hover over me. The Peter Hurd's came over for a visit; there was too much confusion and too many people, and telephone calls, to have the proper sitting. Peter had set up shop in the dining room, where there is a wonderful light from a picture window. With ^{Henrietta's} ~~Auriette's~~ critical eye and help, he feels he's made progress, in the sketch and the background. He still wants to put the capitol in it, although small, just as a symbol.

We got off in a great flurry for church, nine of us in the station wagon. The others followed. The Goldberg's and the Hurd's with us - the Califano's, Busby's, Jessie Kellam, dropping by to pick up Jessie Hunter, Bob Goldberg and his date, Vicki and Yolanda. At the door we met all the ^{Morrison} ~~Morrison~~ family - A. W., Maryellen, Will - grown to five feet ten - and primly dressed, little Mary. It was an entourage, and when they started passing the communion plate, on the Johnson's rows, I could hardly keep from giggling, at least three Jews, Arthur, Dorothy, and their son Robert; (and I don't know about his date) and certainly two Catholics, the Califano's. Father ^{Akin's} ~~Aiken's~~ helpers, pausing in front of everybody, with the bread and the wine, would simply shove it a little closer, for a moment, until they understood the gentle shake of the head.

I looked at urbane, sophisticated Bob Akers - strangely out of place in this little church - Lyndon has certainly shaken things up around Johnson City - indeed around much of this nation.

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As we filed out of church, I was speaking to everybody, and one lady reminded me that we had met in Paris - I kept on responding - with vast errors - "Oh, I guess you must have been connected with the Embassy." or, "I bet that was the time that we were over for the NATO conference." Only to find that she meant Paris, Texas.

Outside were hundreds of tourists, with all the cameras. We piled into the cars, Lyndon driving, and rode past the Co-op building. Arthur Goldberg, ^{whose} ~~whole~~ conversation is always full of juice, to me, asked me if I knew what Lyndon's definition of communism was. I glibly said, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." "No", said Arthur. He gave an early definition of Communism as "electric Power".

We went through Lyndon's boyhood home, along with about 50 visitors, and I took delight in introducing ^{the} ~~Goldbergs~~ to all the Blanco County Lady hostesses who give so generously of their hours to make this project possible. I hope that meeting such people ^{adds} ~~adds~~ a little spice to their job.

And then home, with the press in tow, gallons of coffee, huge pans of oatmeal cookies coming out of the oven. I convoyed them to the front yard, while the press assembled on the benches and passed them around. I like doing this myself sometimes. It was a brief meeting - Lyndon had announced that he had named Bob Akers as the Deputy Director of the United States Information Agency.

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Bob and his wife, Seville, had been traveling for 14 months, thru Yugoslavia, and Egypt, and Lebanon, and Syria, Jordan, Israel, Turkey, and Greece. It had taken the FBI to find him in Corfu, Greece. It would have been hard to have gotten me away from Corfu. I'm glad he's taking the job. I think he will be a credit - and he and Leonard Marks ought to make a 'can-do' team.

At lunch, I asked Arthur to give the blessing. It was a beautiful, poetic one, that ended with a quote in Yiddish.

The Goldberg^s announced that they needed to get back to Washington so we had to quickly catch the courier plane that ^{had} already left Bergstrom some 15 minutes before, with Lynda and the courier aboard, have them return and wait for the Goldberg^s.

Lynda's relation with an airplane, are just like a sad little character in Little Abner, with an unpronouncable name, like "Grsht",
("BTL's PKE")
to whom everything bad happens.

On orders, the plane returned, to pick up the Goldberg^s and after a couple of hours' wait started out again, only to discover some 30 minutes in the air, that they had engine trouble, and back they came once more. So it was nearly supper time before they were finally enroute to Washington, with a few calls to me from Lynda, every time they were on the ground, to share her predicament.

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And so the crowd began to melt away, Bob Aker's had returned with the Goldbergs. The Peter Hurd's, feeling that they had done all they could that weekend, made arrangements for an early morning flight to New Mexico, and left for the rest of the afternoon.

And I began to think it would be a quiet, lie-in-the-hammock, watch the leaves, and the clouds, and the flapping flag - that sort of an afternoon. But I didn't count on my husband's appetite for people.

Fresh recruits soon began to arrive. Vicki McCammon's family was enroute to Mexico. Lyndon had asked them to stop by for a cool drink - and soon extended it to spending the evening with us on the lake, ~~xxx~~ Mr. and Mrs. McCammon, and three of Vicki's brothers and sisters, Scot, Sissy Morrissey, and Tony Sargeant. And we all went to the Haywood boating.

I very inhospitably, curled up in the cabin, on the bed, with a good book Portrait in Brownstone, by Louis Auchincloss, and left everybody else to enjoy sundown on Facksaddle Mountain. Sometimes there is a necessity to be quiet, not to talk, but just sit and think or read.

And then, when it was getting dark, and we were close back to the Haywood, I jumped off the big boat and swam across the lake, to the opposite landing, a Dr. Brock's, and then swam back all the way to our boathouse. The water was like silk, soft and caressing, and sensuous. I felt like I could

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swim forever. The sky was fading twilight. It's very hard to see a swimmer when you're in a fast boat, and for once I was glad that there were secret service boats that could get between me and any speeding sport lovers.

There's nothing to give you a feeling of self-control, self-assurance, of being able to face life and love it, like exercise. And swimming in a lake, where you can go on and on, and watch the sky and the birds, and lose yourself in peace, is something I love dearly. It was a late dinner, about 10:00, and then with bountiful praise to Mary and James, whose vacation will probably be shoved back a couple of days, because of our visit, we helicoptered home to the ranch.

Jessie and I, while on the boat, had worked out a little arrangement, to give James and Mary some extra money, to make their vacation gayer. Mary tells me she's coming to Washington, to bring the children next year. almost I wanted to tell her, don't wait.