

1965

Sunday, August 15th

We decided not to go to church, one of the few Sundays this year we will have missed. The press had amply reported everything we did on our trip to the Lake Friday night and some we didn't do -- in fact, they said we had dinner at the home of multi-millionaire Charles Urschell, and this takes the edge a bit off of the sense of seclusion and privacy that we love to have at the Lake and made us feel just like staying around the ranch for the next day or two.

In the morning I drove around with Lyndon. Lynda was showing John some of the ranches nearby. Luci came in with a happy announcement. She was going to take Pat and Stevie to see Camp Mystic. She sat down on the edge of the bed and said, "Mother, if I had to name the influences on my life, I would put first, the church, and then Camp Mystic, and then NCS." Seven years, I believe it was, at Mystic, and three of them as Chaplain. I was delighted that she was going, found a couple of family pictures and autographed them for Ag and Inez and Frank. It had been a great factor in Luci's growing up, achieving a feeling of being at home in this world, responsible, needed. She thrived on taking care of and helping out the lonesome little children. And when she had become an "M Girl", it was a glorious day!

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That night when she returned, she told me how marvellous it was. Everybody had cried and screamed when they saw her. There had been several old girls back -- aides or counsellors. I love her not forgetting.

Lyndon has spent a sizeable part of yesterday and this morning on the phone about Los Angeles. He issued a strong denunciation of the Los Angeles rioters, called Leroy Collins and Lee White to meet with Governor Pat Brown, just in from Europe, arranged to give him all the help the Federal Government could -- trucks, jeeps, rations, anything, for the California National Guard. He said, "The resort to terror and violence not only shatters the essential right of every citizen to be secure in his home, his shop, and the streets of his town. It strikes from the hand of the Negro the very weapon with which he is achieving his own emancipation." I hope a lot of people heard him, because he's going to get the blame for letting them go too far, too fast. I think he's tough enough to stand up to both sides, but he sure is the one in the middle. At any rate, it looks like the riot is easing over the weekend, and maybe we have seen the worst.

In the late afternoon, we drove up to the Schornhorst, Lyndon and I and Lynda and John and Jesse and Vicky and Ginny, with Beagle providing the comic relief, jumping over feet and going wild whenever he saw a deer, and Lyndon saying, "Sic 'em, Beagle, sic 'em," while

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Beagle, in his frenzy to get out, jumped up and down on the legs of whatever unfortunate passenger was sitting closest to the window.

It seems to happen to Jesse often.

In Johnson City we rode around the boyhood home, delighted at the way the new lighting fixtures -- a much handsomer look. The main lines have been put underground. The stone work at the bank is completed, and now it waits for Fall and the planting. It is really a restoration to be proud of.

We picked up A. W. and drove over to the Lewis. It was getting close to the time when Aunt Ellen was going to arrive. I had planned to have Aunt Ellen come and visit us at the White House some time this summer, and Lyndon, bless him, had suggested we send the Queenair over to Montgomery to pick her up Sunday afternoon, bring her to the ranch. She could enjoy 24 hours here, and then she could go back on Air Force One with us to Washington. It's a lifetime of actions like this, and while the rest of us think he acts, that adds to my love of him.

I knew she would have arrived about 8 and I was anxious to get home and meet her, so I left with Lynda and John to ride back to the ranch while the rest of them were talking in the living room of the Lewis. On the way, we heard over the talking machine Luci's

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Agent saying, "Venus, will you please stop and turn around? I have had a blowout. Will you please return to my location?" Evidently he was following his thoughtful practice of letting Luci and her date go on ahead together, with him close behind but not getting out of touch. Luci -- how typical of her -- came back in her dulcet voice, "Sure. Are you all right? You didn't get hurt?" I think they must love that little girl, as exasperating as she is sometimes to them. No, the Agent responded, he hadn't gotten hurt, he just wanted her to come back while he sent for another car.

We met him, pulled off on the shoulder of the road, and presently Luci came. She was on her way into town to meet Beth, made all the arrangements for Beth to return to Washington with her the next day. She is going to be confirmed with Beth as her sponsor within the next week.

Luci would probably win the votes of all the Secret Service people hands down. She is devoted to them, cooperates with them, is sorry she has to have them, but will fight anybody who says anything sarcastic about them.

Aunt Ellen was safe and sound, thrilled and delighted, up in the ^{purple} Room. This is really one of the crowning achievements of the summer for me, having her here, and going to Washington with us.

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We had dinner around the pool again, Lynda and John and Jesse and A. W. and Jake and Jack and Vicky and Ginny. And then after dinner we walked down to Orfole's, Lynda and I together, A. W. beating a hasty retreat and Jesse the next best thing, driving Aunt Ellen down in the car later to pick us up.

Orfole welcomed us with delight. And then, when Aunt Ellen came in with Jesse, I introduced her and said, "This is my Aunt from Alabama." Orfole said, "Oh, yes. That 's where the niggers are cutting up all the jacks, and that's what's caused everything that's going on in Los Angeles." What a condensation of history -- what a thumbnail sketch. And I'm afraid it's exactly what millions of people are thinking.

Lyndon and I walked home on this quietest and most restful of weekends for a fairly early bedtime, before midnight.